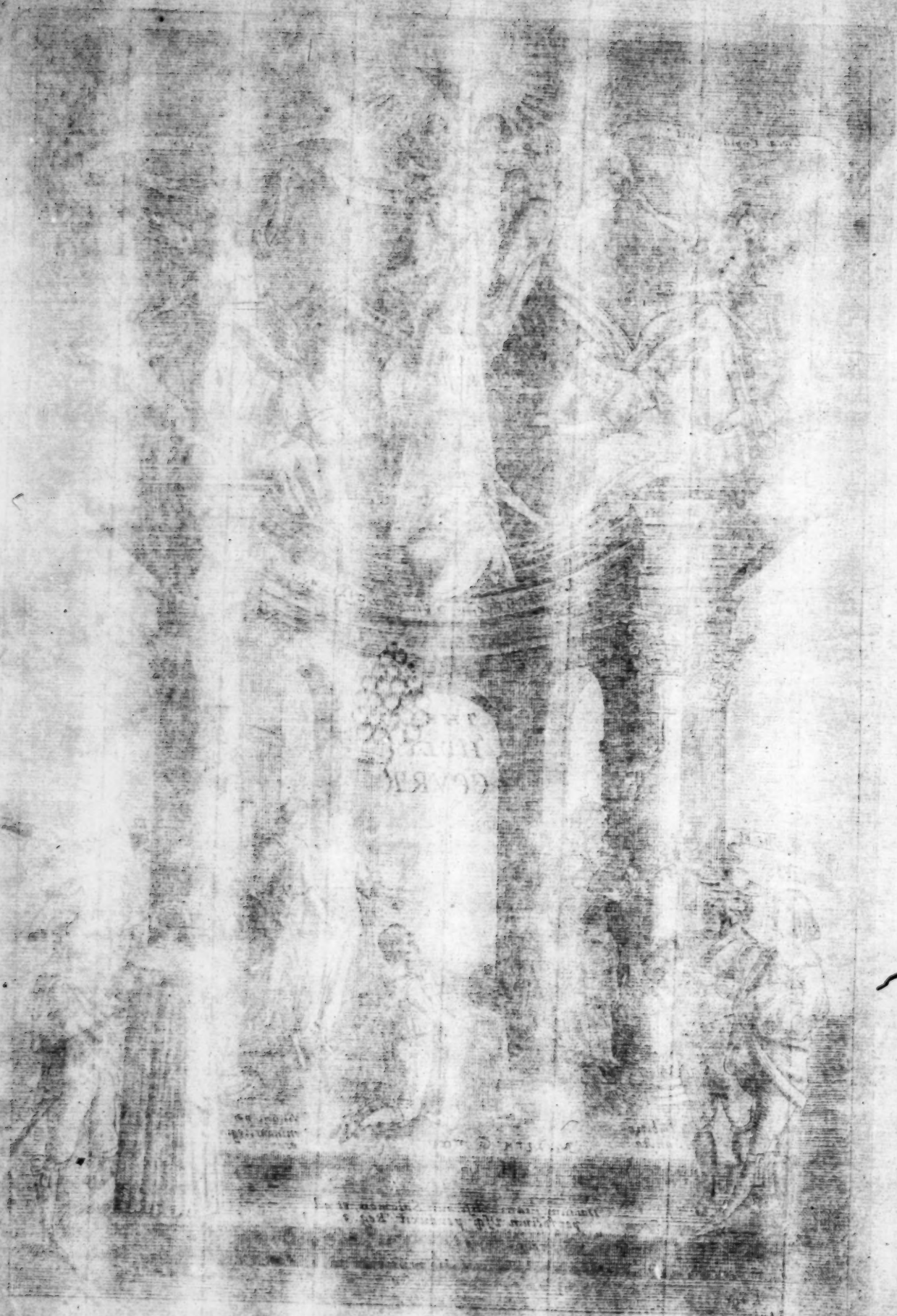
THE HOLY COURT

Cæca Cupido ruit.
Cæcusq; Cupido
Via Regia.
THE HOLY COVRT
dixi Dij estis et
filij excelsi omnes
Sancta
Μέλετη θ πσεν
perfectum Vsq; perduxit Reg. 3.



THE

HOLY COURT

IN

FIVE TOMES:

The First, Treating of

MOTIVES,

Which should excite men of Quality to Christian Perfection,

The Second, Of the

PRELATE, SOULDIER, STATES-MAN, and LADY.

The Third, Of

MAXIMS of CHRISTIANITY.

AGAINST

PROPHANESSE,

Divided into Three Parts, Viz.

DIVINITY, GOVERNMENT OF THIS LIFE, & STATE OF THE OTHER WORLD.

The Fourth, Containing the

Command of Reason over the Passions.

The Fifth, Containing the

LIVES of the most Famous and Illustrious *COURTIERS*; taken both out of the Old and New Testament, and other Modern Authours.

Written in French *by* Nicholas Caussin, *S. J. Translated into English by* Sr. T. H. *and others.*

The third Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for John Williams, at the Crown in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. clɔ Iɔc LXIII.

HOLY COURT

IN

FIVE TOMES:

CONTAINING,

Which Should excite to Consideration, Perfection,

Prelacy, Soul-Piety, Sanctity, and Purity.

MAXIMS OF CHRISTIANITY.

PROPRIETY, BLESSEDNESS,

Community, Government, Justice, Estate,

Commands of Religion, Professions,

Laws, Contracts, &c.

Treasures, and other Medicinal Fruits.

Printed for John Williams, at the Crown in St. Paul's

TO THE

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

OF

HENRIETTA-MARIA

QUEEN-MOTHER

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

A COURT adorned with virtue, and ſanctified with piety, is here, moſt EXCELLENT QUEEN, *to Your view preſented; which having once already in pure and Native colours received light and life from the bright eye of Your Royal* BROTHER, *would gladly at this time, in a harſher language and ruder garment, adventure Your gracious acceptance.*

The ſubject is ſerious, the diſcourſe uſefull, and proper for thoſe, who in Court ſo ſerve Princes, that they neglect not an humble acknowledgment to a more tranſcendent Greatneſs.

To the Queen of Great Britain.

It hath pleased GOD, as a singular favour to this Kingdom, to afford us in Your MAJESTY *a pious Queen, who exemplarly maketh good, what diffusedly is here handled. Let then lesser lights borrow beams of radiance, from Your greater Orbs; and persist You, Glorious Example of Virtue, to illuminate and heat our Northern Clime with celestial ardours. Add to earthly Crowns, heavenly Diadems of Piety.*

Here shall a HOLY COURT be found fairly delineated; nor can I see how it will be in the power of persons of best eminence, to plead ignorance, and pretend inability, they having such a Book to direct them, and such a Queen to follow.

Lead then with alacrity, most Sacred MAJESTY, *and may propitious Heaven so prosper Your Holy Desires, that the Greatest may have matter to imitate, and the whole Nation to admire.*

TO

TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

SIR,

THIS Treatise of the *Holiness of Courts*, before it be published, comes forth to behold the great and divine lights, wherewith God hath environed your Majesty, whom he hath chosen out to sanctifie the COURT, by means of two reflections, which are, the Example of your virtues, and the Authority of your Laws. As for example, You supply as much as in a Prince may be desired, who hath brought Innocency into the Throne of Majesty, as an earnest-penny of Royalty, and whitened the very Flower-de-luces, by the purity of your heart and hands. This argument, in my opinion, should powerfully operate in the hearts of *French-men*: For it would be a disorder in Nature, to see bad Subjects under a good Prince, to plant Vice in the Kingdom of Virtue, and to have a body of morter, and feet of clay, affixed to an head of Gold. It is fit impudence should be extremely shameless, not to blush, when the sparkling lustre of a Crown casteth into the eyes the glimmering flashes of so great a Piety.

Where example cannot reach, Kings have Laws, which are given them from Heaven, as hands of gold and iron, to recompence merits, and chastise crimes. And as your Majesty, *SIR*, from your most tender years, hath shewed a singular propension to the detestation of Impiety and maintenance of Justice, that causeth me to say, Your Majesty hath great means to make the COURT essentially holy, which the disability of my pen cannot express but on paper. It is a work worthy of a Christian King, who standeth in the midst of Kings, and Nations, as heretofore the statue of the Sun in the midst of publick passages.

Royal hands cannot be better employed, then to erect the Tropheys of Sanctity. That is it which all the *first* have done; *CONSTANTINE* in the *Roman* Empire, *CLODOVÆUS* in *France*, *RICAREDUS* in *Spain*, *ETHELBERT* in *England*, *CANUTUS* in *Denmark*, *WENCESLAUS* in *Poland*.

All those, who have taken that way, have been glorious in the memory of men: whilst others, that have prepared Altars, and Tables to Fortune (as saith the Prophet *Isaiah*) erecting Monarchy on humane Maxims, have built on the quick-sands of imaginary greatness, which hath served them to no other purpose, but to measure their fall. Vice and voluptuousness cannot immortalize men; since they have nothing lasting in them, but the sorrow of their infancy, and the infamy of their name. All the greatness and happiness of a Prince, is to make in his virtues a visible image of invisibe Divinity; then to imprint the same on his subjects, as the Sun doth his brightness on the Rain-bowe.

SIR, Your Majesty knoweth it by proper experience; God hath made you to read the decrees of good success, written as it were, with the rayes of your piety. By how much the more you are affected to the service of the great Master, so much the more the good success of affairs hath followed your desires. You have seen your battels end in bays, and the thorns of your travels to grow all up into Crowns. And as we are ever in this world to merit, so we ought to hope, that so many worthy acts will also with time take their just increase; and that you shall sow new virtues on earth, to reap felicities in Heaven: Lastly, that he, who hath given you the entrance of *Solomon* into the Kingdom, will grant you the *exit* of *David*. This is the vow which offereth to God,

SIR, *Of Your* MAJESTY,

The most humble, most faithfull, and obedient Subject,

a 2 N. CAUSSIN.

TO THE NOBILITY OF FRANCE.

SIRS,

THIS Work, as it is compoſed for your ſakes, offereth it ſelf to your hands, without bearing any other ornament on the brow, but the reflection of Truth, any other recommendation, then the worth of the ſubject. It is not the abundant ſtore of ſanctity in the Courts of our Age, which maketh this ſtiled the *HOLY COURT*; but this Frontiſ-piece onely carrieth the name, becauſe this Book beareth the model, which verily with more eaſe is moulded on paper, then printed on the manners of men. Yet we may affirm, that God, who draweth the Sons of *Abraham* from the midſt of Flints and Rocks, doth in all places reſerve Saints for himſelf: and he that will conſider it well, ſhall finde that in all times the Courts of zealous Princes have had their Martyrs, their Confeſſors, their Virgins and Hermits.

I have a purpoſe, when my leiſure will permit, to divulge the Lives of Kings, Princes, Lords, Men of State, and likewiſe alſo of Queens, Princeſſes, and Ladies, who, in the courſe of the World, have flouriſhed in much Sanctity, beginning from the Court of *David*, and then concluding in our Age; to the end the multitude of examples may place the Sun in full ſplendour before their eyes, who take the greatneſs of their condition for pretext of their remiſneſs.

For the preſent, becauſe Reaſon ſhould carry the Torch before Hiſtory, I will ſatisfie my ſelf with publiſhing this Chriſtian Inſtitution, which treateth of the MOTIVES and OBSTACLES men of Quality have to Perfection, with the practiſe of virtues, moſt ſuitable to their condition; the whole attended by two Books of Hiſtories, that very amply contain the good and evil of Courts. I conſecrate this ſmall labour, at the feet of the Church, among ſo many worthy Writers, which make her wholly radiant in gold, not unlike that Bird, which, as the Kings of *Aſia* contributed great Treaſure to the building of a Temple, ſhe having no other wealth, went thither to preſent her Feathers.

It remaineth, SIRS, that you make the COURT holy, and you ſhall ſanctifie the World: your examples may do much therein; when you ſhall advance the Standard of Piety, a plentifull Train will follow. Behold how all thoſe, that have framed their fortune upon vice, have built on Abyſſes; they have ſowed Winde (as ſaith the Prophet) to reap Tempeſts; their hopes are crackt, as clouds ſwoln with the vapours of the earth; and their felicity like a golden Statue hanged in the Air on a rotten Cable, hath melted upon their head. Never any man hath had good fortune in impiety. He that loſeth his Conſcience, hath nothing elſe to gain nor loſe: Nothing to gain, for that nothing remaineth for him, but unhappineſs; and nothing to loſe, becauſe he hath loſt himſelf. So many crimes and impieties daily float on the face of this Age, that you muſt ſtretch out your Arms againſt Iniquity. If you have your hearts fixed where God planted them, you ſhall place the confidence of well-doing, in the life of the moſt timorous; and ſhame of ill-doing upon the brow of the moſt impudent. Your hands ſhall alwayes be in a readineſs to overthrow vice, and your feet ſhall not walk, but on Palms of Victory.

The Church extendeth her hands out to you, and imploreth the aid of your authority, and good examples. You are in the Houſe of God, as *Joſeph* in that of the Lord of *Egypt*. The Maſter hath put all into your hands, defile not the honour of his bed, ſince with his finger he hath imprinted the luſtre of his glory on your fronts. If you be among men, as Mountains over Valleys, be Mountains of perfume, of which *Solomon* ſpeaketh in the *Canticles*; and not thoſe Hills of the Prophet *Oſee*, which have nothing but ſnares, and gins, to ſerve for ſtumbling blocks to thoſe, whom they ſhould enlighten. If you be elevated in the World, as cliffs above the Sea, be Watch-Towers, not Rocks. If you be Stars, be Suns, to be the Chariots of light and life, and not Comets, to pour malignity on the four quarters of the World. Be ye aſſured, that how much the more you are united to God, ſo much the greater ſhall you be; the more conformable you are to the will of the Sovereign Maſter, ſo much ſhall you behold the earth in contempt under your feet, and Heaven in Crowns over your heads.

The

The DESIGN and ORDER of the Book.

TO speak properly, we have but two great Books, the Heaven *and the* Bible, *which never periſh; The others have an Air, and a certain continuance amongſt men, and at the laſt arrive unto their period: But the moſt part of thoſe, who at this day do write, do come into the World, as drops of rain into the Sea, of which the Ocean takes no notice, neither of their coming in, or their going out. In ſo great a croud of Writers, I have put forth my firſt Tome of the* HOLY COURT, *as under that conſideration, eſteeming that I brought but a little dew, into a great River, and having ſpoken ſome Truths by the way, I ſhould bury my ſelf, from my birth, in the Tomb of ſo many Books, which is excuſable by the law of neceſſity, and honourable by the multitude, and the qualities of thoſe that write.*

Howſoever I ſee that GOD, who governeth our lives and our pens, hath been pleaſed that this Work ſhould be had in ſome reſpect, and having exceeded the merit of the Authour, it ſhould alſo exceed his hope, producing ſome fruit, and withall ſome comfort to my travels, which I cannot now judge to be ill employed.

This hath again put my pen into my hand, to follow the continuation of it, to which ſo many perſonages of Honour have brought ſo many reaſons to induce me, that having but little leiſure to undertake this ſecond Work, I have had the leſſe boldneſs to refuſe it.

Thoſe who complain, that my pen hath not ſwiftly enough followed their deſires, are to remember, that though Slowneſs *be a mother a little to be blamed, yet her Children are not deformed: The bringing forth of good Books ought not to reſemble that of Birds, concerning which an Ancient writeth, that they come out of the Belly of their mother before they are born; we ought to give them form, and a long time to foſter them in the minde, before they appear in publick; For in precipitation it is a poor attempt to be able onely to hope for nothing, but to erre haſtily, to repent at leiſure. I do more fear the reproaches of precipitation, then deliberation, for in this mortal condition wherein we live, our moſt perfect Actions are but heavy aſſays, and the moſt groſs proofs of perfection.*

This may be ſaid without any diminution to the merit of ſome celeſtial Spirits, who make promptitude and goodneſs to march together with an equal pace, it being not expedient, that thoſe who cannot follow them, ſhould glory in the infirmities contrary to ſo great abilities. For me, I content my ſelf with the approvement and admiration of other mens works, reſerving nothing but induſtry for my own. And though for all my pains I cannot of my ſelf finde in my own work ſatisfaction to content the Readers, whom I acknowledge ſo favourable to me, yet ſo it is, that I finde I have brought ſomething which bears ſome correſpondence with their deſires.

This I can aſſure them, that the contraction of the precepts which I have drawn into ſo few words, being able to ſtretch them into Volumes, are not without their profit, and that Hiſtories are made moſt choice of in that nature, where (beſides their majeſty which layes forth the moſt ſpecious affairs of the Eſtate of Empires, ſince the beginning of their Chriſtianiſm) they have a certain ſweetneſs with them, which ſound ſpirits will finde to be ſo much advanced above all Fables and Romances, as the pleaſures of Truth do ſurpaſs all illuſions of Sorcerers.

You ſhall here perpetually obſerve a great Theatre of the Divine Providence, where (God knows) I have no other Deſign, then to advance Virtue, and to beat down Vice, without reflecting on any of the Perſonages of theſe times, no more then if I wrote under the Reign of Charlemaigne, *or S.* Lewis: *I muſt entreat theſe ſpirits of Application, which know not how to behold a work, without making it ſubject to their own fancies, imagining every letter to be the Ecchoes of their own thoughts, that if they have any Commentary to produce, they would rather make a gloſs upon their own Dreams, then on my Books. We live not yet (God be thanked) in an age ſo miſerable, that we dare not ſacrifice to Truth without a diſguiſe, ſeeing it is the glory of our Grandees, that we may openly make war againſt Vice, as againſt an enemy, and not of our party.*

For, to ſpeak ſincerely, having laid my firſt Tome at the feet of the ſacred perſon of our great King, I conſidered what great and gliſtering lights there were in all their Orders, within his

Court

Court, which might ſerve as Models for my Treatiſe, but to avoid the affectation of all compliance with this World, I did expreſly forbear it, my own nature and my long Robe having ſo far eſtranged me from all worldly pretences, that it would be a diſeaſe unto me, but to ſalute a man, if he had not Heaven and the Stars to return me for it.

As concerning the manner of writing which I have obſerved, I ſhall eaſily confeſs unto my Reader, that it proceeded rather from my Genius, then from Art, and though I have been curious enough to obſerve whatſoever the Greek or Romane Eloquence hath happily brought forth, yet I muſt acknowledge, that there is a Ray of God himſelf, which entring into our ſpirit, and mingling with our nature, is more knowing and effectual, then all precepts whatſoever. And this I can affirm for the inſtruction of youth, to thoſe who have demanded my advice, concerning the qualities and conditions of ſtiles. It is true, I have peruſed variety of Books, written in all Ages, and I have acknowledged that the moſt ſenſible amongſt them, have been raiſed both in their conceptions and their words, above the common reach, and alwayes without affectation. Others have been paſſionately taken with ſome fine niceties, which are the capital Enemies to perſwaſion, and above all, to be eſchewed in the Diſcourſes which are made of Piety, whoſe nerves they do infeeble, and whoſe luſtres they do foil: we may ſee that thoſe, who from the Chair do ſpeak unto us, either by account or by writing, although it be with terms diſcreet enough; yet they leave a leſſe impreſſion on our hearts, and ſometimes are ſo violently carried away to ſerve their own reputation, that they forget their engagements to the Truth. We may obſerve ſome, who through too much ſpirit, ſeek out by-ways of conceptions of common ſenſe, and extravagant words, and ſo ſtrongly adore their own thoughts, that they can ſuffer none but themſelves on their own paper, which is the cauſe, they ſeldom meet with the right uſe of humane underſtanding, being the true Citizens of Plato's *Common-wealth, capable to controul all things, but to perform nothing. Others there are, who glory in a ſterility, and are wilfully angry againſt God, becauſe in ſome part of the Heavens he placed ſo many ſtars. Theſe can endure nothing that is generous, without ſnarling or biting at it. They conceive Beauty and Light to be blemiſhes, becauſe they are above their capacities. Laſtly, there are ſome, who in their continual Allegations, do ſo lay forth themſelves in the praiſe of others, that they make their Diſcourſes like thoſe pictures of* Helena, *which are all of gold: There is nothing but Drapery to be ſeen, you cannot diſtinguiſh the foot from the hand, nor the eye from the ear. But I will enter no further into the conſideration of our times, having learned rather to reſpect then cenſure the indifferent Works of our Writers. But to ſpeak ſoundly, I never thought it expedient, either to perſwade unto, or to follow the ſame faſhions. And as in this work I have not altogether renounced the learning and the ornaments, which I thought to be convenient, but have enchaſed them in it, ſo I would not fill my papers with Quotations and ſtrange Languages, this Labour being undertaken rather to perſwade the Great ones unto Virtue, then to fill the Extracts and Annotations of the Students.*

I have ſo moderated the ſtyle, without letting my ſelf looſe to the emnty language of Complements, which had been beneath my Subject, that I conceive I have rendred it eaſie to be underſtood, even to thoſe apprehenſions which make no profeſſion at all of learning.

It is the onely Deſign that I have, to ſpeak ſo as to be underſtood, perſwading my ſelf, according to the ſaying of Philo, *that* Word *and* Thought *are two Siſter-Germans, and that the youngeſt is born, onely to make the eldeſt known. I ſtudy more for weight of ſentences, then for ornament of words, pretending nothing to the glory of mundane Quills, which we ſee every day appear amongſt ſo many Authours of this Age, who would be more perfect, if they would apply themſelves to more grave ſubjects, and in ſome faſhion imitate the Sun, who being admired throughout the whole world, doth not know how to admire it ſelf.*

Nevertheleſs it often comes to paſſe, but not to the more lofty Writers, who are ordinarily endued with more modeſty, but to certain men extremely profane, to idolize their own inventions, to condemn all Treatiſes of worth, and to eſteem, that one cannot be eloquent in our tongue, if he writes not Vanity or Impureneſs.

Certainly, if a queſtion were made to judge of the French *eloquence, the riches of* Babylon *are not ſo exquiſite, that they may ſtand in compariſon with the beauties of* Sion. *As long as letters and men ſhall continue there ſhall continue the praiſes of ſo many excellent Books, which have come from the hands of ſo many Illuſtrious Prelates, and other qualified perſons, nay, and of the ſecular State, who have exercíſed their ſtyle on chaſte and honourable Arguments, and worthy all commendation. I ſpeak this by the way, having at this time no deſign to enlarge my ſelf on the recital of the number of thoſe able men, who have now the pen in their hands, nor praiſe thoſe of my own Robe, who have given their holy Labours to the publick, and who I know may be followed by a great number of excellent Spirits of the ſame Society.*

For

For that which concerns me, I am acquitted of my promise, and I conceive, that I have sufficiently expressed in these two Volumes, the whole reach of my Design: for the rest, I conceive that the Books of Devotion which are to be made publick, ought to be rare, and to be very well digested, because there is already extant so great a number of them, that the number of the Authours will suddenly exceed the number of the Readers.

Satiety will cast a cloud on the brightest Beauties, and though a thing may be very good, yet we ought not to surfet with the exceſs thereof, for fear that good Offices be turned into misprisions, and Charity render it self too importunate. But so it is, that we must confess that Pieces well-wrought are never seen in so great a number, as to bring any fastidiousness to them who do know their merit.

Here do I stop my pen, and if there appears any worth in this Volume, I look upon it as on the Mirrour planted on the Wall of a Temple in Arcadia, *where those that beheld it, in stead of their own face, saw the representation of the Divinity which they adored.*

Even so in all this which may bring any profit to the Reader, I see nothing of my own, but I acknowledge the Father of Lights, who is the Beginning and the End of all which we do make praise-worthy. And I beseech him, if there be found any thing attractive in these Discourses, that He will, like the Load-stone, draw up the Readers, and carry them to the love of their Creatour, to whom is due the tribute of all honour, as to him who is the Beginning of all Perfection. It is indeed the onely consolation which we can receive from our labours. For, not to dissemble the Truth, he that cares more to write then to live, flattering his pen, and neglecting his conscience, shall have work enough to defend himself from the Scurf, the Rat, and from Oblivion. And when in a passionate life he shall carry with him the applauses of the World, it shall be as a small sacrifice unto him of smoak abroad, to lodge a fire and tempest in his own house.

It is reported, that the Stars contribute their beams to enlighten the Infernals, and I can affirm, that all the lights of Understanding and Reputation shall serve onely to inflame the torments of a reprobate soul, who shall shut his eyes against God, to open them onely to let in Vanity.

In the end, after many Editions of the HOLY COURT, *as I desired here to put the last hand to it, I am now retired into the solitary place of* Quinpercorentin, *for the love of the truth: where the honesty of the Inhabitants have made me to finde it as my Countrey, which other men have taken for a place of banishment: There on the banks of the Ocean, at the feet of a Saint, who is the Tutelar of the Village, perceiving that God had sweetned to me all the bitterness both of men and of the times, by the infusion of his Paternal Consolation, I have composed more Treatises, both of Doctrine and Piety, to render in some sort my silence profitable to the publick, of which one day I will give a good account unto my Readers, if God shall grant me life.*

Amongst other things, I have digested into good order, this Work of the HOLY COURT, *and I have enriched it with a remarkable Augmentation of the Lives and Elogies of the Illustrious Personages at Court, as well in the* Old *as the* New Testament.

Now I do produce it to the light, after that by the singular favour of Heaven, the obstacles are removed, and Truth acknowledged on the Throne of Lights, with which God hath round environed it.

THE

THE

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THE

THE HOLY COURT.

FIRST BOOK.

Of Reaſons, which ſhould excite men of Quality to Chriſtian Perfection.

That the COURT *and* DEVOTION *are not things incompatible.*

The FOUNDATION of this TREATISE.

THE wiſe *Hebrews* have obſerved a matter worthy of conſideration for the direction of Great-ones, to wit, that between the bed of the Kings of *Judea*, and the Altar of God, there was but one ſingle wall; and they add, that *David*, one of the moſt holy Monarchs, had reſerved for himſelf a ſecret Poſtern, through which he paſſed from his chamber to the houſe of God, that is to ſay, the Tabernacle; which ſerved as a Sanctuary for his afflictions, and an Arcenal for his battels. They ſay likewiſe, he left the key of this ſacred Poſtern to his Poſterity, a key a thouſand times more pretious then Fortune, the golden Goddeſs of the *Romans*, giving to it the imitation of his virtue as an everlaſting inheritance. *Achaz* was he, who, ſtopping up the gate of the Temple, ſhut againſt himſelf the gates of Gods mercy, and thereby opened the paſſage to his own confuſion. This is to inſtruct Princes, and all Perſons of quality, that as the element of Birds is the air, and water of Fiſhes, ſo the element of great ſpirits, if they will not betray their own nature, nor belie their profeſſion, is piety.

The Gloſs upon *Iſai.* chap. 38. obſerveth alſo, *Juxta parietem Templi Salomon extruxit palatium.* A notable obſervation of the *Hebrews.*

Paral. 2. 28. *Clauſit januas Templi.*

Yet notwithſtanding it is a wonder, how the Court, where the moſt noble ſpirits ſhould reſide, hath in all Ages been cried down in matter of virtue. You will ſay, hearing thoſe ſpeak, who make many fair, and formal deſcriptions of the maners of Courtiers, That the Court is nothing elſe but a den of darkneſs, where the heavens, and ſtars are not ſeen, but through a little crevis: That it is a Mill, (as the Antients held it) always skreaking, with a perpetual clatter, where men, enchained as Beaſts of labour, are condemned to turn the ſtones: That it is a priſon of ſlaves, who are all tied in the golden Guives of ſpecious ſervitude, yet in this glitter ſuffer themſelves to be gnawn by the vermine of paſſion: That it is a liſt, where the Combatants are mad; their arms nothing but fury, their prize ſmoke, their carreer glaſſie Ice, and utmoſt bounds but precipices: That it is the houſe of *Circes*, where reaſonable creatures are transformed into ſavage Beaſts; where Buls gore, Lions roar, Dogs worry one another, Vipers hiſs, and Baſilisks carry death in their looks: That it is the houſe of winds, a perpetual tempeſt on the firm land, ſhipwrack without water, where veſſels are ſplit even in the haven of hope: Briefly, that it is a place where vice reigneth by nature, miſery by neceſſity, and if virtue be found there, it is but by miracle.

An admirable definition of the Court, drawn out of divers antient Authours.

Such Diſcourſes are often maintained with more fervour of eloquence, then colour of truth. For, to ſpeak ſincerely, the Court is a fair School of virtue, for thoſe, who know how to uſe it wel. In great Seas great Fiſhes are to be found; and in ample fortunes, goodly, and heroick virtues. This Propoſition, which putteth an incompatibility of devotion, and ſanctity into the life of men of eminency, ſeemeth to me very exorbitant for three reaſons. The firſt, for that it is injurious to God: the ſecond prejudicial to humane ſociety: and the third ſheweth it to be falſe by the experience of all Ages. To prove theſe three verities is to ruin it in the foundations: the proofs whereof are eaſie enough, which we will begin to glance at, that hereafter we may deduce them more at length. For, as concerning the firſt, it cannot be denied to be a great injury to Almighty God, to ſtrike at his heavenly, and paternal providence. This is to touch him in the apple of his eye, and in the thing, which he eſteemeth moſt precious. Now, ſo it is, this Maxim, which eſtabliſheth an impoſſibility of devotion, the firſt wheel of virtue, in the life of Great-ones, imputeth a great defect unto the government of God. The divine providence is a skilfull poſie-maker, who knoweth artifically how to mingle all ſorts of flowers to make the Noſegay of the elect, called in holy Scripture *Faſciculus viventium.* It conſtituteth the different maners of lives, different qualities, and conditions. It leadeth men by divers ways to the ſame Port. It is that, which maketh Kings to reign, and giveth them officers as members of their State, and by this means frameth the Court of Great-ones: but if after it hath ſo made, and compoſed them as of the flower, and choice of men, it ſhould abandon them in the tempeſt, without poleſtar, without rudder, without Pilot, were not this with notable deformity to fail in one of the prime pieces of its workman-ſhip? Judge your ſelf.

The Anſwer.

The Defence of the Court.

1 *Reg.* 25. 29.

For the ſecond Reaſon, it is moſt evident, that to further this impoſſibility of devotion, in the courſe of Courtiers lives, is to caſt them, through deſpair of all virtues (which cannot ſubſiſt without piety) into the liberty of all vices, which they will hold, not as extravagant ſallies of frailty, but as the form of a neceſſary portion of their profeſſion. And as the rank they hold maketh them tranſcend other men, who willingly tie themſelves to the maners, and affections of thoſe, on whom they ſee their fortunes depend; that would be, as it were by a neceſſary law,

to precipitate mankind into the gulf of corruption.

To conclude for the third Reason, this Proposition is manifestly contradicted by an infinite number of Examples, of so many Kings and Princes, of so many worthy Lords and Ladies, who living in the Ocean of the world, as the mother Pearls by the dew of heaven, have preserved, and do yet still preserve themselves for ever in admirable purity, and in such heroick virtues, that they cannot gain so much wonder on earth, but they shall find in heaven much more recompense. This is it, which I intend to produce in this Treatise of the *Holy Court*, after I have informed the mind with good and lively reasons, which, as I hope, by the grace of the Holy Spirit of God, shall make all persons of quality to behold they do infinite wrong to take the splendour of their condition for a veil of their impieties, and imperfections. Virtue is a marvellous work-woman, who can make *Mercury* of any wood; yea, should the difficulty be great, the victory would be more glorious: but all the easiness thereof is in their own hands, and the obligations they have to tend to perfection are no less important then those of Hermits, as I intend shall appear in the process of this Discourse.

The first MOTIVE.

Of the obligation, which secular men, and especially persons of quality have to perfection, grounded upon the name of Christian.

A Great abuse is crept into the minds of secular persons, who hold vice in predominance, and virtue under controle. It is in that they esteem Christian perfection as a Bird out of their reach, and a quality dis-proportionable to their estate. *As for my self* (saith one of these) *I have made provision of virtue according to my quality. I pretend not to be a* St. Francis, *nor to be rapt as a* St. Paul *to the third heaven. I find there is no life but with the living, and to hold Time by the fore-lock while I can. Let our pleasures take that scope, which nature presenteth to them: were We as wicked as* Judas, *if we have the faith of* St. Peter, *the mercy of God pardoneth all.* An impertinent discourse, as I will hereafter declare. On the other side, there are women, who chatter, and say: *I will not be a* St. Teresa, *it is not my intention to be canonized. I love better to see my Diamonds in my life glitter on my fingers, then to carry them after my death on my Statues. I better love a little perfume whilest I yet breath air, then all the* Arabian *odours after my death. I will have no extasies, nor raptures. It is enough for me to wallow in the world. I may as well go to Paradise by land as by water.* Such words are very impure in the mouth of a Christian, nay, so prejudicial to eternal salvation, that through the liberty of speaking too much they take away all hope of doing wel. For pursuing the tender effeminacy of that spirit, they take the measure of virtue very short, and dis-proportionable, their intentions being infirm, the works are likewise the more feeble, not squarely answering the model of knowledg; from whence proceedeth a general corruption. I affirm, not all Christians ought to embrace the perfection of S. *Francis*, & of S. *Teresa*. No, There are some, whom the Divine providence will direct by other aims. But I say that every Christian is obliged to level at perfection, and if he hath any other intention, he is in danger to lose himself eternally. A bold saying, but it is the sentence of S. *Augustine*: *You shall always be displeased with your self for that which you are, if you desire to attain to that which you are not: and if you chance to say, It is enough, you are undone.* And who are you that dare limit the gifts of God? and who are you that say, I wil have but such, or such a degree of graces, I satisfy my self with such a sanctity, I have proceeded far enough in a spiritual life; let us set up our staff here? What wickedness is this? Is not this to imitate that barbarous, and senseless King, who cast chains into the Sea, to tie the Ocean in fetters? God hath given us an heart of a larger latitude then the heavens, which he will repleniſh with himself, and you will straiten it like a Snail, to lodge him in narrow bounds, whom the whole world cannot comprehend. Judge, if this proceeding be not very unreasonable, and if you yet doubt, weigh two or three Reasons, which you shall find very forcible, and by them you will conclude with me, you have no less obligation to be perfect, than the most retired Hermit, that ever lived in the most horrid wilderness of *Egypt*.

Aug. Serm. 11. of the Apostle. *Semper tibi displiceat quod es, si vis pervenire ad id.*

quod non es. Si dixeris Sufficit, periſti. A notable Speech of S. *Augustine.*

Xerxes.

The first Reason I propose to underprop this assertion is drawn from the nature and essence of perfection. At what mark think you should one aim to arrive to this scope? If I should say, Will you be perfect? bury your self alive in a Sack, put a Halter about your neck, go roast your self in the scorching beams of the Sun, go roul your self in Snow, and thorns; this would make you admire, your hair stand an end, and blood congeal in your veins: but if one tell you, God hath as it were engrafted perfection with his own hands upon the sweetest stock in the world, what cause have you of refusal? Now so it is, as I say, There is nothing so easie as to love; the whole nature of the world is poured, and dissolved into love: there is nothing so worthy to be beloved, as an object, which incloseth in the extent thereof all beauties and bounties imaginable; which are the strongest attractives of amity: yea, it forceth our affections with a sweet violence: to love is natural, not to love is monstrous.

Perfection engrafted upon love.

Then here admire the charms of Divinity, which hath placed all the perfection of man, in the love of his Creatour, and Saviour, to love an infinite good which one cannot hate, and not become a Devil. St. *Peter Chrysologus* crieth out: *A more delicate warfare never was seen, then to conquer all by love.* Ask, I pray, of all Divines, if Charity be not the quintessence of perfection? Ask of Religious men where they pretend to place it? in sack-cloth, or hair-shirts? They will answer you, No. In the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience? No. These are most undoubted ways to perfection, but they are not properly perfection. In what then? In the love of God, which S. *Irenæus* expresseth by a most elate Epithete, *Eminentissimum charismatum*, the most eminent of all the gifts of God.

Chrysol. Serm. 94. *Tenera militia, delicati conflictus est amore solo de cunctis criminibus reportare victoriam.* The warfare of Christians delicate. *Iren. lib. 4. cap. 63.* *Eminentissimum charismatum.*

The Master of the Sentences, and some other Divines have placed Charity so high (in which we establish perfection) that they have presumed to say, it was the substance of the Holy Ghost, united, and as it were incorporated to man's soul; adding, that as light is called radical light in the Sun, light infused in bodies transparent, colour in bodies, which we call coloured: in like manner this Charity, as it is (say they) originally, and radically in God, is the Holy Ghost; as it is united to the substance of our soul, it is Grace; as it maketh sallies out upon our neighbour, it is Charity.

The excellencie of charity.

This Doctrine is very subtile, and really giveth a very high idea of the merit of Charity: but if we would wholly examine it according to the strict rigour of the Schools, and weigh it in St. *Thomas* his equal balance, we shall find Charity is not, to speak properly,

Notable opinion of some Divines.

properly, the Holy Ghost, but as it were the first ray of Divinity, which bringeth with it self all perfections. This beam, if you will, is as it were in your power; God every day presenteth it unto you, as freely as the Sun doth his light; it onely behoveth to will, it behoveth seriously once to resolve to love an object so amiable, and then behold your selves perfect. Notwithstanding if you lay your hand on the bottom of your conscience, you shall ever find it in its proper interests, in humane respects, in intentions and affections nothing sincere, in the love of creatures. This is to coyn false money in matter of love; this is to put God under the Altar, and the love of himself above, that it may have the better part of incense. What think you of this indignity? See you not the obligation of being perfect still remaineth, but the effect is ever pretermitted?

Imitation of Jesus Christ, a bridgement of Wisdome. *Matth. 5. Estote perfecti, sicut & Pater vester cœlestis perfectus est.* Greg. Nyssen. κεφάλαιον τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης σοφίας. In the book of the life of *Moses.*

For the second reason, I say, the perfection of man consisteth in the imitation of God. *Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect*: and very well S. *Gregory Nyssen* assureth us, that this imitation is an abridgment of all wisdom. Now who is able to mount by force of wing, and flie into the bosom of the eternal Father, thence to draw a pourtraict of his holinesses? Certainly no creature can aspire thereto. And what I pray, hath God, all goodness, all wisdome, done? He hath imprinted all his perfections upon our Saviour, the true figure of his substance, as if one should impress a golden seal upon virgin-wax; which made *Origen* say, his most sacred humanity was as the foot-step and shadow of the Divinity, and agreed with it as equal well-made dyals with the Sun; whereupon the spirit of God calleth all Christians, and saith to them, Imitate couragiously, behold your Prototype, behold the model of your actions. He saith not, I have two Images of my substance, I have two Sons, I send them both upon the earth; one shall be for men of eminencie, the other for the multitude: Behold one delicately curious, crowned with roses for the Nobility: behold another crowned with thorns for the vulgar. It is meer dotage to imagine it. And see you not, it is like sottishness, since all Christians bear the same name, the same livery, participate of the same God, the same Sacraments, and pretend to the same Paradise, to think perfection is not appointed but for a silly handful of men, separated from secular life, and that others are excluded? Miserable creatures, who to sooth their own remissness plant their own condemnation upon their foreheads!

Humanity of Jesus. An excellent conceit of *Origen.* *Origen. 2. περὶ ἀρχῶν. Indeclinabiliter eosdem motus suscipiebat.* One same Jesus for the Nobles and plebeians.

Briefly to conclude, the title and dignity of a Christian draweth with it great and just obligations, which you cannot countervail but with an exact endeavour of perfection. Do you think one requireth too much of you, who have been nourished and trained up in the Church of God, if you be demanded (at the least) to shew resolution and courage to resist a sin, as some Heathens have done in their infidelity? And to produce in gross three examples, upon the three most ordinary temptations, behold, with S. *Austine*, *Polemon*, who telleth you: *I was an infidel, a young man deprived of the knowledg of the true God, resigned over to all sort of intemperance: wine, love, play, rashness were the Chariot, which drew my youth to downfal. I was no sooner entered into the schole of a Heathen Philosopher, as my self, but behold, I was wholly changed.* And thou, O Christian, dost thou think it will be lawfull for thee amongst so many important and forcible instructions, so many enlightenings, so many inspirations, to play the smith's old dog, and lie sleeping under the anvile? This man here, upon the onely word of a man, layeth down his flowery crowns, which he bare on his head, his drunkenness, his unthrifty riots, and where is there a worldly woman at this day, who at the end of a Sermon, enkindled with zeal, dissolveth one piece of her gaudy dressings?

S. *Augustine* Epist. 130. saith of this. *Non humano operi tribuerim, sed divino.* *Polemon* praised by S. *Augustine.*

Behold on the other side *Spurina*, who saith in S. *Ambrose*: I was a Gentile, bred in the corruption of an age, where virtue was in declination, and vice on the top of the wheel, I was endowed with an exquisite beauty, which by right of natural force gave me the key of hearts: and I seeing it was too much affected, and courted by wanton eyes, and served for a stumbling-block to chastity, I purposely made scars in my face, extinguishing with my bloud the flames of them that sought me. For I loved better to seal my innocency, as with the seal of voluntary deformity, then to possess a beauty, that served onely as a bait for anothers lust. O thou Christian woman, who dost paint thy self with an ill intention, seeking to gain that by imposture, which thou canst not attain by truth, and not satisfying thy self with adulterating thy beauty, spares not to discover among company a scandalous nakedness, to shew in thy breasts the impudence of thy forehead! Consider a little what thou wilt answer to this Panym with all thy curiosity, when her blood, her wounds, scars, her beauty disfigured, which served as a sacrifice to her chastity, shall accuse thee before the inevitable tribunal.

Spurina. S. *Ambrose* in the exhortation to virginity. *Deformitatem sanctitatis meæ fidem, quam formam iritamentum alienæ libidinis esse malui.*

Greatness of *Lycurgus.* Behold likewise, *Lycurgus* is elected King of the *Lacedemonians*, if so his dead brother should leave no heir in his wives body. The perfidious and unnatural Queen sendeth this message to the King new chosen: SIR, *I am with childe, and, according to the laws of the country, it may fall out, the fruit of my body may snatch the Scepter out of your hands. I see the kingdom is a dainty morsel, hard for them to disgorge, who once have swallowed it. If you will be wise in your own affair, I know a means by a potion, to put your crown in safety, and by anticipation, taking away the life of this little creature, settle your throne for ever. Onely be mindeful of me your faithful hand-maid, who with loss of my own bloud tender this grateful office.* Hereupon *Lycurgus*, detesting in his heart the treachery of this ravenous she-wolf, dissembleth, and answereth: MADAM, *Let the infant come into the world; be it male, or female, it importeth not: we always shall find means enough, whensoever we shall think good, to dispatch it.* As soon as the childe was born, which proved a boy, he took it in his arms, he assembled the Magistrates and people, and covering the little Creature with his royal *Robe*, saith: *Sirs, long live justice, and loyalty. Behold your King, I am but his vassal.* O Christian, what sayest thou to this Pagan, that would not purchase a Kingdom by the single sin of another? Yet many times a little interest makes thee neglect all that which is divine in Faith, Justice, and Religion. It is not required of thee thou shouldest be a S. *Antony*, a *Macarius*, an Angel of the desert. It is demanded of thee, that for God's honour thou shew some small resistance of sin, which these infidels have done for a shadow of virtue, and it shall suffice. Dost thou not behold, that thou art enforced not onely for good fashion, but for necessity to this Christian perfection, which thou imagineſt to be far separated from thy condition?

Conclude (O ye Noble men) out of this discourse, that the obligation, which you have to be perfect, is most evident, since you have JESUS CHRIST for a sharer, the charges easie, it consisting not but in loving a goodness, which one cannot hate, and which never any one can love, if he offer not the homage of his proper interest to his divine Majesty. Behold all perfection.

The second REASON.

Drawn from Nobility.

HAving in general declared the obligation all Christians have to become perfect, let us in particular behold the reasons which invite Nobility to perfection. I doubt not if you maturely ponder those which I have to propose, you shall find them no less obliged to the solid eminency of all Christian virtues, than Hermits themselves, and this by the right of their condition: so as that which seemeth to enlarge their scope to a life of greater liberty, rather serveth as a bound of their dutie, and a bridle for their dissolutions. Let us take the first reason, which is their Nobility. It is an argument that cannot proceed but from a low judgment, or a spirit soothed with its own effeminacie, to say *he is Noble, he is a Courtier, he is a States-man; his quality tyeth him not to perfection, his virtue must be measured by the ell of the world; if he were over virtuous, the excess of his sanctitie would be prejudicial to his fortune.* What an extravagant humour is it to fix ignominie upon the front of Nobility in the first beginning? He is Noble, he therefore should be the less devout, and less virtuous. Change the Gamuth, and say: He is Noble; he hath therefore the more obligation to be perfect. Nobility hath put the yoak of a happie necessity upon him, which he cannot shake off without much cowardize. And to make you thereby behold that Nobility is a bond of Christian virtue in all eminencie, no man will deny but that by how much the more God giveth powerful, and effectual means to man to arrive at a good end, so much more obligation he hath to carry himself with fervency of affection; and in case of failing, his neglect is made the more faulty. The Servant to whom the Master hath given five talents to negotiate with, ought much more to profit and bring gain home, than he that received but one single talent. Who can deny this, if he will not belie the light of nature? Now so it is. Great men have many more talents of God, for the traffick of virtues, than others have; and behold the first of all, which is the happiness of their birth. An Oratour making a solemn Oration in the praise of *Constantine the Great*, in the Citie of *Trier*, let fall these words: *The first and greatest gift of heaven, was to be born happy, and as soon to be in the lists of felicitie, as of nature.* The Scripture it self recommendeth Nobility in the persons of the three valiant Children, held in the Captivity of *Babylon*; in that of *Eliazar*, and others. It is a wonder how S. *Hierome* in the Epitaph of S. *Paula*, hath not omitted that she was descended from *Agamemnon*. Which would never have been mentioned, were it not that Nobility is valued amongst the temporal goods, which are distributed to us by the providence of Almighty God. Now that Nobility is a good instrument to conduct to perfection, appeareth by an irrefragable reason, which I intend to express. I will not say what might be proposed, and fortified by experience, that the bodies of Noble and Gentlemen are ordinarily better composed, and as it were more delicately moulded by the artfull hands of nature; that they have their senses more subtile, their spirits more agile, their members better proportioned, their garb more gentile, and grace more accomplished: and that all these prepare a fair shop for the soul, to exercise her functions with greater liberty. Let us rather say with *Petrarch*: *If Nobility were not tied but to flesh and blood, it were a small matter; since it is very difficult to distinguish between the blood of Cæsars and Porters.* Nor yet will I touch what might pertinently be disputed, that the souls of men extracted from the treasures of Heaven, though they be all cast in one mould, and be of the same kind; may notwithstanding be created by God with qualities very different, as we behold in the flowers of a beautiful meadow, which are of the same name and nature, a very great disproportion in figure, colour, and other accidents: semblably between the stars and precious stones, which are of the same substance, one will have a lustre more sparkling, another more dull and blunted. This maketh us probably believe, that the souls of men, when they are infused into bodies, although they be essentially marked with the same stamp, may have some accidental perfections one above another; and that this great diversitie which we observe therein, making one man appear of gold, another of lead, doth not onely depend on the varieties of Organs. *Mercury Trismegistus* was of this opinion, when under the bark of a fable, he represented souls unto us which before they entered into the bodie, drank in the cup of spirit, not all of them, but those which happily encountred that fortunate succes. For he feigneth, according to the inventions of his brain, that God sendeth a messenger upon the earth, to wit, one of his Angels, who placeth a large cup as big as (it is to be supposed) that of *Semiramis* was, which as *Ælian* reporteth, weighed a thousand and four-score pound: and this cup is full of a celestial liquor, of power to make men subtile and spiritual: the messenger maketh his proclamation, and saith to every soul: *Up soul, drench thy self deeply, and drink with all thy force in this cup of spirit.* Thereupon they drink, some more, some less, which maketh a great diversity of understandings. Some wholly abstain, who when they have entered into the body, have no other share but the gifts of reason, which necessarily is a prerogative of their nature: but as for spirit they are deprived, as being absolutely stupid, and extreamly shallow. It is a wonder how these ancient Sages have pleased themselves in these fabulous discourses. Needeth there so much outward cover to give us this maxime, that all souls have not one and the same relation to accidental qualities, though, as *Aristotle* teacheth us, they are in their own essence, as unchangeable as numbers in Arithmetick?

This diversity of spirits presupposed, one may say, that great and noble men are more privileged from the time of their birth, and that with some probability. So *Philo* hath given to Kings and Potentates, a double understanding, the one for the rule of themselves, and the other for the government of their estates. But not to sooth the Nobility with feeble and superficial reasons, it behoveth they know, that although one should admit this accidental diversity in the Oeconomie of humane spirits, yet would the consequence not necessarily ensue, that they always thereby should be the better provided. God maketh no difference of persons in this distribution. There are spirits that have come into the world from among the cobwebs of a nasty cottage, who have filled Ages with admiration of their greatness. Others have been clothed in golden glitter and purple, who have been miserably stupid and dull: and although fortune doth still hold to the oar, who deserve to be at the stern; yea, and some be at the stern who merit to be at the oar, yet the providence of God doth mannage it as best pleaseth himself for certain ends, which our foresight cannot penetrate with the best light. What infallible motive shall we then derive, to establish the obligation which tieth the

alter altero clarior inventus sit non id nobilitas efficit sed sanitas. Petrarch. *l. 1. de remediis dialog. 16.*

The souls of men different in qualities.

Mercur. Trismeg. in Cratere sive Monade.

Cup of spirit.

Bibat uter os & Horatius. ait velut equites.

Nobility first gift of God. *Mihi Deorum immortalium munus, & primum videtur & maximum, in lucem statim fulicem venire.* Panegyr. Constant.

Nobility not tied to blood. *Omnis propemodum sanguis est cancolor, si unde sorte*

Double understanding.

Mens ista aurea quam de communi Deo plusquam unus hausisti. Auson *in panegyri Gratian.*

the Nobility to virtue above others, since we rather seek weight of reason than colour? Behold one which cannot well be denied by a well rectified judgment. It is, that as God hath given to women, I know not what instinct of shamefac'dness, which enforceth them as it were with a sweet violence, to the defence of their honour; and this in them is so powerfull a touch from Heaven, that they cannot discharge themselves thereof; rather they feel it in every part, unless they be wretchedly insensible. *Pliny* affirmeth the same, who saith, their bodies after death, float in such posture upon the waters, that they hide the nakedness from humane eyes, whereof nature, during life, hath been so carefull. Even as God hath ingrafted the love of modestie upon this sex, so likewise he hath affixed a spur of honour upon the spirit of Noble-men. This is the pourtraict of *Phidias* which cannot be taken away without breaking the *Minerva*. This is the character wherewith God will imprint virtue in them. They are all naturally sensible in the points of honesty, or else degenerate from their Nobilty.

Shame-facedness of women.

Plin. lib. 7.

Prona fluitant pudori earum parcente natura.

Where is the motive of virtue in the Nobility.

Behold, I pray you, the force and power of this spur which God hath used for the good of Nobility. They would flie if it were possible to Heaven, and penetrate the depths, to avoid the least stain of dishonour. What flames actually would not they go through, to what breaches, assaults, musket-shots, to what images of death, which make nature to tremble with cold fear, do not they expose themselves, to conserve or acquire reputation? The spirit of lies, seeing they cannot be altered in this spur of the inseparable honour of their condition, what doth he? Not being able to wrest it from them, he rebateth the point; nay rather he rebateth the brain, and makes them place the point of honour in infamy, knowing very well that this is an effectual means to ruin them without discovery. A wonder! They rather will become Apostates from Christianity, than from the spur of honour. They meet in the field, cut one anothers throat, and empty their quarrels through the channels of their blood, for that they think the thing is honourable. Judg now, and conclude what I am to say: if they would suffer this spur to pursue that course which God hath begun in their souls, perswading themselves what is most undoubted, that the most ignoble act which a Gentleman can do, is to serve sin, would not they quickly become perfect? Would not they be invincible against all vices, and ever in possession of virtue? This argument is very strong, and will admit no evasion. Noble spirit, thou naturally lovest honour more than thy life, and therein thou dost well: Thou art a Christian, if thou wilt not renounce thy baptism and the blood of thy Saviour; Christianity teacheth thee that the highest and most solid honour thou canst ever pretend unto, is to put vice under foot, and virtue over thy head; why stayest thou to make resolution?

Against such as betray their Nobility.

Unworthy that thou art, if thou goest about to tye Nobility to flesh and blood, or to some old rotten ruins, to some Monuments, which cover a nothing under the golden traces of an Epitaph. Ridiculous that thou art, if with full mouth thou vantest a paper-Nobility, yea, which is not thine: as if a blind man should boast his Grand-Father had had good eyes, and a stammerer that his great Grand-Father had been an excellent Oratour. Miserable that thou art, if after thy Ancestours have planted the *French* Lilies amongst the Palms of *Palestine*, sincerely led thereto with the zeal they bare to their faith, thou betrayest religion, virtue, and conscience, by a brutish life drenched in wild passions, and framest to thy self under a head of gold, a foot of clay. God who breatheth on the intentions of men, reproveth such a Nobility: and though these mongrels should make themselves as white as Swans, God esteemeth them as black as *Moors*. All Nobility before this great Judg, is nothing in comparison of justice and perfection. Yea so it is, that in Holy Writ the Nobility of *Noe* is valued, *Hæ sunt generationes* Noe. *Noe vir justus erat atque perfectus.* Behold a marvellous manner (saith Saint *John Chrysostom*) to delineate a Genealogie. The Scripture beginneth and saith, Behold the Genealogie of *Noe*. It seemeth to make way through all the Patriarchs from whom *Noe* was descended. It seemeth to make a rehersal to us of all their titles and signories, of their acts and atchievements: and presently endeth in saying, Will you know the Genealogy of *Noe*? he was a just man, and a perfect. Behold all his Nobility. On which subject S. *Ambrose* hath an excellent saying: *Nobility hath no better a character then that of Sanctity: the race of men, are men, but the race of Souls are virtuous.*

Amos 9 *Nunquid ut filii Æthiopum vos estis mihi Israël?*

Nobility of *Noe*, where-in Gen. 6. *Chrys.* in Genes.

S. *Ambr.* li. de *Noe* & arca. Virtues the race of souls.

Noblemen, if you desire to be esteemed worthy your rank, do not as the little Sea-crabs, who by chance finding the shels of great fishes emptie, enter into them without saying, by your leave, and make boasts of a borrowed habitation. Cover not the giddie fantasies and illusions of a spirit, drunk with self-love, under a vain veil of Nobility. Rather do as *Boleslaus* the fourth, King of *Poland*, who bearing the picture of his father, hanged about his neck in a plate of gold, when he was to speak or do any thing of importance, he took this picture, and kissing it, said: Dear father, I wish I may not do any thing remisly, unworthy of thy name. Rather do as that brave *Eleazar*, mentioned in the Book of *Maccabees*, who being assaulted with all sort of batteries, blandishments, menaces, and torments, to make him counterfeit but one sole sin against his own law, he fixed his eyes upon the true point of honour, upon the consideration of his Nobility. *Ont alas* (said he to himself alone) *the whiteness of that venerable hair, with which thy head is covered, after it hath grown hoarie in the exercise of thy religion, hath it not yet taught thee where the point of honour lies? It is not enough for* Eleazar, *not to counterfeit impiety, but to profess virtue; even at the price of his blood. Now God grant I may not serve as a stumbling-block to the youth of this City, since God will make this day a Theatre of my constancie. I will not belie the law of my Master, I will not dishonour the Schole in which I was bread and brought up. My soul shall flie out of this body, wholy innocent, discharged of infidelity, into the bosom of my Ancestours, and the honour of my life shall be conveyed into the ashes of my Tomb.* These words mixed with his blood, stopped his mouth and life with one and the same seal.

Probati viri genus, virtutis prosapia est: sicut hominum genus homines ita animarum genus virtutes.

Notable Act of *Boleslaus*. *Cromer.* lib. 5.

Nobility of *Eleazar*.

Excellent speech of a noble man. 2. *Maccab.* 6. *Capit cogitare ingenita nobilitatis canitiem, atque à puero optima conversationis actus.*

Behold you not a Nobility worthy the sight of Angels, the imitation of great spirits, and the admiration of the whole World?

The third REASON.

Drawn from the greatness and dignity of Gentlemen.

Aug. Sol. 14. *Nobis magna indita est necessitas justè recteque vivendi quia cuncta facimus ante oculos judicis cuncta cernentis.*

SAint *Augustine* hath spoken very prudently, discoursing upon the presence of God, to wit, that of necessity it behoveth us to be virtuous, since we are perpetually discovered by the eyes of the great Judg, before whom neither the bottomless abyss, nor

nor hell it self hath darkneſs enough to hide us. If this exerciſe of the preſence of God were as familiar to us as it is effectual, it would be a powerful motive to cleanſe all the impurities of our intentions, and affections, and quickly would give us leave to arrive at the top of perfection. A wiſe *Hebrew* ſaid very well, to extirpate ſin from the earth, it behoveth every one to figure himſelf a great eye, always wakeful upon our actions, an ear always open to obſerve our words, an hand indefatigably ever writing and ſumming up the accompt of our works. But ſeeing our ſoul, while it is in this mortal habitation, folded up in fleſh and bloud, ſtirs it ſelf but lazily to the conſideration of things purely ſpiritual, expecting the ſenſes, by which ſhe operateth, ſhould give her the alarm; God, all-wiſe, all good, ſerveth himſelf with an efficacious means to fix us in the contemplation of his preſence, which is the conſideration of men in themſelves, the moſt perfect images of God, that can be found in this great univerſe. By how much the more we are encompaſſed, and as it were ſhot through with the eyes of beholders, who view, ſerving as witneſſes of our actions; ſo much the more doth our obligation of perfection increaſe. The greater part of ſins are committed for want of witneſſes, ſaith very pertinently a grave ancient Writer. If *Venus* ſhould make a veil of clouds to cover all her favourites, (as Fables imagined) the earth would ſoon be filled with adulterers, and quickly become a *Gomorrah*. Nothing diſmantleth vice ſo much as its own nakedneſs; take the mask from it, and you bereave it of the means of progreſſion.

Wiſe Counſel. Ribbi in Apopheg. Hebræ.

Maxima pars peccatorum tolliturſi peccatorum teſtis abſidat. Sins committed for want of witneſſes. *Seneca.*

It is from this point I intend to draw the firſt reaſon, which bindeth the Nobility to great perfection, eſpecially thoſe, who are of ſtate and dignity, ſeeing that how much the more they are eminent in honour, ſo much the more they are propoſed as an aim to the eyes of all the world. If a little planet happen to be eclipſed, who can tell the news thereof, but ſome cold-ſoundred Mathematician, who perchance beholdeth it in the ſhadie obſcurities of the night? But if the leaſt change happen that may be to the Sun, every one lifteth his eye to Heaven; he cannot make a falſe ſtep, but the numberleſs numbers of men, which inhabit the four quarters of the earth, do obſerve it. The like thing is ſeen in the life of Great men, and private perſons. If an Hermit in his Cell ſuffer himſelf to be tranſported upon ſome motion of choler, who knoweth it but his cat, or table? And if it be a religious man in a Covent, his imperfections are manifeſted but to few, which would be of force to cheriſh their vices, if they did not take their aims rightly levelled towards God. But as for great ones, all the eyes of men are fixed upon them, nor can they ſuffer eclipſe but as ſuns; ſo darkning the whole world with their ſhadie obſcurities, that they, who in their own errour have eyes of moles, are *Arguſes* and *Lynxes* to ſee and cenſure the actions of men of quality. Great men vitious, reſemble King *Ozias*; they all carry their leproſie upon their forehead. Then I demand of you, this admitted, that they cannot hide themſelves no more then the Sun, and that they all have honour in ſpecial recommendation, fearing the leaſt blemiſhes of fame; do you not behold them between the deſire of honor, and fear of contempt, as between the hammer and the anvile, enforced, as it were with a happy neceſſity to do well, ſince to do ill is ſo chargeable?

Life of Great men enlightned.

You will ſay unto me this intention were impure, to carrie ones ſelf in praiſe-worthy actions by the paths of humane reſpects; to which I agree, but withall add, it may eaſily be purged and freed, if yon prefigure in yaur mind, that ſo mony men as watch upon our actions are ſo many meſſengers of God, if you conſider them not as men, but as Angels of this Sovereign Majeſty, who are aſſigned for the inquiſition of your actions. This contemplation well imprinted in your ſpirit ſhall by little and little proceed, rarifying the moſt groſs thoughts, as the Sun-beams do the vapours of the earth, and you ſhall change this neceſſity you have to do well, by the honeſt enforcement of thoſe, who enlighten you, into a will ſo free and diſ-intereſſed, that you will ever after put on a reſolution to remain in the liſts of virtue, although all the world ſhould be blind. You will reſemble the Sun, who placed in Heaven by the Creatour's hand, if happily he one day ſhould chance to have no ſpectatours of his light, would ſhine as radiant for the eyes of a *Piſmire*, or ſilly *Bee* as for the greateſt King in the world. S. *Auguſtine* maketh mention of an old Comedian, who in his younger days, after he had a long time played in the Comedies, which thoſe blind Idolaters had inſtituted to the honour of their gods, with the general applauſe of the people, the glory thereof did ſo intoxicate him, that playing for the gods he acted all as for men: when he grew old, and not ſo followed by his ordinary troup of Auditours, he went to the Capitol, and made much ado to play his Comedies alone before the ſtatues of his falſe gods: doing all (ſaid he) then for the gods, and nothing for men. If this poor *Pagan* had not failed in the principles of true Religion, he had hit the mark. It is true, men many times ſerve to poliſh our actions; their preſence is to us a ſharp ſpur, which makes the ſpirit to leap, and bound beyond it ſelf. The like whereof is ſeen in Oratours, and Preachers, to whom their Auditorie ſometime ſerves as pipes to Organs. Such penetrate the clouds, born upon the wings of the wind, who otherwiſe had low flagged in the duſt, void of the eſtimation of men. It would be a miſerable vanity to have no other aim, then always to play for men, and never for God. It is fit that all theſe creatures ſhould ſerve us for ladders, to mount up to Heaven. And this it is, wherein men of ſtate, who are in eminent place, have much advantage; they are in a great Theatre, which is to them a powerful ſpur to do well; yea ſo forcible, that it was a wonder admired by the judicious *Caſſius Longinus*, to hear it ſaid, that a *Grecian* Captain, ſeeing himſelf in a dangerous encounter, involved in night and death, deſired not of God the ſafeguard of his life, but onely ſo much day as might ſuffice to ſee himſelf die valiantly.

Aug. de Civit Dei. l. 6. c. 10. *Doctus Archimimus, ſenex jam decrepitus, quotidie in Capitolio Mimum agebat, quaſi libenter Dii ſpectarent, quem homines deſiderant.* An obſervation of S. *Auguſtine* upon a Comedian.

Longin.

Behold the force of this motive, to give up a life, the moſt pretious thing in the whole world, to enjoy one glimmer of a day-light, which could ſerve to no other purpoſe, but to enlighten his death. Then, Noble-men, who are ſeated in dignity, I leave it to you to conclude, if you, perpetually being in the mid-day, and in the rays of ſo many as behold you, who illuſtrate your life, and make your death lightſom, have cauſe, or not, to ſlacken, or grow remiſs in the courſe of perfection.

For the ſecond reaſon I ſay, the foyl ſetteth off the ſparkling of the diamond, and greatneſs the luſtre of virtue. How doth a man know what he is, if he ſee not himſelf in the occaſions of good and ill? The triumph of virtue, as *Plato* ſaid very well, is to have ſin in power, and virtue in will. To be able to ſin, to be thereunto ſollicited by attractive pleaſure, and yet not to commit it, this is all which a good man can do. A ſolitary life is not alwaies laudable, if it be not guided by divine and ſuper-natural helps, as that

Evit illi gloria aterna, qui potuit tranſgredi, & non eſt tranſgreſſus. Eccl. 31.

of

of Saints. For what honour is it for a retired man to have this Epitaph of *Vacia* inscribed upon him: *Here lieth he, who fled from the world, and the affairs thereof, confined to himself by the misery of his passions; who could not endure any man to be more happy then himself: who hid himself for fear; who in present liveth not, either for another, or for himself, but for his belly, sleep, and pleasure.* Behold a poor praise, and which well sheweth, virtue doth not always consist in the flight from greatness, but in the conquest over passions, which is by so much the more glorious, by how much the adversaries are more invincible. *Theophylact* said, that Gold is like the River *Rhene*, for one cause; which is, that anciently those warlike Nations, inhabitants of *Germany*, used it to prove their children in, as we use to trie Gold with a touch-stone. As soon as these little creatures were born, they carried them to the *Rhene*, and plunged them in that River, and then knew by certain signs given by the child, either in wrestling with the waves, or in shewing much terrour, and affrightment, whether he would be couragious, or cowardous. He that bare himself bravely in this mercileſs element, was their true Son. Men are not tried in *Rhene*, said this learned Authour, to see whether they be men, but in *Pactolus*, in a River of Gold: place them in honours, reputation, in affluence of riches, this will procure you a never-erring judgement of their virtue. What knoweth one how he, who is born, and bred all his life-time amongst cobwebs, would use cloth of gold, if he had it? What knoweth one how humble a man may be, who is as soon found in misery as in nature, by the course of his lineal extraction? Who knoweth how abstinent one would be in the full delicacies of a great Feast, who hath never seen upon his table but Cabages, and Turneps? Who knoweth how temperate another would be in commanding over men, who never hath exercised his power, but over Dogs, and Calves? It seemeth all virtues either are no virtues, or are stifled in a low condition, if we speak morally. But to see a man poor in spirit in abundant plenty of riches; humble in large trains of attendants, which he daily beholds prostrated at his feet; temperate in a thousand occasions of accesses, which hourly are presented to him; moderate in a fortune ever upon increase; peacefull in the clattering clamors of affairs; uniform, and equal in the vicissitude of humane accidents; a man, who can do all he would, and will do nothing but what is reasonable; a man that suffereth not his appetites to flie like little Butter flies, fluttering amidst the concupiscence of creatures, but limits them in the lists of modesty, and not touching the earth, but with the soles of his feet, fixeth the better part of himself in Heaven; this is to behold a perpetual miracle.

Epitaph of *Vacia*. *Quia res & homines fugit, quem cupiditatum suarum infelicitas relegavit, alios feliciores videre non potuit: qui velut timidum, atque inerm animal metu obstupuit: ille sibi non vivit, nec aliis, sed, quod est turpissimum, ventri, somno, libidini.* *Senec.* Ep. 55.

Theophylact. in Collectan. Græc. Epist.

An excellent passage of *Theophylact*, Χρυσὸς τοῦτο ἀρετῆς ἢ κακίας ἔλεγχος.

Great vertue of Great men

Aug. tract. 13. de verbo Domini.

Magna virtus est cum felicitate latari, magna felicitas a felicitate non vinci.

We must then necessarily aver, if we will not belie our judgment, and reason, that in the greatest occasions of ill is shewed the greatest reflection of good. Great felicities are so tickliſh, that it is more easie to live on the dung-hil of *Job* with patience, then in the manage of great Kingdoms with moderation. Saint *Bernard* said to Pope *Eugenius*, *He is truly great, on whom fortune hath smiled, and not deceived him.* It is a heavie burthen to bear a great fortune. This is daily seen in the spirits of this Age: there needeth but a little sparkle of felicity to dazle their eys, to puff up their skin, to drench them in pride, in ingratitude, in tyranny, in a deluge of dissolutions. One sole hour, which a favourite may have in the prosperity of the Court, will make him forget a friendship of thirty years standing; a most evident mark of a weak spirit. On the contrary, to pass from a poor garden into a King's Palace, as *Abdolonym* did, and handle the Scepter with the same humility of heart, without prejudice of Authority, that one would do a Spade, is a vertue, which rarely hath an example upon earth, but is admired in Heaven it self. It is a vertue, which cometh to men from the treasures of God, not from their pedegree. It is the faireſt object which the Sun, drawing aside the curtain of the night, discovereth upon earth. And I doubt not, but the divine providence hath purposely held some religious Monarchs in the world, as our St. *Lewis*, for example, to declare how high Christian perfection may ascend, which is to plant humility upon the Diamonds of regal Crowns; to lead in Court an Hermitical life; to command greatness, and humility, which seldom are of alliance, mutually to embrace as sisters.

Bernard, ad Eugen. l. 2. *Magnus cui præsens felicitas si arrisit, non irrisit.*

Abdolonym.

Add for the third Reason, which is received by the common consent of all men living in the world, that tribulation serves as a furnace for virtue: the more stout, and masculine it is, the more it glitters in affliction. What knoweth a man, that hath always been bred in a lazie languishing life, as the trees of *Sodom* in the dead Sea, with what measure perfection is measured? Prosperities are like a veil tissued with Gold by the fingers of Fortune, to cover the ulcers of Vice: and Adversity is the Theatre of generous spirits, who feed themselves with afflictions, as the Sun with salt water. What a glorious spectacle is it to behold, saith S. *Cyprian*, an invincible courage, counter-buffed with storms and tempests, on whom it seemeth Heaven will burst, and fall in pieces, to behold him, I say, amongst the threats of the air, ruins of the world, always standing upright, as a great brazen *Colossus*, scorning these as mists, and small flakes of Snow.

Prosperity.

Cyprian. de Mortal.

Quanta sublimitas inter ruinas generis humani stare erectum. Sen. de Provid.

What a brave word is it, to hear a man say in a world of contrarieties, which oppose him, *God be praised, who hath deemed us worthy to serve as a trial of humane nature, to see to how high a pitch Patience could mount?* What a Majesty it is to be able to bear this fair ensign, wherewith our *Lewis* the Twelfth with a generous affection was much pleased, which was a celestial cup, advanced in rays of Gold, amongst eclipses, with this Motto, *Inter eclipses exorior.* And surely Virtue never shineth so much, as when she is in eclipse; which it seems the Holy Ghost would mysteriously signifie in these words of *Job*: *Thou brave spirit, who struggleſt against tempests, thou shalt find thy noon in the evening, and when thou shalt esteem thy self annihilated, thou then shalt elevate thy self as the morning-star.* It is a wonder, that in this passage he useth an *Hebrew* word for two purposes signifying two contraries, to wit, *to shine*, and *to be darkened.* It is to shew us, that obscurity, which cometh from adversitie is a true and perfect light.

Digni visi sumus Deo, in quibus experiretur quantum humana natura posset pati. Typotius in Symbol.

Quasi meridianus fulgur consurge tibi ad vesperam, & cum te consumptum putaveris orieris ut lucifer. Job 11. 17.

עֵרֶב A worthy letter in *Job.*

It then being admitted, which all mouths do preach, and pens do write, that adversities are necessary to make up a great virtue; we will thereon conclude, that perfection will be more sutably accommodated to the lives of Great men, then any other, though never so good, since they are those, who daily are exposed to the greatest hazards. The crosses of religious, and private men, are but meer paper in comparison of those, which happen to the Great men of the world. The learned *Synesius* saith, they are illustrious on every side; one while they mount as high Heaven, another while they descend even to the abyss; their change is never in the mean, and their fortune is pointed out in extremities: this manifestly declareth, that as their fortune hath no bounds, so they should not limit their virtues. O

Synesius De regno ad Arcadium. Θαύμα μεγάλης ἐυδαιμονίας.

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men of honour it is a brave thing to see you courageous in disasters; as Eagles, who flie confronting that part of heaven, where raging tempests most reign; not unlike Dolphins, who leap and bound with full carreer in the tumultuous waves; or as vast Rocks, who erect their crests against the clouds, and mock at the foamy waves, billow-beating their feet. This is truly the element of virtue, resembling the pretious stone, called *Ceraunia* by the *Grecians*, as one would say *The Thunderer*, for it is bred among thunders, and is found in places, where heaven, all swoln with anger, hath cleft the master-pieces of the world's great magazin. So after the black vapors of obloquie, after the misty clouds, which have dis-coloured our reputation, after envy, rage, after brutish furies, after oppressions of innocency, after the death of kindred, after faithlesness of friends, after disgrace, after thunders shot from the *Capitol*; when you behold a heart firmly fixed in a fair situation, which enfoldeth it self within it self, and sucketh in the tastefull sweetnesses of a good conscience, then behold a thunder-stone, which gladdeth Angels, and dazeleth eyes fearfull of his lightning flashes.

Ceraunia.

Conclude then upon this whole Discourse, that greatness is the very element of great virtue; and if you yet doubt hereof, learn the same from the authority of God, who hath judged greatness so necessary an object for virtue, that he hath conducted all his greatest servants to perfection, if not by the enjoying of greatness, at the least by contempt thereof; and never had they been so great, if struggling with greatness, they had not scorned to be great. Our *Saviour*, to shew he was the example of perfection, would appear great in refusing a world, which *Satan* had (as it were) unfolded before his feet. He would the virtue of the greatest of all men should apppear in the refusal of the greatest of all titles, when Saint *John Baptist* denied the name of *Messias*. He sheweth the greatness of his faithful servant *Moses*, in the contempt of *Pharaoh*'s kingdom. He gave *Nero*'s Court to St. *Peter*, and St. *Paul*, as the Amphitheatre of their glory. He likewise many times hath drawn Hermits from the unfrequented desarts, to make them manage great matters in the Catastrophe of their lives, in the palaces of Princes; so necessary it is to have to do with greatness, to act something important. If God hath transferred to Court (as it were on the wings of impetuous winds) those, that were by birth, and profession alienated, to work wonders there; what Theatre (O ye Noblemen) expect you more suitable then this, to place virtue in her faireſt seat? Or what obligation can you have more strictly binding to perfection, then your selves?

The fourth REASON.

Proceeding from Riches.

IT was a thing very strange amongst the Plagues, wherewith *Egypt*, ever bent to resist the spur the more deeply to wound it self, was chastised by the angry hand of God, to behold *Nilus*, that great and goodly River, wholly become bloody: but yet more marvellous to see that from one and the same River the *Egyptians* drew blood, and the *Israelites* a lively and crystalline stream.

Joseph. Antiquit. Jud. lib. 2. cap. 5.

The like ordinarily is seen in the lives of good and bad rich men. The bad draw into their store houses Gold, and Silver, heaped one upon another by rapines, and violence, as in a River consisting of the veins, and blood of the poor. The good, in the honest abilities, which Heaven hath graciously given them, find pure water, which they suffer to distill for the publick good, as through the conduit of their liberalities. All that, which the holy Writ and eloquent tongues of the Fathers thunder out, replenished with threats, horrour, and malidiction against riches, is not understood but of those, whereof the vices of men, and not the condition of the things, have made the use damnable. Such riches are deceitful shadows, which cover an apparent good under an undoubted evil; they are hands, that take their Master by the throat; they are poinyards with a golden haft, which delight the eyes with vain seemings, and pierce the heart with mortal wounds; they are precipices, furnished with precious jewels, such as *Heliogabalus* desired to allustrate his death with; they are heights, which are not measured but by their falls; they are deadly poisons steeped in a golden cup. For this cause *Eusebius Emissenus* said: Poor man, who admirest those, that are on the top of the wheel of the favours, and riches of the world, whereunto they have ascended by iniquitie, are maintained by violence, and cannot descend but by headlong ruin! How blind are you to have thoughts so unmanly and unworthy of a Christian? *Esteem you a frantick man to be stout, and couragious, who stabs himself with a poinyard? Say you, he hath a brave steddy hand, who hits his own heart right with a dagger's point? Say you that man is happy, who holdeth the shadow of good in his hands, to produce to himself an eternity of evils? Who hath ever said, He, who nimbly mounteth on a rock, to precipitate himself, was an able man? Who hath said, seeing him on the steepy cliffs top ready to fall, This man is happie, all the world hath an eye upon him? Who hath said of him, that hath a golden cup in his hand filled with poyson, This man is fortunate to drink in so rich a goblet?* And you yet daily say the same, when you behold a man in the iniquity of ill-gotten goods coveto's, ungrateful, disloyal, perfidious to God, and men; you think him happie, and see not, that he twisteth his own ruin in threads of gold, and silver. Such riches are damnable. It is true. But who maketh them damnable? The perverse disposition of men. Take away vice, which is not of the essence of riches, you will find they are a great prop to virtue, and a powerful motive to perfection, for those that possess them. It is to you, Noblemen, to whom St. *Hierom* (*) addresseth this worthy saying: *To you it appertaineth to have riches, to tread them under your feet, and not carry them on your head*: the more they are under you, the more they raise you, and the more they elevate you to perfection. The reasons are manifest, and pertinent.

Eusebius Emis. Hom. De Sancta Epiphania, nisi sit Episcopus Rhegiensis. An in hunc hominem potentem & felicem vocas, qui in suam mortem fortis est? Cui proventuum fallax umbra praesentium aeternorum congregat causa malorum? Quis tam dixerit validam in suum jugulum dexteram? Quis laudet velocem ad arcta precipitia festinantem? Quis ejus miretur ascensum, quem de summo prospicit esse casurum? An illum felicem vocas, qui gemmato atque aurato sibi poculo venena miscet?

(*) *Hieron. Epist. ad Demetriadem; Vestri generis est & habere, & calcare divitias.*

First, it is a matter very difficult to preserve a great virtue in a great povertie, it being given but to very few souls; yea, and to those of the best temper. The poorer sort ordinarily have so much employment to think how to live, that little time remaineth for them to think how to live well. The belly, that hath no bread, hath no ears; and precepts of wisdome are found very short, and insufficient, among people perplexed, and over-whelmed with want. A father of a family, who beholdeth poverty in his house, besides a multitude of children, ranked like Organ pipes, whom he must cloath, feed, and provide for; who seeth creditours attending on him at their day, Sergeants dogging him, processes that afflict him, cattle casually to die on the one side, his house utterly to sink on the other side, his debts not payable but with bankrupting, and rents to sail him at a need, hath full enough to do to cast time, as the Proverb saith, behind his back. Necessity many times is the mother of vice, and when one hath no more goods, he is in danger to do that, which is not

Difficulties of the Poor in virtue.

good.

Mendicitatem, & divitias, nè dederis mihi, tribue tantùm victui meo necessaria, nè necessitate compulsus furar, & perjurem nomen Dei mei. Prov. 30. 8.

good. Behold why the Wise-man asked of God, if not great riches, at the least exemption from poverty. You, who have, be it great, or indifferent means, are not brought into this penury, if you call not that a penury, when you cannot satisfie an exorbitant concupiscence, which hath no other pleasure then excess, nor other bounds but infinity. You see in your house a settled estate far distant from the multitude of discontents, under which so many mortal men do groan; ought not this to serve you for some small motive to perfection? See you not in *Genesis*, how God, willing to exercise *Adam* in a contemplative life, caused him to find at his first coming, house, table, bed, and cloath laid? If it had then behoved him to take pains to get his dinner, and build himself an house, as little birds do their nests, then had he had pain, and care; but to the end he should have full liberty for his Master's affairs, God took all obstacles from him, that he might have no cause to accuse any man in his miserable mis-fortune, but his own ingratitude. O you Noblemen, God useth you as *Adam* in terrestrial Paradise, he suffereth you to eat the corn at ease, which others have sowed, and the wine, which others pressed; he causeth your meat to come to your tables, as if it were born by certain invisible engines; he holdeth the elements, creatures, and men in breath, not onely to supply your necessities, but your well-beseeming accommodation: and can you then think he requireth a thing unreasonable of you, if giving you all things above other men, he would have you virtuous as other men?

Privileges of Nobility.

Secondly, I say, poor men, admit the case they be not so pressed with painfull necessities of life, and that time passeth with them a little more sweetly, they may perhaps deafly attend devotion in the silence of a little family; but their virtue is not strong enough in the wing to take a long and distant flight, nor have they arm enough to undertake great enterprises. Their little authority maketh their words not to have much weight, nor their actions (how laudable soever) to be of power to draw others to imitate them. Besides, rich men sometimes have an aversion from doing well, for fear they should have virtue common with the poor, from whom they would (if it were possible) be separated even in elements; but great men are ever powerfull to authorize good works. I leave you to think, if many not through malice, but by the servile slavery of complacency, do praise even their vices, and imperfections, what will they do with their virtues? For we must not suppose (as saith the Wise-man) that the state of hell is wholly established upon earth, and good conscience eternally banished: many are vitious more through infirmity (as not being able to resist the tyranny of opinion, and custom) then out of affection they bear to vice. If it happen, rich men advance the standard of piety, all the world rangeth themselves under their banner: some, that were willing, and not daring to do it; others, though unwilling, were drawn along with a swinge of superiority, which they would not contradict. This is an argument, which I will hereafter deduce more at large, when I shall speak of example. And from hence, O you rich men, judge, if God giving you such a liberty, and reputation to do well, you make ill use thereof, what neglect you fall into, when you employ your authority to raise vice with a strong hand, and put virtue in dis-estimation. Antiently Pearls were called Ushers, because they made way for Ladies, who were adorned with them. Rightly may now Riches bear the like name; every where they are obeyed; even where they make place: it is a good reason, if all the world serve them for ushers, they do the same office for piety, without which all their goodly lustre will be but unjust pillage. Then shall they potently reign, when they have restored virtue to her throne.

Authority of great men to strengthen their devotion.

Pearls are Ushers, saith Seneca.

Finally, to conclude with a third, and in my opinion the most formal reason, which evidently declareth how riches are absolute obligations unto you of Christian perfection: it is, that God seemeth to have enchased all in the charity, which is exercised towards our neighbour: *Give alms, and behold your selves wholly pure.* This practice of giving alms is so excellent, that God hath chosen no other for himself. His nature is to give, and to do good, as fire to heat, and the sun to illuminate, saith the eloquent *Synesius*. And to speak unto you the richest word, which ever came out of the mouth of a Panym: It is *Plinie*, who, after he had well wandred through all sects of Philosophers, describing the essence of God pronounceth this goodly sentence, *That the greatest divinity is to see a mortal man oblige his like, and that it is the shortest way to arrive at eternal glory.* We also see in the *Canticles* the hands of the Spouse compared to golden globes, which in them hold the sea enclosed. These hands are of gold, to denote to us the munificence of God by this symbole of charity: *His hands are globes made round*, there is nothing rugged, clammy, or bowed; nay they are smooth, neat, polite, to pour his blessings incessantly upon men. They always emptie themselves, and are always replenished; for they are filled with a sea of liberality, which never will be exhausted.

Luc. xi. 41. *Date Eleemosynam, & ecce omnia munda sunt vobis.* Alms the works of God. Ἀγαθὸν ποιεῖν ἐστιν ἐκ θεοῦ. *Synes.* in Epistol. *Deus est mortali juvare mortalem, & hac ad æternam gloriam via.* Plin. l. 2. c. 7. Cant. v. *Manus ejus globi aurei, pleni mari.* Where our translation saith, *manus ejus tornatiles, aureæ, plenæ hyacinthi.* Hands of God, a golden bowl full of the sea.

God then, having bounty so natural, and intrinsecal in him, will needs see it shine in his servants, and therein establisheth salvation, and perfection. Which admitted, who seeth not, O you rich men, you have a particular obligation above all others, since God hath elected you to be the Stewards of his goods, the messengers of his favours, and the conduits of his liberality? Religious men, who have given the tree, and the fruit all at once, have nothing more to give. The indifferently rich are ordinarily full of appetites, and produce no effects. You have power in your hands to discharge the duties of all the world, you have met with the Philosophers stone, you have the books of an heavenly alchimy in your coffers, you have a golden rod, which can turn the durty pelf of *India* into celestial substance. Consider what greater ties of dutie can you have, what more pressing necessity to be perfect, then to have the instrument of perfection in your full power? Perswade your selves no longer, that riches are impediments of glory, and salvation; for this unhappiness proceedeth not but from corruption, and ill custom; if you take them on a false byas, they are of lead, to drench, and drown you; if on a good, they are feathers to bear, and lift you up to Heaven. Propliane storie maketh mention of one *Sesostris*, King of *Egypt*, who triumphantly rode in a Chariot drawn by Kings, he was so swoln with the success of his prosperities. It was to take the way of hell in the Chariot of pride, so to triumph; but you may in the Chariot of charity, all glittering with gold, and silver, harnessed out with poor men (each person whereof representeth the Sovereign King, who raiseth all Imperial scepters) take the right way of Paradise, and that by the means of riches. Then judg whether they lead to true felicity, or no. *If you love these terrene things, you do well; love them boldly, but as the objects of your glory, as the instruments of your salvation, as a gift of your friend, as a benefit from your*

Chariot of *Sesostris* applied to the rich. *Pharios currus regum cervicibus ægri.* Luc. l. 10.

Augustin. *Si ista terrena distinguas, ut subjecta diligas, ut famulantia diligas, ut munera amici, ut bene-*

ſpicia Domini, ut arrham ſponſ.

your Maſter, as the earneſt-peny of your ſpouſe, as the pledg of your predeſtination.

The fifth REASON.

Drawn from perfections of the body.

IT is a lamentable miſery to behold, how ſin hath ſo perverted the nature of things, that it not onely giveth ill under the appearance of good, but alſo ſometimes evil effects to that which is good. Behold for as much as concerneth the perfections of the body, (not ſpeaking here of health, or ſtrength, wherewith the Great-ones are not always the beſt provided:) beauty, grace, or garb, which ſeem to be more connatural to them, they are ſo cried down by the corruption of maners, that one knoweth not what apt place to give them, either among things good, or evil. St. *Auguſtine* ſpeaketh with indifferency in theſe terms: *Beauty of body is a benign gift of God, but he beſtows it often on the bad, that the good may not deem it a great good.* Not onely the writings of Saints, and of moſt auſtere religious, have made great invectives againſt beauty, but even thoſe who at other times have with paſſion praiſed it, condemned it, as ſoon as they became wiſe. *Petrarch*, that worthy ſpirit, after he had adored a humane beauty, doth ſuddenly caſt down the Altars thereof under his feet, and diſ-avowed in ripe age that, which fooliſh youth had made him vehemently commend. For what ſaith he not in his book of the vanitie of the world, which he entitleth the *Remedies of Fortune*? "You, who eſtabliſh your glory in the "beauty of the body, know, you have an enemy un- "der your roof, and which is worſe, a flattering and "with-delight-tempting enemy. You harbour a "thief, who ſtealeth your repoſe, and time, two the "moſt pretious things of the world. You lodge an "executioner, who always will hold you to the rack, "and torture. You entertain a ſubject of toil and af- "fliction, a motive of warfare and contention; an "incendiary of ſenſual apetite, which is no leſs capa- "ble of hatred then love. This deceitful beauty put- "eth a ſnare on your feet, a veil over your eyes, and "bird-lime on your wings. It is a ſuperficial grace, "which covereth with the ſmooth delicacie of the "skin loathſom, and horible ſtenches, ſo with her poi- "ſon charming the drunken ſenſes. Another (a) ſaith, it is the nurſe of love, the ſpur of ſin, and that virtue lodged with beauty hath always a ſlippery foot, as being in the houſe of a dangerous hoſteſs. S. *Chryſoſtom* (b) in an Homily, which he made upon the vain beauty of women, hath delicate obſervations, not being able ſufficiently to admire the ſottiſhneſs of thoſe cold-ſtarved Amoriſts, who haſten to roaſt themſelves in the aſhes.

Notwithſtanding all theſe ſayings of wiſe men, we muſt affirm, that *beauty* & *graceful* comelineſs of body is a great gift of God, able to do infinite good, when they once hold correſpondence with ſincere virtue: and therefore they rather ought to be eſteemed among the motives of well-doing, then the inſtruments of miſchief, it being unreaſonable to condemn a benefit of God the Creator, for the abuſe of men, ſince no man blameth the candle, that clearly burneth in the houſe, though butter-flies findg their wings in it. For proof whereof I will produce three reaſons onely, which ſeem forcible enough to convince the underſtandings of wiſe men, and evidently declare to all thoſe, that are endowed with corporal beauty, the injury they do to God, when they abuſe the beauty of the body to the hindrance of the ſoul, and drag the gifts of God along in the duſt.

Lib. 15. cap. 22. de Civitate Dei. *Pulchritudo corporis bonum Dei donum: ſed propterea etiam id largitur malis, ne magnum bonum videatur bonis.* Beauty condemned by Idolaters themſelves. *Petarch.* l. 6. de remed. Dialog. 2. *Habes hoſtem tuum domi delectabilem, & blandum: habes raptorem quietis, tortorémque perpetuum. Habes materiam laboris uberrimam, diſcriminum cauſam, fomentum libidinum, nec minorem quærendi odii, quàm amoris aditum. Habes laqueum pedibus, velum oculis, alu viſcum; ſuperficie tenus fulget decor multa, fœdáque tegens & horrenda leviſſima cutis obtenta, ſenſibus blanditur, & illudit.*

(a) Tab. d' inconſt.

(b) *Chryſoſt.* Homil. de vanit. pulchr. mulieb. κόσμ τ τοῦ εἴσω & τ ἔξω.

Defence of beauty, as the gift of God.

First it is undoubted, that to attribute the work of corporal beauty to any other original, then that of the wiſdom, and goodneſs of God, were to apoſtatize from Chriſtianity, and to rank ones ſelf among the *Manicheans*. God neceſſarily approveth beauty, ſince he himſelf is the authour thereof. He hatched it in his boſom, as light in the *Eaſt*, and diſtributively ſpred it upon all the creatures of the earth, as the rays of a bright day. Man hath been from the beginning the beſt provided for, ſince God hath made him as it were a Scutcheon, whereon he hath pourtrayed all the titles of the moſt excellent beauties of the world. *Origen* ſaith, he is fair as the firmament, which we ſee enameled with ſo many ſtars, that reſplendently ſhine as torches lightened before the Altar of the Omnipotent. St. *Chryſoſtome*, that the Angels are the morning-Stars, whereof mention is made in *Job*, who inceſſantly praiſe God: and men are the evening ſtars, faſhioned by the hand of God, with the ſame beauty in proportion to do the ſame office. And St. *Ambroſe*, that God the Creatour, for ſingular teſtimony of love, hath granted to man the ſame graceful habiliments, with which he himſelf is garniſhed, all which are nothing but beauty. Behold whether this be not highly to raiſe the merit of beauty? I add hereunto alſo two conſiderations very pertinent, which *Favorinus* hath judiciouſly obſerved in the book he compoſed of the excellency of man. It is, that the Creatour, who hath given beauty to man in proportion, hath by the ſame mean impreſſed in his heart a love ſo tender, that every well-underſtanding man would rather deſire to be reduced to nothing, (an eſtate which ſome have leſs accompted of, then that of the damned) then to be tranſlated, according to the imaginations of *Pythagoras*, into the form, and figure of ſome ugly, and monſtrous beaſt. The other reaſon is, that the wiſeſt Nations (as he obſerveth) deteſting the beaſtlineſs of thoſe, who have cloathed the Divinity in ſhapes of beaſts, have made expreſs Decrees, forbidding all painters, gravers, and Image-makers to repreſent God in any other figure then of man. And the reaſon they give is very admirable: for you would ſay if you heard them, they had already ſome knowledge of this great alliance, which ſhould be made between the Divine, and humane nature, when they ſaid, *That God was not a lover of horſes, or birds, but a true lover of men, and that he was much pleaſed to be converſant with thoſe, who were moſt virtuous and capable of his preſence.* Ponder with your ſelf whether this beauty (which God from the infancy of the world hath ſo carefully lodged in man) ought not to be eſteemed an important thing, and a ſtrong motive to virtue?

Natural beauty of man praiſed by Poets. *Origen in hæc verba. Vocavitque Deus cælum firmamentum. Homo ipſe cælum eſt.* Job. 38. *Chryſ.* in Geneſim. *Quæ major dignitas quàm indem hominem veſtibus indui, quibus ipſemet dominus juxta illud: Dominus regnavit, decorem indutus eſt. Ambr.* l. de dignit. human. condition. *Favorinus* l. de excellentia hominis. Excellent obſervations of *Favorinus.*

Θεὸν δ φιλεργὸν, & φιλόπονον, ἀλλὰ φιλάνθρωπον, ὅτας τοῖς ζαφρονοῦσι ἀγαθοῖς ἐθέλειν συνεῖναι.

Beauty an inſtrument of God.

For the ſecond reaſon I ſay, that, God making uſe of it in good occaſions, it is an infallible mark he approveth the nature thereof; for never doth he purpoſely make uſe of things unlawful, to make the greatneſs of his counſels, and works ſucceed. Now it appeareth, that he oftentimes hath choſen beauty as an inſtrument of his wonders, a lightning-flaſh of his power, a bright torch of his victories. As when he purpoſed to ſtay the violent ſtream of *Olofernes* arms, he could with an omnipotent hand have touch'd the rocks, and made men to ruſh out in armed equipage, yet notwithſtanding without ſtretching his hand to any other miracle he raiſed the beauty of a widow to triumph over the flouriſhing legions of the prime Monarch of the world, and himſelf added a certain air, or gracious garb of attractive parts in *Judith* to ſurpriſe this barbarous commander, drunk with love, and wine, in the ſnare of her

Judith 10. 4. *Dominus hanc in illam pulchritudinem ampliavit, ut incomparabili decore omnium oculis appareret.*

her eyes. He fought with the self-same engine, with the same arms against the proud, and insolent *Aman*; for when he was ready to command the throats of infinite numbers to be cut, as sheep marked for the slaughter, God set a frail beauty before him, which made him leap from the height of Fortune's wheel to the strangest calamitie, that may be imagined, and changing in an instant King *Ahasuerus* from a Lyon into a Lamb, confirmed the safety, and liberty of her people.

Esther. 8.

Would you have greater proofs of the estimation, which God maketh of beauty wedded to virtue, then his affording it so glorious triumphs? Hath not the Son of God consecrated the same in his own most illustrious Person, and in that of his most holy Mother, whom ancient traditions (joyned with the interpretation of the Fathers upon the texts of Scripture) shew to have been endowed with an admirable grace, and singular beauty, to serve even as an adamant to captivate hearts, and sweetly range them under the yoak of the Gospel? I am not ignorant, that *Clemens Alexandrinus* thought our Saviour was willing purposely to deprive himself of corporal beauty, as from the possession of riches, searching out in all things the greatest lowlinesse; but in this proposition he hath grounded himself upon a passage of the Prophet *Isaiah*, which describing the Saviour of the world in the day of his passion, saith, *We have seen him, and he had neither favour, nor beauty.* This foundation is ruinous, and this Authour doth no otherwise then as a Painter, who to represent the Moon in her proper nature should delineate her in her eclipse. Other Authours, grounded on this passage of the *Psalm* xliiii. *Speciosus forma præ filiis hominum*, assure us our Saviour expressly selected for himself an excellent beauty of bodie, and a supream grace of speech. *Nicephorus* relateth certain lineaments of his stature, colour, and proportion of his body, which he drew out of antiquity, in all parts lovely, and specious. And St. *Epiphanius* speaking of the beauty of the blessed Virgin, saith, She was Majesty it self. Judg, and behold, since God (voluntarily despoiling himself of honours, riches, and greatness of the world, to give us an example of humility) would notwithstanding sanctifie beauty in himself, and his Mother, what value you ought to set upon this Heavenly gift, and whether it be lawful for you to profane it. Moreover I affirm, that the Creatour hath not onely cherished beauty, but hath likewise held in accompt the instruments employed to the service thereof. It is a wonder, that in *Exodus* he commanded *Moses* to make a brasen bason, with a foot to bear it, for the Priest to wash in, and to furnish, and adorn it with looking-glasses, who kept (as it were) centinel before the gate of the Tabernacle: To what purpose was it to fasten these mirrours in an holy place to this sacred vessel? *Theodoret*, St. *Cyril*, and *Procopius* observe, that the *Ægyptians* went to the sacrifices of *Isis*, clothed with a linen garment, holding a scepter in one hand, and a looking-glass in the other, and that the *Hebrew* women afterward appeared in the desert in the same manner. But God, who would shew the spoils of *Ægypt* were reserved for his greatness, caused them to lay aside these mirrours, to consecrate the use of them in his own Tabernacle. The *Hebrew* Interpreters yield another reason, to wit, that the *Israelites* seeing themselves to languish in *Ægypt*, in the fetters of a painful bondage, had resolved to abstain from the act of marriage, that they might get no children to inherit their misery. But God, who intended another web, different from that which the thoughts of men wove, stirred the women, who tricked, and adorned themselves so well with these *Ægyptian* looking-glasses, that they enkindled the chaste loves of their husbands, buried under the ashes of their servitude, to produce a posterity, by help whereof the Nations of the earth should be blessed. And this action of the women so pleased Almighty God, that he afterward caused these mirrours to be placed in his Tabernacle, which they had used to grace that beauty, which had been the cause of so much good. It then being so, see you not God hath made himself a favourer, and a protectour of corporal beauty; who then dare to condemn it?

Clemens Alex. Pædagog. l. 3. c. 1. Ἀισχρὸν τὸν θεὸν γεγονέναι. Errour of *Clemens Alex.* Isai. 35. 2.

Niceph. l. 1. c. 40. Beauty of our Saviour.

Fecit labrum æneum cum basi sua de speculis mulierum, quæ excubabant ante ostium Tabernaculi. Exod. 38. 8. Mirrour for women. *Theodoret.* in Catena Zephyr. *Cyrillus* de spiritu, & veritate. l. 9. *Procopius* in Exod.

In the third place, I add, this command, which beauty exerciseth over hearts, is not a thing due to human forces, to the end, that nature become not ambitiously proud; it is God, who (as it were) imprinteth with his finger upon the foreheads of men, and especially of great ones, the beams of grace, and majestie to make them more reverenced of the people, which he doth to excellent purpose; but the creature sinisterly abuseth the gifts of the Creatour. Power of beauty.

Maximus Tyrius saith, that a fair soul in a fair body is as a river, that windingly creepeth with many wavie turnings within the enamel of a beautiful meadow, and ravisheth the whole world with the admiration of its excellency. A brave Oratour in a Panegyrick he made of *Constantine*, who was one of the goodliest Princes of the earth, saith, that nature was sent of God as a gallant Harbinger, to compose a bodie for him suitable to his great spirit, as a stately house for a beautiful Ladie in it; and that onely this exteriour form made him to be beloved, and esteemed of all the world, no less then a God descended from Heaven. Which is also much more admirable in the other sex. How many Monarchs, after they had with horrour terrified the world, have been seen to become tributaries to a mortal beauty, captives to their slaves; and how many to buy out their bondage have yielded at the feet of silly women, to do services, and commit follies unworthy to be remembred on paper? *Bathsheba* was neither a Lion, a *Goliah*, nor a *Saul*, yet notwithstanding with the glance of an eye she powerfully quelled him, who tore Lions, trampled *Goliah* under feet, and resisted all the arms, power, and legions of *Saul*. The *Philistines* found not cords strong enough to bind robustious *Sampson* in; yet *Dalilah* quickly captivated, and fast tied him with one hair of her head. *Solomon* had a heart as deep as the sea, yet women found the bottom of it. It is a wonder what *Pythagorical* transanimations this beauty of body maketh, which causeth it to be acknowledged, and esteemed every where a true tyrannie without an executioner, as *Carneades* calleth it. Doubtless the impostures, the sinister intentions, the unchaste loves, the abuses which are affixed to beauty, proceed from the sleights of Satan, and depraved will of man: but the lustre, and commanding power thereof is the real gift of God, which operateth that in human bodies, which the Sun doth in the clouds to form a Rain-bow in the Heavens.

πολλὰς κάμπας λαμπρὸν ἐκφέρων. Beauty of *Constantine*. *Te cum milites vident, admirantur & diligunt, sequuntur oculis, animo tenent, Deo se obsequi putant, cujus tam pulchra forma est, quam certa divinitas.*

Carneades apud Lactantium

Ladies, think hereon, you to whom God hath imparted this grace, this delicate composition of body, whether it be not a great motive to you, to serve him well, and to employ it wholly to his glory? You shall be accomptable for your beauty at the Judgment-day, even to the least hair of your head. If you harbour an ill hostess in this goodly mansion, which God hath builded for his service, a wicked soul, an unchaste Soul; if you make glorious Abuse of damnable beauty.

vaunts of borrowed coyn, of a fading flower, the spoil whereof time, age, sickness, and death, will divide between them; if you display a scandalous nakedness to kindle the fewel of lustful affection; if you seek the courtship, and unlawful love of men, with a gift which is not yours; if you so often consult with your looking-glasses, and take so much pain gaudily to dress and attire your selves for a meer vanity, which you turn into an absolute profession, you shall be the marks of the wrath, and vengeance of God. This great Justicier will suffer this malediction pronounced by the Prophets to fall upon you, That your carkasses shall one day be drawn out of their tombs, shall be shewed to the eyes of Heaven, and to the rays of the Sun; and it shall be said, Behold the bones of them, who heretofore have boasted the frail beauty of a little white skin, spred over these corrupt impurities! Worms and Serpents now triumph thereon, as in a town taken by forces, the bodies are a prey of putrefaction, and the Souls have hell for their Tomb.

Ejicient ossa de sepulchris & expandent ea ad solum, Hier. 8.

O what a Catastrophe is this? Preserve your beauty for God, men love it as the hunters the flesh of the Boar, but God cherisheth it as his Temple. Handle the matter so, that all the extent of its reputation and power may be limited to the service of its Creatour. It shall have command sufficient, if it obey him that created it. A good Authour relateth, that a strong Town debauched was heretofore reformed by the beauty of women, who seriously addicting themselves to virtue, never beheld any of all those with a good will, who required them by the way of lawful marriage, that had not first ranged themselves in the lists of devotion and piety. This was an effectual means to extirpate vice, and gloriously advance the Standard of perfection in such sort, that in short time the face of the City was seen to be changed. Practise the same, and God will bless your beauties, when they shall offer all their homage to his Altars.

Lud. Vives.

The sixth Reason.

Drawn from the beauty of the Soul.

Excellencies of the Soul remarkable.

The Beauty of the Bodie, compared to that of the Soul, is but as a Candle in comparison of the Sun. All the greatness, Empire, and signorie of man, doth onely flow from the excellencie of the Soul, as a streaming brook from the Fountain head. If the Bodie be a fair shell, the Soul is the pearl. If the bodie be the lantern, the Soul is the light. If the bodie (as St. *Ambrose* saith) be the triumphant chariot of the peaceable *Solomon*, the soul is the Queen, which sitteth thereon to guid and govern it. If the bodie be as the green moss of some sea-neighbouring rock, the Soul is the Diamond, which within hideth its lustre. It is the well-beloved of God, which is fallen from his mouth into this mortal prison; it is that which advantageously is marked with his stamp and image, it is that which beareth the rays, and exteriour lineaments of this great Majestie; it is that, on which the Creatour hath distended his royal Purple, as is said in the Prophet *Ezechiel*: And this royal garment is no other, then a collection of all the perfections of creatures, contracted in the Soul of man, as the figure of the world would be in the circumference of a ring. And as heretofore *Aaron* the High-Priest of the old law bare upon his robe the whole world, embroidered, and heightned in Gold-smith's work: in the same manner our soul beareth in its liveries all created excellencies, which are most lively representations of the perfection of the Creatour. The *Seventie* Interpreters, in the fore-alledged place of the attire of the Soul, called it by the word Τείχασμον, which is very obscure; our Translation foundeth it, *a thin, and slender garment*, *Induite subtilibus*: *Origen* deriveth it from the *Greek* word σπίξ, which signifieth *hair*, as it were saying, that this habit of the Soul is an attire woven with most fine hair, and so subtile, that the most strong and sharpned sights cannot penetrate the contexture. Faith teacheth us it is a substance, which is not substance of Elements, nor substance of God, but a substance created of nothing by the Word of God, reasonable, intellectual, spiritual, always active, always lively, so capable, that nothing but God can repleniish it. He that will know more then the eternal Wisdom hath revealed, and will not believe it immortal for his glory, shall feel it immortal by the eternity of punishments, saith St. *Augustine*. It is not my present purpose to speak either of the excellency, or immortality of the Soul, having fundamentally treated these questions in other discourses: I onely speak of this part of the Soul which we commonly call the spirit. It is undoubtedly true, that all men have one Soul of the same kinde, but very different in their functions and qualities. In some this their Soul sleepeth perpetually in flesh and fat, and abideth as a sword beset and garnished with Diamonds, always sheathed in a scabbard of straw, and morter, without a stroke striking; all we can do, is to find some sparkling glimmers of common sense, and reason therein. In others this Soul glittereth, and twinkleth from its most tender years, afterward it penetrateth the clouds, and diveth into bottomless abysses, with great promptness, fervour, and vivacity; and that is called the spirit, which ordinarily we behold in great, and noble men, excellently well thereunto disposed: for they are for the most part docible, intelligent, capable; from whence I draw a great motive of the obligation they have in this point seriously to dispose themselves to virtue.

Τείχασμον. *Ang.* Solil. 30.

What the Soul is.

Si credit, immortalis est ad vitã: si non credit, immortalis est ad pœnam. Id. de Symb. ad Catechumen. 3. c. 3.

Spirit, wherefore?

The Soul clothed with royal Purple of God. Ezech. 16. *Expandi amictum meum super te.*

Constantine the Great heretofore made a law, by which he forbade to adorn the Country to the prejudice of the Citie: *If any body after the publication of this law, be found to transport the ornaments of Cities, to wit, Marbles, and Columns, to Country-dwellings, let him be deprived of the possession thereof.* Oh alas! Our Soul is the Citie of God, garnished with so many fair embellishments, titles, trophies, so many triumphant Arches, so many graces! Yet notwithstanding, O Noblemen, it often happeneth, you forsake the Citie to build in the Country, to leave your Souls barren, languishing, bare, and naked, whilest you in the mean time stretch all your sinews, all your veins, to the decking, and easeful commodities of the bodie. You deserve to be deprived of your possessions, and inheritance, since you manure it so carelesly.

Law of *Constantine* Cod. Inst. l. 8. tit. 10. *Si quis post legem hanc civitate spoliata, ornatum, hoc est marmora, & columnas, ad rura transtulerit, privetur ea possessione quam ita ornaverit.*

I will onely propose two or three reasons, to demonstrate how unworthy a thing it is, to apply a noble spirit to trifles, and sottish toys, which easily may be proved, but not sufficiently commiserated. First, it cannot be denied, but that every thing which exceedeth the limits of its own nature, thereby becometh very irregular: we see all the elements, plants, beasts, and all creatures of the world, do constantly hold the rank, which God the Creatour appointed them. The fire always retaineth its heat; the water, though it be boyled on burning coals, returneth to its natural coldness: hony assumeth not the nature of wormwood, the *Lyon* playeth not the *Ape*, nor doth the *Eagle* become an *Ostrich*, to trail her wings on the ground. Now the nature of the spirit, how

Abuse of spirit, how reprehensible it is.

how much the more noble and elate it is, ſo much the more it ought to transfer it ſelf to the conſideration of things divine, to wit, from whence it cometh, whither it goeth, what within it ſelf it acteth. *This is* (ſaith the Oracle of *Roman* Philoſophie) *an infallible mark of a divine ſpirit, when it pleaſeth it ſelf to diſcourſe of things divine, and is entertained in theſe contemplations, as with her familiar, and peculiar affairs.* Judge then what indignity it is, to bury this vigour, and light of the ſpirit, which God ſo freely hath communicated to you, in frivolous employments, and petty ſopperies, which diſcolour the luſtre and honour of your name. What a ſhame it is to ſay this Sovereign hand hath moulded man to be the King of creatures, and he betraying his nature maketh himſelf the Comedian, the Mimick ſtage-player of all creatures, acting all ſorts of perſonages but the good, and that which his own excellency is obliged unto. Which verily is the ſame the great *Tertullian* deplored: *Man is the Work and Image of God, who having apoſtatized from his Creatour, as well in mind as body, maketh himſelf an Actour of all the evil perſonages in the great Comedy of the World.* Yet that ſeemeth more tolerable in perſons, who are not eminent, either in judgement, learning, or ſpirit; but Great-ones, whom God hath created advantageouſly to tranſcend all others, and who ſhould live, and converſe among men like Angels, to play the Hogs, and Monkeys, abaſing themſelves to I know not what kind of childiſhneſs of ſpirit, and to a life corupted with the curious delights, and voluptuouſneſs of the body; conſider (I pray) whether this be not a thing as unreaſonable in its own nature, as prodigious in the effects.

Senec. *Praf.* lib. 1. *Natur. quæſt. Hoc habet argumentum Divinitatis ſuæ, quòd illum divina delectant, nec ut alienis intereſt, ſed ut ſuis.*

Man a Stage-player of the world.

Tertul. *De ſpect.* cap. 2. *Homo omnium flagitiorum actor non tantum opus Dei, verumetiam imago eſt, & tamen corpore, & ſpiritu à ſuo deſiivit inſtitutore.*

Secondly, It is to do a great wrong to one's ſelf, to live in ſuch faſhion; yea, it is a meer frenzy, which is not made probable to any man, but by the multitude of mad men. See you not very well, that to employ ſome rich and precious inſtrument, to a baſe and ſordid uſe, is an act of a man, who hath loſt his wits? If you ſee a great Monarch employ his purple robe to ſtop an Oven with, and his Scepter to ſhake Hay, you would cry, Out upon it: and yet the Soul which God hath given you, incomparably more precious then the Purple, and Scepter of Kings, you ſuffer to wallow in the filths of fleſh, you apply it to perpetual idle diſcourſes, to vanities, quarrels, and revenges. Is not this wholly to abuſe the gifts of Almighty God? It is ſaid, *Nero* took delight to dig the earth with a golden Spade, and when there was queſtion about cutting the *Iſthmus* of *Corinth* (a deſign which long time troubled his brain) he went thither, led on with Muſical Violins, holding in his hand the golden Spade, with which he began in the ſight of the whole World, to break the ground; a matter which ſeemed ridiculous to the wiſeſt living in that Age. For my own part, I find it more ſtrange, that a noble ſpirit ſhould amuſe it ſelf in things frivolous and impertinent. For, to dig the earth with Gold, was to bring back Gold to its courſe, ſince it firſt ſprang from the entrails of the earth: but for a heavenly ſpirit to delve in ordures, ſtenches, and dung-hils, this is it which is wholly inexcuſable, eſpecially in the Nobility.

A great indignity in the abuſe of the ſpirit.

Folly of *Nero*.

Mauſonii Dialog. de *Nerone*.

In the third place, I ſay, that ſuch maner of proceeding is manifeſt ſacrilege, for two reaſons: the firſt is, it retaineth wickedly, and traiterouſly, a thing ſacred, for a profane uſe. St. *Auguſtine* in an Epiſtle that he wrote to *Licentius*, a young man of a noble ſpirit, which a little too looſely he abuſed in the vanities of the world, preſſeth this argument in theſe terms, *If by chance you had found a golden Chalice in the ſtreets, you would take it from the ground, and give it to the Church, otherwiſe it would be a ſacrilege. God hath given you a Soul all of gold, ſo excellent it is, ſo delicately purified; and you uſe it as an inſtrument of ſenſuality, and make of it a veſſel of abomination, Wherein you preſent your Soul to Satan as a ſacrifice. Fear you not the anger of God?*

Sacrilege of fair ſouls.

Aug. Ep. ad *Licentium.*

Si calicem aureum inveniſſes in terra, donares illum Eccleſia Dei. Acceptiſti à Deo ingenium ſpiritaliter aureum, & miniſtras inde libidinibus, & in illo Satana propinas tepſum.

The other reaſon is, You not onely with-hold a veſſel conſecrated to the ſervice of the Omnipotent, but you attempt upon the Image of God himſelf. This fair Spirit, which he hath given you, as the flower, and quinteſſence of your Soul, is a true character of the Divinity, and you haſten to proſtitute it to publick affections. Remember, I pray, it hath heretofore been held a capital crime, to carry the Emperor's Picture into a place undecent, or uncleanly: and expreſsly *Paulus*, a man of eminent quality, as one who had been Pretour, was accuſed, and proſecuted as criminal under *Tiberius*, for that he took a Chamber-pot into his hand, having a Ring uopn his finger graved with the Emperour's form. And can you think it will be lawfull for you to carry, not a dead Figure, but the living Image of your Heavenly Father, into the impurites, and pollutions, which your exorbitant paſsions extrude, as the ſcummy froth of folly? Is not the blame moſt formidable, which God by the mouth of the Prophet *Ezechiel* pronounceth againſt an ungratefull Soul, in ſuch maner abandoning it ſelf? *Ingratefull, and wicked as thou art, thou then haſt dared to take away the moſt precious veſſels framed of my Gold and Silver, to make maſculine Idols, and ſo to ſatisfie thy fornications. Thou haſt cauſed my Oil to burn, and Incenſe to ſmoke before their Altars.* What ingratitude is like to this? Alas, what Idols are daily made of the Gold and Silver of God, when ſo many brave ſpirits are employed to figure Chymeras, and monſters in their own ſenſual wills? What Oil burneth, and Incenſe ſmoketh before the Devil's Altar, when ſo many talents, ſo many perfections are unprofitably waſted in vice and vanity? In the mean time, the 70 Canon of the Apoſtles excommunicateth thoſe, who onely bear oil to the *Jews* Synagogue, or the *Paynms* Temples. And in what account ſhall we hold the *Chriſtians*, who make a perpetual ſacrifice of all the faculties of their Souls, to the corrupt vice, and follies of the world.

Images of Emperors, how much reverenced *Senec.* de benef. *l.* 3. *cap.* 26.

Ezech. 16. 17. *Et tuliſti vaſa decoris tui de auro meo, atque argento meo, & feciſti tibi imagines maſculinas, & fornicata es in eis; & oleum meum, & thymiama meum poſuiſti coram eis.*

Abuſe of an idolatrous ſpirit.

Si quis Chriſtianus oleum tulerit ad Sacra gentilium, vel Synagogam Judæorum feſtis ipſorum diebus, aut lucernas accenderit, de ſocietate pellatur. Canon. Apoſt 70.

Wiſe men affirm, that beſide the fire, which ſhall devour the bodies and ſouls of the damned for ever, there is a hell of ſcience, and conſcience, which ſhall particularly torment thoſe, who have been endowed with a generous ſpirit, and have ill employed it. When *Adam* opened his eyes to ſee his nakedneſs, his ſpirit and knowledge ſerved him for a keen knife to transfix his ſoul, his ignorance in that kind was a great part of his felicity. What diſaſtrous miſery ſhall then befall thoſe unhappy ſpirits of the damned, when they ſhall know their abilities, all the good things they might have done, and all the ill they have done? Although all the flames and tortures ſhould ſurceaſe, they would find their hell in the eye of their own knowledge, and in their own underſtanding. *No eye to a man is more troubleſome then his own. It is that which the cloudy conſcience deſireth moſt to avoid, and can leaſt do it*, ſaith St. *Bernard*, ſpeaking of the eye. Ponder hereon (O Noblemen) whether this motive meriteth not to be ſeriouſly conſidered. Hell vomiteth up brave ſpirits, who after they have ſerved for inſtruments of vice, are now become the food of flames. Augment not the number. The knowledge of God, of one's ſelf, and the ſtudy of virtue, is a fair employ-

Hell of ſcience.

Bern. lib. 3. de conſid. *Nullus moleſtior oculus cuique ſuo, non eſt aſpectus quem tenebroſa conſcientia foſſugere magis velit, minus poſſit.*

ment

ment of a noble ſpirit, wherein man cannot be too ſeriouſly buſied, nor more fruitfully.

The ſeventh REASON

Proceeding from Courage.

OF all theſe Reaſons before alledged, which ſerve as a ſpur to the Nobility ſeriouſly to imbrace Perfection, I ſee not any comparable to Courage, which is a force of ſpirit, conſiſting in two principal points, as *Ariſtole*, and St. *Thomas* obſerve, to wit, to undertake, and ſuffer great things with jndgement, and by the excitement of honeſty. This courage among all the excellencies of the ſpirit is powerfull, elate, ſtirring, and aſtoniſhing: and very well St. *Ambroſe* compareth it to the River *Tygris*, which among all ſtreams hath its current moſt ſwift, and violent, ſo as with an unreſiſtible impetuoſity it combateth, and ſurmounteth all obſtacles oppoſed againſt it. *Thus* (ſaith he) *courage flieth through perils, breaketh throngs, and works it ſelf a paſſage through a world of contrarieties.* This courage is an Eagle which confronteth ſtorms, a Lion which oppoſeth all violences, a Diamond which never is broken, a Rock which ſcorneth waves, an Anvile which reſiſteth all the ſtrokes of the hammer. It is a thing, which with admiration raviſheth heaven, and earth, to behold in the fleſh of a frail, and feeble man, a ſpirit to make trial of all accidents, which is amazed at nothing, which ſurmounteth all difficulties, and which would rather caſt it ſelf into the gates of hell with undoubted loſs of body, then into the leaſt ſuſpition of remiſsneſs. This ſtriketh the ſpirit with admiration, and be it either in military actions, or civil, Courage is highly valued, though ſucceſs always anſwer not good enterpriſes; and enemies moſt cruel are enforced to admire a valour, and vigour of ſpirit, that never bowed under an evil, which it was not able to vanquiſh.

Ariſtot. 3. Eth. 22. q. 125.

Courage compared to the River *Tygris* by St. *Ambroſe.*

Ambroſe in hac verba. Geneſ. 2 Nomen fluminis Tygris, Quodam curſu rapido reſiſtentia quaque tranſverberat, neque ab ipſius curſus ejus impedimentorum haret obſtaculis.

Greatneſs of courage.

The Hiſtory of *Herodotus* relateth, that one called *Callimachus* in the battel of *Marathon*, being found by the *Perſians* ſtuck all over with Arrows like a Hedg-hog, ſtanding bolt-upight amongſt a heap of dead bodies, as if he had been under-propped by the counterpoiſe of the ſame Arrows, they were ſo aſtoniſhed with the dauntleſs valour of this dead man, that they held him as immortal. Never did *Seneca* ſo demonſtratively ſhew the ſtrength of his eloquence as in praiſing the courage of *Cato*. This man (ſaith he) hath not oppoſed, nor fought with ſavage Beaſts; it is for Hunters. He hath not purſued monſters with fire and ſword, he lived not in an Age in which it was believed, that a man ſupported Heaven with his ſhoulders. Behold why he was not eſteemed as an *Hercules*, nor as an *Atlas*, who notwithſtanding fought with greater monſters then *Hercules*. He carried another maner of burthen then did the fabulous *Atlas*. He alone combated againſt ambition (a monſter of many heads) againſt the vices of a degenerate City, and which daily, like an old houſe, was ſinking with the exceſs of weight. This incomparable man ſupported the *Roman* Common-wealth as long as he could; yea, even when it fell into the abyſs of a thouſand lamentable confuſions, he yet held it up with a hand prompt, always upon the brink of the Precipice; and not being able longer to underprop it, over-born as he was by the violence of miſchiefs, he choſe his Tomb in the Sepulchre of his Country. What greatneſs, what Majeſty! Undoubtedly courage hath ſo much luſtre, and glitter, that obſtinacy it ſelf, which is a vice in all things elſe very hard and rude, being clothed with the mantle of courage, findeth much reputation amongſt men. Now this generoſity, of which we ſpeak, is a faithfull, and an inſeparable companion of true Nobility. All great men ordinarily have a courage very high, and even as certain brave *Lacedemonians* were born from their mother's womb with a Lance pourtayed, and characterized upon their skin; ſo all Noblemen ſeem to bring magnanimity into the world, from the day of their birth. This might be a marvellous motive to lead them in a ſtraight, and direct line, to great and valiant actions, were it not that the evil Spirit inſtantly ſpreadeth a Film over their eyes, and makes them feel impreſſions of meer ſluggiſhneſs, under the falſe veil of courage.

A Lance graven on the skin. *Dion. Chryſ. Orat. 4.*

Two things, O Noblemen, will make you exactly accountable before the juſtice of God. The firſt, to abuſe this gift of courage with vanity. The ſecond, to defile it with cruelty. The one favours of childiſhneſs, the other of barbariſm. What can one imagine more weak, and childiſh, then to have received a courage from God, capable to conquer Heaven, and to employ it in petty fopperies, wherein the thoughts better part, and the days actions are waſted, to court a Lady, to gormandize a Banquet, nicely to quarrel upon the interpretation of a word, to ſuck up wind, to feed a fond curioſity with other affairs, to buy plumes of Feathers, to cenſure mens apparel, to dreſs himſelf up for dancing, to play at Dice, to hold a Racket in a Tennis-court, to play the Buffoon in a feaſt, to utter a ſecret, to forge a calumny, to envie one greater then himſelf, to deſpiſe equals, to baffle inferiours, and a thouſand other ſuch like exerciſes, which are the ruſt, and moth of the ſpirit. Behold into what theſe brave courages, which ſhould plant the Flower-Deluces in the Eaſt, are diſſolved. Is not this a ſhame? Is any thing more puniſhable, then ſo to abuſe the gifts of God? Is it not a goodly thing to behold in Poets a *Jupiter*, who hath forſaken his fiery Chariot, and winged Horſes, letting all go at random, in the mean time to buſie himſelf in painting upon the clouds, ſometimes Goats, Apes, and Centaurs? Behold what Great men do, when forſaking the duty of their charges, and the obligation of their profeſſions, the vilifie themſelves in inferiour actions, beſtowing therein a great part of their time, and (as it were) their whole ſpirit.

Baſeneſs of courage in certain Noblemen.

A *Jupiter* painting Goats on the clouds, what it ſignifies. *Philoſt. in Apoll.* lib. 21. cap. 19.

Vanity would alſo be more tolerable, were it not that it changeth into cruelty, which is apparent in the beaſtly quarrel, and bloody Duels, that transform the nature of men into bruitiſhneſs abſolutely ſavage, and tyrannous. We muſt draw Iron out of the entrails of the earth, to make it (as it were) firſt to bluſh with ſhame, before it be ruddy with blood, to ſee it ſelf employed in ſuch a uſe, to behold it ſelf ſharpened by the hands of men, to cut, and tranſfix men: differences muſt be determined with the loſs of life. Theſe miſerable creatures, ſometimes for the interpretation of a word, ſometime through promptneſs of ſpirit, provoke one another to ſingle combat, they ſend a letter of challenge, the place of meeting is appointed; they chooſe Godfathers, as if they would make a Baptiſm with a ſacrifice of Furies, they procure Seconds, who well ſee, that to go upon cold blood to hazard their lives in an unhappy combat againſt a man that never had offended, nor known them, is a ſublimity of folly; notwithſtanding on they go tyrannically, led along by the laws of vain honour, which hath no other foundation, but the ſottiſh brain-ſick folly of men. All of them have for the moſt part more outward ſhew then malice, their hearts tremble with cold fear,

Againſt Duels.

Herodot. & Suid. in voce. Death of *Callimachus.*

Seneca. De conſtantia ſapient.

A notable praiſe of ſtrength of Courage.

Stetit ſolus, & cadentem Reſpublicam quantum modo una retrahi manu poterat retinuit: donec vel abreptus, vel abſtractus comitem ſe ruinæ diu ſuſtentatæ dedit.

A ſingular commendation of *Cato.*

fear, in the consideration of the peril, to which they expose themselves, yet their lips leave not to sound vain-glorious bravadoes. They seek out solitary places like Sorcerers, and sometime they go by Moon-shine to act this hatefull outrage, not seeing at all, that God beholdeth them with as many eyes of vengeance, as the Firmament hath Stars. At the end of all this, they think to do an act full of courage, most Heroick and manly. What shall we say here? that this passion is a rage more then brutish, which hath for inheritance the death of the body, the eternal, and irrecoverable loss of the Soul, the inevitable anger of God, the indignation of Kings, the thunder of Laws, the execration of the just, the malediction of heaven, and earth? No, this is not it, which I now intend to speak. For seeing I treat of generosity, which obligeth the Nobility, first to Almighty God who giveth it, secondly to Virtue, which seeketh it as a most necessary instrument: I must shew that in this action of Duels, pretended to be all courage, there is nothing less then courage in it. And although they were not liable to the vengeance of God, for being infringers of Laws, both divine, and humane, by this detestable maner of proceeding, yet they would be ever greater culpable, to blast, and defile with this abject humour, and remiss spirit, the gift of courage, which is particularly granted to them out of the treasury of Heaven.

Reasons.

I know not what false spectacles are clapt over the eyes of the Nobility, by the spirit of Lies, forged in the Shop of Hell, which oftentimes make them to take Glass for Diamond, and a Kestrel for a Faulcon. Yes verily, you have a certain Bird in the mystery of Faulconry, called the Hobby, which coupleth with the race of Faulcons, Gosshawks, and Sparhawks: Yea, this wreched Bird doth also mix with the Saker, and Lanaret, she flieth after the Faulconers, and hovering over the field, if the Dogs spring some little Bird, she sowceth upon it, making boasts over this feeble creature, seeing she hath neither heart, nor resolution to grapple with the great ones. Justly herein behold the model of a Gallant, who maketh profession to present the letter of challenge to call others to Duel: he hath degenerated from true Nobility, and real courage, which is produced in goodly, and great actions, undertaken for the service of God, and his King; he hath no longer left in him ought but a little fierce rebellious spirit, to peck at those, whom his own temerity judgeth more weak then himself. And shall then this man be taken for a man of courage? O Noblemen, see you not that true actions of courage are too high and eminent, to impart their worth and honour to Lackeys, and Horseboys? Now it is so come to pass, that there is not any inferiour Foot-man, nor petty Groom of a Stable, that will not watch to take revenge by Duel, that will not endeavour to determine differences by some kind of single combat. There is not any vain Braggard, descended from ignoble Plebeyan parents, under the pretense that he carrieth a pen in his ear, (which peradventure might be the Sword and Lance that his Father, or grand-father made boasts of upon a shread of Parchment, to gain six pence a day) that strives not to have a sword of a good temper, to provoke his adversary to single combat, and the more infamous he is, the more audaciously he furnisheth himself out for this enterprise, presupposing that this is a true means closely to cover his base condition. Antiently, in the wisest, and most valorous Kingdom of the world, those which engaged themselves in these Duels were people gathered out of the dregs and lees of men, slaves, vagabonds, and loytering Rogues, furnitures for a Gibbet: then judge you, if it be not a madness to say, you desire in all things to separate your selves far from the multitude, to enworthy, and distinguish your Nobility, and yet in this one action alone you lessen, and vilifie your courage, even to the condition of the most captive, and abominable creatures of the earth.

Kestrels of Nobility.

Duel is not an act of courage.

Who entered into Duels antiently.

You will say, That is true, but a man cannot refuse a Duel when he is urged. Why? because shame and ignominy always attend, say you, on these denials. See you not by this answer, you give Arms against your self, and freely confess that a Duel is not an action of courage? For, to lay apart the Ordinances of the Church, take but the Laws of *Aristotle*, a worldly man as your self, and more then you, doth not he most pertinently demonstrate in his *Ethicks*, that it is not an action of valour, when a Souldier is valiant, while his Captain hath set the Enemy on one side, and a River on the other, to enforce him to fight? or because a Sergeant of a Band is ready to transfix the veins of his back with a Halbard, if he retire? Virtue, which is not virtue but for avoidance of dishonour, is true pusillanimity under the veil of false courage. I then demand of you, who more tyrannically assaulteth a man, either the Sergeant of a Band, who thrusteth a Sword into his reins, or the point of honour, which possesseth his brains? Without all doubt, you will agree with me, that there is no tyranny comparable to that of this mad Duel, which is called *Point of Honour*. And in the mean space, because (forsooth) this goodly Sergeant of a Band enforceth you, and beareth you forward upon the hips with the helve of an Halbard, you must hasten to a Duel, you must go to precipitate your self into the throat of Hell, whereas otherwise, were it not for the shame of the world, you would not stir a foot. Behold a brave act of courage!

Great want of generosity in Duels.

Ethic. cap. 8.

What then shall we answer to those, who provoke you? That which conscience permitteth, and Doctour *Baines* adviseth; that you seek not dens, nor caverns, that you go into every place with your head erected, and if they shall be so temerarious as to assault you, they may find you upon that defence, which the law of Nature permitteth. Behold a good answer of a Doctour! but the world is not payd in such coin. Answer them as the wisest among worldings, *Augustus Cæsar* to *Mark Anthony*, who challenging him in single combat, he caused in plain terms to be said unto him, that when the despair of the success of his affairs should reduce him to the furious rage of hating his life, yet he would find out other ways to die much more honest, then by this butcherly frenzy. *Yea, but this is an answer of a coward.* This coward in the mean time established the prime Empire of the world, struggling by strength of arm against a torrent, both of arms, and opinions, which hindered his passage, constraining the whole world to yield obedience to his valour; and he that challenged him, with all his magnanimity, and courage, died in the arms of a woman; rage and effeminacy sharing the rest of his life, as well as the triumph of his death. Behold you not a goodly courage? *Howsoever the matter stands in refusing of a Duel, the dishonour of the world cannot be eschewed.* What is the world? A mass of mad men. If you have sworn to please them by sacrificing your blood, your life, with the damnation of your Soul, are you not then the most miserable slave, that ever was fettered in the Guives of a rigorous servitude? Are you not a Soul prodigiously servile, so far off are you from having one sole point of

of courage? *We then must go out of the world?* Leave it, if you cannot live without the damnation of your Soul? be gone, break the chains immediately. *But I am too much bound, it is fit the Goat bronse where he is fastened.* What counsel shall one give you? You can neither go, nor stay. Resolve then to live in the world, trampling under your feet the opinion of the world, subjecting the Laws of the earth to the Empire of Heaven, and then fear not, but you shall have courage enough.

The eighth REASON.

Proceeding from Education.

Force of education.

ONe of the greatest benefits, which man can receive at God's hands, is the favourable blessing of good Education. It is it, which polisheth, and purifieth nature, as one would do a precious stone, wholly defiled with earth, and filthy ordure; it is, which maketh men become Angels, and without it the goodliest, and best natures would perpetually dwell in brutishness. The History of *Germany* telleth us, that heretofore a child was taken in the Forests, which was presented to *Henry* Landgrave of *Hassia*. From four years old he had been bred among Wolves, the Wolves taught him to go on four feet as a brute Beast, he went a foraging with the Wolves, he divided the prey with the Wolves, he slept amongst the Wolves to be the more warm; to conclude, he wholly became Wolf. When he came to be made tractable, and tame, they were enforced to tie his hands to Staves, to teach him to go as men do, yet did he break all to return to the condition of a Wolf: so powerfull is the force, and tyranny of education. Another, sucking the Milk of a Sow, took a singular pleasure to wallow in the dirt; and Lambs, nourished with Goats Milk, retain the roughness of hair.

A Wolf-child.

Hereupon judge, O you Noblemen, what obligation you have to the Divine Majesty, and what motive to tread the paths of perfection, since ordinarily (as I intend here to prove) you meet with all those things, which may conduce to the happiness of good education. How many spirits think you are there in the world, that for want of education remain as Diamonds buried in a Dung-hill, which if once you unearth, and free from rust, and putrefaction, will set the Sun before your eyes? Behold an Infant blessed with a beautifull body, a fair spirit, but yet born with a yoak on his neck, the yoak of poverty, and servitude. The condition of his birth hath shut him in a Cage, what means then, I pray, hath he to work wonders? As soon as ever he beginneth to open his eyes, he beholdeth himself to be born in a house hanged round about with Cobwebs, he beholdeth his father, and mother to groan under the burthen of a needy life, his brothers, and sisters to roul the same stone. There is no question made of civil education, instruction, or knowledge; bread must be sought for, so much sollicitude must be had only to live as brute Beasts, that no leisure will be found to think how to live like a man: and admit it were thought on, there are no Books in this poor Cottage, but rotten worm-eaten walls; no arms, but the Anviles of a Shop, or Forge; no other Musick, but their obstreperous clatter; no other Master, but the necessity of learning nothing; no other lesson, but ignorance, and misery. Behold, seeing you might have been reduced to this condition of life, what have you done to God before your being, to be that which you are? He hath not been content to give you blood, wealth, qualification, spirit, and courage, but also he alloweth you the happiness of good education, which setteth, and composeth all the natural parts into a fair way.

Defect in education.

Misery of want.

You demand of me, whether I judge seriously the education of Great-ones, and men of quality to be such? I affirm, at the least it hath all the possible means and opportunity so to be, in which consisteth the knot of obligation we seek for.

And, without going further, is it not an uncontrolable proof which sufficiently declareth, that even the education of Court is worthy recommendation, to say that God, seeking out a Schole for the greatest States-man, that ever was in the world, chose no other place then the Court of a King? You know what a man *Moses* was, how great, how eminent; how much beloved of Almighty God, who elected him to be a conduct, and captain of six hundred thousand men at arms, to give him a regency over the elements, and a power to repleniſh the four quarters of the world with the greatness of his prodigies. What did he to breed him, and frame him to so high, and supereminent a condition, to so heroick virtues? Did he suffer him to be bred, as other *Hebrew* children, in fear, in bondage, in poverty, which overwhelm the goodliest, and best disposition, as soon as they begin to set forward? No, he brought him into the Court of *Pharaoh*, he caused him to be nourished in the exercises of Nobility, to swallow all the wisdom of the *Egyptians*, who then were in reputation, to be the wisest men in the world. This is it which St. *Stephen* said in the *Acts*, *Eruditum omni sapientiâ Ægyptiorũ*. And *Philo* in the Book he hath wrtten of the life of *Moses*, unfolding to us the History of his education, saith, he learned in the Court of the King of *Egypt* Arithmetick, Geometry, Musick, as well contemplative, as practick Philosophy, and the secrets of Hieroglyphicks. But to shew Noblemen how lawfull it is to learn Court civilities, and garbs, without contracting the vices, the same *Moses*, who learned all lawfull sciences from the *Egyptian* Doctours, never would suck Milk from Nurses of the same Nation, which might infuse any bad influence upon his manners. God held the very same course in the education of the Prophet *Daniel*, and of those three holy children, who planted the trophy of their Faith among the burning coals of an Oven; he caused them to be educated in the Court of King *Nebuchadnezzar*, he caused them to learn the *Chaldaick* Language, to be trained in Literature, to be afterwards presented to the King, well instructed in all sorts of Sciences.

Educatiõ of *Moses* at Court.

Acts 7. 12. Learning, and courtliness of *Moses*.

Philo de vita *Mosis*.

Daniel, and his companions bred at Court.

Pueros, in quibus nulla esset macula, decoros formâ, eruditos omni sapientiâ, cautos scientiâ, & doctos disciplinâ. Dan. 1.

From hence you may judg, that education of great men is a matter full of worth, and recommendation, since God, who disposeth all with so excellent Oeconomy in favour of the just, hath pleased to give to his greatest Minions, and Favourites, the Courts of Kings for a Schole. And in effect we must aver there is the best education, where the best tools, and instruments of great actions are, and these are found in the houses of Personages of quality. Education of children is begun in the choise of Nurses. Poor people take such as necessity permitteth, many times surcharged with imperfections, & disproportions of nature, which make corruption creep into the child with the milk; the rich, & those of quality elect them with all possible advantage, which gold, credit, or authority can procure. This choise of Nurses is of no small importance. The Scripture observeth, that King *Nebuchadnezzar*, having been from his infancy exposed in a forest, & nourished by a wild Goat, contracted thereby brutish maners, so that degenerating into a vehement stupidity, and most barbarous pride, it made him afterwards, by the just punishment of heaven, return to the life of Beasts, among whom he had been bred.

Why men of quality are best bred.

Glossa Lyr. in Daniel. Nebuchadnezzar nursed by a Goat.

The

Dio. Caſſius. Nurſe of *Caligula.*

The ſame happened in the perſon of the Emperor *Caligula*, (a portentous prodigie of man) who ſeemed to be born for no other purpoſe, but to ſhew the world the miſchief, which a great power can perpetrate in a great brutiſhneſs. It is held this corruption came to him neither from father, nor mother, who both were reputed the moſt honeſt, and prudent in the *Roman* Empire. But it is ſaid, that (perhaps) of purpoſe to make him one day Martial, they gave him a maſculine brave Nurſe. For ſhe was hairy on the face as man, ſhe drew a Long-bow, ſhe ran at the Ring, ſhe curvetted a Horſe like a Rider, but in other kinds ſhe was miſchievous, and cruel, and made her little nurſe-child ſuperlatively inheritour of her vices.

If then the goodneſs of Nurſes be one of the principal favours, which happeneth in education, who will have them if not Noblemen? As ſoon as Ladies, and women of Quality are ready to be brought in bed, every one will preſent them a Nurſe, every one will offer one of their own choiſe, there is not a Viſitant, nor Goſſip, that will not roam from houſe to houſe for this purpoſe, and redouble journey after journey. It falleth out oftentimes, that after the mothers do neglect perſonally to give their children ſuck, and uſe ſo much curioſity in the election, drawn by conſiderations meerly terrene, that overmuch choiſe maketh them to elect ill. The children of rich men become droughty amongſt a maſs of Fountains, wherewith they are preſented to ſuck from their infancy; and thoſe of poor men, amongſt the incommodities of nourtriture, grow up as Saffron under hail; God counterpoizing to the one their over much ſolicitude of humane helps, and ſupplying the want in the other. Notwithſtanding it cannot be denied, but that a moderate choiſe of Nurſes, ever accommodated to God's greater glory, is moſt available to the Infant, and that perſons of Quality have this favour much more tranſcendent then others.

After the Nurſes, come the Governours, and Governeſſes. The poor creatures are inſtantly abandoned, and caſt amongſt a little crew of children, their ordinary companions, and play-fellows, and there have they all liberty to beſmear one another as a Collier's ſack. In the houſes of Great-ones there is always ſome ſage women, who giveth the firſt tincture and impreſſions to the Souls of children, and beginneth to trace on their tender hearts the firſt draughts of the fear of God. When the Infant is capable to learn any thing, the poor creature much wanteth inſtructions; for the Chariot of learning is now adays moved with the arms of Gold, and Silver. Great men make all Arts, and Sciences tributary to their fortune. If books be wanting, goodly Libraries are erected with money. If good Teachers, all the beſt Spirits, and choiſeſt Maſters make haſte to enter into the houſes of Great-ones. There is not a Grammarian, Geographer, Chronologer, Rhetorician, or Philoſopher will fail them. If they could not otherwiſe have it, but that they muſt fetch learning from the furtheſt confines of the earth, to infuſe it into their brain, they would have it at what price ſoever. If they be to be trained in Military exerciſe, the braveſt Academies are opened to them. If the Parents ſhew themſelves (though it be never ſo little) affected to Devotion, and Virtue, they that never were bent thereto will be pliable, and ſeek rather to make ſale thereof, then to uſe it.

Arts tributary to great men.

Verily you, O Noblemen, behold that the help of education is great, and wholly in your own hands. Judge now then the injury you do to God, and the wrong you inflict on your ſelves, when you abuſe theſe bounties of Heaven. Wherein do we abuſe it then? In two principal points. The firſt is neglecting good inſtruction. The ſecond in ſubvering it by vice contrary thereunto. How is that? Firſt, many fathers, and mothers at this day, reſembling Oſtriches, who lay their Egs in the open way, without hatching them, little regard to till the minds of their children, by planting therein the fear of God, to gather afterward a rich harveſt of eminent virtue, ſuitable to their condition. But if a Propoſition be made, to expoſe them to the height of the wheel of worldly honours, with the freſh gale of favour, then are they eagerly buſie. Is not this it, which the Prophet *Jeremy* did deplore, when he ſaid, *Hieruſalem was cruel as an Oſtrich in the deſerts?* Such fathers there will be found in the world, who, without any guidance, or direction, thruſt their Sons into the throng of many hazards of being undone, and will not ſpare to ſend them into the fellowſhip of Devils, into the contempt of Religion, and looſe Liberty, ſo that it may be a degree to advance their fortune. What Chriſtianity is this? *Guevarra*, a great Courtier, ſaith, that Parents, who ſo ſend their children to Court, without preſcribing how they ought to demean themſelves, and not allowing them ſome perſon, who may ſeaſonably reprehend their imperfections, ſhould do much better to load them with Irons, and place them in the houſe of Fools, becauſe there they are bound, that they may become more wiſe, and in the Court, they are let looſe to make them more fooliſh. If a young man have deſerved the wheel, do but put him into the hands of his own will, a more butcherly executioner you cannot give him.

Bad education of Noblemen, and why?

Fathers, and Mothers compared to Oſtriches.

Filia populi mei crudelis quaſi Struthio in deſerto. Thren. 4. 3.

Guevarra in the alarm to Courtiers, tranſlated by Monſieur *Hardy*

The other point is yet more perillous when they are not onely neglected, but are purpoſely bred in pride, and ſenſuality, which are the two Rocks whereon theſe young ſouls make ſhip-wrack. One of the wiſeſt men of the *Roman* Empire complained of the Time he lived in, wherein *they firſt built Palaces before the mouth was formed; that young boys were wrapped up in Scarlet, that they grew up in Litters, and Coaches, without ever ſcarce ſetting foot to the ground, and that their lips were kiſſed for having ſpoken ſome ſottiſh foppery.* This was ſomewhat tolerable amongſt *Heathens*; but to ſee *Chriſtian* children bred up in pride, in flatteries, in perpetual apiſh toys, ſervices, and ſubmiſſions, which raiſe their high ſpirit, is it not a prodigie? Theſe little *Thraſoniſts* are no ſooner out of the ſhel, but inſtantly they eſtabliſh a jurisdiction in the family, they make a noſe of Wax of their Parents, drunk with love, and childiſh indulgence, to lead, and turn them where they liſt; they do, and undo what they pleaſe, and indeed, exerciſe even then a petty tyranny, to make themſelves afterwards looſe, and unfettered Lions. And they, ſeeing all things are permitted them, do inſtantly take that vogue, which depraved nature doth preſent unto them, they follow the track of pleaſure, and voluptuouſneſs, ſo fattening, and engroſſing their ſouls, that all the luſtre of the ſpirit is wholly buried, and extinct. Their houſhold-ſervants who nearly attended them, ſeeing their favour may this way be gained, deſperately corrupt them, propoſing vices to them, of which they never had the leaſt knowledge.

Great corruption of Nobility.

Antè palatium eorum quam os infiximus: in purpura regnant, in laſciviis crepant, gaudemus ſi quid licentius dixerint. Verba, ni Alexandrinis quidem permittenda deliciis, riſu & oſculo exceptum. Fabius Quintilianus.

Domeſticks vicious, how abominable.

Hereupon, fathers, and mothers, take heed, cankers, which devour bodies, and peſtilences, which ſuffocate hearts, are not ſo dangerous as are theſe creatures,

Education of children recommended by excel-

lent paſſages of Fathers.

tures, unworthily ſlaviſh in the moſt prodigious ſervitude that may be, when under pretext of welwiſhing, they thruſt your children into vice, before their eyes are open to diſtinguiſh it. Know, that children are, as ſaith *Clemens Alexandrinus*, the flowers of marriage, nothing is ſo eaſie to be corrupted, a little contagious breath will tarniſh, and dry up all their beauty. Underſtand, they are your poſſeſſions, and inheritances; *Poſſedi hominem per Deum*, ſaid the firſt mother of mortals. If you leave them unmanured, all overrun with thorns, and briars, you ſhall become anſwerable to the juſtice of Almighty God, *Look well unto it*, ſaith St. *Hierom*, *that they carouſe not in the cups of* Babylon, *and be not ſtrucken with the hammer, the noiſe whereof wil reſound through the earth, otherwiſe they will one day be nails, and lances in your ſides* (as ſaith the Scripture) to transfix you even to the heart. In the fourth book of *Kings* 42. children ill brought up were devoured by Bears, to teach Parents, that ſince they have done leſs then Bears, who ſhape their whelps by much licking, & ſmothing them, they therefore by Bears were bereft of them: and ſuch infants (ſaith S. *Cyprian*) will one day complain at the tribunal of God, ſaying, *The perfidiouſneſs of others hath betrayed us, our fathers, and our mothers have been our parricides.* In like maner youth, take heed how you abuſe the gift of your good education, and the many inſtrumental means, which God hath granted you for the exerciſe of virtue, otherwiſe you ſhall pay the loſſes thereof in the length of a corrupt, and miſerable life, and your bones in old age ſhall be filled with the follies of youth, which ſhall ſleep with you even in your Tomb, and drag your ſouls into the bottomleſs precipice, from whence there is no recovery.

Clemens Alexand. 2. Pædag. cap. 3.

Hier. ad Latam.

Erunt vobis quaſi clavi, & lancea in lateribus. Num. 33. 4 Reg. 2. 23

Cyprian de lapſis. Perdidit nos aliena perfidia, parentes ſenſimus parricidas.

The ninth REASON,

Which maketh it appear, the Court is a life of Penance.

AMongſt the Motives, which the exact Maſters of ſpiritual life propoſe to Religious men, to invite them to perfection, they ſet before their eyes, that they are all ſtirred up to virtue, when they already are in the arms of penance. The like with juſt reaſon we may ſay to Courtiers, the more to enflame them to fortify themſelves in great, and glorious virtues, to wit, that arriving at Court, they enter into a houſe of penance, where they every day have a thouſand occaſions of ſuffering, which is the ſhorteſt way to perfection. That the Court is a place of publick penance, appeareth for the reaſons, which I intend now to produce. Firſt, Antiquity hath called penance, by the word *Envy*, as *Tertullian* hath done, who ſaith, *We ſtrike at the gates of Heaven, as with the hammer of envy*; that is to ſay, with penance. This name hath been given, either for that it doth make God as it were envied, if he pardon not, ſeeing the eſtate of Penitents ſo deplorable; *Invidiam facit Deo niſi ignoſcat*, as the moſt learned Biſhop of *Orleans* hath noted in his Obſervations upon *Tertullian*: or for that the *Latine* word *invidere* ſignifieth originally not to ſee any thing, but to turn the eye aſide as from a ſad object; and the habit, eſtate, and condition of the Penitents was heretofore ſo lamentable, that the nice, and curious averted their eyes from them, and could not endure ſo much as onely to behold them. Howſoever it be, the title of Envie doth excellently well agree with the Court. That is the neſt where Envie hatcheth her Egs, the Throne where ſhe exerciſeth her Empire, the Altar where ſhe hath many ſacrifices, and were ſhe baniſhed from all the corners of the earth, we then ſhould ſearch for her among Courtiers, their life always being between the two ſcales of the balance, whereof the one is called Envie, the other Miſery. This is it, which obligeth them to an extraordinary perfection, that they may perpetually ſtand upon their guard, and avoid the leaſt defect. This is it, which if they know well how to uſe it, doth abſolutely ſhut up from them the gate to all exceſs; for if Envie (according to the Proverb) will offer to ſhave an Egg, what will ſhe not do in a Meadow?

Tertul. Apol. c. 40. Invidia cælum tundunt.

Penance called by the name of Envie.

Envie of Court.

Secondly, the antient Canons, and Doctours of the Church, as St. *Baſil*, obſerve five degrees of penance. The firſt was called *Sorrow*, which was a ſtate of tears, and grones. The ſecond is called *Audience*, which was a degree, to which Penitents, after an infinite number of ſighs, were admitted to hear the inſtructions, and preachings of the Word of God, whereof they were before deprived. The third, *Humiliation*, which was when the Penitents were admitted to a certain part of the Maſs, but not at the Sacrifices: for they went out before the conſecration, a little after the newly-inſtructed Chriſtians, the Prieſt repeating over them a certain Prayer, during which time they made a low obeyſance, their face bowed to the ground. The fourth degree is called *Conſiſtence*, where the Penitents had leave to hear Maſs at the full length as others, but not to make any Oblation, nor to communicate: for that was reſerved to the laſt degree, called *Communion*, where they obtained a full reconciliation in the participation of the holy Myſteries, as the fore-alledged Biſhop hath moſt excellently explicated.

Five degrees of Penance among the Antients. πρακλαυσις. ἀκρόασις. ὑπόπλωσις. ὑποστασις. μέθεξις.

Of theſe five parts of Penance, Courtiers for the moſt part exerciſe thoſe, which are moſt irkſom, and very ſeldom participate in the conſolations of the other more ſweet, and benign. If Penitents have a degree of tears, and lamentations, where are ſighs, and groans more frequent then in Court, for the many diſaſters, which ordinarily occur in their affairs? One may well apply to them that paſſage of *Job*, expreſſed in St. *Gregory* the Great, *The Giants, or men of the earth, do groan under the waters.* Out alaſs! how many times the poor miſerable creatures, after a world of travels, purſuits, and hopes, which are dreams without ſleep, ſeeing themſelves tranſported into diſgrace with a furious torrent of envy, ſigh, and mourn in an Ocean of calamities? One frown of an incenſed Prince is more formidable to them then the eye of a Baſilisk, yea, more terrible then the crack of a Canon. The favours they enjoy are winged, and ſlippery; all the contentment they can poſſibly receive in ten years will not afford ſo much joy to their hearts, as the repulſe of one ſole day, coming as a ſtroke of thunder, afflicteth them, and maketh them give ground, if they have not recourſe to heavenly conſolations. See you not how *Abſalom* re-eſtabliſhed in Court, yet deprived of the King his father's ſight, bare this diſgrace with ſo much anxiety of mind, that he asked a bloody death for his remedy? What will the look of a Lion be, if the onely deprivation of a favourable eye be ſo ill to be digeſted? What will become of ſo many other contrarieties, which at every turn tranſfix ſo many brave deſigns, ſo well projected? Where will not occaſion of many moſt bitter ſorrows be found, among ſo divers accidents, which cauſe us to ſtand at all times prepared for blows? If Penitents be in a ſtate of humiliation, wherein, as other Interpreters obſerve, they not onely humbled themſelves, proſtrated on the earth at the Prieſt's benediction, but they lowly

Practiſe of theſe degrees at Court.

Job 20. *Gigantes gemunt ſub aquis.*

Eſtate of tears.

Obſecro ut videam faciem Regis: quod ſi memor eſt iniquitatis meæ, interficiat me. 2 Reg. 14.

State of humility.

lowly laid themſelves under the feet of all the world; where I pray, are Souls found, born more to ſervitude, more pliant, more abaſed, then the Courtiers? They bend like the Fiſher's angling-line, they ſtoup, they turn, and wheel about to all purpoſes, that they may arrive where they pretend. They buy all their Honour at the price of great ſubmiſſions, their Scarlet at the price of ſordid ambition, and glory with the coin of ſlavery. That is it, which St. *Cyprian* excellently well obſerved: *Behold ye this Courtier, who gazeth on himſelf in Scarlet? If you knew how many baſe ſubmiſſions the flaſhing luſtre of this bright garment coſt him, if you knew what ſcorn, what repulſ, what contempts, even of ſuch as were more arrogant then himſelf, he hath ſwallowed; how many proud gates he hath (as it were) beſieged every day, going to perform his complements; and how many times he hath made himſelf a ſtirrop-holder, or foot-boy for the ſervice of a diſdainfull Prince, to gain this train, which now attendeth him*, you then would have more pity of his perſon, then envie of his fortune. An antient Courier being asked, how he had grown old in Court, did not he anſwer: *By receiving injuries every day with thanks?* Many men fatten with diſgraces, as faithfull Dogs with baſtonadoes.

Cyprian. ad Donatum. Qui amiſſu clariore conſpicuus fulgere ſibi videtur in purpura, quibus hoc ſordibus emit, ut fulgeat? Quos arroganti-um faſtus prius pertulit? Quas ſuperbas fores matutinus ſalutator obſedit? Quot tumentium contumelioſa veſtigia ante praceſſit, ut ipſum etiam ſalutantium comes poſtmodum turba praecederet.

A notable anſwer of an old Courtier. Injurias accipiendo, & gratias agendo. Genes. 2. de Ira, c. 35.

Behold how Courtiers participate with penitents in pains, and not in comforts: for penitents after many auſterities come to enjoy with taſtful contentment the hearing of the Word of God. A Courtier after a thouſand, and a thouſand mortifications, ſhall not gain oft-times one good word from his Prince. Penitents, after they had been throughly turmoiled, came to the ſtate of repoſe, and conſiſtence: but Courtiers are always upon the wheel, not finding a firm footing of conſtancy to fix themſelves on. The Penitents came in the end to the participation of myſteries: and Courtiers with all their miniſteries of iniquity ſeldom enter into the Temple of hoped honour, and if they do enter, they find not the myſterie, which can ſatisfie all their appetites.

Comparison between a Courtier, and a Religious man.

Behold you not a rough penance? Behold you not a patience able to make Saints, yea, Martyrs, if they did onely meaſure themſelves with the Ell of torments? *Guevarra*, who had lived in a Cloiſter, and a Court, found the penance of Religious men was much ſweeter then that of Courtiers. A religious man many times ſtayeth long in one houſe, and buildeth at his good leiſure a little neſt, to die in the ſweet-ſmelling odours of good life, and holy converſation: and it ſeemeth (ſaid he) the malediction of *Cain* is fallen upon Courtiers; for they are always in motion, as ſtrangers, and every day change Inns, and Hoſteries. A religious man obeyeth but one onely, a Courtier hath ſo many Maſters, as he hath paſſions, and pretenſions, which fetter his liberty, a good never to be eſtimated by a valuable price. A religious man maketh an account of his demeanour to his ſuperior: a Courtier hath a thouſand controllers of his actions. So many parts and members as the eſtate of the King hath, are to him ſo many chains, ſo many obſervances. He muſt (ſaith this Authour) ſerve the King, wait on Favorites, viſit Noblemen, Court-treaſurers, give to door-keepers, frugally endear Auditours, entertain Provoſts, gain harbingers, flatter pay-maſters, do for his friends, diſſemble with his enemies. All which things infinitely exerciſe obedience, and attract unſpeakable ſlavery. If a Courtier once do what he can, he is a thouſand times made to do what he would not, and admit he be a favorite of the Prince, he is a ſlave to all the officers, and to all reſpects, and relations, by which he holds his fortunes, as if one ſhould hold a Wolf by the ears.

A Religious man maketh a vow of poverty: ſuch a Courtier there may be found, who, without vow-making findeth himſelf the moſt part of his time miſerable poor; great fortunes, yea, thoſe who carry all, at the end of their account, finding themſelves hunger-ſtarved, and wretched. A poor Religious man at diner-time findeth his Napkin laid, and without taking of further care the gifts of God arrived, as ſeaſonably as if *Elias* Crow had brought them. Such a Courtier is to be found, who oft-times lodgeth in ſome crooked narrow lane, he eateth on ſome hired table, lieth on ſome borrowed bed, and abideth in a chamber without door, or portal, and at the end of all comes an Hoſt, who ſurprizeth him when he hath nothing to content him; at which time his affliction is greater to diſcover his poverty, then to feel it; leſs it grieveth him to be miſerable, then to have a witneſs of his wretchedneſs. Such an one hath been ſeen poſſeſſed of above two thouſand Ducats of yearly rent, who neither had bread, fewel, ſpit, nor kettle in his houſe, but every day a regiſter ready of great mens boards, where he might go to beg a diner. What beggary is this? *Guevarra* addeth alſo to this ſpecious poverty of a Courtier, that Grooms rob him, Caters bring in falſe reckonings, Buffoons importune him, Ladies of Court unplume him, other women, leſs honeſt, filch from him. When every one beholdeth him unfeathered, they haſten to pull the plumes off his wings, and if his wings fail him, he no more ſhall have friends, nor ſuccour.

A Religious man, having made a vow of chaſtity, hath very great, and undoubted means to obſerve it, provided by his rule: the chaſtity of a Courtier is always in ſnares, and combats, his battels are perpetual, his victories moſt rare, the obligation notwithſtanding of continency ſticks upon him, and his transgreſſions are reſerved to God's vengeance. A Religious man hath his watchings for the ſervice of God, and notwithſtanding hath his ſeaſon of watching, repaſt, and ſtudy all diſtributed with a prudent Oeconomy: the Courtier hath neither repoſe, nor repaſt certain, for the ſervice of the world. He dineth when it pleaſeth his *Alexander*; and his ſleep is no more his own then his liberty, of which he is diſpoiled before he go to bed; a thing notwithſtanding ſo precious, that whoſoever well knoweth the price thereof, would not lend it out, though he had the whole world for a pledge. A Religious man maketh voluntary abſtinencies, with merit, and conſolation: your Courtier faſteth oftener then he would, with demerit, without comfort. Briefly, a Religious man weareth hair-cloth, and the Courtier thorns, and cares, which never forſake him. A Religious Recluſe hath as it were no body to pleaſe but himſelf: a Courtier, who endeavoureth to content all, many times ſatisfieth no man: if he hold his peace, he is a Lourdane; if he ſpeak, he is a Babler; if he ſpend, he is a Prodigal; if a good husband, covetous; if he ſtay in his lodging, he is an Hypocrite; if he make many viſits, he is a Buſie-body; if he be bravely atttended, they ſay he is a Fool; if he eat alone, he is miſerable.

In *fine*, this great Courtier *Guevarra*, after he had repreſented the faſhion of the time, and diſpoſition of the Court moſt lively, draweth this concluſion, That the life of Court is not a life, but rather a publick penance: aud that we ought not to call Courtiers living men, but interred alive, becauſe they die as often as they underſtand, that another is more in favour of the Times then themſelves.

Judge then upon all this, which I have here diſ-

courſed, whether one ought to fortifie himſelf ſo much the more with virtue, and courage, by how much he beholdeth himſelf expoſed to great and perpetual occaſions, either of ſin, or miſery? Whether the Courtier have leſs obligation to virtue then the Religious, ſince he ſeeth himſelf at all turns in greater, and more evident perils? Judg, if this be a favour of Almighty God to have a ſubject of penance, and a fair field to exerciſe patience, how Courtiers herein are made happy, and how many palms they might reap, if they would add the application of ſpirit, ſincerity of intention, and ſpiritual direction to the exerciſes of their profeſſion. Through the want of theſe virtues, thinking to gain all, they loſe all, merit eſcapes them, and all their life the bad thiefs croſs abideth with them. And that, which is moſt deplorable, is, that they adore their puniſhments, and like the tribe of *Zabulon*, of whom Scripture ſpeaketh, *they ſuck in the water of the Sea as Milk, and all bitterneſs ſeems ſweet as ſugar to their depraved taſts.*

Deut. 33. *Inundationem maris quaſi lac ſugent.*

The tenth REASON,

Which dependeth on acknowledgment, or gratitude.

HAd Noblemen, and worldly Great-ones no other ſpur to incite them to perfection, but the acknowledgment of ſo many benefits, which they have received from the liberal hand of God, it were always a potent motive to a heart truly generous, who feareth ingratitude more then death.

It is not without myſterie, that God in the beginning of the world's creation, of twelve names attributed unto him, he taketh that of *Elohim*, derived from an *Hebrew* word, ſignifying to *tie*, and *oblige*, making himſelf at the very firſt known to man, even in the world's infancy, under the title of *Obliging*, to teach him, that he is born among benefits, the acknowledgment of which ſhould become natural to him. That great man *Philo* the *Jew*, in the Book he entituled *Noë's Plant*, figureth unto us a certain tradition of the Sages of his Nation, to wit, that God the Creatour, after he had framed the world as a Scucheon of his Nobility, a contracted table of his Titles, a mirrour of his greatneſs, and wiſdom, demanded of the Prophets, or the Angels then in glory, what they thought of this work; and that one among them, after he had highly commended the architecture of this goodly univerſe, ſaid freely, that he alſo therein yet required one perfection, to ſee a Seal upon ſo many brave, and rich inventions. What is it, ſaith the Eternal Father? I would deſire (replied he) a ſtrong voice, powerful, harmonious, which born upon the wings of the winds, and clouds, upon the Chariot of the air, might repleniſh all the parts of the world, and inceſſantly eccho forth night and day in praiſes, and thanksgiving for your incomparable benefits. Verily a good invention, and worthy of an Angelical ſpirit, yet notwithſtanding, God hath ſufficiently provided for this defect. For framing the world as a large clock, he hath proportionably given to man the place, which this celeſtial ſpirit ſeemed to require. And, that it might not be otherwiſe then ſo, the firſt wheel of this great clock of the world is the *primum mobile*, the continual motion, the ſecret influences of Antipathies, and Sympathies, which are as it were hidden in the bowels of Nature. The hand thereof is this goodly, and beautiful embowed frettizing of the heavenly orbs, which we behold with our eyes. The twelve Signs are as it were the diſtinctions of the twelve hours of the day. The Sun exerciſeth the office of the Steel, and Gnomon to point out time, and in its abſence the Moon. The Lights, and Stars contribute thereto their luſtrous brightneſs. The Sea the azure of his waves for ornament. The Earth ſerves for counterpoize. The ſtony Quarries, the metals, and the plants, for an Emblem to exerciſe the wiſeſt in the knowledge of this great Work-man. The living Creatures are the ſmall chimes, and Man is the great clock, which is to ſtrike the hours, and render thanks to the Creatour.

God named Obliging in the beginning of the world.

A notable diſcourſe of *Philo*.

The world a Clock, and how.

This acknowledgement of courſe is due to God from all men, and the failing herein is greatly puniſhable for two reaſons. The firſt is, That God hath with his finger engraven it in the nature of the world. The ſecond, That he extraordinarily recommended it in the new, and old Law. As concerning what toucheth the law of nature; benefits are the wings of love, more ſwift then tempeſts; they overtake Birds in their flight. We behold in Hiſtory, where on one ſide a Stork cometh to caſt a precious Stone into the boſome of a Maid, which had healed her of a wound; and on the other ſide an Eagle, that ſeeing the body of a young man burned, which had fed, and cheriſhed her, caſt her ſelf with alacrity into the flames of her enkindled pile. Good turns are golden Nets, which catch the ſwifteſt gliding Fiſhes; we find the proof hereof, when the Dolphins aſſembled with troops upon the Sea-ſhore, where they celebrated the obſequies of one called *Ceranus*, who had before freed them from the ſnares of the Fiſher-men. Benefits are ſharp-pointed Arrows, which throughly penetrate the heart of Tygers, and Lions. We find it in the Hiſtory of *Androdus*, who, becauſe he had pulled a thorn out of a Lion's foot, made a Beaſt of ſervice of him, and led him through all the City of *Rome*, gentle, and meek as a Lamb. O how ſtrong bird-lime is a benefit! all generous birds are taken with it, there is none but ſome certain ill-conditioned Owls, which eſcape from it.

Natural gratitude, excellent proofs of it. *Elian.* lib. cap. 22. *Plin.* l. 10. cap. 5. *Elian.* lib. 2. cap. 3.

Interroga jumenta, & docebunt te: & volatilia agri, & indicabunt tibi. Agnovit bos poſſeſſorem ſuum, & aſinus præſepe Domini ſui: Iſrael autem non me cognovit. Iſaiah 1.

Noblemen, will you think you do too much, if you ſhould acknowledge the benefits of your Creatour, ſince Beaſts the moſt ſavage recompenſe good turns received from ſlaves, and forgetting their nature cannot but remember a benefit, though ſmall? As for the written Law, what virtue is more often recommended, then gratitude, and thankful acknowledgement? God giveth not any benefits without preparing Monuments. If he deliver his people out of *Egypt*, a Lamb of Paſs-over, under the title of gratitude, is to be offered for ever: if he give Manna, a Pot thereof is reſerved in the Tabernacle: if he work wonders with *Moſes* rod, it is preſerved for an eternal memery. Gratitude is the Key of the land flowing with Milk, and Hony; ingratitude is a chanel, from whence all the plagues of heaven pour down upon rebellious, and contumacious heads. Is it not very remarkable, that the *Iſraelites* were more carefull to carry with them into the deſerts Timbrels to praiſe God with, then Arms to defend themſelves? Praiſes go before curtilaxes, and all warlike engines. The Captains of the valorous *Debora* are for the ſame cauſe termed in Scripture *Notaries*, becauſe they went into the war with pen, and ſword. The ſword to fight with, and the pen to write the praiſes of God. If you demand of *Rupertus*, why in *Geneſis*, when all creatures are ſpoken of, there is not one word of the ſphere of Fire: he will anſwer you, that Fire, becauſe of its barren unfruitfulneſs, is the ſymbol of ingratitude, and for that purpoſe it is not once mentioned in the place where queſtion was made of the ſacrifice of acknowlegement. If you ask of St. *Chryſoſtom*, why God, coming to give a

Gratitude in the Law of God.

Excellent obſervations upon this. *Exaltationes Dei in gutture eorum, & gladii ancipites in manibus eorum.* ὀρθρίζοντας ἐν στόμασιν γραμματεῖς. *Pſal.* 49. *Jud.* v. 14. Interp. 70. Interpretum à Rupert. in Geneſ.

Law

Law to his people, appeared amongſt Briers, and Thorns, he will tell you, it was to ſhew to this ungrateſull people the deformity of their ingratitude, ſignified by thoſe thorny plants. S. *Ambroſe* likewiſe obſerveth it was the providence of heaven, to give young *Toby* an Angel, and a Dog for companions of his voyage. The Angel to do him good offices, and the Dog, who is moſt ſenſibly mindfull, to cauſe him to remember a benefit. See you not the world, and the law are extended, and diſpoſed, one in his creatures, and the other in all his precepts, to impreſs gratitude in our hearts? One of the Antients ſaid, that to die ungrateſull was the moſt infamous death might be imagined. Would you then (Nobles) have your bodies buried in Churches, in places moſt eminent, and conſpicuous, yet ſpare not to make ingratitude a Sepulchre for your ſouls?

Ambr. l. 6. Hexaëm. c. 4.

Marcus Aurel. 1. Antoninus de vita ſua. κάλλιστος ἀλάστωρ.

Add hereunto preſently a conſideration well worthy to be pondered, that by how much the benefits you have received from the liberal hand of Almighty God are great, and glorious, ſo much the more is it a hideous thing, to repay them in the coin of ingratitude. Follow the ſoot-ſteps of the Oracle of Doctours, St. *Auguſtine*, purſue the practice, which he uſed to enflame himſelf to gratefull acknowledgments. Go ye upon the brink of abyſſes, and ſpeak to Nothing, which is not at all, nor ever was, nor ever ſhall be. Caſt up your age, and demand of it, Where were you ſo many years? It will reply to your heart with dumb words, and tell you, That which you have been, it is. And what have you done to God, to be at this time that, which it is not? Take into your hand a Diamond, it will tell you it hath eſſential being with you, but it liveth not; and what have you done to God to have life above the ſame? Go to Cedars, and Palm-trees, and you ſhall underſtand, they have life common with you, but you ſenſe above them. Under what title was it due to you? With what mony did you purchaſe it? Go to Eagles, and Lions, and they will tell you, they have ſenſe common with you, but you have reaſon, an incomparable good above them: You have judgment, memory, underſtanding, free-will; you are men, and they are beaſts. What have you done to God to be made man? to be a reaſonable creature capable of an infinite good? What have you done before your being, to be that which you are? What ſacrifice have you preſented, being as then in nothing, to be born into the world ſupereminently prelated above all the creatures of the world? Well, admit you had deſerved your being: where have you merited your wel-being? Say you had merited to be men, where have you deſerved to be Chriſtians? to be ſelected by the hand of God from ſo many infinite Nations, which daily people Hell? to be waſhed with the blood of his Son, to be regenerated by the waters of Baptiſm, to be impreſſed with his own ſtamp, to be beautified with his grace, ſupported with his merits, enlightened with his knowledge, protected under his wings, and the ſhelter of his Angels, to have all the means, and opportunity to begin in the world a celeſtial life, and afterward to reign in heaven for ever, and there to remain abſorpt in an ocean of pleaſures, and felicities?

Excellent practice of St. *Auguſtine* to encourage himſelf to gratitude.

At what price have you bought all that? Are you not a jadiſh Mule to ſuck ſuch a Teat, and then to kick with your heels?

Particular obligations of Noblemen.

But you ſay, it is common to you with all Chriſtians. I anſwer, the Sun is no leſs the Sun to you, for that it enlighteneth the eyes of a Piſmire. But behold what perſonally toucheth you, and that which you cannot forget without diſloyal ingratitude.

Nature hath caſt all men in one, and the ſame mould, all are equal according to birth, all equal in death, who uſeth to meaſure with the ſame ell Linſy-woolſey, and cloth of Tiſſue. But what inequality is there in the conditions of life? It ſeemeth when the courſe of each man's eſtate, and fortune is well conſidered, there is more difference between man, and man, then between man, and beaſt.

How many creatures are born ever in the fetters of miſerable ſervitude, and ſalute life with a yoak on their neck? And behold you are not onely born free, but Noble, but great, but eminent, you come into the world like *Diadumenus*, with a diadem of honour on your foreheads.

How many do you behold born with very great diſproportion of body, with bunched backs, crookedneſs, maladies, deformities, which they are enforced to carry with them from their mothers womb to their grave? And behold you are born with a body well-compoſed, that nature hath framed to ſerve as a Cabinet for the ſoul, which God would lodg in.

How many ſtupid, groſs, and obſcure ſpirits, unjoynted judgments, irregular brains are there in the world? And yet God hath given to you a ſpirit capable of all kind of lights, knowledges, a judgment well-grounded, a faithful memory, and all the moveables of a fair ſoul. How many children come into the world as little abortives, and are afterward left without inſtruction, guid, or conduct, as lees, and dregs of the creatures of the earth? And behold how all things co-operate to your education.

How many millions of mortals daily diſſolve into poverty, in a wretched, and needy life, in extream miſeries, which make them feed upon gall, and every day to drench part of their life in tears? And behold you are born to great patrimonies, infinite riches, large revenues; behold not onely men, and beaſts, but all the elements alſo are kept in breath to contribute to your ſervices, your magnificence, your felicities, your delights.

How many are at the foot of the wheel, trampled on, and oppreſſed under the tyrannie of men, many times more cruel then wilde, and ſavage beaſts? And behold you are on the top of the wheel, behold you are upon the higheſt ſpheres of honour, feared of your enemies, cheriſhed by your equals, adored by your inferiours; doth this ſeem nothing to you? Or if it ſeem fit to you, to caſt it up with your accompt, tell me if you have it from your ſelves? Tell me if you were, before your being, able to merit all theſe favours from Heaven?

Take now the balance your ſelf, and judg, if it be not a looſe, and barbarous ingratitude to ſteal the ſilver, and gold of God to make Idols to *Baal*; to light your lamp at the Altar-fire of the Omnipotent, to make pillage afterward of his Temple; to take bread from the Maſter of the houſe with one hand, and to ſtab him with the other? And this is it, which you do, when you wholly abuſe all theſe gifts of Heaven in impiety, injuſtice, ambition, luſt, envie, rage, in a brutiſh, and ſtinking life. This is it, which bringeth aſtoniſhment even to the gates of heaven, and cauſeth the heavenly Father to ſpeak theſe lamentable words of *Jeremie*: *How comes it to paſs that my wel-beloved hath commited ſo many outrages in my houſe?* Have I then (O my beloved) lodged thee in my Temple, have I nouriſhed, and bred thee from thy Cradle with a fatherly hand, to betray mine honour, and defile the glory of my Altars? See you not that in doing this you weave the thread of your eternal ruin?

Weigh

Weigh ſeriouſly (O Noblemen) what you are, what you can, what you have, what you are worth, and in good time take hold of this Maxim, not to deſire to be, nor to be able, nor to be valued, but for him, to whom you ow all your being.

The eleventh REASON,

Drawn from the effect, which examples ſhould produce.

ON what ſide ſoever I turn me (O you Great-ones) I find motives for you in every place of duty, ſpurs of honour, and inevitable obligations of virtue. Behold one of the moſt principal, to wit, Example: Yea, the example of great men is one of the moſt potent charms, as well for good, as ill, that may poſſibly be found in nature. See you not how the ſpirit of lies, who keeps an open ſhop of all wiles, and active pliantneſs, hath not found in all hell an engin better able to ingulph mankind in a thouſand lamentable confuſions, then to ſet before him the bad example of great-ones, who by cunning ſleight, and tyrannie came to that height as to cauſe themſelves to be accompted as God? Satan, having ſet them upon the Altar, puts himſelf in poſſeſſion of their hearts: for coming to ſhew to theſe blind idolaters an adulterous *Jupiter*, an unchaſt *Venus*, a bloudie *Mars*, he whiſpered in their ears, The God, whom you adore, and for whom you erect Temples, and Altars, hath done this, and that, and are you better then he not to do the ſame?

The world heretofore perverted by the example of great-ones.

Depraved nature, which no ſooner hath being, but that concupiſcence entereth thereinto, being already vehemently tranſported into exorbitancy by general inclination, and coming afterward to feel the ſwinge of this ſo alluring example (in thoſe, who were not onely eſteem'd great, but Gods immortal) ran to miſchief with full ſpeed, erected trophies of its own diſhonour, and covered its ulcers with a golden veil.

Julius Firmicus de errore profan. Religion. Adulterio delectatur quis? Jovem reſpicit, & inde cupiditatis ſuæ fomenta conquirit: probat, imitatur, & laudat, quod Deus ſuus in Cygno fallit, in Tauro rapit, ludit in Satyro.

The great wit *Julius Firmicus*, hath excellently well obſerved this reaſon in the book he compoſed of the errours of profane Religions. "Is man an adulterer? He caſteth his eye upon *Jupiter*, and "draweth from the Idol of his falſe God the enkindling tinder of his luſt. He approveth, he imitateth, he praiſeth his God, becauſe he deceiveth "a ſimple credulous maid in the figure of a Swan, "raviſheth another in the form of a Bull, and afterward in another encounter perſonateth the "ſhape of a Satyre.

Tyrannie of Example.

What may be ſaid more of the force, and tyranny of example, then to ſay with St. *Auguſtine*: Not onely the vitious purſue vice in full ſpeed, which lead the way, but even thoſe, who have the fillet of ſhame-fac'dneſs upon their brows, ſuffer themſelves haſtily to run after the torrent of examples, and ſuppoſe to have a portion in the fortune of great men, when they have a ſhare in their vices. *I heard my companions, who boaſted their wickedneſs, making themſelves ſo much the more glorious, by how much they were more beaſtly, and diſhoneſt. And needs would I do as they, not ſo much through appetite of doing ill, as for complacence to be applauded for ill. It often happened to me to counterfeit the ill, which I had not done, doubting to be innocent, for fear of being reputed a man of no worth, and loth to be eſteemed chaſt, leſt chaſtity ſhould make me contemned by the world.*

Aug. Conſeſ. 2. c. 3. Audiebam eos cantantes flagitia ſua, & tanto gloriantes magis, quanto magis turpes eſſent: & libebat facere, non ſolum libidine facti, verum etiam laudis: fingebam me feciſſe quod non fecerim, ne viderer abjectior, quo eram innocentior, & ne vilior haberer, quia eram caſtior.

Importance of the example of Noble-men.

Behold, O Noblemen, what power Example exerciſeth upon the hearts of men. Blame none but your ſelves, if you create not a new world, that you baniſh not vice from the earth, and make a golden Age return again. God hath planted you upon the higheſt ſteps of greatneſs, and cauſeth you firſt of all to ſee the ſtorm, and calm. God hath planted you with his hand as ſtars in this goodly firmament of honour, upon your influences depend the whole courſe of this inferiour world. If they be good, they bring health, ſolace, and life into the whole world. The people are as the ſea, and you are the winds, which raiſe, or depreſs them when you pleaſe. The people are like the *Polypus*, who changeth colour according to the diverſity of objects; and you are the rocks, to which he is tied with a long chain of ſervitude; you take his liberty, and give him colour. The people is as Ivie, which creepeth, and clingeth according to his ſupport; you are the *Coloſſus*, and walls, which under-prop it. The people hath a heart of wax, and clay, and you are the Maſter-potters to give what proportion you pleaſe. *A good Prince ſheweth the way of doing well to his ſubjects, in well doing himſelf, and though he be great by the title of power, he is much greater, and more potent by the force of example.*

Velleius. Facere reſte cives ſuos Princeps optimus faciendo docet, cumque ſit imperio magnus, exemplo magis eſt.

Hereupon, I leave you to judg the great offence you commit, when by ill example you make vice to paſs for law, vice, which would have no force, nor vigour at all, if you did not give arms, and weapons into its hand, to ſack, and ſubjugate all the world.

Great ſin through bad example.

Firſt, you commit a great ſacrilege abuſing authority, which is a ray of the omnipotencie of God, impreſſed on your inferiours to duty; and you make boaſt as if it came from your ſelves. Thieves, that you are of the treaſure of God; you have rifled the chief of his coffers, which is that abſolute power, by which he is God; you have taken from thence a pearl, which himſelf afterwards enſigned into your hands, which himſelf fixed upon your head, to give you, as it were, a participation of his own eſſence, and you unworthily retain it, without making it tributary to its Creatour. My God it is true, that *he, who ſeeketh his own glory from thine ornaments, is a very thief, and a robber*, who endeavouring to filch God's honour from him ſtealeth Paradiſe from himſelf. What ſacrilege, I pray, can you think comparable to this?

Aug. Sol. 5. Qui de bono tuo gloriam ſibi quærit, & non tibi quærit, hic fur eſt, & latro.

Ill example the work of Antichriſt.

Secondly, what an indignity it is to do that, which the ill example of Great-ones operateth, ſo to put vice into grace, and virtue into neglect? Think you not, if proof be made unto you, it is the work of Antichriſt, but that will ſuffice to make you deteſt it? And what will Antichriſt do? To what will he bend, and diſpoſe all the ſinews, and arteries of his power, but to ſet vice on the Altar; and you will beforehand prepare a way for him? All that, which *Jeſus Chriſt* hath ſaid, and done, all that which he hath ſweat for, all that he endeavoured, all that he hath wept, all that he hath bled, he hath done to blot out, and extinguiſh with works, with words, with ſweat, with tears, with bloud, the work of ſin.

And you, forſooth! will again erect the ſtatues. If ſin coming from you were eſteemed as ſin, it would always be unreaſonable, but leſs dangerous. But now it happeneth not to be ſo reputed. The ſins, which in a mean fortune would be thought ſins, when they are dreſſed up with a diadem; or covered with a ſcarlet cloak, become the virtues of the times: which is a thing moſt abominable. And by your ill example you are the cauſe of this illuſion of man-kind, which holdeth vice for virtue, and crime for trophie. Obſerve what puniſhment a falſe coyner deſerveth. Adviſe with your ſelf, if Idolatrie be the firſt, and chief of all ſins, what would he merit, who were not onely an Idolater, but the authour, and inventour of a new idolatrie?

Definunt eſſe probri loco purpurea flagitia.

And

And bad example doth it. When you, O Noblemen, degenerate, you impress sin with the stamp of virtue, you place it upon the Altar, you are the cause that a thousand, and a thousand present oblations to it; you make a stable for horses of the Temple of Honour, and you being by the world esteemed as little gods, employ all this reputation to destroy the honour of the true God, through the example of your wicked life. *You make a dung-hill of Heaven, you cruelly, and miserably dragging wandring souls through headlong precipices, when to cause them to sin the more freely, you shew them the examples of the petie gods of the earth.* These are the words of *Julius Firmicus.* What ingratitude will make Heaven blush, and the earth to shake, if not this? If you well weigh this consideration, it will never escape you to do an act of ill example, or if passion should happen to be exorbitant, at least you should imitate that bird, which by antiquity was called *Just*, because she hid her excrements, which she knew to be very pernicious, for fear they should infect men; so you rather should bury your ill deportments in night, and obscurity, then expose them to publick view.

Cœnum de cœlo facitis, & errantes animos per abrupta precipitia crudeli calamitate ducitis; cùm hominibus peccare volentibus facinorum viam de Deorum monstratu exemplis. Julius Firm. *Photius* in Bibliotheca.

For the third reason, consider what wickedness it is to thrust the knife into the throat, not onely of a multitude, that adores your fortune, and glorieth in the imitation of your vices, but also to pollute all posterity with the authority of your crimes. *Every Age teacheth us, we may do what hath been done, and crimes become examples*, saith the eloquent St. *Cyprian. Your sin is like much rust, which cleaveth close to all your successours, and how much the greater you are, so much the more precipitation, and malice it hath.*

Admonetur omnis ætas fieri posse quod aliquando factum est; exempla fiunt, quæ jam esse facinora desiterunt. Cyprian. ad Donat.

Say not, you are personally culpable, and no more; that you are not to answer to God, either for the sin of those who live with you, or those that come after you.

Eccl. 1. Sicut aramentum arbiginat ne quitia.

Which is so much otherwise, that the Scripture ordaineth, who shall open a common cistern without shutting it again, if it happen that cattle fall therein, he was bound to repair this loss. Your brother doth he not more nearly approach to God then a bullock, or a horse? You have opened to him the gulf of scandal, and corruption, he is fallen into your snares, you shall give an accompt to God for a soul redeemed with the price of his blood.

Figure of ill example. *Exod. 21.*

Exod. 22.

Although you have caused but one small spark of fire to flie out, if it happen to blast, and burn the fruitful fields, and destroy the corn of your neighbour, you are bound by the law to make the possessour satisfaction. A flashing sparkle of concupiscence which proceedeth from your eyes, and afterwards enkindleth a great fire of vices, and calamities, shall be imputed to you in the day of judgment. And what satisfaction for such damage?

But on the contrary (O Noblemen) when you seriously embrace virtue, you ravish, and appease the most savage spirits by your authority. Nothing resisteth this sweet violence. Goodness born in the Chariot of greatness hath darts so sharp, and flaming, that they make the flint-stones to melt. The present times invite you, the most distant admire you, all posterity blesseth you, and God most gloriously crowneth you.

Plin. lib. 12. cap. 24. Rain-bow upon flowers.

It is said when the Rain-bow in Heaven boweth his crooked horns directly upon the flowers, he imparteth to them a most celestial odour, which infinitely reviveth their kind. God hath fixed you in the sphere of greatness, as heavenly arches; you know from whence he hath extracted you, and that no otherwise, then the Rain-bow in Heaven; you are but a petty vapour, but this Sun hath guided you, enriched you, enameled you with so many perfections, that justly we may call you the children of admiration. Be you then to mankind that, which the Rain-bow is to plants; leave it to the order of a good conversation, which may become natural, you shall reap here below true and solid glory, contentments so tasteful, that a man may more easily feel them then express them; and in Heaven your recompense shall be equalled to the profit, which your example shall have made on earth.

I know not what may be produced more pressing to a generous heart, to oblige him to perfection.

The twelfth REASON,

Drawn from punishment.

Clemens Alex. Strom. 5.

Clemens Alexandrinus observeth, that the belief of one God, and the faith of one judgment, are in the soul of man by like consequence necessary; and that the Heathens in the dead obscurity of infidelity were not able to shut their eyes against this veritie.

There is no soul in the world so barren, which by force of the light of nature conceiveth not, that if there be certain rays, or reflections of virtue diffused through the actions of men, the same ought to be in God, as in their source, with a radiant lustre of supereminence. Wherefore? Because, as *Dionysius Areopagita* saith, in the book of divine attributes, *God is a great Thesis*, which hath but one word for expression, but this draweth along with it all essences, verities, and perfections. And for the same cause St. *Augustine* calleth this Sovereign Majesty *Bonum omnis boni.* Now so it is, that we behold shining in men (though otherwise very imperfect) certain traces, or draughts of Justice, and we observe they are naturally addicted to the love of this virtue, were it not that passion maketh them belie their hearts, and betray their own nature. We must then necessarily conclude, that Justice is in God, as water in the Fountain, lines in the center, and beams in the Sun.

God a great Thesis. Θεὸς ἐστι νόησις θέσις. St. *Dionys.* de divin. nominib. c. 2. *August.* de Trinit. l. 8. c. 3.

Justice, and mercy.

Justice, and Mercy are the two arms of God, which embrace, bear, and govern the whole world; they are the two engins of the great *Archimedes*, which make Heaven descend upon earth, and earth mount to Heaven. It is the base and treble-string of this great lute of Heaven, which makes all the harmonies, and tuneable symphonies of this Universe.

Now, as Mercy is infinite, so is Justice. The divine Essence holdeth these two perfections, as the two scales of the balance, always equally poized. Judg hereupon, O Noblemen, if the favours, and mercies of God are so eminent with you, what part shall Justice have amongst you?

Psal. 89. Quis novit potestatē iræ tuæ, aut præ timore tuo iram tuam dinumerare? Sap. 6. *Horrendè citò apparebit vobis, quoniam judicium durissimum his qui præsunt fiet. Exiguo enim conceditur misericordia, potentes autem potenter tormenta patientur. Non*

David, who had felt the scourges, cried out as in a deep extasie, *Oh my God, who can be able to know the force of thy anger! Who can be able, amongst so many perplexities, and affrightments, to recompt the effects of thy indignation!* True it is, thy Justice doth most extraordinarily appear on the rebellious heads of sinners, but especially upon the Great-ones of the earth. These words of the Wise-man are terrible to any that will maturely consider them: "You, "who hold the highest place amongst men, and live "without fear or aw of that Majestie, which hath con- "stituted you where you are, know God will visit "you, and appear to you with speed, and horrour. "A most rigorous judgment shall be executed on "those who command over others. Mercy is for "the little ones, and humble; but if you persevere "in your wicked life, as being potent, you shall "powerfully be tormented. God is not a man to

"sooth

"sooth you, to distinguish your persons, and treat "with you, with observance of your qualities. Beware. The reasons why the chastisement of great men shall be more severe, are clear, and evident, the principal whereof I will briefly here produce.

Unius substrahet personam cujusquam Deus, nec verebitur magnitudinem cujusquam.

Knowledg of good and evil makes the sin the more foul.

First, by how much the more a sin is committed with exact knowledge of good, and ill, so much the more punishable it is, because it participateth the more of the venom of malice. Ignorance unto many is part of their Sanctity, others with open eyes run headlong to ruin. Now, can it be denied, but that Great-men (ordinarily being endowed with good spirits, capable judgments, and most happy memories, and they instructed by so many Doctours, both speaking, and dumb) should have much more light, and knowledge then the ordinary sort of men. Behold, why degenerating, it cannot be but they must needs break a thousand bonds that held them in their duty, blunt a thousand sharp points, a thousand inspirations from Heaven, that feelingly touch their conscience, the which cannot be done without great, and determinate malice, which rendreth their sin the more enormous, and their heads the more punishable. This is the reason Divines give touching the punishment of the Angel apostate. A strange thing, that God coming from Heaven upon earth, to take humane flesh, to distend his Imperial Robe upon mane (who lay on a dung-hil) drawing him out, washing him, gilding him over with grace, (the true seed of glory) in the mean time left the bad Angel without mercy, for a prey of punishment, which shall not end no more then God himself. Wherefore is this, but that the Angel offended with an absolute, and deliberate malice, as one much more illuminated, and *Adam* suffered himself to slide into sin rather by surprizal, by infirmity, by complacence to the humours of his Wife, as St. *Augustine* observeth, then purposely, or contemptuously? Alas! methinks this horrid punishment of the contumacious Angel should make the blood congeal in the veins of all the Great-ones of the earth, who offend their Creatour with as much malice as they have knowledge. Ask (O Noblemen) of the Divine Justice, from whence it proceedeth, that these evil spirits have been so roughly handled? If beauty could mollifie the rigour of a Judge, they were adorned with an incomparable beauty above all creatures. If the excellency of nature be esteem'd, they were the most lively Images of the Divinity, amongst all things created. If the spirit contribute thereunto, they penetrated, by their active vivacity, even from Heaven to the deepest abyss. If the glory of God were in this act considerable, they were creatures, who could love, bless, and glorifie God eternally. If evil had been to be prevented, this great Judge saw there would arise from their damnation an infinite of blasphemies, and invincible obstinacy, a long web of contrarieties, opposite to the advancement of his honour amongst men, a subversion of the world. All this might have been avoided in giving them one small hour of repentance; which with what fervour, detestation, and dolour would they have embraced? Yet notwithstanding, without regard to this beauty, this grace, this excellency of nature, these praises, this good, or ill, behold them taken in the boiling ardour of their crime, strucken with the thunder of the Divine Justice, thrown down, broken in shivers, captivated in prisons of fire, left to the sword of vengeance, to eternal tortures, never seeing amidst their darkness, and sulphurous flames, one sole beam of the eyes of Mercy. O terrible sentence! inexorable sentence! O unhappy spirits! O judgements of God! What a terrour, what a bottomless depth you are! Judge now (O ye Great-men) if the crimes of knowledge, and malice are so rigorously punished, what will become of you, if you live neglective of the Divine Majesty, you being among the people, as were the Angels among other creatures?

Why bad Angels were punished without mercy.

Ob perfectam cognitionem, & subitum animi impetum peccatum Angelorum incomparabiliter gravius. Vide *Greg.* lib. 4. Moral. cap. 9.

Marvellous Justice.

Secondly, no punishment is more sharply, nor lawfully inflicted, then upon the ungratefull, who deserve that all the elements with their best forces should conspire in the avengement of their offences, since they violate a law engraven on this universe by the hand of nature. Their punishment is the sacrifice of jealousie, spoken of in Scripture, whereon neither Oil, nor Incense is powred: there is no more Oil of mercy to sweeten their torments, no more Incense of prayers to appease, God's anger; nothing is there but thunder, lightnings, and vengeance. Now it appeareth, that Noblemen, and Great-ones cannot depart from the service of God, without a deep mark of ingratitude, for the benefits, which I have touched before; and you thereon will necessarily infer, they transcending others in condition should not in case of failing, or neglect, expect an equality of punishments, God will call Heaven, and Earth to their Judgement, and then speak to them in the presence of all creatures, with a voice of thunder. Hearken ye (O you Princes of the earth) I made you as Eagles, I gave you strong wings to lift you up to mount *Libanus*, and to extract pith from the Cedars. I advanced you in spirit, in judgment, in courage, in riches, in reputation, in honour above other men. I imprinted the rays of my power upon your fronts, to infuse the regard of your persons into the hearts of the people. I held heaven, and earth, men, and beasts in breath, to contribute to your authority, and services. And you have taken arms employing all my treasures to make War against me, you have lived, not as reasonable men, but as brute beasts without God, without law, without ever casting your eyes to Heaven, but to vomit out blasphemies in the face of it. If I have put power into your hand, you have employed it in oppressing the weak: If Justice, you have perverted the use of it, and made the balance incline to the tyranny of your passions. What can such an ingratitude expect? I leave the conclusion to your selves.

Punishment of the ungratefull sacrifice of jealousie.

Non fundet oleum, nec imponet thus. Num. 5.

Horrible execrations of God upon great men vitious.

In the third place, seeing the bad example of great men is most pernicious to the inferiours, by the strength of their Authority (which draweth their weak souls to a servile imitation) God expresly counterpoiseth the insolence of their vices, by singular, and remarkable punishments, to the end that those, who are attracted by the lustre of their fortune, may be affrighted with their falls. It is true, we are in this world, as Owls in the night, our eyes benummed, and surcharged with terrestrial humours, which hinder us throughly to penetrate this cloud of the Divine Providence. Notwithstanding, God darteth forth, as it were, out of these clouds certain flashing sparks of fire, and light, to make you read in the punishment of so many ill-living great men the unrelenting rigour of his justice.

Exemplar crimes deserve exemplar punishment.

High Steeples are not so often rent, and defaced by the violence of thunder, as are Crowns, and Diadems on the heads of wicked Princes with Heaven's chastisements. Read sacred, and profane Stories, what strange punishments are there of great men? One sheweth a desire to leap into Heaven, to plant his Throne among the Stars, yet God maketh him eat Hay with the Beasts, enforcing him to die alive, not onely to honours, and the nature of man, but to lead

Strange punishments.

lead a life in brutishness. This was *Nebuchadnezzar*. Another in the middest of the fervour of a feast heareth the great clock strike his hour, and seeth the hand of a man on the wall, drawing a dreadful sentence against him. This was *Belshazzar*. Another dieth eaten up with lice, as *Herod*. Another loathsom with infections, as *Antiochus*. Another hanged on a tree, as *Absalom*. Another on the gibbet, which he had prepared for him, whom he accompted for his slave, as *Haman*. Another dying by his own hand, not being able to find any other in the world more cruel then himself, as *Nero*. Another maketh himself a Sepulchre with drunkenness, as *Alexander*. Another is massacred in the midst of the Senate, as *Cæsar*. Another from the Throne of the *Romane* Empire goeth to prostrate his so, the *Persian*, to become thereby a foot-step for him to mount on horse-back, as *Valerian*. Another is carried about in a Cage, as *Bajazet*. Another is strucken with lightening, as *Anastasius*. Another is slain in his Camp by an hand invisible, as *Julian* the Apostate. Great Volumns might be made, if one would compile all these mortalities; they make Theatres to resound, and Tragedians deplore.

Consider (O Noblemen) if in this world good and ill are given to us as it were in picture, (*since the figure of the world passeth away*, saith the Apostle) and since God useth such rough rods to chastise the vices of Great-men, what will that be in the other world? *The arrows of chastisement do presently pass away, but the voice of thunder, the sentence of judgment shall go like a wheel, and the execution shall have no end.* If there happen unto you a loss of goods, it is an arrow that passeth; loss of children, an arrow that passeth; sickness, an arrow that passeth; disgrace, an arrow that passeth; temporal death, even a feathered-arrow, which doth nought else but pass away: but eternal death is the thunder in the wheel, which never passeth. To be drenched in a lake of Sulphur as a victime of vengeance in a fire enkindled with the breath of God's anger, to see nothing but Devils, to abide in nothing but Torments, to suffer pains in every sense, to finde Hell in his own conscience, to have no other life but an eternity of torments, is a thing to be feared above all things most dreadful.

Praterit figura hujus mundi. 2. Cor. 7.

Sagitta tua transierunt; vox tonitrui tui in rota. Psal. 76. 19.

Paulus Orosius, in the History he dedicated to St. *Augustine*, observeth that the tracks of *Pharaoh's* Chariots, after his detestable death, remained a long time upon the sands of the *Red-Sea*, to serve as an example for posterity. Behold (O Noble-men) the bloudy foot-steps of so many, and so many Great-ones, who have gone before you, whose spoils are perhaps (as yet) in your hands, their bodies in putrefaction, and their souls in torments! Resemble not those, that pillaged the Souldiers of *Sennacherib*, who, strucken with the revengeful hand of Heaven, found men of ashes in golden arms; they took the gold, without thinking at all of the ashes, which scattered by the ways. Take good heed, how you suffer your selves to be deceived with the glimmer of the honours of these ill-living Great-ones, lest you be surprized with their death, and Catastrophe. The day of death will come, be it sooner, or later, the post is on the way, who bringeth the date hereof. If you have lived ill, a thousand terrours, a thousand frightful fantasies will then besiege your heart, altogether drenched in the bitterness of death. A tumultuous army of thoughts shall strike an alarm to your repose: some shall represent unto you your goodly palaces, many times cemented with the blood, and sweat of poor men, which you must forsake, and pay all in one gross sum; others all the goods, which you shall have invaded, either by violence, or subtilty, whereof you shall be stript, and shall go to the judgment of God, devoid of riches, and surcharged with accompts: others shall decipher unto you the follies of your youth: others will depaint unto you the day of Judgment, and Hell, before you sensibly make proof of them. The Lady, which sleepeth by your sides, and ever holdeth the fire, and spur in your hearts, moving you to new violences, and extortions, to foment her pride, and entertain her pompous vain-glory, shall leave you then to wrestle with death, and shall seek the safety of her own affairs. Your eldest Son, for whom you presently pawn your soul to all in justice, and exhaust your own abilities as the Spider, to make him great, shall willingly outrun the steps of death to close your eyes, and scarcely shall there be found in the house some poor old woman to shrowd your body in a winding-sheet, to be put into a Coffin. In the mean while, the soul, separated from the body, shall be presented to the judgment of God, to receive the inevitable sentence.

Alass! doth he not sleep a long and deadly sleep, who is not awakened with the sound of such a trumpet?

State of worldlings

Desperate death.

Paul. Oros. l. 1. c. 10. Chariots of Pharaoh.

The thirteenth REASON,

Taken from Reward.

AN Antient said, that the two most powerfull Deities of Common-wealths were Punishment, and Reward. These are likewise are the two bases, and, as it were, the two fundamental laws, upon which God the Creatour hath established the Policy of the Universe. As he is a severe Revenger of offences, so he is most liberal in Rewards. The Scripture teacheth us this in very remarkable terms, speaking of the Justice of God, and gives it him in strict measure, when there is no question of chastisement, as if it were an act disproportionable to his nature, and his ordinary practice. But when he is actually disposed to pardon a sin, to reward a good work, to crown a virtue, he poureth out his graces, as out of a golden tunnel, with a free, and plenteous provision. For the same reason the Prophet *Isaiah* saith, *He measureth the waters with his fist, and poyseth the heavens with his palm*; that is to say, he giveth chastisements, and afflictions, signified in the Scripture by the *Waters*, with a sparing, and close hand, but as concerning rewards, represented by the *Heavens*, he pours them on all parts, with his sacred, and bounteous hands. Fear not then (O Noblemen) that you, having vowed a faithfull service to your great Master, shall be in any kind frustrated of the recompense, which he hath established for his servants. He hath always the reward in his hands. If he present on one side the Sword of Justice to sinners, on the other he extends unto you the Olive of Peace and benignity. Figure to your selves the great Emperor, bearing in his Arms an Eagle with two heads, who in one beak held a Thunder-bolt, and in the other a branch of Palm, with this Motto, *Every one in his time*. God runneth the same course; if he hath Thunder bolts to crush rebellious heads, he hath Palms to crown the faithfull services, which men of quality render to him. And without speaking here of rewards (O Noblemen) common to you with others, if you be constantly ranged in the way of virtue, you shall find that God will liberally give you three things, which those of your condition ever hold in great esteem. And what are those? A house competently rich, a solid glory, a flourishing

Punishment, and Reward, Deities of the Common-wealth.

Miserationes ejus super omnia opera ejus. Psal. 144.

Justice by weight, Mercy infinite.

Pondus, & statera, judicia Domini.

Ponam in pondere judicium, & justitiam in mensura. Prov. 6. Isaiah 28.

Joel 2. *Effundam de Spiritu meo super omnem carnem.*

Isaiah 40. *Qui mensus est pugillo aquas, & palmo cælos ponderavit.*

Merces mea mecum est. Apoc. 22.

Ἐν καιρῷ ἕκαστον. *Maximil. ii. apud Typotium.*

Three sorts of Great men, make fortunes.

posterity, and how is that? Amongst those, who enjoy great fortunes, some build like Moths, others like Swallows, the rest like Halcyons. Those build like moths, who raise houses of injustice, and iniquity, which, in the same proportion as they are reared to the Clouds, unperceivably sink into Hell, wear, waste, and in the end quite vanish away. This

Job 27.18. *Ædificavit sicut tinea domum suam.*

is the goodly consideration of holy *Job*, speaking of the palace of the wicked: *He hath built his house as the moth.* And how doth she build? With destroying. You will say this little creature, harboured in some cloth, or old garment, maketh much adoe, he gnaweth, and gnaweth day, and night, as endeavouring to build a lodging for himself, and in gnawing discovereth himself; the end of his travel is his loss, and nakedness. O, how divine is the Scripture, to represent so natively to us the blindness of the great, and rich of this world, who suppose they can make magnificent, and happy houses without the Foundation of the fear of God!

House of the Moth.

All in doing this build as the Moth, that is to say, in gnawing; they have plots, and designes in the Country, in the Citie, in every place they have Overseers, and Architects; they employ the Mason, the Carpenter, they raise houses of pleasure, they make Magazins fretted with gold, and silver, they buy, they purchase, they contrive in their imaginative brains their rents, and revenues, and measure all things with the ell of eternity. Notwithstanding, one would be amazed to see, that all this goodly building of fortune, composed of injustice, concussions, and rapines, cemented together with the sweat, and blood of the poor, falleth by little and little into ruin; and when this cometh into the judgment of God, the fooliſh moth, who hath so gnawn, to feed, and cover himself, findeth himself naked, hungrie, ashamed, and extreamly miserable.

House of Swallows.

Those build like Swallows, who also much labour to erect houses, but with little succes of fruit for posterity. Swallows, after they have well built in Summer, forsake us in Autumn, and leave no other memory of, them but of morter, straw, and dung: so, many Noblemen oft-times build palaces, make huge purchases, and that with unspeakable industrie, but because they proceed therein with sinister and impure intentions, God suffereth not their posterity to enjoy it. We see houses emptie as Swallows nests in Autumn. Some men will ask, who built this house? Answer will be made, such a one, a Mushrome of the Court, coming from nothing in one night, in all other things faithless to God, and men, who hath not left any thing memorable behind him but his vices; and thus all the fame of this man consisteth in picking of straws, which are temporal riches scattered here and there, and in the dung of an ill name, which he leaveth to posterity. Behold an aim ill taken, for the raising of fortunate buldings!

House of Halcyons.

But as for you (O virtuous Noblemen) God permitteth you to build as Halcyons. How is that? Two notable properties are observed in the nest of the Halcyon. The first is, that the architecture of it is so strong, so durable, it cannot be broken, or cut, even with the violent stroak of iron. The second, that it is so proportioned to the bird, as if it were sowed to her body, in such manner that no creature can therein be received but the Architect himself. Justly behold the conditions, which God hath given to your houses, when they are built upon the fear of his holy Name. They are strong, of force, lasting against all the strokes of fortune, nor is there any violence, which can open them to destroy them. It is the infallible promise of God: *The house of the wicked shall be demolished, but the tabernacles of the just shall flourish.* Moreover they have a certain benediction, which disposeth all things in good order, the rule of expense proportioned to the quality of their persons, the Oeconomie sage, and prudent, in such sort, that all things are managed there with measure, and compass, as in the Halcyon's nest. And, as an ancient Writer hath said, order is the world of worlds, which retaineth all things in their lustre, and uniteth them with a seam, and lasting band, when once it is fixed in the families of Great-ones, which happeneth by the means of piety, where it always produceth the same effects, which it doth in this great Universe.

Domus impiorum delebitur, tabernacula verò justorum germinabunt. Prov. 12.7.

The second reward is the honour so much desired by noble spirits. It falleth out, that the wicked are sometimes raised to the greatness of the world: but they are therein as Comets, as stars of mud and earth, who taking a false lustre make shew for a time in the air of vanity; and afterwards they are scattered, casting pestilence, and poison into the four quarters of the world. On the contrary, real Noblemen are like true stars planted, and enchased by the hand of God, even in the firmament of honour, to enlighten an eternity. Their glory is fixed with nails of adamant. Calumnie may perhaps shake it, but never overthrow it; yea, time it self confesseth, that there is neither pincers, nor hammer can work this effect. It is God, that promiseth this: *Whosoever shall glorifie me, I will glorify him; and those which despise me, shall become ignoble.* Hereupon judg, how solid the honour of Great-men truly virtuous is, since it is fastened to the honour of God himself, who glorieth in honouring them. A thousand, and a thousand Princes, and phantastick great Ladies have galloped honour upon the full speed, and with a discomposed spirit have invented imaginary forms to find credit, and admiration in the hearts of men. Some have caused Mountains, and rocks to be cut to raise statues to themselves; as *Semiramis.* Others have taken Crows, Parrats, and other birds, counterfeiting humane speech and have taught them a lesson, which was to salute them as Gods, and afterward enfranchizing them for the open field have sent them into the air to carrie these salutations, and impress in the minds of men a false Idea of their Divinity; so did *Psapho.*

Quicumque glorificaverit me, glorificabo eum: qui autem contemnunt me, erunt ignobiles 1 Sam. 2. 30.

Fantasies to gain honours.

Others have taken the figures of Eagles, Lyons, and Serpents, (as certain Kings of *Egypt*) to strike a terrour into the souls of mortal men: others have left Medails, triumphant Arches, Colossuses, goodly Palaces, Theatres, Amphitheatres; as the *Romane* Emperours: others have placed themselves openly upon Altars; as *Caligula*, who set the figure of his own head upon the Statue of *Jupiter.* Posterity hath exploded all this, the times have derided it, oblivion hath swallowed all of them; or if it hath not set its biting tooth therein, it hath been for no other cause, but to leave them to a hateful, and detestable memory, a thousand times worse then forgetfulness. Much otherwise, Great-men, that build their fortunes upon the foundations of the fear of God, from small, and feeble beginnings have come to so high a pitch, that they have replenished all tongues with their praises, all hearts with their admiration, all Ages with the monuments of their glory. For it is God alone, that causeth men to take aims of true, and solid greatness, and who with a puissant arm dasheth, and overwhelmeth those spirits, which suffer themselves to be transported with the torrent of vanity, courting airy smoaks, empty apparences,

parences, and flying clouds, whereby they produce monſters inſtead of deſerved honour, ſeated fairly upon the firm rock of conſtancy. God hath in ſuch wiſe ſhewed himſelf to have greatneſs in his own hands, that extracting men from the dregs, and froth of the earth, he hath made them mount ſo high, that oftentimes Imperial heads, radiantly glittering with Rubies, and Diamonds, have bowed under the aſhes of a poor fiſher-man. And who ſeeth not, that the true, and onely mean to enter into the poſſeſſion of honour is ſtraitly to unite ones ſelf with this Divine Majeſtie, from whence on man reflect all the luſtrous rays of greatneſs?

For a third reward, this ſovereign Mover, and Architect of our lives, and fortunes, doth propagate alſo the glory of Fathers to their children, and giveth them a flouriſhing poſterity, which makes them eternally live in the memory of men, by the moſt lively images of their virtues. It is often obſerved, that Noblemen, who have eſtabliſhed tyrannie in the world, have neither been fruitful, nor fortunate in their poſterity; and as nature is ſcantie in the propagation of *Wolves* deſigned for ſpoil, which otherwiſe would bring all the world into deſolation; ſo Almighty God, by a ſecret œconomie of his divine Providence, permitteth not that great men (who have made themſelves diſturbers of publick peace, and infringers of laws, both divine, and human, whereof they ought to be protectours) ſhould make the brutiſhneſs of their ſavage ſouls to ſurvive them in their poſterity. But as for thoſe, who are arranged in the liſt of ſanctity, and modeſty, God hath (as it were) immortalized their blood in their poſterity, as we ſee it happen in worthy, and illuſtrious families. But to what value amounteth all this, which I have ſaid, in compariſon of that crown of glory, which God placeth on the heads of Noblemen in the other life, when they have virtuouſly governed in this mortal manſion? Oh, what a brave death it is to die under the ſhadow of the Palms of ſo many heroical virtues! Oh, it is the death of a *Phœnix*, to die in the odours of a holy converſation, to change his ſepulchre into a cradle, and even draw life out of the Tomb! Oh, what an immortality it is, to ſurvive eternally in the mouths of men, but much more to live in Heaven, enjoying the knowlege, love, life, and felicity of God! O Nobles, betake your ſelves betimes, and in a good hour, to the way of this Temple of Honour, by the exerciſe of holy virtues, which are like *Elias* chariot, all flaming with glory, to carrie your purified ſouls even to the height of the Emperial Heaven.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Of Hinderances, which worldly men have in the way of SALVATION, and PERFECTION.

The firſt OBSTACLE.

Faintneſs, and weakneſs of Faith.

Againſt Atheiſts.

HAving ſufficiently proved the obligations, which Great-ones, and men of quality have to perfection; let us now ſee the hinderances, which may ſtop the increaſe thereof, as well to take from them all pretext of falſe liberty, as to denote the confuſions, very frequent in the corruptions of this Age. The firſt is a certain languor, and debility of faith, which openeth the way to all ſorts of vices; ſo that putting all the greatneſs of the world into a falſe ſeeming, it beholdeth Paradiſe, and all the bleſſings of the other life with blear-eyes, and clouded with a perpetual eclipſe. And that you may well conceive this, let us obſerve, that in this Age, greatly changed by hereſie, liberty, and vice, two ſorts of men are to be ſeen, whereof the one doth ſymbolize with juſt *Abel*, and the other are of the ſect of *Cain*. Theſe two brothers began to contend together even in the world's cradle, as *Jacob*, and *Eſau* in the belly of *Rebecca*. *Abel* had a ſoul impreſſed with a good ſtamp, religious, docile, pure, perpetually fixed in the chaſte apprehenſions of the Divinity. *Cain*, quite contrary, an impious ſoul, greatly infected with the Serpent's breath, black, variable, wavering in faith, and in the virtue of the Divine providence. He verily is the father of Atheiſts, and St. *Bernard* hath properly ſaid, He killed faith before he murthered his brother. *Procopius* calleth him The ſon of the earth, becauſe this unfortunate creature perpetually looked downward, having already, as it were, buried in the tomb of oblivion, the lights, and knowleges of heaven. From thence proceeded the irreverence of his unbridled ſpirit, his wicked ſacrifices, his envie againſt his brother, afterward his fury, murther, and blood, and laſtly a deluge of calamities. The onely example of his diſaſter ſhould ſuffice to terrifie thoſe, who following him in his impiety make themſelves undoubtedly the companions of his misfortune: but ſince it alſo is expedient we proceed herein by diſcourſe, and reaſon, I obſerve the cauſes and remedies of this infidelity. Faintneſs and debility in faith, and conſequently Atheiſm, is formed in three ſorts of conſciences, to wit, the criminal, the brutiſh, the curious. Atheiſm proceedeth from a criminal conſcience, when a ſoul findeth it ſelf involved in a long web of crimes, and as it were overwhelmed in the habits of ſin. In the mean time God doth inwardly torture, prick forward, and ſcourg it, and then all bloody, and ulcerous as it is, not able longer to remain within it ſelf, but taſting ſo many diſturbances in its proper manſion, it ſearcheth evaſions, and ſtarting-holes, expatiateth in the pleaſures, and delights of the world, to diſſolve her many griefs, and findeth in every thing her gnawing worm.

Procop. in Geneſ.

Two ſects of men.

Three ſorts of conſciences, from which impiety ſprings.

Horrible ſtate of a ſinful conſcience.

Bern. ſerm. 24. in Cantic. *Fidei ida antequam fratricida.*

She

D 2

She looketh back upon the path of virtue, which ſhe hath either forſaken, or never troden, as an impoſſible track, the ſpirit of lies repreſenting it unto her all paved with thorns, and briars: ſhe re-entereth into herſelf, and ſaith in her heart, that *there is none but God, who afflicteth her, and that neceſſarily ſhe muſt free herſelf from him; for our felicities are meaſured by the ell of our opinion, and no man is miſerable, but he, that apprehendeth his own unhappineſs.* Then, ſoothing herſelf with theſe humane diſcourſes, ſhe herein much laboureth to acquit herſelf from God, from the belief of judgment, of Hell, and the immortality of the Soul. Notwithſtanding ſhe cannot, (albeit theſe wicked ſpirits have ſcoffed at the myſteries of Religion with their companions, as if they would put on a bold fore-head, and an impudence ſtrong enough to endure a ſtroke ſo dreadful) but contend againſt the eſſence of God. Care findeth them in their bed, and is pinned to their ſilken curtains, the thoughts of a Divinity, which they ſuppoſed to have totally baniſhed from their hearts in pleaſures, upon the leaſt afflictions return, and make themſelves felt with very piercing points, which head long throw them into deſpair. The Prophet *Iſaiah* hath divinely propheſied of ſuch a ſoul: *I will make her the inheritance, and poſſeſſion of hedg-hogs.* Verily the miſerable caitiff hatcheth in her entrails a thouſand little hedg-hogs, which, as they encreaſe, make their pricks, and darts multiply a thouſand gnawings, a thouſand apprehenſions, as uncapable of repoſe, as apt to afflict a conſcience.

Et ubi Deus non timetur, niſi ubi non eſt? Tert. de Præſcrip. 41. Ponam eam poſſeſſionem ericii; Iſaiah 14. 2.

Such heretofore was the ſtate of *Nero*: for this barbarous monſter, who ſo often had dipped his hand in blood, ſought out a bath of delights to bath himſelf in; he ran up and down to prie into all the inventions of the pleaſures of the world, to rid himſelf from the arrow, which he had in his heart, and to deſpoil himſelf for ever of an opinion of the Divinity. This was a matter for him impoſſible. When he was at feaſts, ſports, or Theatres, the apprehenſion of God ſtung his heart as a Bee, and there left the ſting. If he ſlept upon roſes, the ſhadows of dead men approached to his downie bed, to require an accompt of their blood. He ſcoffed at Religion, and feared it; one while he deſpiſed ſacred things, and at another time they made him tremble with horrour. He ſought out waters of expiation to waſh his ſins, and never opened his eyes to thoſe, which St. *Peter*, and St. *Paul* preſented to him. His Soul was torn with pinters within it ſelf, as on a perpetual ſcaffold of exquiſite torments: when it would iſſue out of it ſelf, it was like a wild Colt, courſed, and chaſed by men, and beaſts; or as a Bull ſtung with a gad-flie, who fain would run from himſelf, yet ſtill findeth himſelf with himſelf. Judg (O Atheiſts) what a life this is?

Condition of *Nero.*

Brutiſh conſcience. *Clemens Alex.* Pædag. *Plotin.* apud *Philon.* Ψυχαὶ σωμαλοπεπέμφθαι κίνδυνον ἔχουσιν ἀπολυθρωθῆναι. *Irreverens, & infruniras animus.* Eccl. 23. 6. Lev. 1. 16. *Veſiculam gutturu projicies in loco, quo cineres effundi ſolent.*

The ſecond cauſe of Atheiſm is the ſenſual love of favours, pleaſures, eaſe, and delights of the world, which often times degenerate into the mere brutiſhneſs of a ſoul, which ſleepeth in fat, and greaſe, ſo intricated, and confounded in earth, that it loſeth all knowledg of Heaven. *Clemens Alexandrinus* ſaith, that it happeneth to ſouls, which are great lovers of ſenſual pleaſures, to engroſs, and thicken themſelves in ſuch ſort, that, as *Plotinus* very learnedly writeth, they live not but as a plant. Theſe ſpirits are much enclined to Atheiſm. For, as the Wiſe-man obſerveth, after the concupiſcences of the belly cometh unbrideled irreverence, which ſerveth as an harbinger to impiety. God deſired not, that in offering a bird (as a ſacrifice unto him) the gorge ſhould be preſented, which is the little magazin of the meat, but commanded to caſt it into the aſhes: which is to declare to us, that carnal men are moſt uncapable of celeſtial things, and very fit to be dragged to the dung-hill, and aſh-heap. The more they are affected to things preſent, ſo much the more, yea even in deep draughts, they drink down the forgetfulneſs of Heavenly things. All thoſe ſay with *Eſau*, To what uſe will this goodly prerogative of primogeniture ſerve me? This title of the children of God, this happineſs of future life? If there be no ſenſual pleaſures, nor carnal contentments in Heaven, I will have none. They become the true diſciples of *Mahomet*, who, in his *Alcoran* diſcribing the *Turks* Paradiſe, placeth there good water, good fruits, rings, carkanets, ſilken tapeſtry hangings, and ſuch like. All theſe things they would enjoy, but the water, which they willingly would change into wine. What ſwine are theſe!

Of. 11. *Saturati ſunt, & elevaverunt cor ſuum, & obliti ſunt mei.* Geneſ. 25. *Quid mihi proderunt primogenita?* Alcor. Aazoara 2.

The third cauſe, if not of formal Atheiſm, at the leaſt of weakneſs, and faintneſs in matter of faith, is when a ſoul will proceed in matters of Religion by politick, and humane ways, and ſuffer it ſelf greatly to be pleaſed with curioſitie, which inceſſantly moveth it to draw the curtain of holy myſteries, to enlighten them with the torch of reaſon, and to behold all that paſſeth there. Such ſpirits are not ſo malign, nor ſtupid as the firſt, and ſecond, notwithſtanding they are weak, and very ignorant, ſince they fail in the firſt rule of wiſdom, which diſcovereth to us, that it is an abſolute folly of a diſcompoſed judgment to be deſirous to meaſure things divine, by the rule of ſenſe, and humane experience. They turmoyl themſelves, and bate like a hawk upon the perch, and often ſay in their heart that, which the Apoſtle St. *Peter* obſerveth in the perſon of infidels: *Where are theſe promiſes? Where is the coming of the Son of God? See you not that times revolve, men come, and go, all things have their ordinary courſe; and we muſt expect no other miracle?* They imagine that all the counſels of Heaven ſhould turn, and roll according to the projects of their underſtanding, and that if God had his eye open (as it is ſaid) upon the œconomie of the world, both this, and that would ſucceed, as they have contrived in their feeble brain: which is a great illuſion. Such kind of men would willingly ſpeak with ſpirits, to hear them tell tales of the other life, they would know (as St. *John Chryſoſtom* ſaith) what habit, what cloathing the Son of man weareth, covered under the ſpecies of the Sacrament, how the Angels are formed, of what colour the Devils are, nothing would pleaſe them better then to talk with one really poſſeſſed, to know things future, to divulge predictions, to behold prodigies, and miracles. Briefly, it ſeemeth they have no other purpoſe but to believe in God by the Devil. Such kind of proceedings are very exorbitant, and unfortunate, for the reaſons, which I will preſently produce.

Curious conſcience. Pet. 2. 3. *Ubi eſt promiſſio? ubi eſt adventus ejus? ex quo enim dormierunt patres, omnia perſeverant ab initio creaturæ.*

Reaſons to ſettle a ſoul. Impious curioſitie pülls out both its eyes.

First, O you wretched ſouls, who betake your ſelves to this way, ſee you not, that by this means you pull out the two eyes, which God hath placed within your ſouls, which are as the Sun, and Moon in the Firmament, to wit, the eye of Faith, and that of natural prudence. You ſeem to your ſelves ſharp, and clear-ſighted, and are more blind then Moles. For tell me, for as much as concerneth the light of nature, can there be found a folly more groſs, and abſurd, then to behold men (who are born, and bred in Chriſtianity, as in their proper element, after a thouſand, and a thouſand witneſſes of the truth of their religion, which even the very marbles do ſpeak, and ſtones proclaim) to make them-

themſelves ſo wiſe, and able, as to ſeek out other proofs then thoſe, which have won worlds to the Goſpel? You would have a God, that ſhould give you new ſignes, and tokens, to confirm you in faith; a God, which ſervilely will be captivated to pleaſe the ticklings of your curioſity. Senſeleſs men as you are, this were not to have a God, but a lame Idol. Are you not very blockiſh to treat with God much more wickedly then one would do with a mean man? If you had paſſed your word to two friends, you would praiſe him with all freeneſs, that ſhould reſt ſatisfied therewith, and would condemn the other, whom you ſhould find fearfull, inconſtant, and ever upon miſtruſt: yet would you that God ſhould favour your fidelity by extraordinary ways? What apparency is there for this? All curioſity is damnable, it is an ulcer that ever itcheth, and which without ceaſing is iterated by continual ſcratching, it is as a Horſe-leach, which draweth out all the bad blood, and filleth till it burſt. It is a Magpy, a biting Worm, which taketh men by the ears, as well as Dogs. But above all it is pernicious in matter of Religion. *Sixtus*, an antient Authour, cited in the *Bibliotheke* of the Fathers, hath ſpoken a thing very remarkable: *When a man ſpeaketh of God, yea, with all verity, we muſt always therein proceed reſervedly, as if we trode upon thorns. It were better* (ſaith St. *John Chryſoſtom*) *not to know him, then to know him ill. Heſychius* teacheth us, one muſt approach to him as to fire; too great a diſtance maketh us quake with cold, and over-near approaches burn us.

An unworthy way to treat with God.

Inſuſpicabilis ſecreti, reverendæque majeſtatis cognitio eſt Deum noſſe niſi Deum. Tert. Apol. 28.

Curioſity dangerous.

Curioſitas rerum efficit, non peritum. S. Zeno, Serm. 2. de filii gener.

Chryſ. de Fato.

Βέλτιον ἀγνοεῖν καλῶς, ἢ εἰδέναι κακῶς. *Sixtus in* Biblioth. P P. *De Deo etiam vera loqui periculum eſt.*

Heſychius in Levitic.

Secondly, judg whether any Body would not ſay, it were a great weakneſs of underſtanding, to be deſirous to proceed in matters of Religion by ſuch knowledges, as are common with brute Beaſts, and forſake thoſe of men? And yet this is it, which you do, when leaving the eye of underſtanding, and the right of a rectified judgment, (which God hath given man by privilege of excellency) you will hear, ſee, and touch, begging a truth from brutiſh ſenſe: which is abſolutely to raiſe them above their reach. See you not how the Moon by her interpoſition eclipſeth the Sun, and when you in matter of faith interpoſe ſenſe, you obſcure the light of judgment (the true Sun of your Soul) which dictateth to you, that it is a thing moſt reaſonable, the creature ſhould ſubmit himſelf to the Creatour; that it careſully keep it ſelf from daring to comprehend him in the univerſality of his nature, and ſhut up this vaſt Ocean in a little Cockle-ſhel. It is a pitifull thing to hear, that theſe curious ſpirits ſhould ſuffer themſelves to be ſurprized by a quack-ſalving Impoſtour, who caſteth miſts before their eyes by force of deluſions, and to contend with God, who giveth them as many obligations, and aſſurances of his promiſes, as there are letters in the Scripture. This is not onely to crack the eye-ſtring of a reaſonable judgment, but alſo to pull out the eye of Faith, all pure, and celeſtial as it is. You demand proofs of your Religion (frantick man) look back upon the birth, the progreſs, and ſtate of the Church. This is the great ſign, the Lady clothed with the Sun, which one cannot be ignorant of without a prodigious blindneſs.

Perverſe proceeding of the wicked.

Deus tot & tantis voluminibus cavet, & debitor non tenetur. Chryſ. Serm. 25. *Apocal.* 12.

Admit it were nothing to have for proof, ſo great, ſo univerſal, ſo conſtant conſent of all the Prophets, to preſage many Ages before, the effect, the birth, life, death of the *Meſſias*, the eſtabliſhment of the Church, the converſion of the *Gentiles*, ſo determinately, and punctually, that even the moſt Diabolical ſpirits, who had from all times theſe Scriptures in their hands, ſeeing this conſequently to happen, which ſucceeded in the Oeconomy of Chriſtianity, were enforced to yield to truth.

Invincible proofs of piety.

That it were nothing to have ſeen through all Ages a thouſand, and a thouſand miracles, in Heaven, in Earth, on the Sea, done in confirmation of Chriſtianity, in the ſight of the moſt witty, and malicious, who bent all their endeavour to cenſure, reject, and contradict them. Notwithſtanding, the evidence was ſo palpable, ſo ſtrong, ſo invincible, that Tyrants, yea, the moſt enraged bloody executioners, convinced with the proofs thereof, let fall the ſword, which they had taken in their hand for the ſlaughter of Martyrs, and ſtretched out their necks to the perſecutours to be beheaded. That it were nothing to tell what a good Authour, upon accompt taken, hath obſerved, that there have been eleven millions of Martyrs of all ſexes, ages, and conditions, who have ſealed the Religion, which we profeſs, by effuſion of their blood, and in this liſt an infinite number of perſons of eminent quality, who conſiderately proceeded in the leaſt occaſions, that have abandoned the eaſefull accommodations of their fortunes, their eſtates, dignities, yea, their Scepters, and Diadems, to deliver as a prey to moſt enormous, and exquiſite torments, a moſt precious life, which they might have led in honour, in reputation according to the world, in pleaſures, in delights, in wonders. That it were nothing to ſay, that after perſecutions there ſprung up an infinity of brave ſpirits, intelligent, clear-ſighted, furniſhed with all ſorts of humane knowledges, as the *Juſtins*, *Tertullians*, *Cyprians*, *Auguſtines*, and ſo many other of the ſame profeſſion, who, after they had ſeriouſly, and judiciouſly examined the ſtate of Chriſtianity, have embraced it, profeſſed it, defended it, ſome with their pen, ſome with ſweat, and ſome with their blood.

The Heavens are not enameled with ſo many Stars, as the Church hath had great men, the prodigies, and lights of the world, who by their learned writings have illuſtrated the verities of our Religion. I leave you to think, if among ſo many great Suns, which have garniſhed heaven, and earth with brightneſs, one ſhould behold a ridiculous reere-mouſe to creep out of a hole, and ſay it is not day, and that all theſe Suns are but darkneſs, whether he deſerve not to be burnt, and ſtampt to powder? That all this, which I have ſaid (being very ſtrong, and ſpecious) enter not into the liſt of accompt: what may one anſwer to two things, which are very eminent in Chriſtianity, the conſideration whereof is of power to ſettle the moſt wavering ſpirit, to wit, the marvellous proceeding, which hath been held in the eſtabliſhment of our Religion, and the moſt pure ſanctity of the doctrine thereof? What is there humane in this law, which is eſtabliſhed againſt all humane ways, by a ſucceſs ſo ſtrange, and admirable, that it engulpheth all ſpirits in wonder? Where were in theſe beginnings eloquence, favour of Princes, their renews, their eſtate, their arms, their ſouldiers? Where were the promiſes of honour, reputation, dignity? Where were the moving allurements of ſenſe, and all that which uſeth to feed, and foment Sects? From whence cometh it, that the Church alone hath encreaſed under tempeſtuous ſtorms, in perſecutions, in the ſlaughters of three hundred years, during which time there was no engine, which Hell uſed not, no torment, which the Devil invented not, no inventions, which the Great-ones of the earth, with powerfull hand conſpiring, executed not? All the plaiſtered pretended Sects, which have ſeemed deſirous to take this way, are

Great force in two points.

Eſtabliſhment of the Church.

quite

Sola Eccleſia perſecutionibus ſtetit, martyriis coronata eſt. Crudelitas illecebra eſt ſectæ, plures efficimur, quoties metimur à vobis: ſemen eſt ſanguis Chriſtianorum. Hier. in vita Malach. *Tertul.* in Apol. cap. 50.

quite vaniſhed. From whence it cometh to paſs, that the Church alone hath maintained it ſelf in a bloody tempeſt of three Ages, in the contradiction of a thouſand Sects. From whence it proceedeth, that the cruelty of Tyrants hath ſerved for encouragement to the faithfull, and the blood of Martyrs for ſeed to Poſterity. Where can a Religion be found, which with ſuch innocency, and purity of life, ſuch humility, ſolidity, ſanctity, and, which is more, with the arms of diſgraces, poverty, deſpicable contempt, auſterity, and torments, hath changed the eſtate, and face of the world, hath planted the Croſs in the capital City of the Empire, above the thunder-bearing Eagles of the Emperours, and the aſhes of a poor Fiſherman, maſſacred for this law, above the Diadems of Kings?

What would the antient *Cæſars* ſay, if they roſe again from their graves, to behold in *Rome*, where all the Monarchies were eſtabliſhed, and incorporated, where all the Devils, and Furies were cantonnized, as in their laſt and ſtrongeſt fortreſs; in *Rome*, from whence came all the fulminating thunders, and bloody Edicts againſt *Chriſtians*, where the ſword of Perſecution was ſharpened to reap a harveſt of heads, where was a *Pantheon*, the Magazin of all their falſe Deities, to ſee there the ſtate of the ſupreme * Biſhop of *Chriſtians*, to ſee there a Church erected to *Peter* the Fiſher-man, much more magnificent then ever was the *Pantheon*? Say humane wiſdom, if the SAVIOUR of the world at the age of twelve years, when he began publickly to teſtifie he was come to redeem the Kingdom of his Father from violent, and unjuſt uſurpers, had asked counſel of you touching the proceedings, which ought to be held in this buſineſs, what had you adviſed him? Had you not demanded of him, where are your treaſures? Have you not inexhauſtible riches to oppoſe an Empire, which hath an hundred and fifty millions of revenew? No, I pretend to have no other riches but poverty. Have you ſome five hundred thouſand men in pay, for ten years to maintain one army on *Nilus*, another on *Euphrates*, one on *Rhene*, another on the Ocean, another within the entrails of the *Romane* Empire? No, I purpoſe not to levie for execution of this deſign but twelve poor men, Sea-faring men, without ſtrength, without induſtry, arms, or ſo much as a Staff. Have you a thouſand brave Oratours, men of great learning, eminent eloquence, who will endeavour by the charms of their flowing tongues, to attract the people, and diſpoſe them to their wills? No, I have none but ſimple, ignorant people, Ideots, that go out to preach the Croſs. What would you have ſaid thereupon? O folly, how do you think to come to honour by ignominy, to riches by poverty, to greatneſs by the infamous puniſhment of the Croſs, to immortality by a bloody death? And yet behold it is done. What ſay you? Is there in all this proceſs any thing that is humane? Muſt we ſearch out other miracles for confirmation of faith?

Wonderfull proceeding.

**Alii (nec minùs Chriſtiani) aliter ſentiunt.*

Add hereunto, that the Devils craftily counterfeited wiſdom, power, force, by deceitfull, violent, and brutiſh ways, but never could they conſtantly feign humility, patience, purity, ſanctity. Sects, which have taken this diſſembled maſk, have not been able long to keep it, they all have ſhivered, and broken with pride, preſumption, private and publick impurities, with ordures of execrable ſacrileges. The ſpirit onely of Chriſtianity hath always appeared as a true ſpirit of piety, humility, patience, charity, continency, chaſtity, manſuetude, contempt of the world; virtues ſo noble, ſo elate, ſo heroick, that the life alone of a *Chriſtian*, being with conformity directed fairly to the doctrine of our SAVIOUR, is a perpetual miracle, able to convert worlds. All that, which the great Philoſophers of this Univerſe could not attain with the flight of their feathers, the *Chriſtian* toucheth with his hand, he hath demonſtrated more in his works, then they have ſaid in their Books; they have built Common-wealths on paper, and our Religion hath raiſed Monarchies of real virtues. And if the wicked, who ſtagger in their belief, had addicted themſelves to the exerciſe of good works, never would infidelity have made prey upon their underſtandings, but for that they ſuffered themſeves to be transported with the overflow of pride, preſumption, curioſity of toys, vanities, and carnal ſenſualities of the world, God in juſt vengeance ſuffereth them to fall into a reprobate ſenſe.

Sanctity an irrefragable argument.

Oh loſt Soul! which giveſt way to this faintneſs, and remiſsneſs in thy Religion, conſider a little attentively all that I have ſaid hereupon. And if truth content thee not, thou mayeſt well hereafter expect the lot of *Cain*, the abſence from the face of God, perpetual frightfull anxiety, terrours, and menaces from heaven, the indignation of the ſovereign Judg, the hatred of men, the ill ſucceſs of thy affairs, extraordinary maladies, deſolation, the life of a ſad howling Wolf, a tragick death, and deteſtation of thy poſterity.

Even Atheiſts, amongſt the confuſions of *Paganiſm*, have ſeldom or never found aſſurance therein: ſome have been ſacrificed to flames, as *Diagoras*; others eaten up with Lice, as *Pherecydes*; others devoured by Dogs, as *Lucian*; others thunder-ſhot in a bath, and turned into aſhes in the twinkling of an eye, as *Olympius*; others have ſuddenly loſt humane ſpeech, and have bellowed like Bulls, and in this roaring have yielded up their Souls, as *Simen Thuvan*, a wicked Pedant, in the year 1201; others have burſt in pieces in an infamous Privie, infecting the Sinks, and publick Sewers with their ſouls (much more ſtinking) as did the wicked *Arius*; others have loſt their Scepter, and eyes, as a King of the *Bulgarians*, who was deprived, and blinded by his own father *Trebellius*, as ſoon as he returned from a Monaſtery, where he had retired himſelf with armed power, to chaſtiſe the Atheiſm of his Son. We are not yet in an Age ſo caitiff, where brave, and couragious Magiſtrates are wanting to bridle the impudency of thoſe, who would advance theſe deteſtable Maxims of impiety. We have ſeen in freſh memory the Decree of that great, and illuſtrious Parliament of *Paris*, that condemned to the fire the Authours of ſuch abominations, which powerfully ſtayed the violent courſe of black, and beaſtly impieties, that diſpread themſelves under the maſk of goodneſs; which ſhewed an heroick zeal, both of the glory of God, and general integrity, and maintenance of laws, for which God hath reſerved to them a Crown of immortality. This decree hath been attended with favours from heaven, which even in an inſtant hath ſweetened notably theſe puniſhments, and invited the bleſſings of all good men, that have with thanksgiving lifted their hands to heaven. We had ſeen a little before the aſhes of ſome to flie in the wind, perhaps into the eyes of thoſe, which imitate them in their doctrine. If they expect any other arguments, it will appear their frenzie would have no other remedies, but the fearing-Iron, and fire.

Dieg. Laer. Paulus Diac. lib. 13.

Polydor. l. 5.

Sabel. l. 6. *Lan.* 85.

As for other Catholicks, who believe as the faithfull

Picus Mir. Ep. 1. *Magna inſania Evangelio non credere, cujus veritatem ſanguis Martyrum clamat, Apoſtolica reſonant voces, prodigia probant, ratio confirmat, elementa loquuntur, Damones confitentur: ſed longè major inſania, ſi de veritate Evangelii non dubites, vivere tamen quaſi de ejus falſitate non dubitares.* Adviſe to cold Catholicks.

full, and live as Infidels, pronouncing JESUS CHRIST with their mouth, and renouncing him with their hands; I pray them to ponder a ſaying of one of the rareſt Wits, which the world hath a long time had (it is *Picus Mirandula*) expreſſed by him in theſe words to his Nephew: *It is a prodigious folly not to believe the Goſpel, the truth whereof is ſealed with the blood of Martyrs innumerable, teſtified by the Apoſtles, proved by miracles, confirmed by reaſon, publiſhed, and declared by the elements, and creatures inſenſible, confeſſed even by the Devils: but it is a much more notorious folly, not to doubt at all of the verity of the Goſpel, which one profeſſeth, and yet to live, as if he made no queſtion of the falſity thereof.*

What a mockery it is, to carry the name of a poor SAVIOUR, and to burn with enraged avarice? of an humble SAVIOUR, and ſuffer himſelf to be expoſed to tempeſtuous winds of exorbitant ambition, which breatheth nothing but breaches, and Ship-wracks? of a crucified SAVIOUR, and to live in a maſs of fleſh, wholly effeminated with delights, and curioſities, even to the making their ſpittings to ſwim in Gold? of a meek SAVIOUR, and to carry, under the name of a *Chriſtian*, a *Gorgon's* eye, the anger of an *Aſp*, the heart of a *Tyger*, a ſoul full of revenges, of gall, of blood, of Monſters, of beaſtly brutiſhneſs? O God, what Chriſtianity is this! *Salvianus* ſpeaketh a word very remarkable: *We cannot ſin without making our ſelves capable of ſpiritual treaſon in the higheſt degree: the ſins of Chriſtians are ſacrileges, the name which they bear condemneth their life, without any other form of proceſs.* Theſe Colds of the North, this Ieineſs, which ſome *Catholicks* ſhew in their belief, is greatly ſcandalous, and prejudicial to verity; becauſe the miſ-believing, which ſee them live in ſuch exorbitancy, cannot perſwade themſelves they firmly believe the Goſpel, which they profeſs, but that all their Religion is but an exteriour countenance, and rather an idle amuzement of words, then a true liſt of virtue. This bringeth an horrible prejudice into the Church of God, which ſhould even rent our hearts, if we yet retained one onely vein of that noble blood the Martyrs profuſely ſpent for the defence of the truth.

Salvian. 4. de guber. Dei. *Omnes Chriſtianorum culpa Divinitatis injuria eſt. Atrocius ſub ſanctis nominis profeſſione peccamus. Ipſa errores noſtros religio, quam profitemur, accuſat.*

Remedies. The remedies for theſe eſſential impediments in the act of Chriſtianity are, to take away, and cut off the cauſe of this infidelity.

1. To prepare a conſcience chaſte, and timerous, which never will make it ſelf an Hoſteſs for mortal ſin; and if by chance it give harbour thereunto, to diſlodge it preſently: for ſins, heaped one upon another by a diſſolute deadneſs of confeſſion, make a ſavage, and brutiſh ſoul, which ſeeketh nothing but to be freed from God, though it be a matter impoſſible.

2. Not to taſt the bleſſings, contentments, or honours of the world, with too much ardour; they eaſily enſnare our affections, and make the forgetfulneſs of Heaven ſlide into an inſenſible ſoul.

3. To eſchew curioſity, principally in matter of Religion, as the canker of Faith. We muſt reſemble the Cuttle, a very wiſe Fiſh, who during ſtorms fixeth her ſelf firmly upon the Rocks, without motion: amongſt the floating thoughts, which a dark cloudy conſcience may ſuggeſt, always to hold one's foot on the Rock of St. *Peter*, fixed, and ſtable: to truſt the direction of the Church, and not to forſake our hold. It is the moſt palpable folly, which can creep into the brain of man, to deſire wiſdom contrary to the wiſdom of Saints, which is Humility.

Non plus ſapere quàm oportet ſapere, ſed ſapere ad ſobrietatem. Rom. 12. 3.

4. To exerciſe your ſelf diligently in good works, as Prayer, Abſtinencies, frequentation of Sacraments, and Alms-deeds. Faith is given to you, as an inheritance of Heaven, whoſoever endeavoureth not to husband it, loſeth it.

The ſecond OBSTACLE.

* Errour in Religion.

** Canis hoc caput, & non miſ cum doloſu adhibito legendum.* S. Hieron. in the letter to Cteſiphon.

Friendly, and wholſom counſel to the Nobility of the pretended Religion.

AN Hereſie diſcovered is a face unmasked. Take away the vizard, you diſarm her, pull away this ſemblance painted with hypocriſie, wherewith ſhe hath plaiſtered her face, you ſufficiently refute her; you need but to know her, to overcome her, and when the head of her Arrows are bare, they have no more force. Catholick Doctours have hitherto couragiouſly endeavoured to take from her this veil, and adulterated colours: yea, even ſhe at this time hath ſo favourably for you unmasked her ſelf, that a man muſt pull out his eyes, if he will not behold her deformity in her rebellion, juſtly deteſted by the ſage, and moderate of her own ſide.

Hæreſin ad originem ſuam revocaſſe, confutaſſe, Hæreticorum ſententias prodidiſſe, ſuperaſſe eſt.

And I beſeech them to conſider, that this Egg, which they abhor, is laid by the Raven, that broodeth in their boſom, and it is a great blindneſs to break the Eggs of the Aſp, and cheriſh the Serpent, which hath laid them.

Good, and generous ſouls, which yet retain ſome ſparks of a *French* ſpirit, do well ſee theſe proceedings are not according to Scripture, which ſo ſeverely recommendeth the honour of Kings, and therefore they found a retreat, they fold up their Enſigns, freely confeſſing they have erred as men, and proteſting not to perſevere in miſchief like Devils. There are none but enraged ſpirits, that will be healed by the experience of their own ill, and bury themſelves in their ruin; wiſe men always make a medicine for themſelves of others folly.

Optimum eſt alienâ inſaniâ frui.

Go to then, you, who after ſo many voices from Heaven do ſtill ſtagger, and adviſe, if you ought to return to the *Romane* Church, which is the womb of your beginning, and boſom of your repoſe, give me leave, that I may take this Film from your eyes; grow not outragious, to what purpoſe ſhould you ſtand quaking in theſe frightfull agonies? Exerciſe a little patience, I do not doubt, but you will bleſs the hand, which layeth hold on you, when you ſhall come to ſee the light. I come not with ſword in hand, to put a Religion into your heads with main force; I come to you full of compaſſion of your miſery, full of affection for your ſalvation, full of the deſire of your eaſe, of your contentment, of your glory. Do you refuſe me? A truth doth not gall your ears: when you have underſtood, and diligently conſidered it, if it pleaſe you not, you may reject it. But I beſeech God the Father of light, and mercy, may open your heart, and eyes, to reſolve you herein accordingly to his holy will.

Importance of the choiſe of Religion, matters very conſiderable.

It is a matter of no ſmall importance to handle the affairs of ſalvation. We well know we have an immortal ſoul, which ſhall ſurvive to all eternity, either in the boſom of the glory of Heaven, or in the flames of the damned; we well know by what gate it entered into this life, and where it at this preſent ſojourneth, but we underſtand not by what paſſage, when, or how it ſhall iſſue out. We have nothing here more certain then death, nothing more uncertain then the hour, and manner: nothing ſo aſſured in the other world, as to find there is a judgment of God, a Heaven for virtues, a Hell for ſin: nothing ſo doubtfull, as the determinate

determinate sentence of your proces: nothing so absolutely confirmed, as that one cannot be saved without true Religion; and nothing so controverted by the malice of Satan, as the verity of Religion. Notwithstanding, if you err in the choise, you make ship-wrack before you weigh anchour, and so long as you remain in errour, nothing can save, nor deliver you from eternal damnation. For it is a belief of all Christianity, witnessed by Saint *Fulgentius* in the book, which he composed *Of Faith*, that all those, who shut up the course of their life out of the true Church, although they have filled the world with Hospitals, and shed their blood for the name of *Jesus Christ*, cannot free themselves from the eternal torments of Hell. See, wretched soul, if at this dreadfull hour of death, and God's judgment, you find your self miserably deceived by your Ministers under the pretext of Scripture, whither will you have recourse? Verily, whatsoever is said to you, you well know in your conscience, that dying in the Faith of St. *Lewis*, St. *Bernard*, St. *Francis*, who have directly opposed yours, you have all the possible assurance of a good Religion: nor do I think you have so laid down all shame, that you condemn so great and illustrious Personages.

Truth worthy to be embraced. *De fide ad Petrum Diaconum cap. 43. Qui extra Ecclesiam Catholicam praesentem finiunt vitam, in ignem aeternum ituros, quantascumque eleemosynas fecerint, etsi pro Christi nomine etiã sanguinem fuderint, nullatenus posse salvari.*

Assurance of the Catholick.

You are not ignorant, that all innovation is dangerous, but principally in matter of Faith. They, that follow the main current, and generality of a Religion antient, and well-grounded, cannot perish but by falling from Heaven; cannot stumble in their belief, but by entombing themselves in the ruins of Christianity, which God neither can, nor will suffer to be lost, according to his promises.

They, which adhere to novelties, sail in a Sea of monsters, and tempests, without Pole-star, without Rudder, without Pilot, without any other guid, then their own judgment, which cannot choose but very easily deceive them.

Danger of novelty in Religion.

If there be flames in Hell employed in the punishment of sinfull souls, there is no doubt, but they shall chiefly be inflicted on them, who have laboured to rend the garment of *Jesus Christ*, to break the connexions and seams of the Church, to strike at the lawfull powers ordained by God, to throw disorder, fire, and blood into the State of their Prince. What horrour will it be in this great, and general day, when you shall see your innocency, by association of Religion, engaged to the enormity of so many disastrous crimes, which you must expiate with pains, which shall have no other limits, but eternity? Enter again into your self a little, and afford so much patience as to know your self. For, if you desire to proceed with all security, I advise you three things.

Three things necessary to dispose one's self in Religion.

First, to have a spirit throughly discharged of anticipations, bold animosities, and apprehensions, which raise mists even amongst the most resplendent lights of truth. It is said, that heretofore at *Smyrna*, a City of *Greece*, there was a false mirrour kept in the Temple, which did represent the most beautifull, and amiable faces, with notable deformity; and on the contrary, gave to creatures ugly, and mishapen, a lustre of borrowed, and wholly imaginary beauty. Your Ministers in the false glass of their Doctrine represent the *Romane* Church to you, this lovely, and chaste Spouse of Heaven, as a monster composed of all sorts of abominations, you have your ears perpetually beaten with the seven Hills of *Rome*, with *Anti-Christ*, with the horned Beast, with Idolatries, and Superstitions, which they maliciously obtrude to us. If you remain fixed in these perswasions, how can you do other, but hate that, which you know not?

First, to avoid prejudice. Mirrour of *Smyrna*, *Pausanias.*

On the contrary, you are made to behold a Sect, which you well know to have been begun by a general revolt from superiour Powers, by scandalous sensualities, and an infinite number of cruelties, as a celestial Doctrine, beautifull, radiant, under the pretext of Scripture, which is a meer subject to fancy; and considering it under this veil, you love it: and as *Nero*, who through an Emerald beheld the flames, and blood of his Country, and found it a pleasant mirrour, so whilest you view the pretended Religion under a veil, all seemeth beautifull, and goodly to you. Take away for one hour at least this partial prejudicate spirit, drunk with passion; and take another, calm, reposed, settled, which hath an indifferent care for each part.

Second disposition, to avoid the spirit of quarrels, and eager contentions. *Indefesso motu adversandi studium persistit, ubi non rationi voluntas subjicitur, sed his, qua studemus, doctrinam coaptamus.* Hilarius 10. *De Trin.* Truth in the calm. *Non in commotione Dominus: in sibilo auræ tenuis.* 3 Reg. 19. 12. *Omnes disputant malunt, quàm vivere.* Senec. A singular Axiom of *Chrysol.* and *Tertullian. Qui fidem quærit, rationem non quærit. Quid Athenis, & Hierosolymis? Quid Academiæ & Ecclesiæ? Nostra institutio de porticu Salomonis est, quæ docet Deum in simplicitate cordis quærendum.* *Chrys.* Ser. 58. & *Tertul.* lib. *De Præscrip.*

The second thing is, you must not too much stick upon petty curiosities of a thousand Controversies, and unprofitable Disputations. Truth ordinarily is therein ill handled under the shadow of cherishing it, it is haled this way, and that way, with such boldness, that it seemeth every one would dismember it, and each man take his share away with him. After so many stabs, and stoccadoes on this side, and that side, no other fruit is derived, but Yea, and No, and the soul oft-times findeth it self as much void of peace, and reason, as it is full of gall, and darkness.

You know what is written in the Vision of the Prophet *Elias*: God is not to be found in the rustling of impetuous winds, in boisterous storms, in turmoils, in fire; but in a gentle gale, which bringeth light, and refreshment in its wings.

Likewise, verity, fit to handle the conversion of souls, is not ordinarily in these ardent, and contentious Disputations, where the prizes of fast and loose are played: but in the repose of a quiet spirit, temperate, molded in the hands of a prudent docibleness. For Faith runneth a different course from humane Sciences. To say, Why this? and Why that? to sift the causes, the effects, the Tenents, the utmost bounds of a point, it is the vulgar track of inferiour Scholes. Faith, which hath God himself for object, who is a bottomless abyss of light, and perfection, cannot demonstrate all that it believeth, otherwise it would not be Faith, nor God would not no more be God. He, that seeketh Faith, seeketh not reason. *Athens* hath nothing to intermeddle with *Jerusalem*, nor the Academy with the Church. Our Schole is the porch of *Solomon*, which teacheth us, we must search for God with simplicity of heart, and not with frivolous curiosity. Faith moveth upon two poles; the first is to believe what God hath revealed; the second to believe, because he, who is an eternal truth, hath revealed it, without any other restriction, specified modification, or humane distinction. What wrong doth the Creatour to us, if he would have us believe more of him, then we are able to comprehend? It is not for the Iron to ask of the Magnet, or Load-stone, from whence those charms, and secret influences come, wherewith he attracteth, and captivateth him. It is enough that he follow. When God proposeth a verity unto thee by the voice, and general consent of the Church, (poor man) thou kickest, thou friskest, thou dost appeal to humane reason, to sense, to judgment, which have wings too short, and insufficient to undertake such a flight.

Whilest thou therein proceedest in that maner, thy Faith will be no true Faith, but a phantasie, which will entertain thee with false illusions, and leave thee real torments. It is a great Science in

matter

Obinet tument, omnes scientiam pollicentur. Sapientia hæc veritas est interdum sapere quod nolis. Hilar. 5. De Trinit. initio.

matter of Religion to have an holy, and conscientious ignorance. All Hereticks (saith *Tertullian*) promise reason, and knowledge. All of them assail Faith with humane understanding. God teacheth us another way, which is to adore his Mysteries with submission of spirit, and make of our own proper judgments a sacrifice on the Altar of Faith.

Third Disposition, Purity of life.

The third thing, which you are to have in great recommendation, is diligently to purge your conscience from the rust of Sin. The Spirit of God is pleased, and fed amongst Lilies, and nothing so much hindereth heavenly Doctrine, as impurity of life. Pearls are dissolved in Vineger, and Truth in a heart made bitter with the corruption of Vice. If you desire, that it should come to you, observe three things exactly. First endeavour, as much as you can possibly, to free your self from a certain spirit of presumption, which puffeth men up, and inebriateth them with the love of their own judgment, before they be throughly awakened: and from hence it cometh, that they affectionately embrace themselves, and make such esteem of their own thoughts, words, maxims, that all seemeth Gold. This is a pernicious illusion, and which stoppeth up all access to our SAVIOUR, who is much pleased to converse with the humble.

Qui diligit cordis munditiem, amicum habebit Regem: incorruptio facit esse proximum Deo. Prov. 2. 2. Sap. 6.

Secondly, live with great purity of soul, and body, carefully preserving your self from being engulphed in sensual affections, pleasures, and ordures of flesh, which bury the soul in a puddle, and make it uncapable of all good. God hath not upon earth a more pleasing hostess, then purity of heart. 'Tis that, which procures for us the amity of the Sovereign King, and placeth us near the Divinity. Finally, labour to adorn your self with Charity, and the very bowels of pity towards the poor, and persons afflicted, assisting them according to the ability, which you have; and when you, fortified with such Arms, shall daily knock at the gates of Heaven by incessant Prayer, asking Grace, speaking, and conferring oft-times with some Catholick Doctour, virtuous, charitable, and peacefull, I have infinite hopes, the Father of Light will dart upon your heart his beams, and give you leave to know the truth.

Four very notable points to discover the falsehood of the Pretended.

In the mean space, ponder a little in your heart four notable points, which will make you discover the falsity of the pretended Religion.

The first is, *the beginning*. The second, *the progress*: The third, *the foundation of the Doctrine*. The fourth, *the fruits*. Behold four touch-stones to judg aright of Religion. If all this do well accord with reason, and verity in the pretended Religion, I give you leave to follow it; but if all therein be tottering, and ruinous, I beseech you open your eyes a little, and view your misery, after you have so often shut up your ears against reason, and your heart against charity.

Original.

Then first of all consider, whether this Religion you profess be antient, or new. If it be antient, and the Religion of the Apostles, you ought to follow it: if new, you ought to condemn it; no man doubteth. Now, it is as new as novelty it self: which is proved, first by the name thereof, since every Religion, which is called reformed, ought necessarily to have been deformed; for a thing is not reformed, which never had deformity. This is clear. And every Religion, which is said to be reformed in things essential, as are Sacraments, was then before deformed in matters essential, and so deformed, that in a word it was no longer a Religion.

For it is as impossible a Religion can subsist without the verity of Faith, and Sacraments, as to say, that a man can be a man without a reasonable soul. Now this Religion, of which we make question, according to your saying, was deformed in essential things, to wit, in Sacraments, whereby it appeareth, it was no more a Religion, then a lying truth; to speak properly, is truth it self.

Pretended Religion new, and therefore none at all.

Wherefore we must conclude, that those, which boast they have reformed it within these hundred years, have made it wholly new: as if the Sun had been annihilated for a thousand years space, and that God came to restore it, it would be an absolute new Sun; so is this Religion wholly new. Behold then, if every new Religion (as is most evident) carry its condemnation, see you not, that this same, which you profess, is false, since it proveth it self to be new, and onely discovered since *Luther*, and *Calvin*.

The proof thereof is evident.

And think not, this novelty is onely proved by reason. It is your own confession in the one and thirtieth Article, where you openly profess, the Church hath not onely been reformed, but absolutely made new: this sole innovation (if you judg aright of it) should give you occasion to suspect it.

Novelties ever suspected by the wise.

The sage Common-wealth of the *Lycians* heretofore ordained, that all those, who would propose any novelty in matter of law, should deliver it in publick, with an Halter about their necks; to the end, that if their Propositions were not found to be good, and profitable, the authours thereof should be strangled in the place.

And what can one think of them, which have brought in such huge noveliſm in matter of Religion, so disasterous, and so prejudicial to Christendom by the effusion of so much blood? Judg your selves, and weigh at leisure the force of this argument; you shall perceive it is very hard to find evasions against this verity. For of two things you must confess one, either that the Church hath wholly been extinct the space of about a thousand years, and then was newly repaired according to the antient model of the Apostles: or that it hath always been on foot, but invisible, and unknown.

Force of argument.

Weak evasions of Ministers.

First evasion refuted.

These two evasions are very vain, and frivolous, as you shall understand, thereunto a little applying your judgment. For, to speak of the first, expressed in the one and thirtieth Article of your Faith, that the Church hath been newly reformed: First, this is against the Word of God, who to his Church promiseth an assistance without interruption, even to the end of the world. These are his words in Saint *Matthew: Behold, I am with you all the days, even to the consummation of the world.* He admitteth not one sole day of interruption, and you make one of a thousand, or eleven hundred years.

1. Reason. *Mat. 28. 2.*

2. Reason.

Secondly, you make a *Jesus Christ* disarrayed, a Church reduced to nothing, for the space of ten Ages: which is very intolerable, and shall never be, nay, not during the time of *Anti-Christ*'s persecution. Moreover, were it so, you must deny the providence of God, so to have abandoned to a general desolation a work fast cemented with the blood of his Son: yea, he, who hath a care even of the nests of the little Halcyons. Finally, you must say, that *Jesus Christ* was an Impostour, and unable: an Impostour, to have promised a Church without interruption; unable, in that he could not preserve it: all which is blasphemous.

3. Reason.

Second evasion overthrown.

To affirm the second, that this Church hath always been, but yet unknown, and invisible: if all men were changed into Beasts, it might happen they would be thus perswaded; but, if they yet retain one dram of humane capacity, it were impossible; so impertinent is this Proposition.

For firſt of all, becauſe you will affirm nothing without proof out of Holy Scripture, it is demanded of you, where it is ſpoken of this unknown Church, of this inviſible Church? Much otherwiſe, ſhe is compared to a City planted upon an Hill, to the Light, to the Pavilion in the Sun, as the Scripture teacheth us, and St. *Auguſtine* proveth it by the ſame Scripture, upon the eighteenth *Pſalm*.

In Sole poſuit tabernaculum ſuum: in manifeſtatione poſuit Eccleſiam ſuam. Aug. in Pſal. 18.

Secondly, if this Church were unknown, whither ſhould the *Gentiles* have addreſſed themſelves for their converſion? or thoſe that were doubtfull for their reſolution? or all the faithfull for their direction? God referreth them all to his Church. Is it not a meer mockery to ſend them to a thing inviſible?

Thirdly, if there be no proof in Scripture, which averreth this, ſome humane reaſon at leaſt is required. Can a Propoſition more reaſonable be made, then to ask of thoſe, who maintain a thing to have been in former Ages, to produce ſome marks thereof? That they ſhew, how for a thouſand years of deſolation their Church hath been in being? That they ſet before us one ſole Hiſtory, which witneſſeth how in the thouſand, two, three, four, and five hundred years there was found a company of Brethren, who profeſſed an univerſal ſum of all the Articles which theſe men now maintain?

Allatus eſt Phœnix in urbem anno urbis 800. *Tlin.* lib. 10. cap. 11.

The Phenix is very rare; but yet it is ſaid in ſuch and ſuch a year, a Phenix was ſeen in *Rome*. Do we find that any man ſaith the like of the pretended reformed Religion? There is not a word of it. We find the *Waldenſes, Circumcellians, Gnoſticks, Borborites,* and *Beguins*, who have held ſome piece of our Hereticks belief, and we likewiſe behold, that all have been condemned as Hereticks. But there is not one to be found, who hath framed this body of the pretended Religion, as it is at this day compoſed. What meaneth this? Is it to have one ſmall ſparkle of the underſtanding of man, to affirm ſuch a thing to have been, and not to know how to produce one proof?

Æſop's Aſs.

Is not this to play *Æſop's* Aſs, that vanted he had great ſecrets of wiſdom to communicate to other Beaſts; and to authorize it, he hid himſelf a long time in a dry pit, from whence he came with a Philoſophers, Cloak, ſaying, That whileſt he had been inviſible, he had much addicted himſelf to Sciences, and the knowledg of truth. In the end it was known he was an Aſs, and with many blows, and baſtonadoes he was ſent back again to the Pit, from whence he came. This the Parable, which *Tertullian* ſpake to the Hereticks of his Time. You now come forth, as an Aſs out of *Æſop's* Pit, and you cry out: Tell me, who are you? From whence come you? Who ſent you? What right have you upon us, to extinguiſh the belief of our Fore-fathers? Do you not behold a beginning of the pretended, ſhameleſs, and ridiculous Religion, which well proveth its nullity?

A notable paſſage of *Tertullian. Aſinus de puteo modò venit, & jam exclamat. Dic qui ſis, à quo venias, & quod ſit tibi jus in nobis? Tertul.* in *Marc.* lib. 4. cap. 23.

Second point, progreſs, and publication of the Sect.

The ſecond Conſideration, on which we muſt reſt, is well to balance the progreſs, advancement, and publication of this Sect. If you find it conformable to the antient manner of the Primitive Church, follow it: if it be directly oppoſite, have you not great reaſon to abondon it? Now Sir, ſo it is, and behold how.

Reperire apud nos eſt permultos viros, & mulieres, qui in calibatu conſenescunt.

The true Church from her infancy hath had four marks moſt evident. The firſt is a profound humility. The ſecond, a great love of virginity, chaſtity, and continency, witneſs *Athenagoras*, a moſt antient Authour, who maketh mention of this great purity of body, and ſaith: It is the mark of the excellency of our Religion. The third, a great obedience to Superiours, recommended by St. *Paul* to the *Romans*: *Let every ſoul be ſubject to ſuperiour powers.* Rom. 12. The fourth, a ſweetneſs, and an admirable patience in perſecutions. Behold what appeared in the publication of the Goſpel. If you obſerve any thing like in the progreſs of the pretended Religion, then have you cauſe to have a good opinion of it. But if you therein do ſee all her proceedings oppoſite to the ſame, conclude it is not of God. And tell me, what are her proceedings in the fore-alledged points?

Conſider the force of this proof.

First Mark.

It cannot be doubted, but that the virtue of humility is the foundation of Faith, and one of the moſt noble characters of Chriſtian Religion. *Where humility is* (ſaith the Wiſe-man) *there is wiſdom, and God is pleaſed to dry up the roots of proud people.* Now all Hereſie is inſeparably tied to a proud ſpirit, from whence it took beginning, derived nouriſhment, and receives increaſe.

Trov. 11. *Ezech.* 10.

We might alledge an infinite number of teſtimonies to this purpoſe. But we do not now tell you how two Heretick-women of the race of *Elxay*, did as it were, cauſe their Spitle to be adored, nor how one *Hildebert* gave the paring of his Nails to his Sectaries for Reliques; ſo true is it, that Hereſie, being a ſprout of the evil Spirit, ſtill retains the mark of that pride, which having once aſſayed to diſturb Heaven never ſuffers the earth to enjoy repoſe.

Epiphan. Hæreſ. 19. *Hildebertus hæreticus ſub Zacharia.*

It is well known how in the laſt Age, one called *John Leyden*, by trade a Botcher, and Ring-leader of Hereticks in *Germany*, having firſt publiſhed a law of plurality of Wives, went into the field, drawing along with him huge troops of unchaſt creatures; where, after he had played the Prophet, he cauſed himſelf to be choſen King, took a triple Diadem, erected a proud Pavilion, wherein he gave audience, eſtabliſhed his Court, and Potentates, chooſing out Rogues, and Reprobates, at that time attired in cloth of Gold, and Silver, and other coſtly Stuffs, which having but a little before ſerved for ornaments on Altars were now cut in pieces by the hands of theſe *Harpies*, and employed to cover infamous bodies, that rather deſerved to be involved in Sulphur, and flames. When this King of Cards marched through the City, you would have taken him for the Great Duke of *Muſcovia*, or ſome antick King of *Hieruſalem*. A Page mounted on Horſ-back bare a Bible covered with plates of Gold before him, another carried a naked Sword, willing thereby to expreſs he was born for the defence of the Goſpel. Beſides he commonly had in his hand a golden Globe, whereon theſe words were engraven: *King of Juſtice on earth. Ann Delphonſe*, the firſt of fourteen wives this Impoſtour had married, went along with him, covered with a Mantle furred with Ermines, claſped with a great Buckle of all maſſie Gold.

Corvin. and *Florimon.*

This would ſeem ſtrange, if we had not lately known the inſolence of Rebels, and their imaginary Regalities, which are mounted to ſuch an height of fury, that they draw very near to the like frenzy. Yet will we not at this time inſtance hereupon in any thing concerning this Article. We onely ſay, that to ſeparate Religion from Rebellion, and the manners of men from doctrine, the maxims of Sectaries make an abſolute profeſſion of the moſt enraged vanity that may be obſerved in the courſe of humane life. For, if the Scripture doth ſo ſtrictly recommend unto us in the practice of Humility, not to make our ſelves over-wiſe, or able, not to reſt upon our own judgment, nor proper prudence, to hearken to our Fore-fathers, to obey Paſtours, who have lawfull ſucceſſion, to work our Salvation with fear, and trembling at God's judgments, what may we think

Rom. 12. *Non alta ſapientes, ſed humilibus conſentientes.*

Prov. 35. *Ne innitaris prudentiæ tuæ.*

think of a Sect, which authorizeth a peculiar ſpirit, which hath ever been the Seminary of all Schiſms, and Diſorders, which without diſtinction putteth the Scripture into all hands, to judg of points of Faith, from whence have riſen amongſt them an infinite number of diviſions; which teacheth to accompt as dotages all that, which the Piety of our fore-fathers reverenced, all that the wiſeſt, and moſt religious men of the earth decided, which teacheth to ſpit againſt light, and trample under foot the commandments of Paſtours, and Prelates; to flatter one's ſelf with aſſurance of Salvation, and Predeſtination, in the greateſt exorbitancies, and neglects of life?

Verily, it is an admirable thing to behold, how the petty ſpirits of Artificers, and ſilly Women buſie themſelves herein, and to what a degree of pride they come, when, abuſed by I know not what imaginary Texts of Scripture, they grow big with the opinion of their own ability. What pride more irregular, then to ſee men not content with the Religion of *Charlemaigne*, and St. *Lewis*, nor of the Churches, and Tombs of their Anceſtours, to become ſo curious, as to think their Kings, and Paſtours to be Idolaters, and all the better part of mankind beſtial, from whom they ſeparate themſelves, as from people infected with a ſpiritual contagion, and do all they can to Deifie their own opinions? What *Phariſee* ever came near this height of pride?

If there were any the leaſt ſpark of Humility, a good Soul would ſay within it ſelf; "What do I, "or where am I? It is an old ſaying, He, that too "much believes in himſelf, is a Devil to himſelf. I "think I am grounded on the Word of God: but "have not all Hereticks had the ſame foundation, "which they in concluſion found onely to ſubſiſt in "their own imagination? Why ſhould I ſeparate "my ſelf from the main Body of the antient Church, "to ſatisfie the itch of my peculiar judgment? It is "not credible, that ſo many men of honour, and "worth, who are clear-ſighted in all other things, "ſhould be deceived in this, they may have had "doubts, and opinions as we, but they have over-"come them by Humility, and Reaſon, they have "ſtuck to the body of the Tree, they have followed "the general conſent of People, which rather live in "Uniformity, then adhere to Novelty.

"Let them not be figured to me as Idolaters, Ide-"ots, and men ſuperſtitious; they have far other "aims then theſe. The wiſeſt, and moſt temperate "of our ſide believe them not to be damned in "their Religion. To what purpoſe then is all this, to "handle a buſineſs apart, to be ſeparated from our "near Allies, from Sacraments, Church, Tombs, and "to be the cauſe of ſo many diviſions, ſpoils, and "blood-ſhed? I plainly ſee, we muſt hereafter live in "re-union. It is the Spirit of God, which command-"eth it. If I have beliefs in my heart different from "the ordinary, I ought not to divulge them to cre-"ate Schiſms, and Scandals. I ſhould inform my ſelf. "I ſhould obey: it is fit, I ſomewhat yield to the love "of thoſe, who look after me for my good, and the "authority of ſuch as command over me by juſtice. "I cannot periſh in making a ſacrifice of my proper "will, for peace, and the common good, to thoſe, "whom God hath appointed me for Guiders, and "Superiours. This is the great Science, which I will "hereafter ſeek in the government of the inward "man. Behold what an humble creature might ſay: but inſolency, the inſeparable companion of Hereſie, proceedeth much otherwiſe.

2. Mark. And as concerning Purity, let us not go about to ſpeak of the Vices of particular men, which are exceſſes of nature, not laws of profeſſion. For to ſay, there are vices in one Body, and in one Sect, is to ſay nothing; but to ſay theſe vices are confirmed, and authorized by the Maxims, and Examples of the ſame Sect, this is to ſay all.

Now, this is it, which we behold in the proceedings of the Pretenders. For it cannot be denied, but we ought to keep promiſe with men, and by a much ſtronger reaſon what we promiſe to God? Yet notwithſtanding the principal of the Pretenders have taught by word, and practiſed by example the doctrine of the whole Body; which is, that one may break a vow of chaſtity, to wit, of a thing very good, for it is praiſed by the mouth of our *Saviour*, and St. *Paul*, of a thing very reaſonable, for millions of Saints have practiſed it in the beginning of the Church; of a thing moſt holy, for the Scripture hath given it the name of *Sanctity*: to break a vow ſealed as with the ſeal of the invocation of the holy *Trinity*, and the blood of *Jeſus*: to break it not by frailty, but profeſſion, againſt the doctrine, and practiſe of all Antiquity. Is this a mark of the true Church? *Matth. 17. 2 Cor. 7. Theſſal. 4.*

Take the third mark, Obedience, moſt natural to the Primitive *Chriſtians*, and all juſt men, who are called a Nation of Obedience, and you ſhall find in the infancy of the pretended Religion a revolt againſt all Eccleſiaſtical, and Secular Powers, continued in all times, and in all the parts of the world, where ſhe might be introduced with ſuch cruelties, as we know by experience. 3. Mark. *Eccleſ. 3.*

Take laſtly the fourth mark, which is the Dove-like ſweetneſs, that ſhone in the firſt *Chriſtians*, even in the times of perſecution, and you ſhall find in the pretended Religion, there is nothing but Conventicles, Conſiſtories of State, Factions, Armies, Ranſackings, and Horrours, which make all good conſciences to tremble. Should I enlarge upon this Diſcourſe, I could mention matters able to make Marbles weep: but I will not labour to be eloquent in our evils, which I ſeek to ſweeten what I may, not intending to exaſperate any. 4. Mark.

Onely I ask, what will your prime *Sectaries* anſwer to the Church at the day of judgment, when ſhe ſhall ſay: My firſt Children bare neither Rod, nor Stick to plant Faith in the hearts of men, and you have publiſhed a Religion all briſtled with Swords, & ſooted over with the ſmoak of Cannons, all ſprinkled with the blood of *Catholicks*. My lawful Children, at the publication of the Goſpel, ſpake not one bitter word againſt Executioners, amongſt the moſt exquiſite torments, which might be inflicted. And you, what vein, I pray, have you ſpared in my Body, from whence you drew not rivers of blood to diſtain the Lilies of *France*. Publication of the *Pretended*, how far from true Chriſtianity.

Your fore-fathers built Churches for me, and you have demoliſhed them: they erected Altars, and you have pulled them down: they advanced Croſſes to me, and you have broken them: they have conſecrated Prieſts for my ſervice, and you have maſſacred them in my Arms. The Apoſtles taught me to place the bodies of Saints under Altars, and you have taken them from that repoſe, whereunto Nature conſigned them, from that repoſe many times afforded to malefactours, you have divided them between fire, and water; yea, you have infected Elements, making them as executioners of thoſe venerable bodies, whoſe foot-ſteps they honoured. And of what bodies? of a S. *Irenæus* burned at *Lions*; of a S. *Hilary* at *Poictiers*; of a S. *Aygnan* at *Orleans*; of a S. *Martin*, and a S. *Francis* of *Paula* at *Tours*: not to ſpeak of others. The Apoſtles teach to honour Kings, and you have loaden them with reproaches, even to the See *Monſieur de Saintes* in his Book of *Sacrage*.

figuring of King *Charls* the Ninth with marks moſt unworthy in a Coin you ſtampt with Croſſes, and Church-Chalices, yea, to the diſ-enterring of the heart of *Francis* the Second, enterred at St. *Croſs* in *Orleans*, and the waſting it in flames.

Judg now (O you Pretenders) whether a Religion, which carried on the brow thereof acts ſo barbarous, pollutions ſo hideous, cruelties ſo execrable, can poſſibly have the leaſt ſpark of Piety.

3 Point. Foundation of Catholick Religion. *Auguſtin.* Contra ep. fun.

For a third Conſideration, examine well the foundation of this new Religion, and you ſhall diſcover the deceit thereof. Catholick religion hath for foundation all that, which may ſettle a fair, and generous ſoul, as St. *Auguſtine* obſerved. If the Word of God ſhould hold the chief place, & ſerve as a Baſis for this great building of the Church, (as is moſt reaſonable) we inceſſantly challenge your Miniſters to ſhew us one onely Text expreſs, formal, and irreproveable, contrary to the Articles of our Faith. For hitherto they have produced nothing but ſemblances to deceive inferiour judgments, being unable to make them good before underſtanding, and capable men.

If a lawfull ſucceſſion, and miſsion of Paſtours be required, which is abſolutely neceſſary for the eſtabiſhment of an Eccleſiaſtical Hierarchie, we ſhew, that from the Apoſtles hitherward, our Prelates, and Biſhops do all ſucceſsively follow one another. If the authority of Councils be demanded, which are the ſinews, the mouths, and living Oracles of a true Religion, let them be looked on in the revolution of ſo many Ages, and they will be found altogether for us.

If the Interpretations of Fathers, and Doctours (who were the lights of their Times, the inſtruments of the Holy Ghoſt, and Secretaries of the Divinity) have any weight with a ſoul well-compoſed, to eſtabiſhed a truth; then eſpecially, when they all with one accord, and conſent do ſpeak, they loudly condemn the errour, and noveliſm of our Adverſaries.

If Miracles, which were wrought in the ſight of all mankind, with ſo much approbation, that they have evicted confeſſion from the moſt incredulous, and reverence from the moſt ſtupid, weigh down the balance, it is on our ſide. If the ſtudy of perfection, and holineſs of life be infallible marks of true Faith, you may as ſoon tell the Stars in the skie, as reckon up the number of holy Perſonages, who have flouriſhed through all Ages amongſt us, and who therein are daily noted with ſuch excellencies, that living as Angels they ſpeak like true Oracles of the Divinity. Finally, if we will give any credit to antient Monuments, the Marbles in Churches, and Tombs of our Anceſtours ſpeak for us.

Moſt wholeſome adviſe how to reſolve on choiſe of Religion. *Auguſtin.* Contra ep. fund. *Euangelio non crederem, niſi me Eccleſia Catholica commoueret authoritas.* Contra ep. Manic.

Behold verily the powerful, and invincible reaſons, which made Saint *Auguſtine* reſolve upon the Religion, which we profeſs. *Many great conſiderations* (ſaid he) *with much reaſon keep me in the obedience of the Catholick Church: The conſent of People, and Nations hold me: The authority of the ſame Church, which is riſen up by Miracle, nouriſhed With Hope, augmented by Charity, eſtabliſhed by its Antiquity: The ſucceſſion of Biſhops holds me therein, which beginning in the See, and Authority of* Saint Peter, *to whom God recommended the care of his flock, is maintained to this preſent time. Laſtly, the name of* CATHOLICK *holds me in it.* He addeth, He *would not believe the Goſpel it ſelf, if he were not convinced by the authority of the Church.*

Moſt weak foundation of the pretenders.

Let us now ſee, whether you have better choiſe, and more conſideration, then this worthy man, who is one of the prime Wits of the World. Let us ſee what your Miniſters oppoſe againſt ſo many infallible proofs, to cover their want of antiquity, miſſion, ſucceſſion, miracles, ſanctity, judgment, and reaſon. They ceaſe not to buz out every where a falſe pretext of Scripture, which verily is the greateſt illuſion that ever was. For theſe wicked ones, ſeeing themſelves battered on every ſide, from the beginning of this Reformation, knew well in their conſciences, the Scripture was againſt them. Yet, notwithſtanding (ſaid they, to mock at the Faith of mankind, and lead them into Atheiſm) we muſt avoid the deciſions of a Power, lively, and lawfull; we muſt onely take colour from the Holy Text, we will make it ſay what we liſt: we will maintain, nothing is to be believed, but what is written, and that, which is written, we will diſguiſe with our Gloſſes, and Conſequences, to catch thoſe, who think they have ſome wit. Behold the onely means to colour our pretences!

Reaſons, which ſhew the nullity of this foundation.

You then, who are endowed with ſufficient, and ſolid judgment, conſider a little how deceitfull, weak, and ruinous, this foundation is. Firſt, it appears the Devil, and all Hereticks of former Times have taken the ſame foundation, ever ſaying, the Scripture was on their ſides: which is moſt untrue. Notwithſtanding, behold to what paſs all Hereticks came. *Muncer* proved by Scripture he was the Prophet *David*; *George*, a Diabolical man, that he was *God*; *Eon*, condemned by the Council of *Rhemes*, that he was the true *Meſſias*, even by the ſame Scripture.

1. Reaſon. *Neque enim nata ſunt hæreſes, niſi dum Scriptura bona intelliguntur non bene.* *Auguſt.* ad Conſentium. ep. 222.

Secondly, the world having been two thouſand years, and more, without Scripture, the firſt were written in *Hebrew* by abbreviation, with ſuch ambiguity, that every one, following his own opinion, might frame a Bible to his own liking: yea, ſometimes ſuch diverſity was found in the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Latine*, and *Chaldaick* letter, that where one read *David*, another read *a Bowl*; where one *the Liver*, another *a Pillow*, where one *beauty*, another *a ſavage Beaſt*; where one *the Word*, another *Life*, where one read *the Living*, another *the Dead*. And you, who neither know *Hebrew*, *Greek*, nor *Latine*, on whom will you relie?

2. Reaſon.

3. Reaſon. *Juliani Aymuſ. ura.*

Thirdly, upon paſſages written in very expreſs terms, as, *This my Body*, the ſpirits of men have forged two hundred opinions quite different; what then will become of difficulties more thorny? *Julian* Biſhop of *Toledo* wrote a Volumn *Of apparent Contradictions in Scripture*, which in ſubſtance hath none, but which notwithſtanding ſeem many times to ſay things directly contrary; ſuch obſcurity there is in ſome paſſages. Whom ſhould we believe? Do you not ſee this were a means to maintain eternal diviſions, if there were not Judges to decide differences in a Kingdom, but that every one ſhould carry the cauſe according to the proportion of his loud crying, to make his Texts, and Allegations to be of force? What would this come unto? And you would bring the like diſorder into the Church.

4. Reaſon. *Malac. 2. 7.*

Fourthly, in the antient Law the Bible was in the Ark, and no man durſt open it, and turn it to reſolve Controverſies upon this rule, but did expect the deciſion thereof from the Prieſt's mouth, who had a lawfull ſucceſſion. *The lips of the Prieſt are the ſtore-houſes of knowledge, and from his mouth you ſhall enquire the Law*, ſaid the Prophet *Malachy*.

5. Reaſon.

Fifthly, the wiſeſt men in the world, after they had maturely thought upon it, found no other way to determine controverſies, but to have recourſe to the deciſion of a Head. Such is the opinion of St. *Irenæus*, St. *Auguſtine*, and St. *Hierom*, *Vincentius Lirinenſis*, and all others.

Sixthly, it is the commandment of God: *When any*

contro-

Deut. 44. 24. *controverſies ſhall be raiſed, my Prieſt ſhall hold ſeſſions, and ſhall judg.* For of neceſſity we muſt have an authority commanding, magiſtral, and deciſive.

A moſt juſt proceeding.

For concluſion, Can one ſpeak any thing more juſt, then that, in caſe any place of Scripture hath obſcurities in it, it were to much better purpoſe to hear thereupon the deciſion of antient Fathers, diſintereſſed from our controverſies, then to enforce our ſelves to paſs upon the judgment of a paſſionate Adverſary, without warrant, or authority. When in the year 1523. Hereſie began firſt in *France*, and that there was but one Miniſter, a wool-carder, called *John Clark*, in the City of *Meaux*, where ſhould we finde the interpretation of Scripture, in the mouth of this carder, or in a lawful Council? Judg, behold what you go about: you may hereby ſee how much this pretext of Scripture is malicious, ſhifting, and frivolous.

6. Reaſon.

7. Reaſon. I add, that they overthrow themſelves by thoſe ways, wherewith they ſeek to eſtabliſh themſelves. For, if we ought not to believe any thing, but that, which is written, in what place of their Bible will they finde, that twenty thouſand paſſages muſt be taken out of ours? In what place will they ſhew us the Books of the *Macchabees* are not Canonical? In what place, that *Sunday* muſt be kept holy, and not *Saturday*? In what place, that vows muſt be broken? In what place, that *Jeſus Chriſt* is eaten by the mouth of faith? And ſo many other places, which make us ſufficiently underſtand, they ruin themſelves by their own hands.

4. Point. *Matth. 7.* Finally, for the fourth conſideration, take the Maxim from the Son of God; To judg well of a ſect, you muſt judg by the fruits, and the effects. What fruits, and what effects have we ſeen to come from this pretended Religion? The fear of God ſtifled in the hearts of men by a preſumption of their ſalvation, Chriſtian diſcipline oppreſſed by liberty, Chaſtity troden under foot by unbridled luxury, the ſtandard of rebellion advanced againſt the ſacred perſons of Kings, a million of *French* expoſed to ſlaughter, four thouſand Church-veſtiaries pillaged, five hundred Churches demoliſhed, *France* ſo many times given over as a prey to ſtrangers, corruptions ſo ſtrange, deſolations ſo dreadful, acts ſo barbarous, that they make the hair ſtand an end on the heads of all good men, which have never ſo little underſtanding. A ſtyle of fire were needful, or a pen of Adamant ſteeped in blood to expreſs them.

Effects of Hereſie.

Monſieur de Sainctes in his Book Of Sacage.

Ah poor *France!* *France* the Paradiſe of the earth, Eye of the world, Pearl of all beauties! How many times by the means of this Hereſie haſt thou ſeen thy boſom, heretofore crowned with ears of Corn, and gilded with Harveſts, all briſtled with Battalions? How many times haſt thou ſeen the land covered with blades, and the ſea with ſhips? How many times haſt thou felt the arms of thy children to encounter in thy proper entrails? How many times haſt thou ſeen flames of brother's hoſtility fly through thy fat, and fruitful fields? When haſt thou not ſweat in all the parts of thy body? When have not rivers of blood been drawn from thy veins? but ſuch blood as was able to cement together huge Bulwarks for the defence of our Country, or to ſerve for ſeed for *Flower-de-lyces*, to make them grow, and be advanced in the plains of *Paleſtine*, and they have been ſacrificed to Furies.

Innocency ſeemed to afford Infants ſhelter from the tempeſt, yet the ſword of Hereſie found a paſſage into their tender bodies. Age rendred old men venerable, yet would no pardon be granted to their gray hairs, moiſtened with the maſſacre of their children. Virgins were guarded in their mothers arms, as a Temple of God, yet have they been diſhonoured. So may perſonages of eminent quality have ſerved as an aim for their impiety, their pains have been ſport for them, and their deaths a ſpectacle. What hair would not ſtand an end with horrour, and what eye not weep forth blood, when we ſpeak of theſe diſaſters, which your ſelves deteſt? Nor can you ſufficiently wonder at the crueltie of thoſe, who have taken the liberty of ſuch barbarous outrages, and ſo bloody Tragedies.

I paſs over this diſcourſe, as over coals covered with aſhes, and would willingly be ſilent, were it not that, as it was fit to expoſe maſſacred bodies to view, thereby to cure the madneſs of the *Mileſian* Maids, ſo muſt I diſcover ſome bloody effects in the pretended Religion, to raiſe a horrour againſt it in good ſouls. Why alſo have you in this time renewed ſo many wounds, which were not well cloſed, and for want of a little obedience, ſo lawfully due to the moſt juſt Prince of the world, do you make a Civil war to exhauſt *France* of gold, and blood, after ſuch expenſe, and ſo many blood-lettings?

If theſe acts ſeem ſo baſe, and inhumane to you, why abhor you not the Sect, which produced them? If God curſe him, who is the cauſe of ſcandals: were it not fit, if you have ſome belief eſtranged from common ſenſe, rather a thouſand times to ſtifle it in the bottom of your conſcience, then to divulge it with theſe diſturbances, diviſions, and ſpoil of a Country, which you ſhould love as men, and honour as true Children? Were there ſome ſtain in the houſe of our Mother (which never was) muſt you therefore call her Whore, drag her along by the hair, and carry fire to burn her houſe, in ſtead of providing water to quench the flames? Is it not better to become patient, to ſweeten the acerbities of times, ſpare wounds on ulcered bodies, or at leaſt to be ſatisfied with ſilence, in a matter, where you can pretend no right of correction?

What was that ſo exorbitant, which the Church commanded, for which you ſeparated your ſelves, and took arms to defend the wranglings of our *Apoſtates*, made afterward your *Apoſtles*? What Maxims have we ſo rough, and unreaſonable, that they muſt be taken away with the ſword, there to plant Reformation? Conſider a little the notable corrections, and admirable policies, which Arch-Hereticks have invented to introduce them into the Church. I will here with all ſincerity recite the Maxims of the chief Sectaries, of which ſome have afterward affrighted you, and you have diſavowed them, as you daily do by others, God making you plainly ſee in the inconſtancy, and great diverſitie of your Doctrine, the little confidence you ſhould put therein.

Maxims of the *Catholick*, and the *Pretended*.

The *Catholick* Church teacheth, that *God would have all the world ſaved*, as the Apoſtle hath expreſſed in the Epiſtle to *Timothie*; that he deſireth good, of which he is the ſource, and that he communicates himſelf to all his children. 1 *Tim.* 2. 4.

The *Pretended* ſay, that God abſolutely deſires evil, yea doth it willingly, predeſtinating men without any regard, ſome to life, others to eternal damnation: as if a father, who had daughters, ſhould cut the throat of one moſt innocent, and marry the other wealthily, having no reaſon for it, but his will; which is moſt execrable impiety pronounced by the authour of this Sect in the book of his *Inſtitutions*, and Chapter 21. where he ſaith: *Men are not all created to the like condition, but that life eternal is preordained for ſome, and eternal damnation for others.*

The

The *Catholick* Church ſpeaks of our Saviour, with moſt profound, and religious reverence. The Authour of the *Pretended* makes him inferiour to his Father, calling him *The ſecond King after God*, and attributing ignorance to him, deſpair on the Croſs, and the pains of the damned: which are things moſt horrible. The *Catholick* Church holdeth, *Jeſus Chriſt* is the onely and ſole Mediatour of Redemption, and that *there is no other name, either in heaven, or earth, in which, and by which we can be ſaved*, and for that cauſe ſhe honours it all ſhe can, extending, and multiplying the fruits of honour, and praiſe, not onely in his own perſon, but in his dear friends alſo, which are the bleſſed *Virgin*, and the *Saints*, whom we pray unto, as the fruits of his Croſs, and take them for *Mediatours* of *Interceſſion*, grounded therein on the word of God, which commandeth the friends of *Job* to take him for interceſſour, though he were in this tranſitory life; and not at all doubting, if the ſoul of the evil rich man prayed unto *Abraham* out of Hell, but we on earth may be permitted to call to our aid ſouls ſo faithful, ſo much honoured by God, and whoſe praiſes he reckons his own greatneſs.

Calvin. in Evang. Matt. 27. Inſtitut. lib. 2. cap. 16.

Job. 42. 8.

Luc. 16. 23. 24.

We likewiſe reverence holy *Images*, ſince it is an antient cuſtom in the Church: the marks whereof we yet behold in *Tertullian*, who might have converſed with the Diſciples of the Apoſtles. The *Pretended* quite contrary, feigning they honour Saints, as one would *Socrates*, or *Phocion*, perpetually mock thereat, break down their Images, call them by the name of *Idols*, and *falſe Gods*.

Tertul. cap. 7. De Pudicitia.

The *Catholick* Church holdeth man hath *Free-wil*, ſupported in this Article upon ſo many Paſſages of Scripture. The *Pretended* deſpoil man of all liberty, which is to deſtroy the worth of his conditions, and to deprive him of the beſt part of his eſſence.

Geneſ. 4. 7. Deut. 30. Eccl. 15.

The *Catholick* Church holdeth the blood of our Saviour is a treaſure infinite, and very able to purge away all maner of evil, and to merit all good; but that it is applyed to us by works of *Satisfaction*, and *Merit*, and purgative pains, in thoſe, who ſtand in need of it, as a Medicine, which profiteth the ſick man, by the co-operation he bringeth. The *Pretended* teacheth, *Good Works* are not neceſſary to ſalvation, but onely Faith juſtifies: which is to open a gate to the corruption of good maners, and to all kind of liberty.

The *Catholick* Church believes a *Purgatory* for ſouls, which going out of the body are not yet purified, grounded therein on nineteen, or twenty Paſſages of Scripture, all underſtood by the antient *Fathers* according to our belief. The *Pretended*, having diſturbed the aſhes of the dead, deprive them of the aſſiſtance, and prayers of the living, contrary to divine, and humane Laws, and the manifeſt practice of all Antiquity.

The *Catholick* Church makes a Sacrament of *Marriage* according to S. *Paul*, and the interpretation of moſt eminent *Fathers* of the Church. The *Pretended* make their Marriages like thoſe of *Barbarians*.

The *Catholick* Church holdeth the *reality* of the Body of CHRIST in the Sacrament of the *Altar*, and believe, that under the Sacramental ſpecies, which are ſenſible, and corruptible, our Saviour ſubſiſteth with a glorious body, which is called by St. *Paul* a *ſpiritual body*, becauſe it is dignified with qualities, and conditions of ſpirit, though it looſe not the eſſence of a body. She adoreth therein with all humility that, which ſhe cannot comprehend ſufficiently, after expreſs paſſages of Scripture, the deciſion of fourty Councels, the teſtimony of five hundred Authours, antient, grave, and ſincere. Adding from the authority of the moſt illuſtrious Councel of *Nice*, that it is the unbloody Sacrifice preſented for the expiation of the ſins of the world. The *Pretended* will place inſtead of it *Chimæras*, imaginary figments, ceſſation of Sacrifices, and abominable deſolation.

The *Catholick* Church publiſheth Confeſſion, and remiſſion of ſins by the miniſtery of Prieſts, as the Son of God did inſtitute it in St. *John*. The *Pretended*, ſhaking off ſo wholſome a yoak, hath made himſelf a way to liberty, and diſſolution.

John 20.

The *Catholick* Church acknowledgeth a viſible Head on earth, eſtabliſhed by the expreſs word of *Jeſus Chriſt* in St. *Matthew*, averred by all the holy Fathers, confeſſed by the continuation of a lawfull ſucceſſion in the revolution of ſo many Ages. The *Pretended* ſeek to bring into the houſe of God an Anarchy of the children of *Belial*.

Matth. 15.

The *Catholick* Church is the bright Star of truths. The *Pretended* is a furious Comet, which throws diſorder, and poyſon into all the parts of the world.

To ſay truly, ſhould an Angel have ſpoken to it, yea, could it create a golden Age, never might this deſigne be accompliſhed by ways ſo furious, and turbulent. But having coſt *France* ſo much gold, and blood, what hath it done, but that, which is mentioned by the excellent Pen of Cardinal *Berule* in the Preface *Of the Greatneſs of* Jeſus: *A Church without Apoſtles, Apoſtles without miſsion, Paſtours without ſheep, ſheep without Shepherds, Faithful without Churches, Chriſtians without Baptiſm, Prophets without Miracles, Temples without Altars, Altars without Sacrifices, a Religion without Ceremonies, a Law without obedience, a Faith without works, and a Charity without effects.*

Behold excellent pieces, and well worthy of a Reformed Church!

In the name of God, weigh at leaſure theſe conſiderations, which would deſerve a whole Volumn, and ſince you are convinced by reaſon, kick no longer againſt the prick, go no more about to forge difficulties, nor ſay how ſhall I put this in execution? What means have I to do it? What will ſuch, and ſuch ſay? What will our whole ſide ſay in general? Muſt I confeſs I have erred? And a thouſand other thoughts, which are true illuſions. You ſhall no ſooner ſet your foot in the *Roman Catholick* Church with ſo many men of note, lately converted, but all theſe fantaſies will vaniſh, you ſhall live in peace of conſcience, and ſhall receive before God glory immortal.

Humanum fuit errare, Diabolicum per animoſitatem in errore manere. Auguſt. *Serm.* De verbis Apoſt.

O! That we might quickly ſee that great day, wherein *France* may no longer ſpeak but with one tongue, wherein the names of *Lutherans*, and *Calviniſts* may be baniſhed out of the memories of men, wherein all *French*-men, re-united under one faith, one Law, one Head, one Church, may eternally bleſs the name of *Jeſus*. What joy! What comfort! What embracements of both ſides! What conſolation for ſo much afflicted kindred, which waſte themſelves with grief, and ſorrow for theſe poor ſtragglers! What ſatisfaction for the ſacred perſon of the King! What honour for *France*! What peace for the Church! What edification for all the world! What triumphs for heaven! What bleſſings of God will fall upon their heads, who ſhall give example of this re-union, and ſhall conſent to the peace, ſafety, and honour of this Monarchy?

The

The third OBSTACLE.

To live by Opinion.

Overmuch wit troubleth us.

THe tree of the Knowledg of Good and Evil doth alſo yeild fruits, which coſt us very dear: we labour here with too much application of wit, which goeth up, and down, ſearching, and prying into all the objects of the world, often forſaking the better for the worſe. St. *Thomas* moſt judicially obſerveth, that there is much difference, between the natural appetite, the ſenſual, and the intellectual. The natural aymeth always at things, which are really good for her, and proportionable, the ſenſual is ſcattered, the intellectual much more, to deſire evil plaiſtered over with the ſemblance of good. The plant deſireth moyſture, with which it is nouriſhed, and will never take a ſtone for the dew. Man having too much wit, and ſenſe, not contenting himſelf with things, that really are good, and truly conſonant to this nature, forgeth others in his Idæa, which are good in appearance, and evil in ſubſtance. Notwithſtanding, apparence taketh upon her, when ſhe hath ſeduced the ſenſe, and conquered the imagination, to dive even into the Cabinet of the Prince, which is the underſtanding, and putting falſe ſpectacles upon his eyes, to make him believe that black is white, glaſs is diamond, and darkneſs light. It is neceſſary, that the will ſhould dance to this tune, and purſue the good, which is repreſented unto her by the underſtanding, be it true, or falſe; from hence, there glide into the condition of humane life a thouſand extravagant illuſions. It is even at this day, that truth hath loſt her garment, falſhood is cloathed with it; and opinion in this Court-like habit hath really and actually produced little monſters, but ſuch as yet holding, and retaining the malice of their father, and levity of their mother, attire themſelves with certain veils, which make them ſeem beautiful; they fly up, and down like little *Cupids*, they make a trade of deceiving, and practiſe with ſo much ſubtilty, that they enſnare even the wiſeſt. Behold our unhappineſs; we are in this world, as in the Iſland of dreams, whereof *Lucian* ſpeaketh. We dream broad-waking, and ſuch dreams, which are by ſo much the more perilous, by how much we the leſs look into the danger. A man, who hath dreamed all the night, as ſoon as he beginneth to open his eye-lids, mocketh at his owne fantaſies, and ſaith, they were dreams: we dream all the days of our life, and ſay, they are verities. We run after theſe falſe imaginations, as children after Butterflies. When the great night of our death draweth near, we begin to diſcharge our ſelves from this waking ſleep, and from this ſleeping vigil, we find we have death at hand. And as for the Butterflies, which we ſo eagerly followed, after we have broken our heads, and ſhins in their purſuit, we neither have their legs, nor wings in our hands. Behold one of the greateſt impediments of perfection.

S. *Thom.* 1. 2. Quæſt. 8.

Intellectual appetite faulty.

Apparence.

Semblances the children of opinion, and lying.

The world the Iſland of dreams. *Verar.* Hiſt. lib. 2.

Alas Noble Spirit! Thou wouldeſt be truly Noble, if thou couldeſt ſhake off this golden yoak, the opinion whereof hath ſo ſurcharged thee, conſecrating thy bondage thereunto by a pretious impoſture. But who will do it? Had not he antiently a notable ſubject hereon, who ſayd, when he conſidered the eſtate of the world, the ſouls of men ſeemed to him to be all thrown headlong from the Palace of verity into the torrent of opinion, all of them tumbled in the throng into the mercy of the waves, and few were to be found, that would bravely ſettle themſelves to row againſt the ſtream.

Mercur. Triſmeg. Souls in the torrent of opinions

Seneca hath well obſerved, and touched the true ſource of the corruption, which at this day reigneth upon the earth. *We live not according to reaſon, but by relation to the life of an other, and from thence cometh, that we fall one upon another by heaps, as blind men into a ditch.*

Seneca de beata vita. Opinion the ſource of all corruption. *Non ad rationem, ſed ad ſimilitudinem vivimus: inde iſta tanta coacervatio aliorum ſupra alios ruentium.*

To take away this confuſion, I produce onely three conſiderations, which are very preſſing, and pregnant. The firſt, that this life, which is ſo lead by opinion, is very ridiculous. The ſecond, that it is baſe, and ſervile. The third, that it boweth under a cruel tyranny, from whence it may with a little courage diſinfranchize it ſelf. And firſt I demand, if it be agreeable to a noble, and generous heart, to forſake the gravity incident to his nature, and to embrace idle toys, and fopperies? No man will conſent hereunto, but he that will betray his reaſon. Now ſo it is, that all the opinions, which at this day intoxicate the world, are not builded but upon the flying ſand, upon the giddie humours of windy brains, upon the paſſions, and affections of a debauched, and corrupted multitude. Where the ſheep feedeth that goeth before, they which follow muſt graze though they die for it. Every one attendeth his companion, as the wiſeſt, and he that venteth folly with the greateſt confidence is the beſt welcome. What Monſters, what prodigious fantaſies of ſcattered and uncollected ſpirits, have not been received for laudable actions, being favoured and authorized by opinion? It is a thing ridiculous, and almoſt incredible, to ſee the Chimerical conceits, that it hath perſwaded, making them to be taken not by a particular man, or one ſole family, but by a whole and entire Nation for Maxims of wiſdome.

Against the life of opinion.

Cornel. Tac. Hiſt. 2. *Multitudo vulgi more magis quam judicio, poſt alius alium quaſi prudentiorem ſequitur.* Strange giddyneſs of opinion.

The *Moſſins*, a people, performed all the actions of moſt ſecrecy in publick, yea even thoſe, which are ordained for the neceſſities of nature, and treated the affairs of the Common-wealth in their houſes, conſtantly believing it was very requiſite ſo to do. The *Tibarenes*, as ſoon as their wives were delivered, bound up their heads with a kercheff, lay down on their bed, and made themſelves to be attended like the childe-bed woman. The poor women in the mean time were up, and about the houſe, endeavouring to make ready Baths for their husbands, and to dreſs, and ſeaſon their viands, to tend, and cheriſh them, as if they had born all the pain of feminine travel. Could you have any thing more ridiculous? And yet opinion made it appear very reaſonable. There are ſuch to be found, who place all their honour, and glory in drinking hard, and eating freely: to call a man a robber, a thief, an adulterer, were in this Country nothing, to ſay that ſuch an one were not a great gourmandizer, nor a great drinker, would be to do him an unpardonable injurie. Others placed all the excellency, and dignity of man in carrying a huge logof wood a great diſtance, and by this tryal choſe their Kings. The greateſt Burthen-carriers, and Porters were their great Lords. Others did kill and eat their aged Parents for a ceremonie of Religion. And opinion made this good. What alſo do not thoſe people of *India*, and other parts diſcovered in our daies? Some think it is honourable to turn their back to ſalute one. Others thruſt their finger to the earth, and after lift it to heaven, to do reverence. Others gather up the ſpittle of their Prince, and ſpeak to him through a hollow trunk. Others offer to their Gods their old ſhoos in ſacrifice. A man would laugh, when he heareth ſpeech of it, and yet we ſee that the proudeſt Monarchs of the World

Apollonius 2. *Argon.* verſ. 138.

Idem ibidem.

Aruncani. *Lipſ.* Politic.

world, who ſuppoſed they had ſhut up all wiſdom in their Laws, and Cuſtoms, trampled virtue under their feet, and placed Dragons, Bats, and Quartan-Agues on their Altars. Behold what Opinion can do. Theſe follies, you will ſay, are not now in practice. He, that would well examine all the fantaſtick humours of apparel, all the giddy conceits of ſports, and paſtimes, the folly of complements (which at this time reign amongſt men) ſhould find things as ridiculous, as theſe: as it were to adore an humble, poor, crucified God, and yet to be mad after greatneſs, riches, and curioſities. To believe, that one perpetually liveth under the eyes of God, yet to behave himſelf like a wild Colt at his own fantaſie, neither knowing God, nor man. To expect a judgment, and to live in continual injuſtice. To know, that we muſt return naked to the earth, and yet to deſpoyl the whole world to cloath our ſelves. To build, as if one ſhould always live; eat, and drink, as if we ſhould never die; ſome men to trace up and down the ſtreets with a plume of Feathers on their head, and Fetters on their heels; Women, to beſtow a fourth part of their life-time in dreſſing, and beſmearing themſelves, to make themſelves groſs on one ſide, and little on another, to raiſe Turrets on their heads, to put Shackles on their heels, to be tranſported with ſo much ſollicitude about a Ruff, as if they had a *Venetian* Common-wealth to manage: Others to confound with courteſie, whom they would gladly eat with Salt: Others to kill one another about the interpretation of a word, and a thouſand ſuch like things, which are indeed moſt impertinent. Notwithſtanding opinion diſguiſeth them, opinion beſotteth them, and opinion giveth credit to all this. Do you then think it a matter worthy of your generoſity, to ſerve follies under the ſhadow, that fools approve them?

Do you not behold for the ſecond Reaſon, that you, being free of condition, and not having the power to diſgeſt ſome reaſonable ſervice, you notwithſtanding undergo the baſeſt ſervitude, that may be imagined? A young *Lacedemonian*, whom fortune had made a ſlave, rather choſe death, then to carry a Chamber-pot to his Maſter, ſaying, it was unworthy of his condition; and yet opinion maketh us to bear a Fool's Bable, opinion maketh us carry, not in our hands, but in the prime piece of man, the head, a ſink of old dotages, amaſſed together by light, idle, fantaſtick ſpirits, and afterward confirmed by laws, by the tyranny of cuſtom. What ſhall we call ſlavery, if this be none?

A notable ſaying of *Auguſt.* lib. 6. *De Civitate Dei*, c. 10. *Si cui intueri vaces quæ faciunt, quæque patiuntur, invenient tam in decora honeſtis, tam indigna liberis, tam diſſimilia ſanis, ut nemo dubitaturus ſuerit furere eos, ſi cum paucioribus furerent: nunc ſanitatis patrocinium eſt inſanientium turba.*

I call your conſciences to witneſs, if you ſometimes ſhall begin to breath in a more free air, and ſee the bright day of the children of God, you in your ſelves will blame all theſe inventions of the worldly life, which enforce you to feel tormenting racks in your attires, in your recreations, in the complements of converſation. O! how often are verified thoſe Sayings of the ſage *Roman*, inſerted by St. *Auguſtine* in the ſixth Book *Of the City of God*: *When you ſhall come to conſider all the train of ceremonies, and hypocriſies of Court, you will find them ill agreeing with honeſt minds, unworthy of free men, and not different from fools; and in effect you will confeſs, that no creature ſhould doubt to term them follies, if the number of ſots were leſs: the beſt veil they have, is the multitude of fools.* Do you not behold a goodly pretext? as if Moles were the leſs blind, becauſe they have companions in their darkneſs. Behold a point of ſervitude extremely unworthy of a noble ſpirit, to ſay, that one condemneth in his conſcience an act, which he putteth in practice, that he inſtantly may obey a vain opinion of the world. It is ſaid, the *Abderites*, after they had beheld the Tragedy of *Andromeda*, and *Meduſa*, became all frantick, even from the leaſt to the biggeſt, and ceaſed not to ſing, to clap their hands, to cry, to whiſtle through the ſtreets, and to have no diſcourſe, nor thought of any thing, but *Meduſa*, and *Andromeda*. If then you had entered into their City, you had played the fool for fear to be deſpiſed by fools. Is not this an intolerable weakneſs of ſpirit in a well-compoſed ſoul, to have good lights, and knowledges of Almighty God, which inceſſantly beat upon our underſtanding, and yet to play the fool, and to comply with another's humours?

Abderites, Cœlius, lib. 30. cap. 4.

For the third Reaſon I ſay, this belief, which is given to opinion, paſſeth into a wicked, and ſcandalous tyranny over *Chriſtians*: for by the force of cheriſhing, and fomenting theſe maxims in the heart of the world, they are transferred into Nature. Vices are not contented to be vices, but by this tyrannical law of opinion formed in the Ideas, and lives of Perſons of quality, they make themſelves to be adored under the colour of Virtue.

3. Reaſon. Tyranny of opinion.

Cardinal *Jacques de Vitry* relateth, that a Country-fellow carrying one day a young ſucking Pig to the Market, certain pleaſant Wits, who had agreed upon this ſport, every one of them ſeverally encountering him in divers croſs ways of the ſtreets, and asking him what was his purpoſe to carry a Dog to the Market, did ſo intoxicate his brain, that beaten out, blow after blow, with ſuch like Interrogations, he abſolutely perſwaded himſelf that to be true, which he firſt ſuppoſed was begun for ſport, and caſt his Pig with ſhame upon the pavement, and thinking it a true Dog, gave the other opportunity to gain by this ſleight.

A pretty obſervation of Cardinal *Jacques de Vitry.*

Behold what the tyranny of opinions re-doubled one upon another can do. They made this poor man believe, that his Pig was a Dog, although his ſenſes ſuggeſted the contrary. And I leave you to think what this torrent of the falſe Maxims of the world doth not, falling with unreſiſtable fury upon a dul, & half-dead faith. It weakeneth all that, which is *Chriſtian* in a ſoul, and planteth a wicked Idol of humane reſpects, which cauſeth, that all actions are meaſured by the Rule of vulgar opinions. And if there be yet any reliques of a good conſcience, this tyrant ſmothereth them, as a *Pharaoh*, and wholly perverting the nature of things, giveth boldneſs to ſin, and ſhame of well-doing to virtue. Behold a mean to drench all mankind in the gulph of confuſion. Is not this then abominable? If theſe conſiderations of the folly, ſervitude, and tyranny of this life (which are ſpun according to the Web of the opinions of the world) cannot ſerve for an Antidote for our ill, at the leaſt think the day will come, when truth ſhall take place, and vice vaniſh into ſmoak. It will happen unto you, as to Tigers, for whom Hunters, when they have taken away their Whelps, affix Looking-glaſſes in the ways to amuſe the ſavage Beaſts, and in the mean time they ſave their own lives by the help of flight. The Tigers forthwith moſt affectionately ſtay, thinking they ſhall draw their little captives from the reflection of this mirrour, and ſet them at liberty; in the end they ſtrike it till it is broken, loſing together both their young ones, and the inſtrument of their deception.

Illuſions of Tigers.

Theſe opinions, which you now adore, theſe dreams, theſe fantaſies, which you behold in the ſpecious glaſſes of the world, ſhall be loſt at the hour of death, and you muſt render an accompt to the Sovereign Judg, for that you have againſt his laws

erected

erected that Idol of worldly reſpects, and always made Heaven bow under the will of the earth. What are you to do? Of neceſſity to caſt away the opinions of the world contrary to the Doctrine of *Jeſus Chriſt*. You ſay, it is impoſſible to live in the world without purſuing the ways of the world, and accommodating one's ſelf to the doctrine thereof. Forſake it then, break your fetters, enfranchize your ſelf; when you no longer hope in it, you ſhall no more be in danger to fear it. What would it avail you to have in your life the whole world for an inheritance, and after death Hell for a priſon? Why are you daily handling your ſore, making it itch by your tenderneſs? You need but one blaſt of wind, one ſtroke of the air, to put your ſelf into the aſſured haven of the liberty of the children of God.

The fourth OBSTACLE.

Inconſtancy of Maners.

Mercur. Triſm. Serm. 4.

MERCURY *Triſmegiſtus* ſaid, that the ſeed of Heaven was Immortality, and the ſeed of the earth was Inconſtancy. All here below is filled with this grain, in every place it produceth its effects, but principally in man; he hath more in his heart, then all the reſt of the world; it is the true Image of inſtability, as *Ariſtotle* affirmeth. And very well it is ſaid, that Inconſtancy, exiled for ever from the Palace of eternity, came upon the earth as to the real place of her inheritance, and would needs there cauſe her ſelf to be painted. It was plainly told her, there was no Pencil ſo bold, which durſt undertake this work, becauſe ſhe was ſometimes great, ſometimes little, ſometimes groſs, ſometimes ſlender, ſometimes ſtreight, ſometimes crooked, ſometimes white, ſometimes black, finally, ever unſettled, and uncapable of ſtay in any place; that notwithſtanding ſhe might addreſs her ſelf unto Time, for he was a notable work-man, who intermeddled in all things. Time, after he had well eyed, and, obſerved this Inconſtancy, reſolved to paint her, and, at that ſeaſon finding no Table better primed for his purpoſe, he painted it on man.

Ariſtot. μεταπτώσεις & εἰκών. Fable of inconſtancy.

It is a goodly invention, which bringeth to us an undoubted verity, marked, and deſigned out, as with a pen of Adamant, by holy *Job*, when he ſpeaketh of man in theſe expreſs terms: *The flower, which ſhutteth up his date in the courſe of one morning, and evening, if it be not hail-ſtrucken at midday; the ſhadow, which ever flieth from the hand that would graſp it, and all which you may imagine to be tranſitory, is nothing in compariſon of the inconſtancy of man.* *Philip*, a good Authour, who flouriſhed about the time of St. *Hierom*, and hath written a Commentary upon *Job*, ſearching out the cauſes of the inſtability of man's heart, hath theſe remarkable words: "Inconſtancy is a chaſtiſement of ſin. The ſpirit of "man would not reſt it ſelf with firm footing upon "the foundation of contentments, which God preſented to it in the ſtate of grace, and therefore the "Sovereign Judg, for puniſhment, ſuffereth him to "go continually floating, as in a tempeſtuous Sea of "thoughts, without either finding bottom, or ſhore. "He is ever turmoiled with new deſires, and diſturbances. If he be employed, he wiſheth repoſe: and "if he hath never ſo little repoſe, he is vexed, and "requireth buſineſs. And although all men reſent the effects of this inconſtancy, yet ſhe, notwithſtanding, often-times beareth ſway in the Palaces of Great men.

Job 14.2. *Quaſi flos egreditur, & conteritur, & fugit velut umbra, & nunquam in eodem ſtatu permanet.*

Animus hominis, quia ſtare noluit cum potuit, jam non poteſt ſtare cum velit: ſed ſemper deſideriis vexatur, ut quietus actionem deſideret, occupatus quietem. Philip. in Job.

There are to be found many *Endymions*, who embrace the Moon; hearts wheeled about in ſtrange labyrinths, ſurcharged with Quick-ſilver, and changeable atomes; ſpirits, which perpetually are upon turbulencies, gnawn with a certain itch of noveliſm, diſtaſted with what is paſt, and always perplexed with what is to come, they hear all the minutes ſtrike, but the hour of repoſe they know not. The cauſes of this exorbitancy are maniſeſt, and the conſideration is profitable, that remedy may thereunto be ſought. To ſome it happeneth by a certain natural levity of a ſpirit, ever gliding, and jumping upon all ſorts of objects, as a Butter-flie among flowers. To others by a certain facility, which they have to take diſtaſt upon the ſudden againſt all things, yea, even the moſt delightfull. To others by a certain greedineſs, which maketh them ever to have things preſent in ſcorn, and things to come in eſteem. They reſemble the Dog in the Fable, they no ſooner have the ſubſtance, but forſaking it they reach at the ſhadow, and afterward paſſionately ſeek what they did forego. To others by a certain curioſity, and impatience of too much repoſe. They do, as thoſe, who, having no great deſire to ſleep, caſt themſelves upon a Bed of eaſe, turning from one ſide to another, untill they found ſleep by their own wearineſs. To others by a diſtemper of Paſſions commixed together, which ſharply bite them like vermin. To others by certain timerous appetites, in ſuch ſort, that they dare not do all they deſire, and cannot obtain all they dare wiſh for; this ever holdeth them with a throat open for prey, which by its flight leaveth them nothing but a meer illuſion. To others by a certain mouldineſs of a dull ſpirit, which cannot diſ-involve their thoughts, nor fairly accommodate their purpoſe to eſtabliſh them in any kind of a confident life. They reſemble that little Bird of the Sea, called *Cinclus*, which during his whole life (as it is ſaid) uſeth no endeavour to build his own neſt, but goeth ever wandering up and down, if other for pure pity do not contribute of theirs. All this inconſtancy of life is an eſſential obſtacle, which totally hindereth the progreſs of perfection, the reaſons whereof are moſt evident.

Senec. De Tranquil. *Salvian.* lib. 1. Gubernat. Human. *Humana mentis vitium magis ſuper-velle quæ deſunt.*

Ælian. 12. De animal. *Suidas*, Κίνκλος.

The firſt is, that one can execute nothing in matter of virtue, if he have not an aim, and purpoſe well rectified: otherwiſe it is not to live, but to fright Crows, and Pies with fancy. Now ſo it is, that all thoſe, who dance this jig of Inconſtancy, have neither but, nor ſcope of aſſurance; they perpetually are tranſported where the ſtorm carrieth them; they are always ſtrangers in their own Countries, and gueſts in their proper houſes; you would ſay they had but one ſole motion, one ſole action in this life, which is to turn topſie-turvie all things, and to do nothing; and if they do good, it is when they leaſt think of it, and oftentimes they find they muſt leave to live, before they have once thought why they were born. St. *Thomas* ſaith: *The property of a reaſonable nature is to work for an end, otherwiſe it is a brutiſh action.* And although the ends ſeem greatly different, and ſcattered in the univerſality of creatures, notwithſtanding they are all recollected in God, as beams in the Sun, the center-light. 'Tis that, at which neceſſarily we muſt aim, to find the Temple of Repoſe. Quick-Silver creepeth up and down, and trembleth, untill it hath found Gold, with which it may commix: in like manner the heart of man boundeth, and skippeth here, and there in its own diſturbances. There is nought, but jumps, and ſallies, but ebs, and flouds, but acceſſes of Fire, and Ice, until ſuch time as it is united to its Creatour, ſubmitting it ſelf to ſome conſtant and regular maner of life, thereby to ſerve his Divine Majeſty. Saint

Reaſons againſt inconſtancy.

S. Thom. 1. 2. Quæſt. 1. *Sine propoſito vagantur, quærentes negotia, nec quod propoſuerunt agunt.*

S. *Auguſt.* fol. 13.

Auguſtine very lively explicateth the miſery of this wandring life, which he had made tryal of, and the happineſs he enjoyed when he had couragiouſly ſettled himſelf to a ſtable ſtate of virtue. You would ſay, hearing this ſpoken, that this ſoul like a ſmall current of water, ſeparated for ſome time from God his true ſource, gliding along by the ſenſes, as by ruſty, and defiled pipes. There the ſoul is ever perplexed, and involved, finding pain in repoſe, and thirſt in abundance, until returning to its original head it cometh to reliſh moſt delicious contentments, which make it ſay to God: *My God I now know, that no good can be had without thee, the true, onely, and Sovereign good; in every place where I am without thee I never am without pain. All the good which is not God ſeemeth unto me a meer penury.* You manifeſtly behold, how this inſtability of life, for that it aimeth not at the ſcope at which our thoughts ſhould be levelled, not onely alienateth you from tranquillity, but expoſeth you to moſt thorny difficulties, and in the end to deplorable diſaſters.

Ex quo me ab unitate bonitatis tuæ, ſummo & uno bono temporalium rerum, multiformitas lapſum me per carnales ſenſus diſſipavit, & ab uno in multa diviſit, facta eſt mihi abundantia laboriosa, & egeſtas copioſa.

The other reaſon, which maketh inconſtancy very prejudicial to all virtue, is, that one can do no great thing, unleſs he faſhion it as the Bear doth her whelp by licking. Time and frequent diligence are neceſſarily required to make good habits bud in the heart of man. The plant, which is often transferred from one place to another, ſeldom beareth fruit. Viands, which the ſtomach doth not leiſurely entertain, are ill diſgeſted; remedies, perpetually changed one in the neck of another, kill the body: the wound, which continually is vexed, cannot conſolidate: *the Wandering Scholar never becometh a good Clerk.* We of neceſſity muſt break, and tame our ſelves to the thing we undertake. He that is every where is no where. And yet notwithſtanding this is an inſeparable property of inconſtancy, never long to leave the mind in any honeſt exerciſe, that ſo it may take a perfect tincture: from whence it cometh to paſs, that all her childe-beds are falſe conceptions, and her productions abortions.

2. Reaſon. He muſt lick his Bear. *Senec.* Epiſt. 1.

Vagus Scholaris non fit Magiſter.

Saint *Anthony* adviſed a ſoul deſirous of advancement three things. Firſt, to addict it ſelf much to the exerciſe of the preſence of God. The ſecond, to take the holy Scripture for the rule of his actions. The third, to hold firm footing in conſtancy. You will ſay, that *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* had learned this precept of the Chriſtians: for in the firſt book *Of his life* he caſteth out of the Temple of virtue certain people, which he calleth by a very ſignificant *Greek* word πετασγικὰς, as one would ſay, *balls caſt into the Air*, and he addeth, that it is needful to reclaim, and accommodate one's ſelf to time, and occaſion, to obtain our deſire, which rules *Syncleticus*, famous in the deſerts, obſerving was accuſtomed to ſay: *If the hen brood not her egs, ſhe hath no deſire to make them diſcloſe.* And not to ſpeak of Saints, a wiſe Hiſtorian hath well obſerved: *The greateſt hinderance which can come to the perfection of a good work is to go pearching, as a bird from bough to bough, without ever ſtaying.*

Adviſe of S. Anthony. Apotheg. P. P.

Antonius libro *De vita ſua.*

πετασγικὰς.

Gallina, niſi ova fuverit, pullos non excludit. Frequens ac mobilis tranſitus, maximum perfecti operis impedimentum.

Why do you not then make a ſerious reſolution to forſake all theſe weakneſſes, and devote your ſelf for ſome good time to conſtancy? You anſwer: *It cannot be done, we are in the Court, We are in the world, we live in the kingdom of inconſtancy, what means have we to deliver our ſelves from theſe laws? If we were Hermits, our recreation would be to tell the hours of the day, and to make them ours by a prudent Oeconomie; but here we follow the wind of neceſſity, the torrent of ſociety tranſporteth us, we no longer are our ſelves.* It is a lamentable thing, to put purpoſely the diſeaſe into deſpair, for fear of recure. How unjuſt are we to accuſe all that which is about us, and ever to ſpare our culpable heads: we complain of the time, which ſlideth away from us, places, and ſocieties do us wrong, which would be ever profitable if we would our ſelves; the buſineſſes kill us, which we might make the inſtruments of virtue; all things afflict us; we accuſe Heaven, and Earth, and have no burthen more weighty then our ſelves. What neceſſity is there to lay the faults of your own levity upon things inſenſible? Your inconſtancy is your vice, it is your own nature. Were it not a goodly thing to behold the Tarand (a creature, which *Ariſtotle*, and *Philo* ſpeaketh of) who paſſing through a garden taketh ſo many colours as there are divers Plants, to complain, that theſe Herbs, and not his own skin do wrong to him, who is mutable, and penetrable with all ſorts of impreſſions? This happeneth not to any other creatures, why to him? Wherefore ſhould the Polypus and Camelion conteſt againſt objects? A thouſand gallant Courtiers, a thouſand perſons of Quality have lived, and ſtill live all their days in aſſemblies, in affairs, with a life ſo regular, that all goeth in meaſure, and compaſs: the days and nights have not more equality in the Equinoctial, then they in all their manages of affairs. And you through a certain remiſneſs of heart, weakneſs, a falſe Idea, or rather through a very ſoothing of Nature, ſuffer your ſelves to run without bridle upon all occaſions (changeable creatures) reſembling the various colours of the Dove's breaſt, which one knoweth not how to diſtinguiſh. See you not, that this is to betray your own manhood? What ought you to do to avoid this Obſtacle?

Ariſt. Περὶ ζώων μεμ. ἀνάτ. *Philo* libro *De Temulentia.*

Excuſe of Courtiers.

Anſwer.

Firſt, to enter into your ſelves to conſider what paſſeth there, to behold from what root, from what ſource this tumultuary life proceedeth, to take away the cauſe, to ſuppreſs the effect.

To apprehend ſeriouſly the end for which man is created, to bend all your ſinews and arteries to arrive thither, to uſe creatures as means and inſtruments of happieneſs, by the way of uſe, not fruition.

To purge the ſoul from ſins, which oftentimes raiſe this ſtorm, by a good general Confeſſion, and ſeriouſly cut off thoſe paſſions, which moſt ſeditiouſly aſſault you.

To accommodate all your daily actions by the adviſe of your Spiritual Father, and to make a good reſolution ſtrictly to obſerve it, as much as in you lieth.

To conſider, how many Pagans, to make themſelves eminently excellent in ſome facultie, have determined of their own meer motion to be confined to caverns, and ſhaved like fools, for avoidance of company, and retirement to that, which they intended; ſo did *Demoſthenes* the Oratour: why ſhould not we to ſave our ſouls do that, which he did to refine his language?

If any weakneſs occur after theſe good purpoſes, not to diſturb your ſelf for it, ſuppoſing conſtancy impoſſible, becauſe it falleth out you are inconſtant, to correct what is paſt, to order what is preſent, to prevent things to come, and to fortifie your ſelf even by falls.

The fifth OBSTACLE.

Diſſimulation.

ONe of the greateſt Obſtacles of virtue is, for that man liveth in the world as on a ſtage, perpetually with a Mask on his fore-head; every one would ſeem that which he is not, and none will

avow

avow what he is. Thoſe, which come neareſt to God, are the moſt ſimple, becauſe the Divine Nature is ſimplicity it ſelf. The moſt remote are the moſt double, and palliated. This ſimplicity, the prime virtue of Saints, which hath gilded the face of the golden Age with its rays, is ſo alienated from the cuſtom of our times, that not ſo much as the name thereof is known. It is taken to be ſopperie, although it be the quinteſſence of Prudence. To be ſimple is to make the heart accord with the tongue, and hands. It is to have in all your deportments a natural, and genuine ſincerity, exempt from fraud, from vanity, and hypocriſie. It is a thing almoſt as rare in Court, as a white Raven; the maſk is better beloved then the viſage, the reſemblance then the eſſence, opinion then conſcience. The moſt part of Courtiers are Monſters with two tongues, and two hearts; few are there, which take not *Amphiaraus* Deviſe the quite contrary way, who ſaid, he would be, and not ſeem. At this day in matter of virtue men better love ſeem what they are not, then to be what they ſeem. It were a ridiculous vanity, ſaid Saint *Gregory Nazianzen*, if an Ant ſhould take an Ape for a Lion, and the poor Ape ſhould afterwards fall into the throat of the Wolf, it ſhould be ſmall contentment, to be eſteemed by this little creature a Lion in fantaſie, and to be devoured by this other beaſt in verity. And yet notwithſtanding corrupt depraved nature doth elect all her virtues, and felicities in picture, and puniſhments in eſſence. I have much wondered at an antient Medal, which *Villalpand* in his Epiſtle in the Frontiſpiece of his Book, which he dedicated to *Philip the Third*, King of *Spain*, affirmeth to have fallen into his hands. In this Medal was ſeen on one ſide the magnificent Temple of *Jeruſalem*, with certain *Hebrew* Characters much deformed with ruſt; on the other ſide there was the figure of *Mark Anthony*, well engraven, with this Inſcription, SOLOMON. This invention came from *Herod*, a great flatterer of *Roman* Princes, on whom he ſaw his Fortunes depended, and verily he followed *Mark Anthonie's* Standard, while good ſucceſs waited on his colours, but afterwards beholding, that all yielded to the victorious arms of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, he ſought, and obtained his favour by all poſſible ſubtile endeavours. Howſoever he cauſed this beautiful Medal to be made, which gave to the verieſt ſot among Princes the name of the wiſeſt amongſt Kings, and *Mark Anthony*, who neither had Piety, nor Religion in his ſoul, beheld himſelf even willingly ſtamped in this coyn, as the true Guardian, and Church-warden of the Temple of God: ſo much man affecteth the very ſhadows of good, after he hath loſt the ſubſtance. At this day this paſſion outragiouſly predominateth even to furie; in all places there is nothing, but counterfeiting, and affectations. Hypocriſie reigneth in painting, in habits, Hypocriſie is in complements, Hypocriſie is in buſineſſes, Hypocriſie lodgeth in all ages, all ſexes, all conditions; Hypocriſie goeth even to Altars. Ambition, avarice, luxury, and other vices, although deeply rooted, forſakes man, when he forſakes himſelf, it is onely Hypocriſie, which attendeth him to his grave, and will ſleep under his aſhes: ſo many golden lies are witneſſes thereof, which perpetually do enſhrine carkaſſes. Man is ſo made to ſeem what he is not, and to diſſemble that which he is, ſo double, and ſo repleniſhed with mutable eſſences, that he himſelf is deceived in himſelf, and taketh himſelf for other then he is. Men are not contented to corrupt their apparel, their language, hair, viſage, ſoul, body, ſciences, arts, but they alſo will violate virtues, the daughters of the Divinity; they deſpoil them of their natural plumes to cloath vice. If there be exceſs of cruelty in the chaſtiſement of ſome crime, it is called juſtice; if choler be predominant, it is termed zeal; if effeminacy of heart creep in, it is entituled meekneſs; prodigality borroweth the name of mercy; niggardlineſs, of good-husbandry; cowardiſe, of prudence; obſtinacy, of conſtancy; inconſtancy, of facility, and circumſpection; weakneſs of courage, of humility; pride, of liberty; lazineſs, of tranquillity; diſturbance of ſpirit, of vigilancy; precipitation, of fervour; dulneſs, of good counſel; and not to keep promiſe with any man is ſaid to be equal with all men.

Saint *Gregory the Great* excellently moralizeth this in the book of *Job*, where he ſheweth, that the moſt part of men are all griſtle, which hath the reſemblance of bones, but not the ſolidity of bones; they have the appearance of virtue, but not the firmneſs. What remedy is there for this abuſe deep-rooted in Nature? I will onely produce two Reaſons, well worthy of conſideration. Firſt, that (ſpeaking to noble hearts) it ſeemeth to me it is to produce a moſt irrefragable motive of deteſtation of any vice, when the baſeneſs, and ignominie thereof is diſcovered: for that is it, which hath moſt power over generous ſpirits. Now ſo it is, this Hypocriſie, which maketh you (O Noblemen) always to live diſguiſed, is quite contrary to the condition of a brave, and generouſly-elated ſpirit. Becauſe, if it be impreſſed with a good ſtamp, it naturally loveth the liberty, and freedom, which unavoidably is oppreſſed in theſe palliations, crouchings, and counterfeitings. They are the tricks of Apes, and Foxes, and in no ſort are ſuitable to the nature of a generous Lion.

Beſides, ſeeing God openeth unto us the great book of the world, as a piece of Parchment gilded, and traced with his Pencil, for us therein to read that which is for our inſtruction, if we will conſider diligently the moſt ſublime things, we ſhall find they naturally ſtrike at this vanity, which maketh you to diſplay apparences to the eyes of men outwardly, having nothing ſolid within. It ſeemeth, that all the maſter-pieces of this celeſtial, and elementary world, as it were by a common conſent, do hide all what they have of moſt eminency, and worth, bearing for Deviſe: *I hide the better part.* It is true, that Heaven ſheweth it ſelf wholly relucent in ſtars, and brightneſs, but covereth his powerful influences, which by their ſecret extent give motion to this great houſe of Nature. It is true, the Air maketh his Meteors to appear to the view of the whole world; but this ſecret virtue, which doth penetrate us even to the heart, and bringeth life, and refreſhment to us upon its wings, who can tell me what colour it is of? The Fire unfoldeth his flames unto us: but this commanding heat, which conquereth, and ſofteneth the hardeſt metals, do we behold it? The calm Sea delighteth us with his ſmiling countenance, at that time eſpecially when it becometh (as it were) friſled and curled by ſome gracious and gentle gale, and coloured with the beams of a bright Sun, which beat upon it; but this luſtruous beauty, what is it in compariſon of the treaſures, which he concealeth in the ſtore-houſes of his abyſſes? The earth it ſelf likewiſe maketh her boaſt in the Spring, varied and enameled with her natural pieces of painting, and ſparkled with a thouſand petty flowers, which ſtand as the eyes of the meadows; but theſe do eclipſe each evening, and morning. Quite contrary, the Metals, which the earth encloſeth, and as it were engulpheth in her entrails, after they are

Simplicity the chief virtue of Saints.

What it is to be ſimple.

Οὐ δοκεῖν, ἀλλὰ εἶναι. Deviſe of *Amphiaraus*. *Greg. Nazian. in Iambic.*

Τί γὰρ μικρὸν κύδος, εἰ δοκεῖ λέων;

A rare Medal of *Mark Anthonie.*

The kingdom of Hypocriſie.

Greg. Moral. 3. c. 22. Job 40. *Sunt nonnulla vitia, quæ oſtendunt in ſe rectitudinis ſpeciem, ſed ex pravitatis prodeunt infirmitate.*

Reaſons againſt Hypocriſie.

Baſeneſs of this vice.

Hypocriſie confuted in the great book of the world.

Parte ſui meliore latent.

Counterfeit virtues.

wrought, and poliſhed by the artful hands of Lapidaries, retain a luſtre of a long date, which reſplendently ſhine upon cup-boards of Kings, and the Great men of the earth. What leſſon of nature is this, to hide all, which it hath of greateſt value? And what corruption of nature in man, to hold in the bottom of his heart ſtench, and dung-hills, and to plaiſter it over with a vain hypocriſie?

Hypocriſie condemned by the laws of heaven. Sport of God, and what. 1 Cor. 1. *Quæ ſtulta ſunt mundi elegit Deus, ut confundat ſapientes; & infirma mundi elegit Deus, ut confundat fortia; & ignobilia mundi, & contemptibilia elegit Deus, & ea quæ non ſunt, ut ea quæ ſunt deſtrueret.*

God hath not onely imprinted this verity, of which I ſpeak, in the great book of nature, but he hath, as it were, engraven, and ſtamp'd it with his hand, in the monuments of the old, and new Law. The paſtimes of Great men are Theatres, Tiltyards, and Amphitheatres; and the ſport of the Divine wiſdom in this Univerſe is to hide treaſures under the bark, and mantle of ſome perſons, baſe, and abject in apparence. In the old Law a ſtammering ſhepheard is choſen to carry the word to a Monarch, to ſhake, and overturn with a poor wand the Pillars of his Empire, to divide Seas, to calm Billows, to open the bowels of Rocks, to command all the Elements, and fill the world with wonders. In the new Law ſimple fiſher-men, almoſt as dumb, and mute as the fiſhes themſelves, are choſen to catch in their nets Philoſophers, Kings, Cities, Provinces, and Empires. Behold the ordinary cuſtom of God to hold Pearls in ſhels, ſweet perfums in very abject boxes. The true mark of Greatneſs in the judgment of God is at firſt bluſh externally not to appear great. On the contrary, it is the act of a flat, ridiculous, and benummed vanity, to be deſirous to ſurprize the eyes with a counterfeit, and captious beauty, which afterward, appearing in its native colours, makes the deformity thereof the more disfigured.

Deformity of hypocriſie.

What a ſhameful thing it is to a heart, which hath never ſo little reſentment of nobility, to erect a reſplendent Sepulchre, to boaſt exteriourly marbles, gildings, characters, titles, and to have nothing within but bones, putrefaction, and aſhes; to caſt a certain luſtre through the ignorance, and obſcurity of an Age, become brutiſh, and then to be in effect but a ſilly worm; to live in the world as a Snail, to make long ſilver traces, and to be nothing elſe but froth; to have the back covered with Velvet like a Cuſhion, and the Belly ſtuffed with hay; to make oſtent of leaves, and verdure like a wood, and to be repleniſhed with Serpents! Is it poſſible, that a noble heart, when it hath no other ſuper-viſour, but its own conſcience, can ſuffer theſe ſhames? A gentile ſpirit ſaid to an old man, who cauſed his griſly hairs to be painted with the luſtre of green youth: Poor fool, although thou could'ſt deceive the whole world with thy hair, *yet Death well knoweth they are gray.* So when an Hypocrite ſhall happen to conceal his jugling from all thoſe, who accompany him, which indeed cannot be done (men now being endued with penetrating eyes) yet one cannot deceive the eye of his conſcience, quick-ſighted to pierce ſuch falſhoods with bright reflection. I ſay nothing of the ſhame, and ignominy, that muſt be undergone after it is diſcovered, and taken with the maner, like a cut-purſe: I ſpeak nothing of the racks, tortures, affrightments, and perplexities, in which they live, who deſire to entertain theſe ſeemings. A great wit hath well ſaid, that ſuch people are the oxen of *Baal*, who are cut for Sacrifice in little gobbets, but notwithſtanding receive not fire from Heaven; theſe miſerable creatures macerate, and kill themſelves, to ſacrifice themſelves to the appetites of the world, without ever taſting the conſolations of God, which they have renounced. Let us lay their pains apart, let us admit, that with theſe laborious endeavours they might always live cloaked, always hidden from the eyes of the world, yea even from the all-piercing eye of their own conſcience:

Scit te Proſerpina cæcum.

Stephanus Edonſis in Reg. 3. 18.

It is moſt manifeſt, and conſiderable for the ſecond reaſon, that it is impoſſible to deceive God, whoſe eye, repleniſhed with lightning flaſhes, tranſpaſſeth through the abyſſes, and maketh Hell it ſelf confeſs it hath not darkneſs enough to ſhadow it from his face. Now ſo it is, that God condemneth, reproveth, chaſtiſeth with the particular indignation of his heart this plaiſtered life, and therefore, as the Interpreters of the Scripture obſerve, he rejected the Swan, notwithſtanding the whiteneſs of her feathers, and the ſweetneſs of note, which is aſcribed to her; nor would he ever admit her in the number of his victimes, becauſe under pure white feathers ſhe hideth a black fleſh. For the ſame reaſon he never would have the Oſtrich, who hath onely the oſtentuous boaſts of wings, and no flight: ſo much he deteſteth apparence fruitleſs, and effectleſs. Firſt, or laſt he will (ſaith holy *Job*) take away the maſk, ſo that the life of Hypocrites ſhall be as the Spider's web in the judgment of God; they ſhall think they have ſped well, but even to have hidden themſelves: all ſhall be reſolved into nothing, to make them appear what they are, in a moſt ignominious nakedneſs. They now are Panthers, who have their skins ſpotted with mirrours, that ſearch out ſecret Fountains to waſh away the ordures, and impreſſions of their crimes, as it is related of this creature. But the day of God will come, when (as the Prophet *Iſaiah* ſaith) the Panther's waters ſhall wholly be dried, and ſoaked up; that is to ſay, as *Ailredus* interpreteth it, that all the counterfeitings, and diſſimulations of the world ſhall find no more water to whiten them. We all naturally fear the publication of our vices: ſo ſenſible we are in the touches of Honour.

2. Reaſon.

Lev. 11. 18. The Swan, and the Oſtrich rejected by God.

Job 18. 19.

Waters of Panthers. Iſaiah 15. *Aquæ Nimrim ſic-cabuntur.*

Thoſe poor *Mileſian* Maids, who, moved with enraged deſpair, ran to halters, and ſteepy precipices, could never be diverted from this fury, either by the ſweet admoniſhment of their Parents, or rigorous menaces of Judges: but when by decree the naked bodies of thoſe, who had violated the law of nature by this moſt wicked attempt, were caſt upon the dung-hill, the onely apprehenſion of nakedneſs, and of the nakedneſs of a body bereaved of ſenſe, ſtayed the courſe of theſe execrable frenzies. And, without ſpeaking of antient Hiſtories, *William* Biſhop of *Lyons* relateth, that a certain Damoſel painted, in an Age when ſimplicity was in great eſteem, as ſhe went along in a Proceſſion, behold by chance an Ape came out of a ſhop, who leaped on her ſhoulders, and took off her coif, and made a little deformity appear, covered under painting, and diſſimulation, whereby ſhe felt her ſelf over-whelmed with dolour, and confuſion. If the ſmall affronts, and diſgraces, which we receive in the world, have ſo much force, what will it be then, when the Sovereign Judg ſhall take away the ſcarf, and make a cauterized conſcience appear? What will it be, when with as many Torches, and burning Lights, as there then ſhall be of Angels, and of the elect by his ſide, he ſhall penetrate even to the bottom of a loſt Soul? Where then ſhall be his plaiſterings, where his diſſimulations, and hypocriſies in the abyſs of this confuſion? It is a thing, which we rather may meditate on in ſilence, then expreſs in words.

Trick of an Ape.

Upon theſe Conſiderations reſolve with your ſelves to build your ſalvation upon the firm rock of truth, and not on a vain reputation, upon the ſlippery moving ſands of humane apparences. Imitate that

that good King, Father of St. *Lewis*, who bare a Sceptre made like an Obelisk in a Ring, with this Deviſe, *Volo ſolidum perenne*: as who ſhould ſay, all his intentions aimed at heaven, and eternity.

Typotius in Symbol.

Make a determinate purpoſe, as much as poſſibly you may, to avoid in your apparel, in your hair, in your words, in your actions, all ſorts of affectation, of hypocriſie, of folly, as things baſe, ſottiſh, ridiculous, and wicked, ever remembering this ſentence of St. *Auguſtine*: *A great, and divine Virtue is to deceive no man: the laſt, and moſt miſchievous of all vices is to deceive the whole world.*

Aug. lib. 83. Quæſt. Summa & divina virtus eſt neminem decipere: ultimum vitium eſt quemlibet decipere.

The ſixth OBSTACLE.

Ill-husbanding of Time.

A Notable Fable maketh the Spider, and the Silk-worm to ſpeak together, telling their fortune in a pretty pleaſing maner, and greatly repleniſhed with moral inſtruction. The poor Spider complaineth ſhe laboureth night, and day, to make her Webs, with ſo much fervour, and diligence, that ſhe unbowels her ſelf, pouring forth her ſubſtance, and ſtrength to accompliſh her work: yet notwithſtanding her endeavour ſo little proſpereth, as that, after ſhe hath brought this her Web to perfection, a ſilly ſervant cometh with a Broom, and in an inſtant undoes what ſhe could not produce perhaps ſcarcely in ten years. But if it happen ſhe eſcape from this perſecution, which ſeldom is ſeen in Great mens houſes, yet all the fruit ſhe may expect from ſo much toyl, is but to take ſome wretched Flie in her Web. Behold you not herein ſufficient cauſe to bewail her miſery? The Silk-worm quite contrary boaſteth her ſelf to be one of the moſt happy creatures, which lives on the face of the earth. For (ſaith he) I am ſought after as if I were a pretious Diamond, I am exported from foreign Countries, happy is he, who beſt can lodg, breed, entertain, and cheriſh me; men bend all their induſtry to ſerve my eaſefull repoſe, and commodities. If I travel, my pain is well beſtowed: but be it how you will (ſilly Spider) that you take Flies, I captivate Kings. The greateſt Monarchs of the earth are involved in my threeds; Queens, and great Ladies make of my works the entertainment of their beauties; and the Potentates, which will not depend upon any, are dignified by a little Worm. The four corners of the earth divide my labours with admiration; and not being able to go higher, although I reach not to Heaven, yet I behold the Altars glitter under the embelliſhments, which iſſue from my entrails. And verily there is great difference between the travel of the Spider, and pain of the Silk-worm. The induſtry of theſe two little creatures doth naturally figure unto us two ſorts of perſons, whereof the one laboureth for vanity, the other for verity. All men, coming into this life, enter thereinto as into a Shop of toil, which is as natural to them, as flight for Birds. A great man, after he had well conſidered this ſentence of *Job*, cauſed theſe words to be inſcribed upon his Tomb, well worthy of ponderation, that is to ſay: *Man entereth into being by the gate of not being, as he, who is as ſoon in ſin, as in nature, his birth is a puniſhment, his life a travel, and his death a neceſſity.*

A notable Fable.

Adamus de Sancto Victore.

A worthy Epitaph.

Conceptio culpa, naſci pœna, neceſſe mori.

And very well *Tertullian* obſerveth, that God the Creatour, cloathing man with skins after his fall, (which is the attire of ſlaves, and ſervitours, whom we ſend to delve in Mines) thereby would ſignifie to him, he ſhould enter into the world, as into a Mine, to labour, and dig, until he had found a Tomb. This pain then being neceſſarily reſolved upon, one of the moſt important points for direction of life is, to take a good emploiment, and well to beſtow your time, ſince through want of this good endeavour life is filled with a buſie ſluggiſhneſs, with unprofitable labours, with remorſe, with ſhame, which oftentimes draggeth after it an eternity of pain. It is one of the greateſt confuſions, which at this day predominateth in the lives, and actions of men of Quality. Some are overwhelmed with affairs, even from morning till night, and think upon every thing, but themſelves. Others roll in a lazineſs, full of moſt vain occupations, and never underſtand the principal buſineſs, which is the point of their ſalvation. We greatly fail either in knowledg, or courage, to handle one of the chief paſſages of our life, which is the expenſe of time; we, do as one in elder time ſaid: We labour in the main point, as if it were but an acceſſory, and we afterward take the acceſſory, as if it were the principal. All the petty trifles, which concern the eaſe, and accomodation of our bodies, have their regular time, and ſeldom are forgotten, drinking, eating, ſleeping, ſporting, exerciſe that pleaſeth, be it never ſo painfull, have their ſeaſon; the affair of ſalvation hath none at all, if it take not ſome ſmall time even by ſtealth. Behold how corruption is engendered, that may be remedied by the conſideration of two, or three reaſons, which I will propoſe unto you.

Two great obſtacles of ſalvation.

Athen. lib. 4. Ἔρσον ὡς παρεργον, παρεργον ὡς ἔργον.

First know, it is true what the Wiſe man ſaid: *You oftentimes complain of divers neceſſities of life, one ſaith, he hath need of health, another of liberty, another of credit, another of favour, another of apparel, another of money: no man deploreth, that he hath need of time, which indeed is the moſt pretious merchandize.* And yet notwithſtanding *Zeno* aſſured us, the thing, which man moſt wanted in this life, was Time. One cannot better approve the value, which is to be ſet upon any thing, then by ſhewing the rarity, and neceſſity of it. Time is not onely pretious, but abſolutely neceſſary. Then think whether you ought to hold it dear, or not. Time is very hard to be known, how difficult (think you) will it then be to poſſeſs it? All the brave ſpirits of the world have voluntarily put themſelves upon the torture, onely to diſcover what Time was; yet could they not ſo much as touch the wings thereof. *Pythagoras* ſaid, it was the Soul of the world; others, that it was Heaven; others, that it was Motion; others, the Meaſure of Motion. St. *Auguſtine*, a moſt admirable Wit, ſtruggleth with himſelf upon this Queſtion, as a Bird in a ſtring: *He ſaith, he knoweth, and he knoweth not, what Time is. He knows enough to hold his peace, and knoweth not enough to ſpeak.* I leave for you to think, if this ſpirit, all compoſed of fire, and lightning, could not know Time, how can you have it in your power? The Scripture compareth it to a moſt ſwift River, which cometh not, but to paſs along, and creepeth not, but to glide away. All mortals, little, and great, ſtand on the brink of this River, to fiſh for Time. But do you know with what inſtrument? With a Sive; which is the cauſe, that they hold nothing. One fiſheth ten years, another twenty, another thirty, another fourty, another fourſcore. Out alaſs! All hath paſſed through a Sive, there remaineth nothing for them; yea, even the little Infant, hanging on the Teat of his Nurſe, which he had ſucked but one day, as yet hath no more. There remains but a poor moment, which we hold as an Eel in our hands: at every turn it eſcapeth from us; one moment driveth another, as the wave of the Sea thruſteth forward the wave. You ſee, this Merchandize is very hard to be kept, and to recover ſuch a loſs is a thing humanly impoſſible. To

Reaſons, and Remedies.

Senec. ep. 1. Quem mihi dabis, qui aliquod pretium tempori ponat, qui dies æſtimet, qui intelligat ſe quotidiè mori?

Nature the price of Time.

Ψυχὴ τῆς παντὸς.

Aug. Confeſſ. lib. 11. cap. 41. Quid eſt tempus, ſi nemo ex me quærat, ſcio: ſi quærenti explicare velim, neſcio.

Pſal. 71. 10. ubi *Vulgata, Deus pleni.* Hebr. *aqua plena.* River of Time.

Eſdræ 4. 3. 39.

meaſure

meaſure the wind, to weigh the flame, to call back a day paſſed, are three effects of like impoſſibility. God hath reſerved to himſelf the government of this great Dial of the world; he himſelf figureth out the hours, and will give this commiſſion to no man. If the Sun was ſtayed in the time of *Joſhua*, it was done, ſaith Saint *Chryſoſtom*, in reverence of the name of *Jeſus*, of whom this great Captain was the Figure.

Jam tum fumulata videbant Sidera venturum, præmiſſo nomine, Jeſum. Sedulius. Iſai. 38. 8. Stephanus.

If it recoiled back ten degrees in the time of *Ezechias*, it was to ſignifie the myſtery of the Incarnation, when the eternal Word abaſed himſelf under the nine Quires of Angels, even to the uniting himſelf to humane Nature, the tenth, and laſt of reaſonable creatures. This large Dial of Heaven is not touched, but for the great, and various motions of the world, and the principal myſteries of our Faith: to think ſuch a change ſhould be made for you, were a great folly. Take time while the Sun ſtriketh on your line; if you will put the hand of the Dial upon the hour of the preſent day, you ſhall not depend upon the expected approach of to morrow. See you not, if one rend a Garment, it is made up again; if a Jewel be loſt, it may be found again; if an Houſe be burnt, it is re-edified again, many times much fairer then ever it was. There is nothing, ſave time, but returneth; you ſhall ſooner find the Philoſopher's ſtone, then time loſt. All riches are but as chaff in compariſon of time. There is no worſe Thief, then he that ſtealeth from himſelf ſo unvaluable a Merchandize, either in doing ill, or in doing nothing.

Time irrecoverable.

Neceſſity of time.

The ſecond Reaſon, which makes this eſtimation of time ſo recommendable, is the neceſſity we have of it. King *Antigonus* ſpake wiſely, when he ſaid his War was the warfare of Time, as well as of Arms. And very properly may we ſay the ſame. All our Chriſtian warfare, all our Martial diſcipline, all our exploits conſiſt in laying hold of opportunity, and well-husbanding of Time. A little time well employed, which will be found at the day of our death, in our own hands, can put us in poſſeſſion of a happy eternity. If you have not time, well may you have Rivers of Gold, and Magazines of Pearls, but Heaven you ſhall never have.

Greg. Nazian. in Jambicis. Παντὸς ὑπερτίμιον νομίζω τὸν δὲ τὸν βίον. *Merchandize in requeſt in the other world.*

Saint *Gregory Nazianzen* doth ſagely tell us, that life is an open Fare for all the world to trade in. And verily it is an admirable Mart, where the Merchants, if they will be well adviſed, may barter a vale of tears for a Paradiſe of delicacies, Earth for Heaven, and a moment for eternity. All conſiſteth in well-uſing time; this is the onely Merchandize in requeſt in the other world, to which we go. Some infinitely labour to adorn themſelves with the Mire, and Durt of the *Indies*, to wit, with Gold, and Silver, which is as abſurd a folly, as if one, to climb to Heaven, ſhould make himſelf wings of a Scutle filled with earth. Others hunt after Glory, and honour of the world, which is but a meer counterfeit ſemblance, in compariſon of the happineſs of Saints; yet they, notwithſtanding, would carry it to Heaven; as if one ſhould undertake to bring by wagon a veſſel of ſtinking water an hundred leagues off, to make ſale of it, where ſtreams run of eternal Fountains. Will you know the Merchandize, which is of ſale in Heaven? Tribulation, for there is none: and Time, for there is nothing but eternity. Carry thither a little pain patiently born, a little time well employed, and behold, you become rich for ever.

Judg now, if time be ſo eſtimable, and neceſſary for your ſalvation, what value you ſhould ſet upon it, and whether it be not an intolerable thing to waſt it in fopperies, and trifles. Time is ill-husbanded by three ſorts of people. Some employ it in doing ill; others in doing nothing; the reſt in doing too much. In doing ill, the vitious; in doing nothing, the idle; in doing too much, the vain, and unhappy. All are, as it were, equal in loſing time, although unequal in the maner of loſing it, and in the reward for having loſt it. And, not to ſpeak here at all either of crimes, or negligences, (which are two dangerous Rocks for the Ship, which tranſporteth Time) ſome ſigh under a true lazineſs, but painfull, and ſtraitened; others are delighted with vanities, and meer follies; many are involved in buſineſs up to the elbow, and yet, becauſe they do not take their aim well (in that they do not travel for Heaven, and are wholly ignorant of the place, & path of the rendezvous) all their life is a moſt labourſom loitering. They make much ado, as little children about Butter-flies. They run up and down like Rats, who are infinitely buſie to carry rotten a Nut into their hole. They ſtrive, as Fiſhes in a Pond, to take the bit one from another. They wander backward, and forward, like Ants upon the body of a Tree. Others make fools of themſelves with meer Bables, and it is a wonder to behold the childiſhneſs, and Apiſh tricks of employments, which are found in the lives of men of eminent quality. See in the antient Hiſtories of *Domitian*, upon whoſe ſhoulders God had placed the burthen of a vaſt Empire, yet, laying aſide all other affairs, he every day reſerved ſome hours to himſelf, to ſtick Flies through with a Bodkin, and thereunto intended as to one of the moſt ſerious affairs of his Kingdom. *Hartabus*, King of the *Hyrcans*, caught Moles; *Bias*, King of the *Lydians*, ſtabbed Frogs; *Æropus*, King of the *Macedonians*, made Lanterns. Behold you not goodly employments for Kings?

Labor ſtultorum affliget eos, qui neſciunt in urbem pergere. Eccleſ. 10. Inconſultus illis vanusque curſus eſt, qualis formicis per arborem repentibus, qua in ſummum cacumen, deinde in imum, inanes agantur. Senec. cap. 12. De Tranq. The idle employment of ſome Great men. See Guevara.

Are not there (I pray) as very triflers to be found amongſt Chriſtian Nobility at this day? We ſee men even in this Age, who waſte all their time in combing their Hair, in waſhing their Beards, in ſtriving to have their Stockins ſprucely put on, to new-hatch their Swords, to draw on new Boots, to enquire for rich Garters, to make proviſion of Girdles, and Hangers, to cheapen Beaver-Hats, to buy Feathers, to trample up and down the Streets, to hold a Racket, to play at Dice, to Dance the Cinque-apace, to gourmandize a Banquet, to throw rotten Orenges at one another, to prattle with Women, to vant of that, which they have never done, to envie the happy, to contemn the miſerable, to breath perpetually out of one and the ſame mouth either calumny, or ſcoffs; never to utter a ſerious word, as if one had abjured all reaſon; and laſtly, never to ſpeak well, but when they intend to ſpeak ill. What an unfortunate, and travantly kind of life is this? When ſuch kind of men have ended their courſe, deſerve they not to have the Epitaph of an Ape inſcribed on their Tombs, ſince they ſervilely have thus betrayed their manhood?

Idleneſs the buſineſs of ſome Great men.

On the other ſide, we behold Women, who have no other Trade, but to think on new-faſhions for apparel, to buy Stuffs, to make thereof rich Petty-coats, and Gowns, to bargain for Jewels, and Pretious-ſtones, to raiſe their Chopinos higher, to look in their Glaſs above an hundred times in one day, to call a Councel upon one hair of their head, to have Angel-water, the powder of *Cypreſs*, to be ever learning ſome new invention of Impoſture to bear on their foreheads, which God himſelf hath conſigned with his own finger to be the ſeat of ſhamefacedneſs, to deviſe curioſities in their chambers, and to complain of all the world, to ſooth their own impatience, to brave it through the ſtreets in their Coaches, to roam up and down to Goſſipings, and

Child-

Child-bed women, to tattle with spruce Carpet-knights, to search through impertinent curiosity into all kind of businesses, to know nothing, and to speak of all things, to deafen half the world with their chattering, and to hold the other in breath, and study to do them service, to bestow a fourth part of their life in cloathing, and attiring themselves, another in babling, another in dancing, and playing, the rest in sleeping; what remaineth for God?

Behold goodly husbanding of time! behold how the Exchequer of God is managed! and then who will be amazed to see, that a life spent in these goodly exercises, and employments, is repleniſhed with darkness, with confusion, with a sluggish, and lamentable forgetfulness of the life to come? The remedy for this disorder is to consider,

Remedies. I. How many damned souls do now groan in flames, which all the Oceans cannot extinguish, for having contemned time, which you yet enjoy at your ease. He, that could onely grant to them one little moment of these excellent days, which you prodigally waste, through what thorns, what fires, what ice would not they pass, to expiate the errours of their passed life? From what Sceptres, what Empires, what Diadems, would not they voluntarily, and freely despoil themselves, to purchase one hour of time, and employ it in the rigours of a most austere penance? Yet you suppose, it may be lawfull for you to live in this childish stupidity.

II. How many think you, at the very instant, when you read these lines, are there of souls newly dislodged from bodies, brought to the Tribunal of God, condemned to flames for this ill expense of time? What know you at how little a threed the sword of Justice hangeth over your heads? And you notwithstanding resemble Snails, which sing when their houses are on fire.

III. Take so much pain to avoid an eternal unhappiness, as to raise to your self a little treasure out of the thrift of time, by taking every day, be it never so little leisure, to retire your self within your self, to behold from whence you come, and whither you go, and what passeth within you; study in the Book of your Conscience, which must be laid open, and perhaps sooner then you think for.

IV. Prepare couragiously, by the advise of those, who guide your Conscience, a little Oeconomy of all your actions in the day; keep them strictly, as much as you may possible, and if you happen to lose time, do not like spend-thrifts, who lose, and know not what they lose; see why, and how you lose, that you may seasonably give remedy thereunto.

The seventh OBSTACLE.

Intemperance of Tongue.

THis super-abundance of time, and idleness, which ordinarily is amongst Courtiers, doth undoubtedly cause in them so violent an overlashing of tongue, that now a-days it swelleth like another deluge overflowing all mankind. *Enagrius*, a good Authour, cited by *Melissa* in the *Bibliotheke of the Fathers*, hath produced a passage very remarkable, to wit, that among Trees the Almond blossometh first of all, and is the first that is pinched with Frost; and amongst the parts of man the tongue first of all cometh forth to the field, and is the first surprised in the snares of Satan. If all those, who at this present might be taxed for their tongues, should lose the use thereof, the world would be repleniſhed with dumb men; but the evil Spirit handleth his business much otherwise then the Fowlers. These catch Birds to bereave them of liberty: he layeth hold on the tongue, to give it a false freedom to speak all things. Three sorts of tongues at this day are most powerfully predominant in the occasions of the World; the vain, the slanderous, and the scoffing.

Enagrius apud Melissam. The tongue compared to the Almond-tree.

The vain seemeth to me to have been mystically signified by the Prophet *Isaiah* under the Title of *a feathered Cymbal*. The Cymbal was an Instrument composed of thin plates of Brass, with certain small bars of Iron fastened, and cross-billitted in the plates, wherewith they made a great noise. Others think the Cymbals were Bels, which according to the opinion of some were consecrated to the service of the Church by Pope *Sabinian*. It is not at this day, that Bells are in request, but as for feathered Bells, they are things unheard of. And yet, notwithstanding, the tongue is not onely a Bell, according to the Allegorical interpretation of the words of the Prophet, but a feathered Bell. The Bell goeth not out of its Steeple; but the Tongue cannot contain it self in its Palate. She maketh her self wings by the help of feathers, and paper, and after endeavoureth to pass the Seas, and to bear fire very far into the world. A slight word, spoken merrily in the secret retirement of a closet, shall sometimes be told again an hundred leagues off, and shall enkindle in the hearts of many a fire able to put all into combustion. The tongue of the Cymbal, as it is a Cymbal, is not the worst, it offendeth more through complacence then malice. It is a tongue truly vain, which feedeth it self with a petty affectation of discourse, with slight Lies, with trifling flatteries, with prattle, and tattle. In this predicament we ordinarily place the tongues of indiscreet women. The Giants, after the inundation of waters, would build the Tower of *Babel*; but Women in the deluge of tongues raise the Turrets of Babble: through an excess of idleness, indiscretion, and curiosity. In the same rank are the tongues of an infinite number of effeminate Gallants, who waste all their time in courting women, complements, affectations, meer fopperies: had they no other ill in them, then never to pronounce a serious word, yet are they culpable enough; but lying, and flattery wait on them, as the shadow doth on the body. A great note of the corruption of this Age is the liberty of Lying, which reigneth even in the mouths of many men of Quality. It seemeth now a-days that to lie is no longer a vice, but a necessity of nature. The Sages termed Truth to be a Sea which is never moved, a Haven where no man suffereth ship-wrack, a Way which wearieth not, a Gate which never is shut against any: but at this present it is a Sea where few Merchants sail, a Haven little frequented, a Way which to many seemeth to be stopped up with thorns and briars, and a Gate which almost is never opened.

Isaiah 18. *Va terræ. cymbalo alarum.*

The tongue a feathered Bell.

The tongue of the cymbal.

Otiosæ, verbosæ, curiosæ, loquentes quæ non oportet. 1 Tim. 5. 13.

Verity.

It is said, *Augustus Cæsar*, after a long enquiry into all parts of his Empire, found but one man, who was accounted never to have told a Lie, for which cause he was deemed capable and worthy to be the Sacrificer in the Temple of Truth. If at this day the like Inquisition should be made, I much fear the Altar of Verity would rather be without a Priest, then the Shrine of Lies without Victims. Little Children, in their beginning, practise this Trade; the spirit of Imposture openeth the way unto them by the tongue, making them in Lies to find the key of all Vices. In speaking falsely one is so accustomed to lying, that he liveth therein, as in his proper element. It is practised with as much boldness, as a man would desire advantage to defend a just Verity: the ordinary proceeding of these counterfeit spirits will

Lying the key of Vice.

make

make us henceforth believe, that to aſſure a thing with ſo much confidence is to affirm it is falſe.

Impertinent prattle.

Lies are moſt eſpecially every where predominant in prattlings, and flatteries, which in my opinion are come to the height of extremity, ſo exorbitant they are. And it is no wonder, ſince the ſpirits of men are ſo diſpoſed thereunto, that thoſe, which have loſt all the marks, and impreſſions of Virtue, will yet retain the tribute, which is praiſe. They ſee themſelves voluntarily to babble, and ſelf-love hath veiled their eyes with ſo groſs an ignorance, that they may do it with much impudence, and yet it ſeem modeſty.

Va, qui conſuunt pulvillos ſub omni cubito manûs.

The malediction, pronounced by the Prophet *Ezechiel* againſt thoſe, who have little pillows of all ſorts for the nice to lean upon, may now well be renewed; never hath there been ſo many flatteries ſeen.

Flatteryinebriateth Great men from their cradle.

The children of Great men are ſoothed by all kind of tongues, and made drunk with their praiſes, before they be throughly awakened, and ſeeing they are always bred in curioſity, it ſeemeth, when any truth is propoſed them, a Phenix is brought from the other world. Servile ſouls, which bend themſelves like the Fiſher's angling-line, ſeeing their preferment dependeth upon their impertinent prating, and that the Altars of this falſe greatneſs will be ſerved with ſuch ſmoak, ſpare it no more then one would water in a River. You ſhall find few, or none, that will tell the Ape he is an Ape; this liberty of ſpeech is extant in Hiſtories, but not at all in our maners. The Gout ſeeketh out the houſes of rich voluptuous men, and Flattery the manſions of the eminent: that is it, which the Wiſe-man would ſay in the *Proverbs*, according to the Original Tranſlation. The *Hebrews* literally underſtand it by the Apes, which *Solomon* cauſed to be tranſported by Sea; with thoſe Apes came Flatterers, and Buffoons to the Court of this great King, which was the beginning of his unhappineſs. Thoſe which flatter, and thoſe which willingly are flattered, are much of the nature of the Ape, and all this tattle of Court is indeed a meer Apiſhneſs. Behold, why that learned Prelate *Faius*, whoſe Manu-ſcripts have very lately been extracted out of Libraries, doth moſt natively repreſent this verity unto us under the veil of a Fiction!

Prov. 30. *Simia manibus nititur, & movetur in deorſum Regis.*

Apes in the Court of *Solomon*.

Faius in *Manipulo*.

A pretty tale of an Ape.

He feigneth two men, the one an extreme Flatterer, the other juſt, and a Truth-ſpeaker, came to lodg in the houſe of an old Ape, at that time encompaſſed with a plentifull race. The Ape asked of the Flatterer what opinion he had of him. This man, accommodating himſelf to the time, gave him many ſpecious praiſes, ſaying, he was a vermilion Roſe, and thoſe that environed him were the leaves; that he was a Sun, and thoſe that were about him were the rays; that he was as valiant as a Lion, and all his off-ſpring was a race of young Lions. Behold, ſaith the Ape, it is well, and commanded a preſent to be given him. When it came to the truth-ſpeaker's turn to ſay ſomewhat, he revolved with himſelf, that he could not tell a Lie, that his nature was always to be true, that if his companion had a reward for telling a Lie, by much more reaſon he ſhould be welcome delivering the Truth. He thereupon freely ſaid to him, he was an Ape, and all thoſe that attended him were Apes like himſelf; for which cauſe the Apes, provoked, aſſailed him fiercely with their teeth, and nails. Behold the condition of this Age! we cannot brook a truth, our ears being always ſtopped with perfumed words, entertained with falſe praiſes, and ſervile complacences. Truth findeth no admittance, and, if happily ſhe hit upon it, her words are thorns, they tear the skin. The moſt indiſſoluble friendſhips in appearance are diſſolved by a little freedom of a friend. Then it is nothing ſtrange, if prating, and intemperance of tongue be in ſuch force, ſince the ſoft temper of ſpirits of this Time cannot endure any the leaſt liberty of ſpeech. As we are exceſſive in praiſes, ſo we hold no meaſure in reprehenſion. Thoſe, who are abſolutely ſenſible of the touches of honour, and cannot tolerate a truth, think that all other are inſenſible: ſo prodigal they are of another man's fame. They cut, carve, chop with the tongue on every ſide, and you may find a Feaſt, where more raw Fleſh is devoured, then either boiled, or roſted. Calumny doth at this preſent reſemble the tail of the Scorpion, which either ſlingeth, or ever is ready to transfix; it hath never been ſeen more fiercely inflamed. It is the wound of Frogs deſcribed in *Exodus*. It was a great ſcourge to behold theſe ugly creatures iſſuing out of *Nilus*, to go crawling up and down the ſilken furnitures, and golden plate of *Pharaoh*, as well as over the poor cottages of Beggars. And a greater puniſhment it is at this day, to hear theſe ſlanderous tongues pour forth their venom upon all ſorts of perſons, and to aſſail as well the Miters, the Diadems, and Scarlet, as the ruſſet Coat. Every one ſheweth the ſtroaks of calumny, every one, deriding Oil, and Balm for his wounds, doth notwithſtanding covertly hold a ſharp Lancet to wound another's eſtimation. The honour of Magiſtrates, of Ladies, of young Virgins, many times moſt innocent, is not ſpared, moſt faithfull ſervitours are traduced by the wiles of calumny; men are bold to ſpeak any thing, ſince many are willing to believe all. *Verily behold the greateſt malignity, that can be in the minds of men, which is, that they are pleaſed to diſſemble an evil; and that, which hath no foundation of verity, findeth colour, and countenance from the mouth of a Calumniatour.* Two evil ſpirits ordinarily breath out Calumny: the one planteth himſelf in the tongue of the detractour, the other in the ears of the hearer. They are two ſundry winds, whereof the one cometh from the gate, the other from the window. When they toſs this Tennis-ball one to another, you ſee terrible ſport.

Calumny.

Et aſcenderunt Rana, operueruntque terram Ægypti.

Slander, the wound of Frogs.

Fabius Declamat. Peſſimum humanarum mentium malum eſt, quod ſemper avidius nefanda fingunt, & affirmationem ſumit ex homine quidquid non habet ex veritate.

Two Devils breath out Calumny.

After Calumny cometh likewiſe Scoffing, with immodeſt, and wicked words, which are alſo put into the mouths of little children to make them witty, and pleaſing. The little creatures do not yet know, whether they have a tongue, or no, and we perceive they already are initiated in the work of Satan. This ſpirit of ſcoffing, and impurity, which pleaſeth it ſelf with uncleanneſs of Language, is a harbenger of Atheiſm, that marketh him out a lodging; and as it is ſaid, that the Sea-Rat goeth before the Whale, in the ſame maner, groſs, and ſenſeleſs impiety, ſuch as it is, maketh uſe I know not of what kind of ſilly ſcoffing ſpirits, which are taken to be the wiſe of the world, under the colour that they can compoſe ſome bald Sonnet, whileſt they themſelves readily give the word when to laugh at it. Theſe are the curioſities, the entertainments, the Idols of meetings. *Aaron*, ſtriking the duſt with his rod, made Flies to ſpring up, the greateſt ſcourge of *Egypt*: I cannot tell who it is, that hath ſtirred the aſhes of *Rabelais*, nor who hath been verſed in this putrefaction: but by a manifeſt vengeance from Heaven we daily behold new vermine to ariſe, which endeavour to gnaw, and diſſipate all that which hath any piety, or fear of God in Chriſtianity.

Scoffing, the harbinger of Atheiſm.

Buffoons, the Flies of *Egypt*. Exod. 8. 27

Blind creatures, you know not the evil, and therefore you make no accompt to correct it: you find not what to reprehend therein, but God will find for what to deſtroy you. You have thorns in the middeſt

Auguſt. in Pſal. 99. Siquis forte propterea non cogno-

ſit quia non advertit, advertat de cætero: atq; utinam inveniat quod advertat. Et Deus inveniat quod avertat. Sed tamen quia non quieſcunt naſci ſpina in malè exultantibus, advertamus jubilationem improbandam, offeramus Deo jubilationem coronandã. Remedies.

middeſt of your feaſts and recreations, which will pierce you even to the drawing of blood. Take away the ſolaces of a *Pagan*, and preſent to God the alacrity of *Chriſtians*; know you not, that the Graſhoppers of the *Apocalyps* have the viſage of a Virgin, and the tail of a Scorpion? All theſe taunts and ſcoffs have the ſeeming apparence of generoſity, but the poiſon is in the tail.

Behold in part the diſorders, which at this day proceed from three ſorts of tongues; the vain, the reproachfull, the ſcoffing; without ſpeaking at all of oaths, perjuries, blaſphemies, which have the language of Hell. What a deluge of corruption iſſueth from one ſmall member of man? Alaſs! what remedy is there for all this, it being one of the greateſt obſtacles of ſalvation, and Chriſtian perfection?

The miſchief is not onely in the tongue, it is in the heart, and thereto remedy muſt be applied, conſidering both the deformity, and puniſhment of the like vices. The vain tongue, which is practiſed in babble, lies, flatteries, and impertinent chatter, ordinarily proceedeth from a ſlight, ſhallow, idle ſpirit. As it is ſlight, it is full of foppery; as ſhallow, it is ſervilely ſubject to complacence; as idle, it ſeeketh employment in vanity, not being able to find it in virtue. This intemperance of tongue is an effect of ill-governed idleneſs, and there it is where the ſearing Iron muſt be applied to make it a ſerious ſoul, much pleaſed with entertainments worthy of a man, able to reſiſt idle toys, and to ſettle it in a firm poſture, in good employments, to the end it may have no leiſure to diffuſe it ſelf in vain ſuperfluities. The lips of the Bride (as St. *Thomas* notably obſerveth) are compared to carnation-Ribband, to inform us that the Ribband ſerves women to bind up their hair, and that diſcretion of lips ought to tie up our thoughts, leſt they be ſcattered in a thouſand follies of ſpeech. St. *Ambroſe* interpreting theſe words of the Wiſe-man, *Sepi poſſeſſionem tuam ſpinis* (which admoniſh to make an hedg of thorns about our Inheritance) ſaith: We have not any better poſſeſſion then our ſoul, no better gold then our heart, no better ſilver then our words; it is about this treaſure we ought to make our wall. Rivers are tributaries to the Ocean for all their drops of water, and you at the laſt judgment of God for every word. Is not this worthy of a little conſideration to ſtay a vain tongue?

Lips of the Spouſe. St. *Thom.* in Cant. 4. Eccleſ. 18. *Sicut vitta coccinea labia tua.*

Poſſeſſio tua mens tua eſt: aurum tuum cor tuum eſt: argentum tuum eloquium tuum eſt. Ambr. 1. Officior. cap. 2.

As for the reproachfull, the one proceedeth from a very ſtupid, and groſs inconſideration, from an ill liberty, from a dangerous cuſtom, which maketh that one ſometimes ſlandereth not purpoſely, and this muſt be corrected by prudence, and carefull obſervation: the other taketh birth from an enraged ſoul, full of gall and acrimony, which caſteth its froth out by the the tongue, finding torment and puniſhment in another's happineſs, and ſearching out its contentment in the diminution thereof: but it there encountereth a new torture, beholding its reproaches are as the foam of the Sea, which beateth on the foot of rocks, and flieth not to the ſteepy top. Great minds diſſipate Calumnies by the innocency of their life, as the cryſtal current of Rivers carry along the ſmall flying duſt. All the arrows of reproach return upon the Calumniatour, who oftentimes liveth in this world as a ſolitary Wolf, tormented with a thouſand mortal affrightments of a wicked Conſcience, which make him to begin his Hell in this world, and finiſh it in the other without end. For what mercy can there be for a Calumniatour, who dieth in obloquies? So many reproaches are ſo many man-ſlaughters, wherewith (all bloody) he goeth to the judgment of God to receive the reward of his wickedneſs. St. *Clement* witneſſeth, that this is the doctrine of St. *Peter*, who diſtinguiſheth two ſorts of homicides: The one of the hand, the other of the tongue; both puniſhable with one and the ſame pain. There is no other remedy but to take away brotherly hatred by charity, and ſeriouſly bridle this untamed tongue, untill it be maſtered.

From whence Calumny proceedeth.

Horrour of Calumny.

S. *Clemens* epiſt. 1. ad Jacob. *Sunt homicida interfectores fratrum, & ſunt homicida detractores eorum.*

As for the ſcoffing tongue, it proceedeth from a ridiculous ſoul, light, feeble, and languiſhing in the reliſhes of God; and if it further paſs on to mock at things ſacred, it is a bud of the ſame impiety. Such Goblins, and prattling Devils are not commonly cured by reaſon; their hearts are worm-eaten, and become rotten with infidelity; they are the Sons of *Cham*, (unbridled, and diſſolute creatures) which will fall into a thouſand diſaſters in this life, if they do not powerfully amend themſelves, and ſhall in the other world find a heap of anger and vengeance for puniſhment of their crimes. Their laughter is the crackling of thorns, or ſongs of Snails in the flames. Fly (O Noble men) ſuch plagues, and well remember what a great Perſon ſaid: That your tongue is as the incenſory of the Divinity. Uſe the matter ſo, that your words may be preſented to the throne of God, as the true perfume of Heaven.

Danger of Scoffing.

Tongue the incenſory of the Divinity.

The eighth OBSTACLE,

Curioſity in the reſentment of Affronts and Diſgraces.

AS men are allured by vain praiſes, and bath themſelves in flatteries as in Roſe-water, ſo are they extremely ſenſible of affronts, whether they are real diſgraces, or have no ſubſiſtence at all but in the imagination. One cannot touch this ſtring of point of Honour ſo ſlightly, but it will eccho forth ſome ſound. The leaſt word of diſdain raiſeth a ſtorm in the mind, a diſgrace is a clap of thunder, and one ſcornfull countenance of a Prince breedeth more fear and terrour then a Cannon. Theſe worldly reſpects cauſe a main impediment in the exerciſe of virtue, and a ſoul, which ſhall feed it ſelf with ſuch apprehenſions, ſhall always live in fetters. It is good to obſerve the cauſes and remedies thereof, to draw conſolation from thence.

Apprehenſion of Affronts.

You (O Noble men) apprehend injuries, obloquies, and diſgraces; from whence, ſuppoſe you, do theſe apprehenſions proceed? Of too much ſelicity ill-digeſted. You have a ſtomach of paper, which can concoct nothing, it is ſo inebriated with the taſtfull ſweetneſs of ſome never-ceaſing proſperities, that with the leaſt diſguſt it is overthrown: and yet, notwithſtanding, to live now a-days in the world, you muſt procure an Oſtriche's ſtomach, who ſwalloweth even Iron it ſelf.

Querelæ ſunt naſcentis animi, in quaſi feri delicati, & felices incipiunt.

From whence this niceneſs proceedeth.

Secondly, this proceedeth from a ſpirit proud, and elate. We obſerve that thoſe, who upon all occaſions are ready to give affronts, are moſt tender in receiving any. They cut a large thong out of another man's leather, but if you prick them never ſo little, you even pull their skin over their ears. It is the courſe, which was noted in the monſter of Nature, *Caligula*: He had a tongue unbridled to ſcoff indifferently at all kind of objects. If any man challenged him for it, he was enragedly offended.

Caligula a great Scoffer.

Thirdly, theſe affronts oft-times are ſuch as our fantaſies make them, if we help them not out with our opinions, their arrow entereth not to make an an affront. We muſt believe it to be ſuch, otherwiſe all injuries are but as ſtones caſt into the wind, which have no force. It is recounted, that *Cornelius*

Ferendarum contumeliarum impatiens, faciendarum cupidiſſimus.

a Senatour ſhed many tears in full Senate, when *Corbalo* called him bald Oſtrich. *Seneca* admired, that ſuch a man, who in all things elſe had ſhewed himſelf moſt couragiouſly oppoſite againſt other injuries, loſt his conſtancy for one ridiculous Saying, which might have been ſmothered in laughter, whence it firſt took birth; becauſe this blow was rather given him by his own imagination, then by the tongue of his enemy.

Senec. De Conſt. Struthiocamelus deridetur.

Fourthly, this niceneſs in the reſentment of injuries ordinarily taketh its being from a ſoft and effeminate ſpirit, which knoweth not what an affront is, and had great need to encounter ſome true and real thing, that it may no more become haughty with vain ſhadows. This is it, which moſt judiciouſly that great Oracle of *Latine* Philoſophy hath obſerved. For remedy to this obſtacle I will produce two very conſiderable things.

Nimio otio ingenio natura infirma, & muliebru inopia vera injuria laſcivientia.

Remedies.

The firſt is, That if a generous heart could once be perſwaded, that the moſt noble revenge, which might be drawn from affronts, were to ſcorn them, and that ſuch is the maner of all great ſpirits, he would make unto himſelf a buckler of Diamond againſt all theſe petty inferiour diſturbances. Now, I affirm all the greatneſs of a fair ſoul, fit to have heaven for a Theatre of its actions, ſhould reſolve to do good, and ſuffer ill: to know not onely how to tolerate an ingratitude, but how to faſten benefits. Saint *Auguſtine* upon the ninety third *Pſalm* proveth this verity unto us by a fine Induction, which he draweth from the Stars. "Injuries (ſaith he) are daily done "to the Stars. One ſaith, Behold the Star of *Mer-* "*cury*, behold *Saturn*: is it not then a great wrong "to theſe beautifull Stars, enchaſed by the hand of "God in the azure vault of the heavens, to put them "into the poſſeſſion of I know not what kind of pet-"ty pilferer, or of an old dotard, who is ſaid to have "devoured his own children? Theſe Stars, which "are as it were the eys of the Omnipotent, to be-"hold all that which paſſeth here below, are they "offended with the injuries, which men do them? "Have they ever turned out of the way for that? "Have they ever loſt one ſole ſtep of their regular "motion? No aſſuredly. So you (O Noble men) "whom God hath placed in the ſphere of greatneſs "to enlighten men, what importeth it you, if a per-"verſe and wayward people ſlander your reputati-"on? Never ſhall you be great, if you know not the "way of doing well, and ſuffering ill. Do like the "Sun, and Stars, ſhine, and glitter in the firmament "of ſanctity, and give detractious tongues leave in "the mean time to lick up duſt. Saint *Cyprian*, in the Treatiſe which he compoſed *Of Patience*, mounteth yet a little higher, and after *Tertullian* pertinently declareth, that Patience in injuries is a ray of Divinity, and the true virtue of Nobility. What patience it is in God, ſo many Ages, to have ſuffered Temples of Idols, erected to the contempt of his name? To make days and times ſtill to circumvolve, rivers to glide, winds to blow, Autumn to put on a ſaffron robe, Grapes to ripen, the Elements to ſerve, and hold total nature in breath, for a thouſand and a thouſand ſacrifices to hell? To caſt flowers from heaven with a bounteous hand upon contumacious heads, who well deſerve the ſtroke of the thunder-bolt? What patience is it in the Saviour of the world to behold the Sun eclipſed, all the Stars to put on mourning weeds, the whole frame of this Univerſe to be troubled both above, and beneath his Croſs and he in the mean time to remain affixed in the chair of patience without motion?

Auguſt. in Pſal. 93. Convitia ſunt ſtellis, cùm dicitur, illa ſtella Mercurii eſt, & illa Saturni: quid illa cùm audiunt tanta convitia? numquid moventur? numquid non exercent curſus ſuos? Sic & homo, qui in natione perverſa, & tortuoſa habet verbum Dei, ſicut luminare eſt fulgens in cœlo.

Cyprian. De Patientia. Eſt nobis cum Deo virtus communis, indè patientia incipit, indè claritas ejus, & diguitas caput ſumit.

Patience the nature of God.

This magnanimity in injuries is the true ſtamp with which God for his imitation impreſſeth all Noble and Great ſpirits. See (I pray you) what remedy King *David* uſed againſt the malevolent tongue of *Shemei*: he fled from an unnatural Son, and in flying fell into the violence of an enraged tongue, which darted againſt him ſhafts of fire, and transfixed him even to the heart. Behold his Captains ready to pull him down, like Maſtives. But *David* replied: *No, I will that he live, and what know you, whether this be not a powerfull trial from the Divine Providence, who hath ſent this man for an exerciſe of virtue? My God, O that onely the odour of my ſacrifice might aſcend even to thy Altars!* Saint *Ambroſe* admireth ſo much this greatneſs of courage, that he crieth out: *O profound wiſdom! O bottomleſs patience! O what an invention it is, to ſwallow out miſchief, and endure another!* David *made as it were a plaiſter of the reproaches of* Shemei, *for the wound which his parricide Son fixed in his heart.* If Great men govern thus, and you ſo much love greatneſs, why do you not rather imitate them, then play the ſilly Mouſe, ſeeking to bite that which toucheth you, and drenching your ſelves every time in a glaſs of water, engulph your ſelves with ſadneſs in the leaſt petty injury?

Admirable remedy of *David*. 2 Reg. 16.

Ambroſ. Apol. 1. de David, c. 6. O altitudo prudentiæ! O altitudo patientiæ! O deverandæ contumeliæ grande inventum! Ecce verborum contumelia parricidii levavit arumnam.

The ſecond thing is, always to have an aſſured retreat in your heart, and in the ſweetneſs of a good conſcience. When a diſgrace happeneth to you, you are like an unfeathered Bird, ſhamefac'd, and dejected, for that you have believed with confidence that all theſe loans of Fortune were your own. You are like a Jack-daw, trimmed up with the feathers of many Birds; you have moſt imprudently thought in your heart that all theſe garniſhments were of your own body, and have neglected to make true and natural wings for your ſelf. When the Birds come to peck at you, and take away their own feathers on all ſides, you then diſcover your ignominious nakedneſs; but had you preſerved the plumage, which Nature preſented to you, you had taken a ſtrong and confident flight, even to the Temple of repoſe, not caring for theſe borrowed feathers, nor all theſe ſilly ſcriches of theſe fluttering, and unruly Birds. What a goodly Theatre is a good conſcience? And what a beautifull Arcenal is it to have ſtill the Arms of virtue in a readineſs? A good man goeth out of theſe extrinſecal favours, and all this ſpecious train of fortune, as a fair Jewel, drawn out of a caſe. True it is, the caſe thereof may ſeem rich, and well adorned with mean and ſlight embroideries, but it ſelf is far more reſplendent then all that oſtent. Our eyes do not penetrate ſufficiently through this trim of the world's greatneſs. It is a golden veil, which may as well cover ſnow, as a coal; as ſoon as this caſe is taken away the radiance of this Jewel is beheld in the day's brightneſs, refulgently ſhining with the rays of a conſtant equality of ſpirit, of an invincible patience, and with an ineſtimable meekneſs of heart towards all the world. Happy night of diſgrace, thou haſt not darkned this fair Star, but rather made it appear ſuch as it was.

Retreat into the conſcience in affronts.

Greatneſs of an honeſt man.

One of the greateſt Wits, that ever was under heaven, the Emperour *Antoninus*, in the fourth Book which he wrote *Of his own life*, ſo much commendeth the retirement, which a wiſe man maketh within himſelf, that he aſſureth us, that in all the Palaces, Gardens, Orchards, Delicacies of all the Kings of the world, there is nothing ſo delightfull as the houſe of a good conſcience. There it is where man is involved in his little ſhell, and retiring himſelf out of the ſalt waters liveth with the dew of heaven; there it is where the ſoul, which was wholly ſcattered in ſo overwhelming a multitude of affairs, foldeth it ſelf

M. Aurel. Antonin. lib. 4. De vita ſua.

Delicious abode of the Soul.

ſelf within it ſelf; there it is, where it beginneth to ſuck in its own ſap; there it is, where it accommodateth, and prepareth its Hive, as a buſie Bee, and endeavoureth to gather its Hony; there it is, where it entereth into a new world, an intelligible world, a peaceable world, a world ſmiling with ſweet ſerenity of air, and radiant lights, as ſaith St. *Cyprian*. There it is, that we paſs into the ſociety of ſo many eminent, and admirable Perſonages, who have flouriſhed in the memory of all Ages, doing all the good they could, and receiving ill from the ungrateſull with a pleaſing countenance, no more troubling themſelves then doth the Sun to behold the clouds which he hath drawn out of the mire, and ſens of the earth, to make him a ſcarf of. He knoweth he ſhall ever have the upper hand and that they may take from him the aſpect of mortal eyes, but cannot deprive him of his own light. It is in this Temple of repoſe, where we behold all the Saints, as Eagles in a ſtorm, ſurcharged with ſufferings, but made invincible with the Arms of Patience. We behold one afflicted in the loſs of his goods, another in the death of his kindred, another in his own body, another in his reputation, another in all, whom tribulation tormenteth in all his members. All that is mortal ſhrinketh under injuries; but all theſe arrows go no further then to the ſuperficies of the skin, and touch not the conſtancy of a well-compoſed mind, which ſeeth them fall under his feet. O what greatneſs! O what felicity!

Ibi aëris liquidi ſerena temperies per ſudum igneo colore rutilans.

Temple of repoſe.

Certain ambitious Kings have ſought the way to build an heaven on earth; as *Coſroës* King of *Perſia*, who cauſed a Palace to be built like a Heaven, which had the garniſhment of a Sun, of a Moon, and Stars artificially counterfeited: he alſo made below, rain to pour down, winds to blow, tempeſts to rage, he in this celeſtial Throne beheld radiant beams over his head, and all this noiſe and clamour under his feet. That, which this Monarch did for meer vanity, you may put in practice by a moſt ſolid verity. You may for the preſent, with the exerciſe of Prayer, the grace of Sacraments, and a generous contempt of all which is without you, raiſe a heavenly Temple of repoſe, and tranquillity, where you ſhall not fear the bitings of Calumny, nor the mutations of the world. A *Pagan*, amidſt the burning ruins of his City, unſheathed ſwords, blood, and maſſacres, when the Temple fell upon their Gods, and all was in confuſion, could ſay: "Behold me eſcaped from the ruins "of my houſe, from the fires which ſhined on all "ſides, I have found my way through blood, and "flames: I know not what is become of my Daughters, perhaps there is ſomewhat worſe put upon "them then the ſword or fire: behold me alone, deſpoiled of all my goods, and now become old, all "hoſtilities raging round about me. Hap what hap "may, I have whatſoever I at any time poſſeſſed: "for I never eſteemed any thing mine own but my "ſelf. Demand of rich men where their poſſeſſions "are? Of the voluptuous, where their loves? Of "the uſurers where their accompts? Of the ambitious, where their Court? All that is loſt to them, "becauſe they thought it their own, becauſe they "preſently ſought it in the aſhes of their City: As "for my ſelf, I will find all my poſſeſſions, and all "my delights in the peace of my heart. An Infidel to ſay, and to do all that, yet we, after ſo many precepts of the eternal Wiſdom, ſo many Sermons, ſo many exhortations, ſo many ſupports, ſo many helps, ſo many examples, ſo many promiſes, ſo many recompenſes, ſo many obligations, and ſo many neceſſities, which force us thereunto, ſtill to be curious, and not to be able to tolerate one ſilly diſgrace! May we not well ſay, we have great need of afflictions, which might a little inſtruct us to imitate the lives of Saints? For it is undoubted, we putrifie with long proſperities, as in a dead Sea, which produceth nothing. It is neceſſary, that God ſtrike, and then, as *Jonathan*, we ſhall open our eyes, and ſuck in Hony from the end of the rod which ſcourgeth us, when in the chaſtiſement of a father we ſhall find the conſolation of true children.

Brave words of *Stilpho. Erepſi è ruinis domus, & incendiis undique relucentibus, per flammas, per ſanguinem fugi: filias meas quis caſus habeat, an pejor publico neſcio, ſolus, & ſenior, & hoſtilia circa me omnia videns, habeo quidquid mei habui, quia nil quidquam meum, niſi me, puto.*

The ninth OBSTACLE,

Carnal Love.

IF at any time the powerfull and health-giving hand of the Angel *Raphel* were neceſſary in the world, not to cure the eyes with the Gall of a Fiſh, but to tie and bind up in the deſerts this looſe and wanton ſpirit of carnality, which the Scripture calleth *Aſmodeus*, it is principally in this Age, that we have great need thereof, wherein diſhoneſt and intemperate vice reigneth ſo prodigiouſly, that it ſeemeth not willing to make of the reſt of this whole Univerſe but one Element of Fire. *Aſmodeus* at this time triumpheth, and boaſteth, his Chariots covered with Laurel, to the weeping eyes of Chaſtity: his Horſes curvet, and bound without bridle, and with unſpeakable inſolence he daily tranſporteth an infinite number of ſouls to Hell. If you deſire to know the equipage of his deteſtable Chariot, St. *Bernard* will tell it you, and you in his Diſcourſe may obſerve the cauſes, which produce and cheriſh Luxury, that you may hereafter apply profitable and convenient remedies.

Triumph of *Aſmodeus*.

Bernard. Serm. 39. in *Cantica* de curribus *Pharaonis.*

The Chariot of *Aſmodeus* is a Chariot of fire, from whence on all ſides the ſparkles of concupiſcence flie to enflame unchaſte hearts. This is not a common fire, but a fire enkindled with the flames of Hell, the very image of that which devoureth damned ſouls, ceaſeleſly burning without diminution, giving nouriſhment to its ardours with its proper damages. The firſt wheel of the Chariot (ſaith this great Saint) is called *Gourmandize*; the ſecond, *Titillation of the fleſh*; the third, *Exceſs in apparel*; the fourth, *Idleneſs*: which undoubtedly are the four Vices, that ſerve as principal inſtruments to this loathſom Devil, and very well are termed the *Wheels* of his Chariot. It is ſaid the Chariot of War is moved with two arms, one of Iron, and the other of Silver; but this of *Aſmodeus* rolleth about the arms of *Ceres*, and *Bacchus*.

His chariot.

His wheels

Gourmandize is attended by the wanton pleaſures of the body: theſe pleaſures then, which ſhould be ſtifled with hair-ſhirts, and ſack-cloth, are involved in Linen, and Scarlet; in ſtead of ready ſhaking off theſe ſparkles, they are fomented, and waſted in a lazy and idle life. Behold how ſin paſſeth along. To this Chariot Horſes, and Coach-man are neceſſary. St. *Bernard* appointeth onely two, whereof one is called *Proſperity*, the other *Abundance*. From this time forward *Aſmodeus* becomes a much greater Lord, he augmenteth his train, harneſſing alſo two other Horſes, whereof the one is called *Liberty*, and the other *Impudence*. Proſperity, always ſmiling, doth nothing but daily breath out, and evaporate new delights. Abundance ſupplieth him with all which is needfull for the entertainment of this ravenous Beaſt, although ſhe cannot diſcharge all the expenſes thereof, ſo inſatiable ſhe is. The liberty of entertainments and converſation ceaſeth not perpetually to blow the fire. If there be any ſhread of the veil of ſhamefac'dneſs as yet hanging about the brows, impudence teareth it away. All this equipage is

His horſes.

His Coach-man. Sap. 4. *Dei immemoratio, animarum inquinatio.*

lead along by a wicked Coach-man, which is called *The forgetfulneſs of God.* Then good leiſure is had to run with full ſpeed into the bottomleſs abyſs.

Of Inconſtancy *lib.* 2.

Certain brave ſpirits of the world, purſuing as it were this way of Saint *Bernard*, to figure out a ſpiritual thing by corporal repreſentations, have built the Palace of falſe love, (the plague, and frenzy of the ſoul) with admirable art. This Palace is all built on hopes: the ſtairs are of Ice, made in ſuch maner, that he, who moſt aſcendeth, moſt deſcendeth; the Halls, Chambers, and Ward-robes, are all furniſhed, and hanged with idleneſs, dreams, deſires, and inconſtancies; the Seats and Chairs are made of falſe contentments. It hath affliction, torment, and fraud, for Engineers; uncertainty, fear, falſe opinion, and

Court of *Aſſuoleus.*

diſtruſt for Guard. All this Court is compoſed of heartleſs, ſoft, and effeminate men, which are, and are not. His Chancellour, ſurmize; his Councellours, lying, and deceit; the Steward of his houſhold, ſuſpicion; his viands, apparences; his drink, forgetfulneſs; his Chamber-waiters, laughter, and babble; his muſick, ſighs, deſpairs, and revenges. Do you not behold a brave Prince? But without amuzing our ſelves with all theſe inventions of the brain, I ſay the greateſt obſtacle, which may be imagined, to ſeclude us from the happy acceſs to life eternal, is to reſign our heart as a prey into the power of this brutiſh paſſion. The reaſon is moſt evident, becauſe it is a

Sin of the fleſh, a mark of reprobation.

true mark of reprobation, and we ſee by experience, the ſouls which addict themſelves to the ſin of the fleſh, not ſo much by frailty, as by profeſſion, become wholly carnal, ſtupid, beaſtly, and ordinarily paſs out of this life through the gate of ſome notable diſaſter. I will here produce two or three cauſes of the undoubted condemnation of this ſin, which ſeem to me very powerfull to imprint in the heart of man a perpetual averſion, as it were with a branding-iron of fire. The firſt is, that it is injurious to the incarnation of the Son of God. Conſider well what I ſay.

Injurious to the Incarnation of the *Word.*

This myſtery of the incarnation, wherewith God put on our weakneſs, took ſervile fleſh, made himſelf our brother, tranſplanted our nature from a barren and curſed ſoil, into the delicious habitation of the Divinity, is ſo great, ſo majeſtical, ſo marvellous, that it enforceth ſilence and admiration in the four quarters of the world, adoration in Thrones, trembling in the Seraphims, bowing in the Heavens, darkneſs, terrour, and amazement in all Nature. Now, this myſtery being, as it is, in all its height, greatneſs, latitude, inexplicable profundity, is perſonably betrayed, and diſhonoured by the ſin of the fleſh. Wherefore? Becauſe, as St. *Paul* ſaith, other ſins make their ſallies out of the body, but this repoſeth,

Quò altius carnem attolleret non habuit. Auguſt. *De prædeſtinat. Sanct.* c. 15.

and ſubſiſteth in the body, in the ſame ſpecifical Nature, which God ſo puiſſantly, and highly hath exalted, that he therein hath confined his whole power and greatneſs, not being able to create any thing greater then Man-God.

Judg what a ſacrilege it is to do a perſonal affront to the moſt immaculate, and moſt virginal fleſh of *Jeſus*, ſitting on the right hand of his Father Eternal, in the habiliments of glory; and yet carnal impurity would, if it might, carry thither the effects of its malice. Before the Incarnation of the Son of God the ſins of the fleſh were ſimply ſins, but after this ineffable union of the Divine Nature with the Humane they became Monſters. And you ſee likewiſe, that the holy Fathers call ſome by this name, and by other terms, full of execration.

Auguſt. De verbis *Apoſt.* Serm. 18. *Parce in te* Chriſto, *cognoſce in te* Chriſtum. Ἀλλοίωσις. *Ancyr.* Concil. Can. 17. Fury of Luſt. *Tertul.* De pudic.

The ſecond Reaſon, which much augmenteth the enormity of the ſacrilege is, that not onely it debaſeth a Nature, which God hath exalted even to God, but alſo engulpheth it in an action ſordid, blockiſh, brutiſh, reputed ſo unworthy, that the Scripture diſdaineth to name it. St. *Epiphanius*, ſearching out the cauſe why the Holy Text maketh no mention of the Genealogie of *Melchiſedech*, bringeth a reaſon from the *Hebrews*, which affirms this eminent man to be born of unchaſte Parents, as a roſe from thorns, and that the Scripture uſeth not to name ſuch men, in deteſtation of their ſin. And verily you ſee the practice hereof. In *Geneſis*, *Noe* abſtained from naming of *Cham*, though it were to curſe him; it ſeemeth this name of a Son, marked out by theſe deportments of filthy ſin, would defile the malediction it ſelf, if it had been pronounced. For the ſame reaſon the Tribe of *Simeon* is not numbered, when queſtion is made of bleſſing the Patriarchs in *Deuteronomie*; becauſe from this Line iſſued that wicked Prince, who ſinned with the *Midianiteſs*. In the New Teſtament, in the Genealogie of the Son of God, *Bathſheba* is not called by her own name, but by her husband's. *Magdalen*, in the time of her ſin, had no other name but of a Sinner. It ſeemeth *Iſaiah* hath truly propheſied of ſuch voluptuous people: *The race of the wicked ſhall be buried in perpetual oblivion.*

Epiphan. Hæreſ. 55. & 67.

Gene. 9. *Maledictus* Chanaan.

Deut. 33.

Num. 25. 6.

Eâque fuit Uriæ. Luc. 7. 37. Iſai. 14. 20. *Non vocabitur in æternum nomen peſſimorum.*

Some other Interpreters ſubtilizing this paſſage of the fourty eighth *Pſalm*, *Iniquitas calcanei circumdabit me*, ſay, Luxury was called *The Sin of the heel*, which was not improper: yet not for that reaſon, which ſome, in my opinion, have without ground invented, affirming there is a vein, which anſwereth to the heel, that ſerveth as a fiery match, and incentive to luſt: but becauſe this ſin is low, and debaſed amongſt other vices, as the heel under other parts of the body, and in reſpect it is tied to the heels, which is to ſay, that leaving high and elevated objects, onely worthy of the love of men, as are virtues, and graces, it applieth it ſelf to baſeneſs, and beggary, to a dung-hill covered with Snow, to a beauty paſſing away like a dream, and which hath no other character of its merit, but the judgment of a mad man. So the Pantofles of *Judith* bewitched the eyes of *Holofernes*. This Lady was beautifull as a Star, and adorned as a Temple, yet notwithſtanding this blind lover ſuffered himſelf to be inconſiderately ſurprized with the heels of a woman, to ſhew that luſt is baſe in all its objects, and pretenſes. Behold why ſome Sage *Hebrews* have written, that certain Infernal Spirits, remembring themſelves of their antient Nobility, abhor to tempt men with the ſin of Luxury, as a thing unworthy of their thoughts and induſtry, giving this commiſſion to ſome other more groſs Devils, and more terreſtrial. Alaſs! what ſhall we ſay, if we go about to plant upon the forehead of a Nature, honoured with the hypoſtatical union of the Word, a ſin, which maketh even the Devils themſelves to be aſhamed? May we not well ſay, If there be a mark in the world, which plainly diſcovereth a reprobate ſoul, it is this, ſeeing it is ſo impudently oppoſed to the venerable myſtery of man's redemption?

Luxury the ſin of the heel.

Judith 16. *Sandalia rapuerunt oculos ejus.*

The third reaſon, which makes us believe this diſhoneſt ſin hath great alliance with Hell, is, that it carrieth already the marks thereof in this world. What are they? *Darkneſs*, *fire*, *ſtench*, *the worm*, *diſorder*. Behold the principal liveries of Hell, all which are to be found in the ſin of Luxury! *Darkneſs*, becauſe it maketh the ſoul dark, groſs, clouded with black vapours of folly, which extinguiſh all the radiance of judgment, and very aptly it is ſaid of thoſe infamous fire-brands, who ſollicited the chaſte *Suſanna*, that *they turned away their eyes, that they might not ſee the Sun.* Saint *Hierom* hath very well reliſhed

Hell of Love.

Daniel 13. *Declinaverunt oculos ſuos, nè viderunt Solem.* Hier. *lib. adverſus Jovinian.*

reliſhed this paſſage of *Seneca*: (a) *Love and folly go hand in hand; it is a paſſion, which never lodgeth at the ſign of health; it turneth the ſpirit up-ſide down; it maketh man brutiſh, unprofitable to all, and in the end to love it ſelf.*

(a) *Amor inſania proximus, ſuâ & minimè conveniens animo ſoſpiti vitium, turbat conſilia, omnibus inutilem, ipſi noviſſimum amori facit.*

The Fire of it.

Si digito attigero, incendam ſylvam ſimul omnē.

Fire. All thoſe unfortunate lovers ſpeak of nothing elſe but of their flames, they are always in fire like the Salamander, they perpetually have the Mount *Ætna* upon their ſhoulders: one of them ſaith he will do nothing but touch a Foreſt with his finger, thereby to burn & wholly waſte it. And verily it is a hell-fire, which hath gluttony for fewel, pride for flame, unclean words for ſparkles, infamy for ſmoke, ordure for aſhes, hell for center, as ſaith S. *Hierom.*

Noyſomneſs.

Noyſomneſs, and diſhoneſty are inſeparable companions of the ſin of the fleſh. The voluptuous cannot endure their like, and when paſſion hath caſt its fire, they are troubleſom and inſupportable to themſelves. Which well is witneſſed by the many naſty and ſhameful diſeaſes, which never had been known in the world, if they had not entered by the gate of this infamous ſenſuality.

Its Worm.

The worm. This ſin is no ſooner committed, but it hath its executioner attending thereon, it hath the worm of Damnation, which diveth and penetrateth even into the bottom of the heart of him that committeth it, and then eſpecially when he findeth as yet ſome reliques of a good conſcience remaining in his ſoul, remorſe to have loſt the incomparable treaſure of purity, perplexeth it perpetually. *Concupiſcence of wicked love is full of anxiety, and ever in its ſatiety it finds repentance.*

Appetitus fornicationis anxietas eſt, ſatietas pœnitentia.

The Diſorder of it.

Diſorder. You may as well tell the leaves of the Trees, the ſands of the Sea, and the ſtars in the Skie, as number the diſorders, which have vomited and ſtill overflow upon the face of the earth, by means of the ſin of Luxury. If there be poyſon to be diſſolved, love mingleth it. If ſwords be forged and fyled to transfix the ſides of innocent creatures, love hammereth and poliſheth them in his ſhop. If there be halters to be faſtened wherewith to ſtrangle, love weaveth and tyeth them. If there be precipices, love prepareth them. If there be maſſacres, love contrives them. If you go about to find little embryons, even in the mother's Womb, to be bereaved of the life, which they have not as yet taſted, love is the Authour and Actour of theſe abominable councils. All the miſchief, and crimes, which have in former Ages been perpetrated, love hath done them and daily invented them.

It hath from all times puſhed and ſhouldered good order out of the world. It hath been the Butt and Aim of all the vengeances of God. It hath been ſtrucken with fire and brimſtone from Heaven, ſwallowed in the entrails of the Earth, drenched in the waters of a general Deluge. Yet it eſcapeth, yet it perpetually armeth, yet it walloweth it ſelf in blood and ſlaughter, yet it holdeth the ſword of juſtice ever perpendicular over the head, and in concluſion it is eſteemed but as a ſport. Is not all this of power ſufficient to make it be believed, that this filthy vice is an infallible mark of reprobation? Flie (O Noblemen) this fleſhly peſtilence of mankind, and never ſuffer it to exerciſe its tyranny over hearts conſecrated by the precious blood of the Lamb. All conſiſteth in flying far from the occaſions thereof. If you love danger, you ſhall periſh therein. If you had the beſt intentions, which did ever bud in the hearts of Saints, yet if you ſeek out occaſions of doing ill, they become crooked, and diſtracted. Nature being, as now it is, corrupted, the ignorance of vice better ſerves our turn, then all the precepts of virtue. Our affections attend on our knowledg, the abſence of objects maketh us to forget all our moſt enflamed deſires. To live in luſt and idleneſs, to have our eys always in purſuit, unchaſte Books in our hands, to hear Comedies, and impure Stage-plays, to have gluttonous diſcourſe in our mouth, to frequent Buffoons, and looſe livers, to converſe familiarly with Women; theſe are not the inſtruments of Chaſtity: it is rather to put Oil into the flame, and then to complain of much heat.

Remedies.

Petrach, in his books againſt *Vanity*, giveth remedy to the wounds, which ſeem to have been inflicted in the time of his Loves. *Love creepeth into idleneſs; handle the matter ſo, that he may always find you buſied. Love is pleaſed with curioſity of attire, give him hair-cloth. He is entertained with feaſts, ſubdue him with auſterity. He will fall upon ſome object, ſcatter, and confound him. He laboureth to find out a looſe, and unbridled ſpirit, hold yours extended upon ſome good affair. He requireth liberty, private places, night, darkneſs; let him have witneſſes, and enlighten him on every ſide. He will be governed by fantaſie; keep him dutifull, both by admonitions, and menaces.* St. *Cyprian* found nothing more powerful to conquer a temptation of diſhoneſt wantonneſs, then to turn the other ſide of the Medal; and as this ſin hath two faces, ſo not to ſtay upon that which looketh amiable, and attractive to deceive us, but to behold that, which under a black veil ſheweth it ſelf to be penſive, ſad, ſhamefac'd, deſperate, and full of confuſion. The great *Picus Mirandula* ſaid, the moſt part of men yielded to temptation, becauſe they never taſted the ſweetneſs of glory, which is drawn from the victory over a ſin. Above all, it is behovefull to uſe the adviſe of a wiſe *Arabian*, who repreſented to himſelf perpetually, over his head, an eye which enlightened him, an ear which heard him, a hand which meaſured out all his deportments, and demeanours. The exerciſe of the preſence of God joyned with Prayer, frequentation of Sacraments, often invocation of the Mother of Purity, and the Angels, Guardians of Chaſtity, daily blunt a thouſand, and a thouſand arrows, ſhot againſt the hearts of brave, and undaunted Chriſtian Champions. Add hereunto, that it is good to live in a ceaſeleſs diſtruſt of one's ſelf, which is the mother of ſafety: that you may not fall into the fire, it is good to avoid the ſmoak, not to truſt one's ſelf too much to thoſe petty dalliances, which under pretext of innocency ſteal in with the more liberty. Mother of Pearls produce ſometimes windy bunches for true and native Pearls; and the will, through complacence of paſſion ill-digeſted, in ſtead of good love, bringeth forth ſilly abortions of amities, which are nothing but flaſhes, and wilde fantaſies, yet ſuch as may notwithſtanding diſpoſe an empty ſoul to ſome ſiniſter affections.

Petrarch. lib. 1. 2. cap. 23. De remediis. *Occupatio, labor, & incultior habitus, & victus aſperior, & ſeceſſus, inque unum aliquid jugis intentio; adhæc teſtis charus, & verendus, frequens admonitio, dulces minæ, & ſi quando res exigat, aſpera.*

Cyprian. De bono pudor. *Ante oculos obverſatur deformis atque dejectus peccati pudor, nihil corpori liceat, ubi videndum eſt corporis vitium. Cogitetur quàm honeſtum ſit vicisſe dedecus, quàm inhoneſtum victum eſſe à dedecore.*

The tenth OBSTACLE,

Exceſs in Diet and Apparel.

Terreſtrial Paradiſe, the chamber of Juſtice. Gen. 3. 19. *In ſudore vultus tui veſceris pane.*

THe world was as yet in her Cradle, and man was no more then born, when God making a Palace of Juſtice, of terreſtrial Paradiſe, pronounced againſt him the ſentence of labour and pain, and afterward wrote it as with his finger in the ſweat of his brow: *Thou ſhalt eat thy bread with the ſweat of thy brow.* Noblemen perpetually appeal from this ſentence, as if they were not men; it ſeemeth labour is not for them. Let Nature hold to the chain and labour thoſe groſſer bodies, which are moulded of the clay of *Adam*: they have forſooth bodies compoſed of I know not what kind of ſtarry matter,

Noblemen appeal from the ſentence of labour.

matter, which never muſt ſweat, nor take pains, but in a dance. What a folly it is? Ought not he to be diſſolved into ſweat, ſince he is to be reduced into aſhes? He cannot free himſelf from the ſentence of death, and why ſhall he decline pains-taking, ſeeing it proceeded from one and the ſame mouth in the ſame time, and upon one and the ſame ſubject? But behold the reaſon, which is, that to ſatisfie the ſentence of labour ſureties are found: the houſes of rich men are filled with Officers, and Servants, who take pains in their Fields, prune their Vines, carry Corn to the Mil, who go even into the Ocean to Fiſh for Habits and Attires for them, and moſt times live within four fingers of death, to give them means to flow in delicacies. Onely death it is, that taketh no ſuretie. For which cauſe man dieth in his own perſon, and laboureth by deputie. If death would a little give way, no Great man would die but by Attorney. Out alas! O the juſtice of God, how equally doſt thou ſtill hold the Ballance! They, that would not here labour as man, thou makeſt them take pain like infernal Spirits, thou diſſolveſt the ſweat of poor Peſants in the conſolation of their ſouls, and thou ſeaſoneſt the delights of rich men with care, melancholy, dolour, jealouſie, envy, anxiety, terrours, and remorſe, which are able to make them ſweat blood.

Were there no other proof, this manifeſtly enough declareth to us how odious this curioſitie of Great men is to the Divine Majeſty, and how puniſhable, ſince its own delights are changed into chaſtiſements. Yet, notwithſtanding, I will produce ſome reaſons, that the unworthineſs of this wicked exceſs may punctually be touched with the finger, which now adays overfloweth the whole face of the earth.

Remedies and reaſons againſt Exceſs.

First I ſay, it is extreamly unreaſonable to be deſirous to live in the world with reaſon, againſt all reaſon; to endeavour to put a reaſonable creature into a condition of life, were it of neceſſity muſt bely the law of God, and its proper nature. O Noblemen, God would that you enter into the world like other men, as into a vale of tears, and you will arrive there as in a garden of delicacies. He would that you come thither, as to the mines to dig; and you go thither as to a Dicing-houſe to play. He would that you make paſſage into a ſervile fleſh to obey; and you will command. Is not this a ſin againſt Nature? To come into the world, is to come upon a Croſs; to be man, is to ſtretch out the Hands and Feet to be Crucified. The firſt bed, that an Infant maketh coming from his mother's Womb, is on the Croſs. He is as ſoon in a Croſs, as in Nature, and ſuffereth this puniſhment for no other cauſe, but for that he is born a man.

Droſs of Nature. *Nemo impunè naſcitur: omnis vita ſupplicium eſt.*

The Purple chamber of Empetors. *Anna Comnena lib. 6. Luitprand. De rebus Europ. Cyprian. De Patient. Procellas mundi, quas ingreditur, ſtatim ſuo ploratu & gemitu rudi anima teſtatur.*

The Emperours of *Conſtantinople* had in their Palace a ſecret chamber, which they called *the Purple*, in which theEmpereſſes for a ceremonious formality were brought to bed, and delivered, thinking by this means to aboliſh the acerbities, which are as it were affixed to our condition. But theſe petty *Porphyrogennites* (ſo theſe children of Emperours were called, becauſe they were born in Scarlet) were notwithſtanding born with a Croſs, and ſaluted life as others with tears, and groans. The children of Kings come all into the world through this gate of miſeries, they are born, as with a Diadem on their foreheads, and yet fail not to be Natures little priſoners. It is accompted a goodly thing to give them gilded Cradles, and ſilken Swathing-bands. This is to adorn their Chains, but not to break them; they are as well captive in them, as heretofore the priſoners in *India*, who rotted in poverty, and calamity, even in golden Fetters. It is a Decree of Almighty God (O great-Ones) that you muſt be born with the croſs on your back, and you will cancel it; if this yet might be practiſed with ſome reaſonable evaſion, and mediocrity, it would ſeem more tolerable: but now a-days this exceſs is ſo enraged, that it will plant the Trophies of Pride and Voluptuouſneſs upon the calamities of mankind. What is not done upon tables? What is not done in apparel? Men cloath as if they were always to live, and eat as if they ſhould every day die. We prepare an Altar to a falſe Deity, which at this day with unſpeakable violence ſwayeth in the world. It is a brutiſh God (if you deſire to know him) for never had he an ounce of brain: A blind God, who hath no eyes to behold the miſeries of the earth: A deaf God, who hath no ears to hear the complaints of the afflicted: A truantly God, who hath no hands to take pains: An immoveable God, who hath no feet to travel on: An effeminate God, who hath no heart to undertake any good, nor courage to ſuffer ills: A gluttonous God, who gourmandizeth all: An unclean God, who polluteth all. This falſe God, according to the Apoſtle, is the belly. *His Temple* (ſaith *Tertullian*) *is the lungs, his Altar the paunch; his Prieſt the cock; his holy Ghoſt the ſmoak of meat; his grace the ſauces; his propheſie, that which may not civilly be ſpoken.* As he in his perſon is enormous, ſo is he no leſs prodigious in his tyranny. It is a wonder to ſee how he hath his Officers in every place. For him War is waged againſt the air, and clouds; Birds are diſ-neſtled from the Kingdom, which Nature hath allowed them: for him the face of the earth is turned into a ſhambles: for him Seas are ſounded; depths are plummeted, ſhip-wracking ſtorms, and direfull tempeſts are ferried over. Man willingly would penetrate heaven, and delve even to hell to find out new ſacrifices for this fleſhly and carnal God, and himſelf being alive, he is made the Sepulchre of ſo many maſſacres, that it is a miracle how one man can live, who daily burieth ſo many dead creatures in his intrails. All this hurly-burly, which emptieth the air, earth, and ſeas, is made for a ſtomach four fingers broad, for which a little bread and water would ſuffice in neceſſity, and in ſuperfluity the whole world is too little to ſatisfie. We know not what courſe to take to find out new curioſities for the palate. We ſuck up Oiſters alive, we ſeek out Muſhroms, we will know what taſt hath the fleſh of Tortoiſes, and Snails. Theſe poor little creatures had good cauſe to believe, that their meanneſs would enfranchize them: but ſottiſh and ſordid gluttony draweth a tribute from all; and I think their taſt will ſhortly be taken with Serpents, and Ravens.

Tyranny of the belly. Philip 2. *Quorum Deus venter eſt, & gloria in confuſione ipſorum.* Tertul. *adverſ. Pſych. Deus tibi venter eſt, & pulmo Templum, & aquatiles altitudines, & ſacerdos coquus, & ſpiritus ſanctus nidor, & condimenta charismata, & ruſtica prophetia vetus eſt.* Gourmandize.

But let us not onely accuſe the Belly; the Eyes devour more then it. They are delighted to behold Fiſhes to ſwim in a ſea of Sugar, to ſee Foreſts, Nets, hunting Birds, wilde Beaſts, Houſes, Caſtles, Fields, arms of Sugar; had licourouſneſs of taſt ſo much power as it hath little brain, it would make a world of Sugar, and then would diſſolve it, to be always ready to form new at his pleaſure. The Ears will hold their part in this conſort, and therefore they muſt be tickled with the moſt exquiſite muſick, both of voice, and all ſorts of inſtruments, which ſerve as wings, and chariots to immodeſty. Then come the dances of the *Corybants*, the friſks, capers, ballets, courtings, liberties, impudencies, and all ſorts of voluptuous pleaſures, which make the body diſſolve into all corruption. With what conſcience can a Chriſtian expect Paradiſe, living in this manner? Doth he think Hell hath no flames but for the

Pleaſure.

rich

rich glutton mentioned in the Goſpel; and that he purſuing the ſame ways ſhall be freed from the like punishments? Hell caſteth up ſuch people, who here waſte their life in delicacies, that they may no otherwiſe live then in the immortality of fire, of the worm of conſcience, and darkneſs.

Ducunt in bonis dies ſuos, & in punctō ad inferna deſcendunt. Job 21. 13.

As concerning exceſs of apparel one cannot ſay too much, ſo much is this ſuperfluity, and ever ſhall the diſcourſe be unprofitable, the miſchief being ſo confirmed, and uncapable of remedie. Therein it is that women diſplay all the vanity of their ſex, all the induſtry of their ſpirit, (being curious and inventive enough in their own intereſts) and all the preſumption of their nature, which is but too ambitious, and, as ſaith *Tertullian*, *there it is where they bear all the glory of their ſex*. I ſpeak not of thoſe, who attire themſelves modeſtly, dutifully, and as it were neceſſarily for comely ornament; I ſpeak of thoſe miſerable ſacrifices of vanity, who ſtudie nothing elſe but to deck themſelves up beyond their condition, eſtate, and means, oftentimes with an ill intention, many times with the ſpoils of the poor. Masks of hypocriſie, who find no other employment in this life, but to counterfeit; no other deſire, but to ſeem what they are not. For verily, if you ſhould ſee all their Jewels and trinkets in one heap, you would ſay it were the pillage of a Citie. It is an admirable thing, that one little carkaſs ſhould drag ſo great a train along with it. They go adorned (ſaith the Scripture) as Temples, and certainly they are very like thoſe Temples of *Egypt*, which hid a Cat or Rat under golden Pavilions. Is not this a ſin inexcuſable before God, to make all the Elements take pains to cover a miſerable nakedneſs, which is nothing elſe but a meer ſcar of ſin? Is not this a great illuſion to bolſter out a dung-hill (which perhaps we muſt carry to morrow to a grave) as if it were to be erected upon Altars? Oh miſerable creatures, what have the worms to do, which ſhall gnaw your bodies, if your hair be of three or four Pariſhes, your eye-brows pulled with little pincers, your eyes diſguiſed, your cheeks put in a Vermilion tincture, your ſtench drowned in Muskie odours, your garments plaited, bumbaſted, looſe-hanged, ſurcharged with Pearls, Precious-ſtones, and Chains, to ſerve as ſnares to catch ſome foundered lovers? It is not the ſolid beauty of Objects, which allureth you, but a meer opinion: becauſe ſuch an one hath it, you therefore muſt needs have the like. If you were perſwaded, that the Fat or Dung of a Crocodile were fit to whiten the Skin, you then would go even to *Nilus* for it. And if one ſhould tell you, that two Flint-ſtones of the *Moluccas* would become your ears, and that already ſuch and ſuch did wear them, you would rather hazard the killing of your own Body, then deprive your ſelf of them.

Totam circumferunt in ſitu multitudinem.

Indignity of exceſs in apparel.

Sottiſh jealouſie of excels.

You ſee the unreaſonable proceeding of this ſuperfluity? But I ſay much more: It is cruel and injurious to God, and his Church. What rocky heart would not be cleft, and icy eye diſſolved into tears, if it did bend it ſelf to behold the exorbitancy of theſe wicked delights? To ſay, that three parts of Chriſtendom lived perpetually on Gall and Tears, were drenched in a forſaken, miſerable, and neceſsitous life, were covered with blood and oppreſsions, whilſt others glutted themſelves in ſuperfluity of palate-pleaſing Curioſities, even almoſt to burſting, never deigning ſo much as to ſet a foot on the ground, making their excrementitious ſpittings to ſwim in gold, beholding themſelves in the vain-glorious oſtent of their bravery, always wantonizing, ſtill ſportively dallying. *Wo to the rich men of* Sion, *who put their truſt and confidence in the mountain of* Samaria. *Wo to the Great-ones, who make boaſt in the houſe of* Iſrael, *who drink delicate wine in their cellars, and live involved in the moſt exquiſite perfumes, without ever caring for the afflictions of the poor.*

Riot cruel, and injurious to God and his Church.

Amos 6. *Va, qui opulenti eſtis in* Sion. & confidis in monte Samariæ: Optimates, capita populorum, ingredientes pompaticè domum Iſraël. Bibentes vinum in phialis, & optimo unguento delibuti, & nihil patiebantur ſuper contritione Joſeph.

I know the belly hath no ears, but I know not what mouth it may have to defend it ſelf at the judgment of Almighty God, when the hunger of ſo many needy penurious wretches, conſumed with want before your gate, ſhall accuſe you at the Tribunal of this formidable Judg. I know theſe Courtiers want not prattle enough, but I cannot imagine what they can anſwer before the Judgment of God, if the Angels ſhould come to drain theſe inordinate habits to make blood diſtil, and to ſpeak thoſe affrighting words of the Prophet *Jeremie*: *Behold the blood and life of poor men, which I have found in the folds of thy garment.* Judg what Chriſtianity this is; and what hope you may have of future life, living in theſe delicacies, ſtrucken with the thunders of ſo many maledictions. Ah, if you adored a God crowned with Roſes, or Pearls, it would be a matter nothing ſtrange; but to proſtrate one's ſelf daily before the * Crucifix, charged with nails and thorns, you living in ſuch exceſs and ſuperfluity in fleſh, diſſolved in ſoftneſs, how can that but be cruel? The Chriſtians of the Primitive Church were ſcrupulous to bear Coronets of flowers on their heads, according to the cuſtom of Feaſts, remembring their Maſter had carried thorns; and *Clemens Alexandrinus* judgeth, that to ſeek out ſuch effeminacy is a meer Mommery, and a manifeſt mockery of the venerable paſsion of the Son of God. With what eyes can you behold the Crucifix covered with blood and wounds, holding it honourable to bear Flowers, Rubies, and Diamonds, not for once, but to drench all your life, if it were poſsible, in the nice delicacies of the fleſh? How can one excuſe ſuch a maner of proceeding? By what mark would you be known for Chriſtians in the other world? The livery of Chriſtians is patience, and very well thoſe brave courages, which breed us to the Church by their blood, may bear for their arms, a hand cleaving Mountains with Fire, and Vineger, crowned with this Deviſe: *No paſſage is ſhut from virtue.* Verily theſe valorous Champions, ſparkling with the lightning rays of charity, lifted up their Chriſtian palms in the middeſt of hazards, and forced Heaven with a pious violence. Men were ſeen, who obtained as many Martyrdoms, as they endured torments, and who ſuffered more tortures then they had members; their bodies upon the wheels armed with ſharp Sciſſars; under iron Hooks, under burning Pincers, lying in pieces were many times gathered up by the faithful Chriſtians, and even then put into Tombs, themſelves ſurviving their own Funerals. In this ſtate they climbed upon the ſharp rocks of this painful way of heaven, carrying thither more wounds then members.

In alio tuis inventus eſt ſanguis pauperum.

* *Hac & hujusmodi per tranſennam inſpicere ſat erit.*

Clemens Alex. Pædag. lib. 1. cap. 10. Ἐνίοις φαν τῷ σεμνῷ τῶν Κυρίου παθῶν.

Virtuti nihil invium.

Virtue of the firſt Chriſtians.

Remorabantur in luce dentes, quorū membra pleni erant tumuli. Sanctus Zeno de Sancto Arcadio.

What anſwer you to this, you children of Saints? Your fore-fathers to purchaſe Paradiſe have wandered in Wilderneſſes, ſtrayed up and down Mountains and Caverns of the earth, cloathed with Goats-skins and Camels hair, and you now adays have no heart to any thing, but to the vain-glorious humour of bravery. Tell me not, that in caſe of perſecution you will be moſt faithful to God; I will anſwer that which *Tertullian* ſaid: *I fear this neck ſnared with wreaths and ropes of Pearl and Emeralds: I fear the ſword of perſecution can finde no place there.* Children of Saints, your Grand-fathers have heretofore paſſed ſo many Lents, lying upon hard boards, eating roots, living in infinite frugality, & now forſooth the leaſt

Tertul. cap. 13. *De cultu fœmin. Timeo cervicem, nè margaritarum & ſmaragdorū laqueis occupata locum ſpatha non det.*

Faſt

Faſt ſtriketh you down. Of what complain you? Is it for that you ſtill ſwim not in ſugar, and therefore the Church is too hard to be ſerved? A thouſand Diſpenſations muſt be procured under falſe colours and ſurreptions. You cannot faſt, you cannot do that which you never had a will to do. What a ſhame is it (you children of Saints) your fathers and mothers to gain Paradiſe, although they lived in riches, as you perhaps do, put them under their feet to ſerve as ladder-ſteps to heaven, and you now a-days place them over your heads, to ſink your ſelves even into the abyſs. How would you then, that one ſhould know you in the other world? You ought to be aſhamed of the name which you bear, of your Baptiſm, of your profeſſion, you thereunto affording ſo little correſpondence. God hath made you for another end, and far otherwiſe; you no longer retain any mark, whereby you may be known.

Julius Firmicus De errore profanar. Relig. Erubeſcite, ô miſeri, ſummitatem, aliter vos Deus fecit: cum cohors veſtra ad Dei judicantis tribunal acceſſerit, nihil vobiſcum deferretis, quo Deus, qui vos fecit, agnoſcat.

What are you to do? I. To believe there is no Paradiſe for thoſe that will live in pleaſures, capital enemies of the Croſs of the Son of God.

II. If your birth have ranked you in an eminent ſtate, live therein, and entertain it, rather for a certain neceſsity of beſeeming comelineſs, then for the love of concupiſcence. Live therein as the Bee on honey, well obſerving your wings, be not entangled therewith: which is very hard to do.

III. Make not unneceſſary expenſes above your means. What a ſhame it is daily to behold Frogs deſirous to puff themſelves up like Buls, even till they burſt? No man can keep a mediocrity: man will extend his wings beyond his neſt; his retinue, table, apparel, preſents, all is exceſs, what one poureth forth on one ſide, muſt be ſpared on the other. To entertain great profuſeneſs great avarice is neceſſarily expedient, which cannot be maintained but by wretchedneſs, by rapines, by injuſtice, by oppreſsions, which abſolutely ſhut up the gate of ſalvation.

Non fruſtrà in nellis copia pennas habet apicula; neſtit enim haerentem.

Mortificationem Jeſu in corpore veſtro circumferentes; 2. Cor. 4.

IV. Bear ever about you in ſecret ſome mark of mortification of *Jeſus Chriſt*, as the Apoſtle appointeth: ſuffering ſome incommodity in cloathing, drinking, eating, ſleeping, and the like; diſdain not to exerciſe your ſelves in acts of humility, and love above all, the viſits and conſolation of the poor afflicted. This is it will ſave you.

The eleventh OBSTACLE,

Envie.

WE likewiſe find in an excellent little book, entituled the *Apophthegms* of the *Hebrews* and *Arabians*, a ſaying of thoſe antient Doctours of the Law, which with much moderation muſt be underſtood: To wit, that three ſorts of people ſhall never undergo the judgment of God, nor paſs through the flames of purgation. Firſt, perſons greatly neceſsitous: Secondly, thoſe who are in publike office: Thirdly the ill-married.

Perſons neceſsitous (ſaith this Authour) becauſe poverty and miſery are moſt ardent fires, which purge and cleanſe the ruſt of iniquity: Thoſe who are in publick office; for what need have they of judgment, ſince the whole world judgeth them? Thoſe that are ill-married, becauſe a bad wife is a portative Purgatory. Theſe words are ſpoken at random with too much extent and liberty. For it is moſt undoubted, that if theſe three kind of people live in integritie, and make profit of their burthens, it will be a wholſom means for them to eſcape the rigour of God's judgment; but abſolutely to exempt them from the juriſdiction of this ſovereign juſtice, is to ſpeak over-raſhly. They have much better hit the mark, who ſaid, that two ſorts of men anticipated their hell in this world, the lovers, and the envious: for in effect there is a hell of love, and a hell of envie. The hell of Love is for thoſe, who inordinately, exceſſively, and with full fruition of creatures, do love to the prejudice of the Creatour. Out alaſs! who can recount the ſhiverings, the feavers, the acceſſes of fire and ice, the gnawing worms, the biting vultures of theſe unfortunate ones, who, having ſhaken off the yoak of ſovereign beauty, have made themſelves ſlaves of a putrified body, the ſpoil whereof the Elements ſhall quickly ſhare? It ſeemeth the Prophet *Eſay* was deſirous to deſcribe their miſeries in theſe terms: *Their ſouls ſhall be as a land of pitch, and brimſtone, perpetually boiling in their own paſsions, and ever ſmoaking with black vapours of a brutiſh ignorance.* Yet notwithſtanding this hell of Love amongſt ſo many rigours hath ſometimes certain ſparkles of hope, a ſower-ſweet of pleaſures, which kindle themſelves like flying fires, and are waſted even in their birth; bubbles of water which are blown up, and cracked in a moment: but the hell of Envie is an admirable hell; for it is a voluntary hell, where nothing pleaſeth, and each thing tormenteth; a hell, which containeth fire in it, and affordeth no light; a hell, which always hath the worm preſent, and never the remedy; a hell, which ſuprizeth by the eyes, and diveth even into the heart; a hell, which inceſſantly devoureth, and never conſumeth; which hath miſchiefs without hopes, toils void of repoſe, and torments without mercy; which is as the common feaver of all the gall of this Univerſe, which exerciſeth rage and fury, which hath the wanneſs of death without dying, and the cares of a diſaſtrous life without life. To divert the hearts of men from it I can propoſe but two reaſons: the firſt ſhall diſcover the malignity, and the other the calamity therof.

Erit terra eorum in picem ardentem, nocte, & die non extinguetur, in ſempiternum aſcendit fumus ejus.

It is true, that all vices are ſteeped in the venom of malice, which ſhould be a powerful motive for thoſe to fly them, who naturally love goodneſs: but envie hath I know not what kind of particular influence, which maketh it infinitely odious, and execrable. St. *Gregory Thaumaturgus* ſaith, It is a waſp of Satan, which ſtingeth men as a gad-fly doth oxen. S. *Baſil* of *Seleucia* calleth it the mother of murthers, S. *Cyprian* the moth of ſouls, and S. *Gregory Nyſſen* a diſeaſe of nature, a poiſoned gall, the root of vices, the mother of death, and a voluntary *Phthiſical* conſumption. All the *antient Fathers* breath out fire & flames when they diſcourſe of it, and indeed never can they ſpeak enough of it. Beſides their authority, which is of great value, Reaſon herein is very potent. For we muſt needs affirm, that by how much the more a vice participateth of the nature of Devils, who are as it were the patrons of ſin, by ſo much the more it is a vice; and envy is of the ſame condition: for it is the ſin, by ſingularity of denomination, called the ſin of the Devil. As in heaven the firſt was the ſin of Pride, ſo the firſt on earth was that of Envy, committed by the ſpirit of impurity; and S. *Auguſtine* excellently ſaith, Envie is a vice meerly Diabolical, a ſin which defileth the Devils, and irrecoverably damneth them. It ſhall not be ſaid to Satan in the ſentence of his damnation, that he hath polluted the beds of men by his adulteries, that he hath taken the goods of other men by his rapines, that he hath ſeized on demeans & poſſeſſions, driving away the lawful owners, but that he hath envied the felicity of man. The ſame Authour ſaith on the Epiſtle to the *Galatians*, That this vice hath the property to pour into the heart of men

Gregor. Thaum. Ὄφις ἐκ διαβόλου πνεῦμα κακὸν τὸ φθονερὸν. *Baſil. Seleuc.* Ὁ τῆς φθόνου ματὴρ. *Cyprian. De zelo. & livore. Greg. Nyſſ. in vita Moſis.*

Sap. 2. Invidiâ Diaboli mors introivit in orbem terrarum. Aug. lib. 2. De doctr. Chriſtian. Homini ſtanti invidiſti.

Aug. in Epiſt. ad *Galat.* citatur in *Gloſſa.* *In zelo invidiæ tota ſua viſcera ſerpens concutit, in hac imprimenda quaſi peſtem vomit.*

men the Poiſon of the enemie. Yea ſo it is, that particularly the infernal Serpent, when he imprinteth the ſin of envy in the heart of man, doth turmoil his very bowels, and extremely ſtriveth, as it were, to vomit the blackeſt peſtilence, which Hell containeth.

Diſcourſe even with your ſelf, whether the envious be not tainted with a ſpecial malignity, ſince that, beyond all other ſinners, they tranſcendently ſuck in the breath of the Serpent. This black malice more eaſily diſcovereth it ſelf in this, then in all the other mortal ſins, which are verily great exorbitancies of Nature, but they ſeem to have ſome pretext, which mollifieth the evil. The thief robbeth for his profit, the carnal man ſeeketh out his unlawfull luſts to extinguiſh the fire of his paſſion, the covetous man ſaith he is upon good husbandry, the ambitious flattereth himſelf with the thirſt of honour, which hath heretofore born ſway upon Altars; and ſo of other ſins, their malice hath always ſome heat of paſſion, of apparence of good to excuſe them: but the envious, what can he propoſe but a cold malignity, a black cruelty, a will determinately ill without ſemblance of good? Yea, you ſhall find many, that are in infinite abundance, as Dogs couched on hay, who will not eat thereof, for it is not their cuſtome, nor are they willing other creatures, for whom God hath ordained it, ſhould come near it. Many there are, as *Tantalus*, ever in the middeſt of Fountains, yet drink not, and perpetually beholding him with a jealous eye, that would taſte thereof.

The Fable of the two envious men ſo celebrated is not feigned; we too much approve it in our manners. For it being permitted them to chooſe what each would ask, on this condition, that, his requeſt being allowed him, his companion's ſhare be doubled; the firſt, who was extremely covetous, had all his deſires fixed in the earneſt demand of gold and ſilver, but diſcourſing with himſelf, that by asking he ſhould do a pleaſure to another, this onely conſideration ſtayed him, and never would he afterward open his mouth to make ſuch a requeſt; the other made choiſe to loſe one of his own eyes, that his companion might have it doubled, and be deprived of both.

How many are there at this day in the world, who, embarked with their enemies in the ſame veſſel, care not to periſh, ſo that they dying may glut their eyes with the death of thoſe whom they hate: A moſt ſtrange malignity to forget the preſervation of one's own perſon, to which we are by Nature ſtreightly obliged, to ruin another. The eyes of *Gorgons*, the hiſſing of Serpents, the aſpect of Baſilisks, are nothing in compariſon of an enraged Courtier, when he beholdeth him to be carried on the wings of favour, whom he would gladly ſee utterly confounded without recovery. Do we not behold the eyes of a dog, when the fortune of another is envied, and the heart of a ſtag, when queſtion is made of the works of courage? Where are not men to be ſeen, who devour one another alive with miſchievous aſpects, and carry even on their foreheads the gall of their envenomed hearts? Where are not ſuch malign ſpirits to be found, who play at faſt and looſe, thruſting him in an inſtant down to the loweſt part of the wheel, who was at the top. At the Court all things moſt commonly fall ſhort, but malice, and envy. It is verily the extremity of miſery, when Great ones do with an open ear too much grace the deſignes of the envious, making themſelves as it were inſtruments of a furious Panther, for the ruin of the innocent. If we ought to ſtop our ears with wax among the ſongs of *Sirens*, here we have need to have them all of Diamond. What can the envious man expect from this Diabolical malice, but the reward of *Cain*, in the ſeparation from the ſight of God, and perpetual affrightments? *O* Cain, *jealous* Cain, *Thou art amazed, that God regardeth not thy ſacrifice, and ſeeſt not, thou art divided, and ſevered within thy ſelf: I ſhall have ſomewhat to do with thy wicked ſacrifice. It is to much purpoſe to turn thy hand to an act of religion, and thy heart to envy. This which thou doeſt is not to appeaſe God, but to provoke him. It is to preſent him with ſacrifice in the one hand, and a ponyard in the other*: ſaid S. *Bernard.*

Bern. Ser. 24. in Cant. *Quid miraris, ô Cain, ſi non reſpicit ad te, qui ità diviſus es in te? Si manum devotioni, quid animum das livori? Non conciliat Deum tibi diſcors tecum: non placas, ſed peccas. Etſi necdùm fratricida, jam tamen fidei ida teneris.*

And truly to touch the ſecond Reaſon, although the Diveliſh malice of this vice cannot gain conqueſt over hearts to divert them, yet ought the calamity it draweth along with it to beget in our ſouls a perpetual horrour thereof. This ſin is no ſooner born, but it hath its torments and executioners attending. All that which may be truly called miſerable cometh to us from Envy, and the hatred of our neighbour. Firſt it bereaveth us of an infinite number of bleſſings, which we might enjoy by the means of charity. Nothing is ſo rich as the love of God; all beauties, all riches, all poſſeſſions are tributary thereunto. Yea, love in loving, I know not by what kind of powerful Alchimy, draweth all to itſelf, changeth all into itſelf, and maketh the whole world its own. This is the diſcourſe, which S. *Auguſtine* made of it. O prodigie! Will you know an effectual means how to become in a ſhort time rich, wiſe, fortunate, and holy? You have nothing to do, but to love. *Virginity pleaſeth you, and have you it not? Love it in your brother, and ſiſter, to whom God hath granted it, it is yours. This man hath more knowledg then you, and you perhaps more patience then he; love his knowledg, and he your patience, and you both ſhall be contented. Another is more watchful then you, and you faſt better then he; love his watchfulneſs, and let him love your faſting, and then behold you ſhall become watchfull, and abſtinent.* That, which I ſay of virginity, patience, knowledg, induſtry, and abſtinence is alſo to be underſtood of all other bleſsings, which we by loving make our own. Such was the exerciſe of(*) *David*, who taſted the good of another as peculiar to himſelf: he ſanctified himſelf in all Saints, he inſtructed himſelf in all the Sages; he enriched himſelf in all the rich, he participated with all the juſt. Behold you not here the admirable Philoſophy of Love?

Aug. libro quinquag. Homiliarũ *Homiliâ* 15. tom. 10. *Congaude illi, cui Deus gratiam aliquam donavit, tua eſt. Habet ille fortè virginitatẽ, ama illam, tua eſt. Tu habes fortè majorem patientiam, dilige te, & ſua eſt. Ille poteſt ſatis vigilare, ſi non invideat, tuum eſt ſtudium ejus. Tu fortè poteſ amplius jejunare, amet te, ſuum eſt jejunium; quia tu per charitatem in illo es, & ipſe in te eſt.*

This being true, as it is moſt evident, conſider the evils, and diſaſters, which proceed from Envy. So many bleſſings, as the Sun daily diſcovereth to you in ſo infinite numbers of creatures, may by loving be yours, and in not loving every happineſs, each proſperity of your neighbour is an iron Lance in your ſide, a Thorn in your heart, and a Nail in your eye. Have we ſo few misfortunes in the world, that we muſt ſeek them in the proſperity of others? The earth vomiteth up miſeries, which dayly draw Tears from our eyes, Sighs from our hearts, and Compaſſion from our moſt obdurate ſouls: yet not content therewith, inſtead of ſearching out ſome lenitive for our wounds in union, and charity, we envy our neighbour, thereby bereaving our ſelves of all comforts, and deep drenching us in all the miſeries of the world. For what evil is comparable to that of envy; to be perpetually like a wretched Owl, not able to endure the day-light of another's proſperity; to be as a ravenous Vulture, who flyeth from ſweet ſavours, and ſearcheth out Carion, to imitate the Fly, which delighteth among Wounds, and Ulcers? What a life is it to run up and down

(*) *Tarticeps ſum omnium timentium te.* Pſal. 118. 63. *Ex alieno bono, quæ ſi diligeretis, veſtra faceretis bona; non diligendo, veſtra facitis mala.* Gregor. in Paſtorali.

taxing the imperfections of your brethren, and never to open an eye to the ſplendour of their virtue? *What a life is it to make the evil of another your good, to have his proſperity your executioner, his glory your puniſhment, ever to bear an ill diſpoſition in your breaſt, to carry tallons, nails, and ſharp combs of Iron in your own proper entrails, and never to end your ſin, to make thereby your torments immortal?* This is it, which the eloquent S. *Cyprian* ſpake in theſe terms. Although through envy ſome profit or parcel of good might be drawn from the ſubject envied, by extenuating the honour, or good of a neighbour, with ſome benefit applicable to ones ſelf, yet God oftentimes permitteth, that by the means of envy the glory of thoſe, who are ſo maligned, is made more illuſtrious. So the brothers of *Joſeph*, in being deſirous to make him a ſlave, gave him opportunity to become a Lord over all *Egypt*. So the envy of *Saul*, when he leaſt thought of it, ſet the Crown on *David*'s head, and affording him matter of affliction gave him occaſion of triumph. So *Maximinian* the Tyrant through the jealouſie of the honour attributed to *Conſtantine* contributed all that, which a deſperate envy could invent, and a great virtue ſurmount. He firſt made him General of an army, which he ſent againſt the *Sarmatians* (a people extremely furious) ſuppoſing he there ſhould loſe his life. The young Prince went thither, and returned victorious, leading along with him the Barbarian King enchained. It is added hereunto, that this direful Prince, excited by a moſt ardent frenzy in his return from this battle, engaged him in a perillous encounter with a Lyon, which he purpoſely had cauſed to be let looſe upon him: but *Conſtantine*, victorious over Lyons, as well as men, ſlew this fell beaſt with his own hands, and impreſſed an incomparable opinion in the minds of his Souldiers, which eaſily gave him paſſage to the Throne by the ſame degrees, which were prepared for his ruin. We muſt have an *Euryſthens* to make up an *Hercules*. Envy many times layeth the firſt ſtone of the Temple of Virtue, ſhe beareth puſillanimity on her forehead, and the condemnation of her impotency in heart, to ſerve as a Trophy of courage, and a badge of valour.

Qualis eſt anima tua in malitia proprium bona convertere alima, illuſtrium proſperitate torqueri, aliorum gloriam pœnam ſuam facere, & velut quoſdam pectori ſuo carnifices admovere, qui ſe inteſtinis cruciatibus lacerent, & ſecreta cordis malevolentia unguis poſſent? Cyprian. *De zelo, & livore.*

What courſe do you then think to take for concluſion, both you who envy, and you who are maligned. If envy be a Diabolical vice, and a Hell of calamity, why do you not aſſume to you the bowels of a charity truly Chriſtian, to love the gifts of God himſelf in your enemies? Firſt accuſtom your ſelves to be contented with your eſtate, and that condition of life, which God hath allotted you. For from thence ſpringeth the envy, whereby each one thinketh the field of his neighbour more fertile then his own: each one beholdeth with a jealous eye all above him, and hath no ſight to contemplate what is under him. Every one would change that which he is, into that which he cannot be, but by miſchief, or injuſtice. The Ox in the Fable ſaith, if he were an horſe well-furniſhed, and capariſoned as that glorious beaſt (who doeth nothing but prance, or curvet in a field, or ſtreet) he would work wonders: none ſhould be more able, nor fit to draw a Coach then he; to go into the Wars none ſhould be found more couragious then he: but behold him perpetually in the Wain under the hand of a Paiſant, what means hath he to do any brave thing? Yet, admit you ſhould lay Foot-cloaths, and rich habiliments on him, he would ever be an Ox. Why do you diſturb your ſelf about the change of your condition, and not rather ſay: My God, thou guideſt Lives, Eſtates, and Conditions; it is a Muſick, which thou compoſeſt of many accords; it is a Table of many Colours; it is a Body of many Members: why ſhould I make a falſe Harmony, an extravagant Colour, or a prodigious Member? It ſufficeth me to be a party in this Muſick, this Table, this Body: ſet me high, ſet me low, let me be white, let me be black, make me head, make me foot. My God, it is in thee to give me my part, and in me to play it well. Why ſhould I kick againſt the ſpur like a jade? Why, being but a miſerable earthen pot, ſhould I argue againſt my Potter? If the man, whom I envie, meriteth this good fortune, I wrong thy juſtice to malign him, and if he deſerve it not, is he not more worthy of compaſſion then envie, ſince all his greatneſs will ſerve him but for a burthen in this life, and a condemnation in the other. If all make for me in loving, why ſhould I through want of love deprive my ſelf of ſo great a power, which of all things is the moſt eaſie? Why ſhould I create a Hell in my ſelf, where thou haſt a purpoſe to erect a Paradiſe.

You who are maligned, to oppoſe envie render your ſelves truly virtuous, know there are no ſhadows without light, nor envie without ſome gift of God. If the Fagot ſmoaks when it beginneth to burn, when the flame ſhall have gotten the upper-hand, there will be no ſmoak at all. Natural Philoſophers obſerve, that the Rain-bow in the Heavens is not eaſily formed at noon-tide in the ſcorching days of Summer, becauſe the Sun, vigorous in his exaltation, diſſipateth, waſteth, and diſpelleth the Clouds. When you ſhall be mounted to the higheſt pitch of heroick virtue, envie ſhall neither have Bowe, nor Arrow to aſſail you; all ſhall ſtoop to your eminence, and calumny it ſelf ſhall crack, when Truth ſhall dart reſplendent flaſhes into all eyes. Vinegar is ſaid to be uſed for pretious ſtones, which have their fire frozen over, and their luſtre eclipſed: you muſt have a little touch of acerbity to enlighten your valour. The Moon ſeemeth for a time to darken the Sun when it is eclipſed, and yet ſhe daily rendereth the tribute of her light. Envie, which maketh a ſhew to eclipſe you, will make your praiſes multiply by its ſlanders, your repoſe by its battles, and your crowns by your humiliation. No man accompteth it ſtrange, that Cantharides fix themſelves upon Roſes, they no leſs are Roſes for being blaſted by this petty Catterpiller. It is well known, they are not ſatisfied but with the faireſt flowers; you have nothing to do but to ſhake them off, and thereby enjoy the odour of the beauty of the Queen of beauties.

Fear not to be deſpiſed, becauſe you are envied, if you do not before-hand debaſe your ſelf to envie through imbecillity of heart. Nay, rather the moſt envied will be ſought out for a mark of an eminent virtue. The envious will be the more diſſipated, envie will be trampled under foot, and merit crowned by the hand of Juſtice.

The twelfth OBSTACLE.

Ambition, and Avarice.

AFter ſo many rocks, after ſo many counter-buffs, & perils, behold the ſhelf of ſhip-wrack, Ambition, which is a furious avarice to be able to do all, and to have all. It is an itch, which great men bear upon them from their mother's womb, to ſtir up in them a perpetual ſcratching; an itch, the malignity whereof oftentimes turneth their brain even to the making of Heaven to bow under the rules of the earth. Amongſt the difficult queſtions, which the *Angel* propos'd to the Prophet *Eſdras*, one was to weigh the fire, and the other to meaſure the wind, the laſt

Ambition an itch.

Angelical Enigmas. *Eſdræ* 4.

to number the veins of the abyss. Ambition is a devouring fire, who can poize it? It is a wind, who can fathom it? It is an abyss, who is able to recount the sources and issues thereof? A wise man saith very well, that the middle of the earth hath bin found, the depth of the sea hath bin sounded, the height of the *Riphean* hills hath bin measured, the remotest limits of the hollow caverns of *Caucasus* have bin discovered, the head-spring of *Nilus* hath not escaped, onely in the heart of man we cannot find the bounds of the desire of commanding. This passion is no longer a mean folly, it is arrived to the height of rage, the evil is so great it is unknown. Man is so far from discovering the remedy, that he as it were despaireth of health. It is enough, if some lenitive may be applyed. That great wit *Hippocrates* wished a consultation of all the Physicians of the world, to advise upon the means how to cure covetousness. It is now above two thousand years ago since he had this desire, after him a thousand and a thousand Philosophers have imployed their endeavour to recover this pestilent fever, all have lost their labour therein, the evil increasing in the multitude of remedies, the sick men are all frantick: when the wind of ambition hath raised them to the height of the wheel, they will never descend but by a precipice. It is a most particular favour of God, if it happen, that an ambitious man doth once open his eys to know himself, to measure himself, to put limits upon his desires, and yet notwithstanding the motives and obligations which he hath thereunto are most manifest, as I will make it appear in the sequel of this discourse.

Desire of *Hippocrates*. *Hippocrates* Epist. ad Abderit.

First, the Scripture, speaking of ambition, calleth it a foreign vice. Pride in man is not in its element, it alwaies seeketh height, and man is even lowness it self. What is man, if we consider him in his own nature without the assistance of grace, but an excrement of impurity in his conception, a silly creature in his birth, a bag and sponge of ordures in his life, a bait for worms in his death? The soul is in the body, as in a Chariot of Glass: The days are the Couriers, which perpetually run upon a full gallop: The four wheels are vanity, weakness, inconstancy, misery: The way is of ice; the goal is death; and the end oftentimes is a precipice. The pleasures thereof (as saith *Plato*) are winged, and wholly armed with pricks and stings, to leave in flying a sharp point in the heart, the dolour and discontents thereof drench it in a cup full of Gall, and its feet are of lead, never to forsake it. Can then such a creature be possessed with ambition, such a dung-hill nourish pride? All that we behold both above and beneath, on the right, on the left hand, in this great house of Nature, serves as a lesson of humility for us. Heaven, which circumvolveth over our heads, enamel'd with Stars, created in a higher place than we; the Earth, which we tread under our feet, which serveth us for a nurse, afterwards for a sepulchre; the little Air we breath, without which we cannot live; the Water, which in its wonder hath swallowed up wisdom, and afterwards the bodies of the most knowing men of the earth, as we read of *Aristotle*: beasts, whose spoils we carry about us; our body, which according to account hath for its portion about three thousand diseases; our soul, which knoweth not what shal become of her, and which cannot tell whether she shall serve as an immortal fewel to those devouring flames that have no limits but eternity, or no: All preach to us our baseness, all thunder out the terror and affrightments of God's judgments; and amongst so many subjects of humility you (O Noblemen) have leisure to puff up your selves, and to fill your minds with the gentle breathing blasts of imaginary honour. At the least, if needs you must elevate your selves, if you of necessity must take a great deal of state upon you, choose the best way: but (insensible as you are) what do you take upon you, becoming ambitious? the life of a slave, the life of *Cain*. This is the second consideration which I propose, of power sufficient to instruct a soul, that will give never so little predominance to reason. We all naturally love liberty, and suppose, *that to be of one's self, is an inestimable good.*

Reasons and remedies. Psal. 18. 14. *Ab alienis parce servo tuo.* Ambition a foreign vice. A singular description of man.

All the world teacheth us the lesson of humility.

Ambition the life of a slave.

Inæstimabile bonum est suum esse. Senec. ep. 67.

Now the most captive Gally-slaves are not greater bond-men then the ambitious. The slave hath a chain, & a captain who proudly insulteth over him; an ambitious man hath as many fetters as he hath appetites, as many servitudes as pretensions, as many slaveries as manners of ambition. His Captain is his unguided passion, which tyrannizeth over him day and night with all possible cruelty. The slave practiseth and tameth himself in his own condition: the ambitious is always savage, he always flyeth before himself, and never overtaketh himself, to enter into himself. He is in no place, because he would be every where, and yet notwithstanding he is tormented every where, his fever burneth him where he is not. The slave freeth himself with money, the ambitious man findeth gyves of gold and silver. The slave findeth no chain so streight, but that it sometimes giveth him leave to sing; the ambitious is never free out of himself: there are nothing but objects of frenzie, fire-brands of concupiscence; and within himself there is not any thing but worms, flames, and executioners. The slave findeth at least liberty in death, and death which carryeth the key of all close coverts cometh lastly to unloose al the bands of his servitude; an ambitious soul, as soon as it is parted from the body, is consorted with Devils in their tortures, as it imitated them very nearly in their passion. What a life, what a death is this? Find you any comparable, if not that of unfortunate *Cain*? The Scripture saith that he withdrawing himself from the sight of God did inhabit the land of instability: and *Procopius* thereto addeth an antient tradition, that he perpetually saw certain spectres with swords of fire, which brought horrible affrightments upon him. Is the ambitious man better used? Is not he perpetually separated from the face of God, seeing (as saith S. *Hierom*) man is divided from the Divinity, not by the degrees of body, but of soul, which are the affections? And how much more the soul is scattered in the waste emptiness of ambition, which is indeed a meer vanity, so much more it strayeth from this sovereign Majesty, which is the onely verity. Is it not in the Kingdom of inconstancy? In every place where he setteth his feet, there is nothing but slippery Ice, or downfal. The saying of the Prophet is accomplished in his person: *Let their way be made dark and slippery, and the Angel of our Lord persecute them.* Behold all the most lamentable extremities, which may be imagined in a voyage; ever to go upon Ice, and theron to walk in the obscure darkness of the night, and to have behind you in the rear a Sergeant, who hasteneth you forward; and all this is found in the life of the ambitious. What passage is not slippery in the favours of the world, all which are feathered and full of mutable conditions? What darkness is there in a wretched creature, who hath no pity at all of himself, who maketh a liberty of his fetters, honour of his ignominy, and trophies of his torments? What Sergeant is more troublesom? What spectres, & what swords of fire more terrible then the pricks of this enraged passion, which is as much, and as violently forceth man, as a Bull goared with a goad rusheth

The life of *Cain*. Gen. 4. 16. Hebr. אֶרֶץ נוֹד *Procop.* in Genes.

Hier. Epist. ad Damas. *Peccantes recedunt à Deo affectuum non locorum spatiis.*

Psal. 34. 6. *Fiat via illorum tenebræ, & lubricum, & Angelus Domini persequens eos.* Extreme disaster.

rusheth through some headlong precipice? Where is it, that the ambitious man can find place of stability, and centre of repose? If he be in quest of honour, (and when is he not?) behold him in a whirl-pool, in fire; behold him in the severish accesses of heat, and cold, which afford him no intermission. Admit, he obtain what he pretendeth unto, no sooner is he engaged in one way, but his feet itch to transfer him to another. If he be put upon terms of repulse, behold him drenched in desperate and furious Envie, which maketh him die as many deaths, as there are others more happy then himself. Verily, the wheel of *Ixion* is a silly Fable in comparison of the tortures of the ambitious. That was a sport, which *Heliogabalus* did, when he took his Courtiers, and commanded them to be tied, and trussed fast to a great wheel, and then rolled, and turned them up and down in the water, taking infinite pleasure to see them sometime aloft, sometime below, sometime to taste the sweetness of the air, and sometime to be deeply plunged in the water, where of necessity they drank more then enough. Ambitious men daily act the same play, but they personate it Tragically: their life is wholly composed of leaps, bounds, and skips; they are the very reeds, the very shuttle-cocks of inconstancy, they are meer wind-blown baloons, which are tossed this way and that way, sometime with the foot, sometime with the hand. They are enforced upon all occasions to bear the fool's bable, and they miserable have drunk with so long and deep draughts of the water of forgetfulness, that they cannot awaken themselves from their drunkenness, until death come to close up their eyes.

Envie.

The wheel of *Heliogabalus*. *Lampridius in Heliogab.*

Were it not a thousand times better to plant Coleworts, and roast Chesnuts, then to live amongst so many servile complacences unworthy of a noble spirit, so many frustrated pretensions, so many illusions, so many scornfull repulses, so many hopes, which crack like a cloud, and raise a tempestuous storm, where shade, and sweet refreshment is expected? It is a wonder to behold men to betray their reason to court the Fortunes of Great men, to bereave themselves of comfort, repose, and liberty, to be surprized in a Mill full of skreaking noises, in a confused turmoil of difficult and thorny affairs, poorly to beg a little favour, which perpetually escapeth them, and oftentimes breaks as a glass in the beauty of its lustre. *Petrarch*, well acquainted with these considerations, spake these most remarkable words: "Miserable "ambitious men, every one hath so much trouble to "spin the web of his own affairs, and to bring them "to a good end, and thou with much chearfulness of "heart pryest into other mens business, yea, into the "affairs of Great men, whom it is impossible to "please without perpetual servitude, nor displease "without most evident danger. After you began to "serve others, you ceased to live to your self: life, "virtue, renown, repose, safeguard, all is lost to thee. "Great men love none but such, who forsake all to "make themselves slaves to their passions.

Captivity of charges.

Petrarch. Dialog. 47. lib. 1. *De remediis. Sua negotia gerere laboriosum, quid censeas alitena, præcipuè potentium, quibus placuisse perpetua servitus est, displicuisse discrimen? Ex quo ambitioni servire cœpisti, tibi vivere desiisti. Volu tibi est anima, virtus, fama, quies, otium, securitas. Vix diligunt Reges, nisi qui, omnibus negletis se eorum libidini servum fecit.*

What sweats of death, saith Mounsieur *D'Ancre*, never to have one hour of rest, to be enforced to give audiences, troublesom, tumultuous, and clamorous; to hear and receive suits, and unjust supplications; to be embroiled in affairs, repleniished with knots and thorns; to make Manual Signatures devoid of conscience, that you may not displease a Great man; to grant unlawfull Decrees, wicked Commissions, attended by infamous executions?

Although the pretensions of ambition were a whole world, can they deserve to be purchased with the prejudice of conscience? What would it avail man to be absolutely Lord of the whole Universe for a time, and a sacrifice of Hell for ever? But that, which maketh the madness of ambitious men much more ridiculous, and deplorable, is, that they all their life-time take pains for wind, for smoak, for nothing. The world useth them as *Laban* did poor *Jacob*: after he had been roasted, congeled, afflicted, hammered on all sides, he thought to have a fair *Rachel*, and found a blear-ey'd wench by his side. Every day a thousand fair promises, a thousand hopes, a thousand fansies, and no effect. This fair *Rachel*, this pretended honour, after so many services cometh not; disgrace, much more ugly then was *Lea*, is to be found in the same bed of repose.

The ambitious travel for *Rachel*, and find *Lea*.

It oftentimes happeneth, the greatest men, who have passed some thirty, some fourty years, to build a Fortune with a thousand disturbances, a thousand indignities, find, they must part with this world, and that they have heaped up nothing but a poor title to make a fragment of an Epitaph on their Tomb: that is it, which the *Latine* Philosopher bravely pronounced. Yet are these the most fortunate. Others, without ever setting foot into pretended greatness, fall piece-meal into ruin. They are tragical Stage-plays, where the successes of the ambitious may be read both in sacred, and profane Histories. An *Haman* hanged on a gibber fifty cubits high, to be beheld afar off, and on a gibber, which he had prepared for a man, whom he deigned not to rank amongst the number of his slaves. An *Absalom*, after he had disturbed the Court of his father, found snares in the hairs of his own head to entangle him (as it is said) to a fatal tree, and die transfixed with the sharp points of three Lances. An *Abimelech*, after he had made his enraged ambition float in the blood of threescore and ten of his own brethren, crushed under a Tyle, thrown from the hand of a woman. *Nebuchadnezzar* became a beast. *Semiramis* slain in a brutish passion by the hand of her own Son. *Cæsar* gored with many stabs of daggers in the Senate-house of *Pompey*, after he had caused golden mountains to be carried in triumph, finding no more land to conquer, he having gained so much, wanted five or six foot of ground to make him a Sepulchre. Another, who had taken for ensign a world, with the helm of a Ship, and his Motto, *Hoc opus*, shewing, that his ambitions transported him not to any lower pitch, then the world's conquest, found himself to be in a worse estate then if he had been a Swabber in a Ship. Another Favorite of *Ptolomy*, King of *Egypt*, mounted to so high a degree of honour, that he had but two discontentments in this life; the one, that he could grow no more, so great he was become; the other, that the King, with all his revenews, seemed to him too poor to add any encrease of riches. Few days after, this miserable creature was surprized by King *Ptolemy* courting a Mistress of his, for which contempt in that instant the Lady was enforced to drink poison, and the unfortunate Courtier was hanged before his own lodging. Another minion of the Emperour *Constantius*, after he had manag'd the affairs, wars, revenews, houshold, Person of the Emperour, was disgraced, and put to death, because he presented to his Master (at that time incensed with choler) a Pen, ill-made for writing, to sign certain Dispatches withall. *Macrinus*, a Hunter, a Fencer, a Scrivener, became an Oratour, then a Fiscal, next Pretour of the Palace, then Emperour, and lastly was massacred with his Son *Diadumenus*. *Ablavius*, most powerfull under *Constantine*, torn in pieces under *Constantius* as a Victim.

Quondam, cum in consummationē dignitatis per mille indignitates irrepsissent, misera subit cogitatio ipses laborasse in tumulum sepulchri. Senec. De brevit. vitæ cap. 19.

Tragical events. *Ester.*

2 *Reg.* 18.

Judic. 9.

Dan. 4.

Riarius apud Typotium. Euxenides. Guevar. Courtif. 26. 4.

Julius Capit.

Eunapius in Ædes.

What circumvolutions, what Comedies, what Tragedies, what Examples to those, who in this world have

have no other aim but to become great, casting under foot all Laws, both Divine, and Humane? Out alass! It is said, that *Cambyses*, King of *Persia*, to teach Justice to a certain President of his, who newly then entered into Office, commanded him to cover the chair of Judicature with the skin of *Sesammes* his father, put to death, and flayed, because he had been an ill Judg. What should he do, being seated on this wofull Tribunal, upon the blood of his father, but become wise by a dreadfull experience? An infinite number of ambitious men are in Office, and Magistracy, mounted upon the ruins, and blood of their Predecessours, who have made most wicked, and deplorable trials, and have pursued the same ways, without fearing the like event.

Herodot. lib. 5.

Note.

Instructions.

I. Learn (O Noblemen) that all the greatness of the world cannot make you Great, if not by contempt of it. All therein is little, and yet to despise that little, is a great matter.

II. Know, that your Fortunes ought to be as the Halcyon's nest, which seemeth sowed to her body. Matters most aptly proportioned to our nature are the best. What face soever a man sets upon it, he is little. Much turmoil of government, and affairs, may well hinder him, but never make him happy.

Sixtus in Bibliotheca Patrum, *Non est minimum in humana vita negligere minima.*

III. You must use the honour, which God hath allotted you, as the coin of his coffers, for which you in his last judgment are accomptable, and must limit your pretenses and desires with mediocrity: otherwise you shall be as they, who wandered perpetually about the mountain of *Sir*, without ever arriving at the land of Promise.

Semper circumvenimus montem Sir, & nunquam ad terram promissionis perveniunt. Petrus Blesensis *pag.* 40.

Conclusion of the Second Book,

That the life of a bad Courtier is a perpetual obstacle to Virtue.

TO approve good by words, and pursue evil in effect: to condemn the world, and adore it: to desire heaven, and be fixed to the earth: to love one's self excessively, and live perpetually contrary to the better part of our self: to seek for peace, and live in an everlasting warfare: to lodg in one same heart, fire and ice, sickness and health, joy and sorrow, death and life: to command imperiously, and obey faintly: to be ever abroad, and never out of prison: to dream without sleep, and sleep without repose: to be divided to all the world, and never within one's self: to wish that which cannot be had, and contemn what is possessed: to seek after that which hath been despised, and hourly to change resolution: to exercise no piety but by constraint, nor reason but by fits: not to avoid one sin but by another, and to descend into the precipice with open eyes: to take up the buckler after the wound received, and to be cured by the overthrow of health: to slake thirst with salt water, and quench fire with sulphure: to have no constancy, but for evil, nor amity for any thing, but that which deserveth it not: to have sottish actions, and glorious pretexts; as much faith as the Ice, and assurance as the Wind: to be the slave of a thousand false Deities, and not to reflect on the true Divinity: to prefer the fetters and onious of *Egypt*, before the liberty and palms of the heavenly *Sion*: to leave Paradise, to follow the gardens of *Tantalus*, and those enchanted Islands, which recoil backward according to the proportion we think to approach them: to carry, under a smooth countenance, a heart spotted as the skin of a Panther: to join a voluptuous life to a penurious, avarice to prodigality, servitude to predominance, nobility to baseness, pride to misery, & envy to pity: to promise without faith, swear without regard, command without reason, appoint without order, affect without choise, hate without cause, walk without a path, and to live perpetually banished from one's self, so to become too much tied to one's self: This is the life of a Courtier, who hath alienated himself from the life of God. Add hereunto, that vice is commonly waited on with a most painfull life, wherein, if endeavour be not used to sanctifie it by virtue, there is found a Hell anticipated, where a Paradise is imagined.

Petrus Blesensis, Chancellour to the Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*, having some time attended in the Court of the King of *England*, recounteth the evils, he there found by experience, in a Letter, which he addressed to the Chaplains of the same Prince. There he complaineth, the Courtiers many times suffer for Hell all those pains, which St. *Paul* endured for Heaven: for they are exposed to dangers, both of sea, and land, rivers, and mountains, thieves, and false brothers, to fasting, and watching, to weariness, and to all the incommodities of humane life. Epist. 4.

He hath seen (he saith) bread and wine served up, which one could not put into their mouths without shutting their eyes, such loathing it enforced, and viands that killed men under the shew of nutriment. He hath known Lords draw their swords for a cabbin, which deserved not a battel among hogs. He hath seen a Prince, who delighted to be attended by Officers suddenly surprized, to whom he gave notice of his remove, when they had Physical drugs in their bellies, and made them oftentimes run themselves out of breath through forests, and darkness, and at other times, to pine away in expectation of all that which would but frustrate their hope. He hath seen harbingers troublesom before they received gifts, and most ungrateful after they had them, who made no scruple to put an honest man out of his lodging, and to pull him both from table and bed, that he might lie in the streets. He hath seen at Court Porters worse then *Cerberus*, with whom the memory of a benefit lasted not three days, and who took pleasure to make those stand in the durt and rain, that had obliged them.

Buffoons and Jesters found ever free passage: nothing but virtue & honesty had a wainscot face shewed them. Finally, all the plagues of *Egypt* dwelt there, frogs, flies, ulcers, rivers of blood, a land of iron, a heaven of brass: such a confusion of men & beasts, of affairs and concurrences, of game and quarrels, that this kind of life seemed to be a little figure of Hell.

I pass under silence what *Lucian* hath written of the misery of servitours, and officers of great men, in the *treatise*, which he to that purpose made for his friend *Timocles*. There you behold one not yet become an arrant gull, who thrusts him self forward to make a fortune in the house of a rich man; he beginneth to get the favour of some servants, who make mops and mews at him behind his back, when they have taken his gifts: he cloatheth himself in fashion, and puts on the livery of him, whose grace he seeketh, he multiplies his paces, & visits daily, never gaining one good countenance from my Lord, nor my Lady. In the end, if it once happen he be looked on, or spoken to, he is somewhat amazed, and maketh answer little to the purpose, which occasioneth laughter. One observeth his reverences, another casts an eye on his posture; another takes account of his words. He is found to be somewhat sottish, yet he is not out of hope, so that he may be favoured. Thereupon he must trot up and down the street, and employ his best friends to purchase his slavery. On the other part, inquisition is made into his life, as if they would choose him Governour of a Province, and in the end

of

of the matter, it is found he is taken in but to keep a little dog. This is it, which happened to *Theſmopolis* the Stoick Philoſopher: for a *Roman* Lady that kept him in her houſe, after ſhe had called him aſide, and uſed much diſcourſe with him concerning his capacity, his virtue, and worth, ſhe reſolved to beſtow a great office on him, which was to take charge of her little Bitch that was ready to whelp.

When all obſtacles and oppoſitions are diſſolved, if one enter into the houſe of this Lord, he ſeemeth to paſs into Heaven, ſo unwillingly the golden yoke is put on, which murdereth him under the ſhew of enriching.

In the mean time the old ſervants look on this new-come gueſt, and if he be any thing lettered, or have ſome talents of wit, or ability, they fear leſt he ſhould grow too far into the good liking of the Maſter. Behold the cauſe, why they diſgrace him as much as they can, even to the framing of Hiſtories upon his genealogy, and life, which prove very prejudicial to him.

If bargain be to be made upon wages to be given him, they put into the liſt of account, the name, the quality, the titles of the houſe, and ſome ſuborned flatterer ſhall ſay, the ſervice he doth to ſo great a perſonage ought to be in the ſtead of recompenſe: yet notwithſtanding they ſpare not to amuze him upon the hope of great gratuities yearly given, of favours, and imaginary courteſies.

For this (ſaith he) he muſt paſs over bloody days, and reſtleſs nights, drop ſweats of death, live wretchedly, ſwallow affronts, praiſe all that which is blameworthy, and condemn what is laudable, flatter, lye, ſmile in looſing, and oft-times ſerve for a laughing-ſtock, as an ape tyed to his clog. He muſt bear coronets of flowers, and titles, like an old pillar of a tomb, and in effect have nothing, no, many times not ſo much as the wages bargained for, wherewith he cannot be payed, but by breaking all hope of payment.

To conclude, the Court reſembleth thoſe crafty Courtizans, who entertain witleſs Amoriſts with words, and never afford what they promiſe, until thoſe fall into the inability of giving, and theſe into diſtaſte of receiving.

That man is in ſome ſort excuſable, who takes pain to taſt ſome excellent viand: but to waſte one's ſelf with labour, and travel, to ſee another man feed, under the colour that he will afford us ſome part of that he enjoyeth, how can it be but ridiculous?

If you will have the Court in a piece of painting, repreſent unto your ſelf (ſaith he) a goodly golden Portal upon an inacceſſible mountain, all environed with precipices, where nothing is to be ſeen but arms and legs broken, but maimed and miſerable people; within riches ſitting, all of Gold, and very lovely: the Courtier beholdeth her with an eye full of admiration and aſtoniſhment. Hope, clothed in a party-coloured garment, goes before him, and taking him by the hand encourageth him to make his approach to this Divinity. Then followeth deceit, that delivers him over to ſervitude, ſervitude to travel, which perpetually toyleth him in an infinity of moſt painful labours. Travel, when it hath thorowly worn it out, gives him up to old age, already griſly pale, and invaded with many maladies. From thence ignominy ſeizeth on his perſon, and drageth him along againſt his will into deſpair, which is the cauſe hope flieth from him, and vaniſheth into ſmoke. Then he is no more ſuffered to paſs through the Golden Portal, by which he entered in, but through ſome wretched back-way Poſtern, that he may not behold the frightful ſpectacle of a poor decrepit old man, naked, gorbelled, and wan, who hideth his ſhame with one hand, and ſtrangleth himſelf with the other. He hath no better thing to meet withal at his going out, then repentance, which weeping waiteth on him in the way, the more to augment his miſery.

"Happy he, who, not being able to ſanctifie the "miſeries of the world, at the leaſt ſeeketh for a re- "treat in the ſweetneſs of repoſe.

THE THIRD BOOK,

Of the practice of VIRTUES.

The READER ſhall obſerve, this Book, being compoſed for a more familiar inſtruction, is the leſs inlarged in diſcourſes and allegations, but (as is moſt convenient) more knit and ſuccinct in precepts. I have purpoſely made it deciſive and in manner of Aphoriſms, as the Antients handled moral things, to make them the more compendious and profitable.

The firſt SECTION.

Devotion of Great Men.

Nazian. in Iamb. Ἄρρητον ἔργον χρήματος ἀπειλὴ λόγος.

IF more worth (ſaith S. *Gregory Nazianzen*) is a good dumb work, then an eloquent Oration without effect. A golden tongue, and a leaden heart, never matched together. It is nothing for one to have the Trumpet on his lip, who hath not the Torch in his hand, according to the example of thoſe brave Soldiers of *Gedeon*. The voice of great S. *Athanaſius* was a thunder-clap, and his life a lightning-flaſh, ſaith the forealledged Authour, becauſe words never thunder well, if examples enlighten not.

To

To what purpose is it to warble like a Lute, and to be deaf to the harmony thereof? To carry wherewith to shift and cleanse others, as the ass of the hot-house, and be himself perpetually bemyred, and slovenly? To buzz up and down like a drone, or humble-bee, and neither make hony, nor wax? All the Devotion of a soul truly Christian tendeth to practice, as the line to its centre. Our wisdom (said S. *Cyprian*) is a prudence of works, not of words, or paper. This is it, which hath given me occasion, having treated of Motives, Obstacles, and Remedies, which men of quality may have in the way of spiritual life, briefly to prepare a little practice of virtues, which more concerneth their condition, to behold them afterwards appear in the History of Courts, which I purpose to begin in this present Volumn.

Cyp. lib. De patientia. Philosophi factu, non verbis sumus: nec magna loquimur, sed vivimus.

It much importeth at the very first entrance, to make a good idea of Devotion, which many plaister over in their own manner, and attire with their passion, making that sometimes serve for vice, which beareth the sceptre of virtue. Some imagine devotion to be nothing but an ordinary practice of unseemly gestures, and motions, such as little puppets would make, if they were animated with some small quantity of quick-silver. Others make use of devotion, as *Dionysius* the Tyrant did of Philosophers, not that he loved them, but that folding himself in their cloaks, he thought he should be honoured by the people. So shall you finde sometimes in the world those, who for a vain interest of reputation will cloath themselves with the robe of false devotion, as if one should seek to shelter himself under a wet sack. I speak not here of devotion, which concerneth Religious men, nor that which is in the sweetness of contemplation, but I affirm the virtue of devotion, according to S. *Thomas*, is nought else but a prompt will to the service of God. Noblemen have cause to aspire thereunto.

True devotion of Great men. *Sentite de Domino in bonitate.* Sap. 1.

I. A good devotion in Great men is to have a great and faithfull feeling of the Majesty of God, not serving him with exteriour semblances, but sincerely, cordially, constantly, holding all the Maxims of state and condition under the rules of conscience; and disposing themselves rather to hazard all, then to lose God by one sole sin.

Note these points, and examine them often *Anima irreverenti & infrenata nè tradas me.* Eccl. 23.6.

II. A good devotion, to clip the wings of the covetousness of riches, and greatness: covetousness, which never findeth measure but in extremities, nor other period then a precipice. Take heed of a soul without bridle, without reverence.

III. A good devotion, not to reach at the goods of the Church by any false pretense, represented in the Court of *Rome*, by any black or covert deceits, sowed together with white thread, nor afterward to charge a man with titles, like an old Sepulchre, and hold to himself the Patrimony of *Jesus Christ*, therewith to fatten Dogs, and feed Hawks, or such other infamous creatures, which live on the sins of others. Finally, these goods are Eagle's feathers, which eat, and consume others: whilst a soul is lodged there, it remaineth in a bitterness replenished with gall, and in the perplexed intrications of sin.

In felle amaritudinis, & in obligatione iniquitatis Actor. 8. 2 Reg. 21. Væ, qui conjungis domum ad domum, & agrum agro copulatis usq; ad terminum loci. Nunquid habitabitis vos soli in medio terræ? Isaiah 5. 8.

IV A good devotion, not to encroach upon the possessions of your neighbour, nor enforce the good *Naboth* to sell his land for the accommodation and content of your Lordship, but, if he will leave it, to give him a good price, a reasonable rate, a full satisfaction. *Wo to you* (said *Isaiah*) *who annex house to house, inheritance to inheritance, as far as the land stretcheth. Would you dwell alone in the midst of the earth?*

V. A good devotion, in things, which one may rightfully exact, to be staid, just, temperate, not covetous, no Harpy, no tyrant, but to extend the bowels of compassion towards the poor, who are our flesh & blood, to open the eys, not to invent new impositions, that may draw the marrow from the people, but to take away, or lessen the old, that necessity requireth no more. *Salvianus* complaineth that in his time there were as many Tyrants as Lords & Courtiers. And that is the cause why God gave the *Roman* Empire as a prey to *Barbarians*, being Masters more mild then the covetousness of Great ones.

Dissolve colligationes impietatis, solve fasciculos deprimentes. Isaiah 58. 6.

Salvian. l. 5. De guber. Quot Curiales, tot Tyranni.

VI. A good devotion, to discharge his debts, and promises, and never suffer the wages of the poor hireling to ly hid in his Coffers.

Non morabitur opus mercenarii tui apud te usque ad manè. Lev. 19. 13.

VII. A good devotion, to attend publick charges, which you are to undergo, especially those that concern distribution of justice, with understanding, conscience, and diligence: understanding, to know the affairs; conscience, to handle them faithfully; diligence, not to draw out the expedition of causes in languishing delays, so prejudicial to the publick.

Diligite justitiam, qui judicatis terram. Sap. 1.

VIII. A good devotion, in banishing superfluity of apparel and tast, excesses, curiosities, houshold-vices: to cause modesty, frugality, employment, and virtue to reign; and to be the first himself to light the Torch to his family. *You must necessarily expell delights; for their tenderness and excesses weaken and enervate all Religion.*

Tertul. De cultu fœminar. *Discutienda sunt delicia, quarum mollitie, & fluxu, fides virtus effœminari potest.*

IX. A good devotion, to make choise of servants, to instruct, or make them honest, and to esteem no man faithful in your service, who is disloyal to God: Not to be desirous to keep a bad servant for one's own interest, though the whole house would be changed into Gold by his hands.

Attende tibi à pestifero, fabricat enim mala. Eccles. 11. 35.

X. A good devotion, to hinder disorders, and sins, which are committed in publick, when you have authority in your hands, without shewing your self insatiable to revenge your own proper injuries, and more cold then Ice in the quarrel of God. *When a man hath the power in his hands to stay a sin, to permit it is to commit it.* These are points of devotion, which we must hereafter more amply digest.

In cujus manu est ut prohibeat, jubet agi, si non prohibet admitti. Salvian. l. 7.

The second SECTION.

In what all Devotion and spiritual life consisteth.

YOu, who aspire to spiritual life, know there are three sorts of man in you alone, the Vegetal, Animal, and Intellectual; and that all your perfection consisteth in putting the Vegetal and Animal man under the feet of the Intellectual. A great number of men are now a days Vegetals, that is to say, who so live as if they had no other soul but the vegetative, as plants, and lead the very life of the mushrome. Others are Animal, who make their souls wholy evaporate in sensual love, in choler, rage, in brutishness. Few shall you find, who are Intellectual, who work with reason, and understanding. And behold, wherein consisteth our excellency and repose, to wit, in raising the Intellectual man, many times currishly trampled on under the feet of concupiscence, to his proper sphere, which is the knowledg and union with God.

Three sorts of man in us.

To arrive to this point, it is good to note a worthy doctrine of *Hugo* of S. *Victor*: to wit, that there is above us a creating Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; in us a created Trinity, understanding, memory, will; about us a dangerous Trinity, titillation, delectation, consent; under us an unhappy Trinity, into which we fall by sin, ignorance, weakness, impuritie.

Hugo Misc. 2. codic. l. 3. pag. 87. Notable doctrine of *Hugo*.

impuritie. Reason falleth into a triple ignorance, of good and evil, of true and false, of suteable and disproportionable. Memorie into three kinds of thoughts; affectionate, being such as concern sensuality; burthensom, as appertaining to the toils of life; idle, as all vain thoughts are. The Will suffereth it self to be surprized with three kinds of nets, which are concupiscence of flesh, concupiscence of eyes, and ambition of life.

A man reduced to this state resembleth King *Nebuchadnezzar*, who went out of his Throne to eat hay with brute beasts: so the miserable man, after he hath forsaken the seat of Reason, goeth into the stable with his bestial Passions. The true and onely means to free your self from such unhappiness, and to return to your first dignity, is to open your heart to the graces, and lights of the Holy Ghost, and to dispose your self to practice of virtues, which directly resist these three plagues of spiritual life, ignorance, weakness, impurity. These are the three monsters, which a spiritual man ought necessarily to subdue, that he afterward may enjoy an assured repose.

Now to the end you may the more perfectly understand the difference between the carnal and spiritual man, I will in this Discourse following set their Characters before your eyes.

The Character of the Carnal Man.

Drawn from *Prosper* lib. 3. *De vita contempl. Secundùm suipsum vivere.*

THis is a man, who liveth according to man, that is to say, according to himself, who applieth all to himself, and makes of himself his scope, his end, his Divinity. He goes whither he listeth; he converseth by humour and phantasie; he sleepeth when he will, and as much as he will; he eats, and drinks, and laughs, without rule, or measure; he speaks without discretion, or reservation. All that which is sweet to the smelling, soft in touching, pleasing to the eye, delicate to the tast, charming to the ear, seems to be created for him. He passionately seeks after it, and hath no other law in his passions, but the power of his brutishness, nor maketh any distinction of things permitted and prohibited in the licence of all pleasures.

A charitate sui conditoris & illustratoris resilit. Foràs in exteriora sic projicit. Sensatarum rerum imagines repræsentat.

All spiritual actions are hatefull to him: his soul, after it hath lost the good, for which we were made, wandereth at random in the vast emptiness of creatures, and issueth out by the gates of all the senses, to glut its concupiscence.

If it happen he be deprived the contentments he pursues (as oftentimes the Divine Providence frameth Obstacles enough against his depraved desires) he entertaineth himself with the Idea of his pleasures, that he may leave nothing in his soul untainted with corruption: he makes his Memorie guilty by the representation of his passed lust; he heareth without Voice, he smelleth without Odour, he tasteth without Relish, he sees without Colours, he toucheth without Body, and createth imaginarie Sins to gain real Torments.

Illa rudis est, illa dicacula, illa deformis, illa formosa.

All his pastime is onely among Dogs, Horses, curiosities of the Throat, or Love. All women, who have made any impression on his Thoughts, are perpetually remembred in his discourse: one in his opinion is fair, and another courteous; one is rude, and another wily; this is plain, and that painted: the head-dressing of one pleaseth, the chopin of the other: behaviour is graceful in this, discourse in the other.

In the end this immortal spirit is fixed to flesh, and sold to lust, to serve as an instrument for Devils in this life, and to afford fewel for the flames of Divine vengeance in the life to come.

The Character of the Spiritual Man.

Partly drawn from the same *Prosper* lib. 2. *De vita contem.* cap. 21. lib. 3. cap. 1. & lib. 1. cap. 12.

THe spiritual man is properly he, who treadeth in the paths, which the Saviour of the world traced out unto us by his example: who contemneth the prosperities, which JESUS CHRIST despised, who feareth not the adversities, which he most courageously hath endured, who freely teacheth what he taught, who doth what he did, who hopes what he promised, and followeth where he led the way.

This is he, who meditateth how to satisfie reason, not sensuality, who more willingly acteth that which may edifie then delight; who rebateth the point of carnal desires by spiritual pleasures; who subjecteth the flesh to the spirit; who preferreth the present time before the future; who will do all which he will according to the rules of the will of God. He never slandereth; he never despiseth any man but himself; he knows what it is to malign the prosperous, to persecute the miserable, to court the rich, to seek out his proper interests, to enlarge his estate by unjust practices, to sooth his senses, to content his curiosity, nor to entertain his pleasures.

He is neither puffed up with pride, nor precipitated by ambition, tickled by vain-glory, nor enflamed with desire of honour; not over-born with delights, not gnawn by hatred, not troubled with contentions, not terrified by force, nor softened by pleasure. Boldness makes him not impudent, iniquity unjust, obstinacy of heart untractable, inconstancy variable, rigour opinionative, fury witless, gourmandize curious, disobedience rebellious, vanity a vaunter, infidelity treacherous, easiness of nature fickle, cruelty harsh, perverseness jealous, revenge choleric, nor malignity injurious. His whole life is admirably interlaced between action and contemplation, which make on earth a figure of Angels ascending and descending, giving us in this life already a taste of the benefits, which we hope in the other.

Active life makes him profit in the world, Contemplative sheweth him the way how he may surmount the world. The one goes to it by degrees, the other flies to the top; the one makes him holy, the other perfect; the one causeth him to pardon injuries, the other placeth him beyond the sense of an injurie; the one teacheth him to mortifie passions, the other establisheth him in the empire over all passions; the one directeth him to cloath the nakedness of the poor, the other makes him to be despoiled of himself; the one unloosoth the setters of Prisoners by his hands, and the other enchaineth him to God; the one giveth succour to the afflicted by his means, and the other voluntarily makes him afflict himself in the imitation of the sufferings of JESUS CHRIST; the one hasteneth to a neighbour, and the other abideth in God; the one hath exercise, the other joy; the one conquereth, the other possesseth; the one knocketh at the door, the other entereth in; the one despiseth the world, the other enjoyeth God.

Finally, the spiritual man is a man covetous of eternity, prodigal of life, little careful of the present, certain of the future. A man, who seems no longer to have any commerce with the world, and who hath nothing so familiar as a life that is as it were buried in death, and who flieth above Sepulchres like an Angel, who holdeth not of the earth, but by the slender root of natural necessities, and already toucheth heaven with a finger. A man, who is as yet in flesh, though he hath made an eternal divorce with flesh, who is under-foot to all the world by humility, and above all the greatness thereof by contempt of it: who binds himself, to be at liberty; who crucifieth himself, to combat; who mortifieth himself, to be the more vigorous; who withereth, to flourish again; and daily dieth, that he may never die.

From whence our evils come.

(a) *Oculis capti fodere cubilia talpæ.* Virgil. *Georg.*

(b) *Prima scelerum causa mortalibus ægris, Naturam nescire Dei.* Silius *lib. 4.*

(c) Five rays of the Soul. Dignity of faith.

(d) *Fides res est audax, atque improba, perveniens quò non pertingit intelligentia: ipsa ascendit super Cherubin, & volat super Seraphin, sinas alas habens.* Aug. apud Guilelm. Lugdunens.

(e) Prov. 21.

(f) *Et erat nubes tenebrosa, & illuminans noctem.* Exod. 14. 20.

The third SECTION.

Of the first Monster, which the Spiritual man should resist, to wit, Ignorance, and of the practice of Virtues, by which it is subdued.

THe greater part of men have dexterity in delving the ground like Moles (a), and have no eyes to behold the Sun. Yet all evils proceed from ignorance, and the want of the knowledge of God. (b) This is the first Monster, which we must assault, the first Obstacle we must take away. And for this effect observe a wholsome doctrine, to wit, that God is the Sun of all the Intelligences, and that from this Sun five (c) rays of a lively and quickening light are diffused over the darkness of our understandings. These five rays are Faith, Understanding, Council, Wisdom, and Prudence. The first and most excellent light is Faith, because the other rays do well enlighten the soul in those operations, of which it is as it were the Fountain, but Faith alone raiseth him above himself to his beginning, which is God. (d) *Faith is a virtue bold and urgent, which attains to that the Understanding cannot reach unto, mounteth above Cherubins, and flies above Seraphins, though they have six wings.* A man without faith is as the Pilot, of whom it is spoken in the *Proverbs* (e) that fell asleep and lost his rudder. What virginity is to the body, the same is faith to the soul. It is the first-born of virtues, the begining of spiritual life, the life of the understanding, as charity is the life of the will, the pillar of the cloud (f) which hath two faces,

faces: the one dark, becauſe it believeth the things, which are not apparent; the other lightſom, for that it believeth with an infallible aſſurance.

The fourth SECTION.

Practice of Faith.

What Faith is. *Speranda-rum ſubſtantia re-rum, argu-mentum non apparentiũ.* Hebr. 11. 1.

THat you may well practice the acts of Faith, you muſt know the Nature, Object, and Motive thereof. *Faith* (ſaith S. *Paul*) *is the foundation of hope, and the proof of things not apparent.* The *foundation of hope*, in regard all whatſoever we hope in matter of Religion is grounded upon Faith, as the ſtatue upon its baſis: *the proof of things not apparent*, becauſe it is an infallible argument of truths, whereof we have not as yet evident notice. S. *Bernard* addeth, *that it is a firſt-taſt, certain, and voluntary, of truth yet not manifeſted.* The Gold-Smith laboureth upon gold, ſilver, and pretious ſtones, as upon his proper object: and the object, which employeth faith, are the myſteries revealed unto us by God, and propoſed by his Church. Such myſteries ought to be believed for no other Motive, but for that God the eternal Truth hath revealed them. The arguments, which are drawn from the Propheſies, Miracles, numbers of Martyrs, purity of the Evangelical Law, from the correſpondency thereof with Reaſon, from the admirable ſucceſs and conſent of all the Myſteries, from the converſion of the world, from the means which the Church hath uſed to eſtabliſh it ſelf, from her firm conſtancy amidſt Perſecutions, from the wiſdom and ſanctity of the Profeſſours of our Law, and ſuch like things, which I have produced in the firſt Obſtacle of the ſecond Book, are moſt powerful Conſiderations to introduce us to faith, and to make eaſie and familiar to us the acts thereof: but they are not properly Motives of Faith. In the ſame manner, as the Soul draweth knowledg from ſenſe, and yet notwithſtanding is above ſenſe; ſo Faith, though ſhe ſerve her ſelf with theſe Conſiderations, which are able to command the moſt contumacious ſpirits, yet is ſhe admirable raiſed upon a more ſupereminent ſphere, and will abide no other touch but of the eternal Verity, which darteth a forcible lightning-flaſh into the ſoul, able to dazle, enlighten, and ſurprize the moſt proſperous liberty, that may be imagined. Thence the ſoul cometh to believe, not by humane diſcourſe, by Miracles, by Doctrine, by Sanctity, but becauſe God ſpeaketh inwardly unto it, and giveth it ſo powerful a touch, that ſhe judgeth infallible whatſoever is revealed and propoſed unto her by the Church. Behold to what point the good S. *Elzear* Count of *Arian* was arrived, when he ſaid he taſted matters of Faith with ſuch certainty and reſolution of underſtanding, that, when Monſieur *Miron* (held for a prodigie of knowledg in his time) and all the moſt famous Doctours would have perſwaded him the contrary of what he had embraced in the ſimplicity of his heart, all their ſubtilties could not be able to give the leaſt ſhock to his ſpirit. This admitted, the acts of Faith are

Voluntaria quædam & certa præli-batio necdũ propalata veritatis. Bern. lib. *De conſider.*

Its object. S. *Thom.* 2. 2. q. 1.

How we ſhould believe.

How Faith works. A fine Compariſon.

Wherin Faith conſiſteth.

Touch-ſtone, to know whether one have Faith.

I. To ſubmit proper judgment to God with all ſimplicity, and humility of ſpirit, who ſpeaketh unto us by his Church, by Scriptures, by Traditions, by Councils, by Canons of the ſovereign Paſtours of the Church.

II. To believe firmly all the Articles of Faith, which are propoſed to us, as well thoſe concerning the Divinity, as the Humanity of our Saviour: thoſe, which concern the Sacraments, and Ceremonies, as thoſe, which appertain to the order and government of the Church.

III. Throughly to retain the ſummary of the Chriſtian doctrine, to inform your ſelf of the explication of every Article, not for curioſity, but duty. To read, repeat, meditate, ruminate them very often; to teach them to the ignorant in time of need: but above all to give direction to your family, that they may be inſtructed in thoſe things, which belong to the knowledg of their ſalvation. It is an inſupportable abuſe to ſee ſo many, who drag ſilk at their heels, and have Lynx's eyes in petty affairs, to be many times ſtupid and brutiſh in matter of Religion, and in the knowledg of God.

IV. To abhor all innovation, and liberty of ſpeech, which in any the leaſt degree ſtriketh at the antient practices of the Church.

Judicious notes of S. *Ignatius* concerning ſincere Faith. * *Hac Auctoris* σφάλματα *notanda, non probanda.*

*V. And therefore it is neceſſary, as our Father S. Ignatius hath obſerved, to praiſe and approve * Confeſſion, which is made to a Prieſt, and the frequent Communion of the faithful, interpreting the devotion of others in a good ſenſe.*

VI. To recommend the Sacrifice of the Maſs, to love, practice, perſwade others to the laudable cuſtom of being preſent the oft, as much as may be. To eſteem Church-muſick, Prayers, Canonical hours, Supplications, Proceſſions, and ſuch like.

VII. To praiſe the Orders of Religion, the vows of Poverty, Chaſtity, Obedience, works of Supererogation and Evangelical perfection, ever generally preferring Virginitie and Continency in diſcourſe before Marriage.

VIII. To eſteem of Reliques; to recommend the veneration and invocation of Saints; to be much affected to the ſervice of the moſt bleſſed Mother of God; to approve of Pilgrimages, which are orderly performed, Indulgences, and Jubilies, which the glorious King S. Lewis recommended to Philip his ſon in his laſt words.

IX. To have a religious opinion of the Abſtinences and Faſts inſtituted by the Church, and of the manner of Penances, and Mortifications, which religious and other devout perſons pioufly practice.

X. To maintain the commandments of the Church, and ordinances of Superiours, both by word, and example; and though their lives ſhould not be conformed to their doctrine, yet not to detract, nor murmure at their actions in publick, or private, thereby to alter in the people's belief the reverence and reſpect to their dignity: but (as much as ſhall be expedient) privately to admoniſh them of their defective carriages in their charges.

XI. Highly to eſteem the doctrine of ſacred Theologie, which is taught in Scholes, and to make accompt of the great Doctours, whom the Divine providence hath raiſed in this later Age valorouſly to oppoſe Hereſies.

XII. Not to inſiſt in ordinarie diſcourſes upon exaggerations, comparing men, who live in this Age, with the Apoſtles, Doctours, and Saints of antiquitie.

XIII. To fix our ſelves upon the reſolutions of the Church, that what our own peculiar reaſon would judg to be white, we to eſteem it black, when the Decrees of the Church it ſelf ſhall be ſo; always preferring the judgment of the Church before our private opinion, knowing that humane Reaſon, eſpecially in matters of Faith, may eaſily be deceived: but the Church, guided by the promiſed Spirit of truth, cannot err.

XIV. Not inconſiderately to be embroiled in the thorny Controverſies of Predeſtination: highly to commend Grace and Faith, but warily without prejudice of Free will, and Good-works.

XV. Not ſo to ſpeak of the love and mercie of God, that one may ſeem thereby to exclude the thoughts and conſiderations of fear and divine juſtice.

Behold the ordinary Rules to preſerve your ſelf in faith. If you now deſire to know how this virtue is purified and refined in man's heart, and in what conſiſteth the excellency of its acts, behold them here. You muſt carefully take heed of having onely a dead Faith without Charity, or Good-works, which S. *Auguſtine* calleth *the Faith of the Devil.* It is a night-glimmer, obſcure, and melancholy; but lively Faith is a true beam of the Sun. The acts of a ſtrong and lively Faith are

Heroick acts of Faith. *Matth.* 8. *Caſſius Longinus libro* Περὶ ὕψους.

I. To have great and noble thoughts of God, as that brave Centurion, of whom it is ſpoken in S. Matthew, who ſuppoſed the Maladie, Health, Death, Life of his ſervant abſolutely depended upon one ſole word of our Saviour, and thought himſelf unworthy he ſhould enter into his houſe. Caſſius Longinus, *a Pagan ſo learned, that he was called the Living Libraric, one day reading* Geneſis *could not ſufficiently admire the ſublime ſpeculations, which* Moſes *had of the Divinity, when he wrote of the world's Creation, and that God at the ſound of one ſole word made the great maſter-pieces of this Univerſe to riſe out of nothing; as Heaven, Earth, Water, the Sun, and Moon.*

II. To believe with great simplicity, removed from all manner of curiosity, and nice inquisition. God would not the point of the knife should be lifted up on his Altar to cut it. So likewise the point of humane spirit must not be raised on the Altar of faith, nor the curtain drawn to enlighten the mysteries with the torch of Reason. St. Lewis was most perfect in this degree, who would not stir a foot to behold a miracle in confirmation of his belief.

Silvereus in cultrum tuũ super ea, pollinatur. Exod. 20. 25.

III. To believe with great fervour, esteeming nothing impossible to your faith, as did that simple shoo-maker, who under a King of the Tartars removed a Mountain in the sight of the whole world, by the fervour, and simplicity of his faith.

Paulus Venetus lib. 1. cap. 18. De reb. Orient.

IV. Not to stagger, nor be afflicted, when you ask any thing of God in your prayers, holding it undoubted, that it will be granted, if it be for the greater glory of the Sovereign Master, and your more advantageable profit. You must always hold your hands lifted up in some kind as Moses did, even to the setting of the Sun, to vanquish our Amalekites.

Exod. 17. 12.

V. To have a generous heart and full of confidence in adversities, not to admit distrust during the storm; but with firm footing to expect the consolation of heaven, even when we shall be in the shades of death, as said the Prophet.

VI. Little to prize temporal goods in comparison of eternal: to be ready to despoil one's self from all the pleasures and commodities of the world, if there be any danger of faith, as that brave Courtier Moses, *who forsook the contentments of* Pharaoh's *Court, to be afflicted with his own people.*

Hebr. 11. 24. &c.

VII. To give alms liberally, with a firm belief, that the hand of the poor is the Treasury of God.

VIII. To employ even life it self, as so many Martyrs have done, and to seal your faith with your own blood. This is the most heroical act; but yet it ought to be guided by discretion.

Now, to make easie the acts of Faith,

How acts of Faith may be made easie.

I. It is good oftentimes to consider how reasonable, glorious, and full of merit this act is. Reasonable, to submit the Creature to the Creatour; glorious, to see the Sovereign Lord so served, and honoured, that for the defence of one sole word but once pronounced by his mouth a thousand and a thousand good servants are ready to bestow their lives; full of merit, in as much as we give a free consent, voluntary, and pious, and not being enforced by manifest evidence.

II. To be often confounded in the weakness, and incapacity of our understanding, which is found so short in the knowledg of many petty things. There needeth no more but the foot of an Ant to slay it, and a glass of Water to draw it. What stupidity then is like this, to be desirous to make one's self over-wise, and to judge that impossible, which cannot be comprehended in matter of Religion?

III. To apply your mind to the consideration of motives, which may form in your spirit a probability of that, which is proposed unto you, as are those I have noted before, and which will give good enterances to the inspirations of God.

IV. To retire from the toyl of senses, which do nothing but disturb when you consult with them in things spiritual; and to raise your soul above flesh to be illuminated by the Sun of Intelligences.

V. To take away the Obstacles of all sorts of impurity, and namely of pride, and all disordinate affection.

VI. To strike at Heaven-gate with prayer, seeing faith cometh unto us from the treasures of the Father of light. Faith so planted, fortified, and manured by good works, illuminateth a soul. All the savage and cruel beasts, all the brutish passions, Chimæras, dreams, irresolutions, which went roaming up and down in this great Forest of confusions, amongst the shadows of night, are scattered so soon as this radiant Sun beginneth to dissipate darkness with his divine rays.

Hope.

Then is it, that a soul wholly clad with the clear lights of hope (which causeth it to expect the blessings of the other life) goeth on with a great and constant resolution, as one, who hath for support the infinite power of God, who is as faithful in his promises, as rich in rewards.

Behold how this monster ignorance is overthrown by the arms of light.

The fifth SECTION.

Of four other Rays, which serve to dissipate ignorance.

Beam of Understanding.

BEsides the torch of Faith, God also gives us the light of Understanding, of Counsel, Wisdom, and Prudence, which are as unvaluable riches, wholly replenishing the soul with splendour, as saith the Prophet *Isaiah*. The gift of Understanding doth free us from a certain brutishness, which is the cause that men, tying themselves only to external and sensible things, are perpetually out of themselves: at which time Understanding calls them back again, and makes them to re-enter into their house, to see the beginning, progress, and end of the life of man, from whence he cometh, whither he goeth, what will become of him.

Of Counsel.

Counsel enlightneth us in things doubtful, to take a good way.

Of Wisdom.

Wisdom puteth us out of an apprentiship, and draweth us from a certain childishness, which maketh men as little ones, and carnal, mutually entertaining themselves with temporal things. And the knowledg of God raiseth, and causeth them to turn their faces directly towards Eternity.

Of Prudence.

Prudence considereth good and evil, according to the quality, and quantity thereof. It examineth the circumstances of actions, and sheweth us what ought to be done in such a time, such a place, and such occasions.

The sixth SECTION.

Twelve fundamental Considerations of spiritual life, partly drawn from that worthy man John Picus Mirandula.

Note, that it is good often to meditate these Maxims, either one a day, or all together.

FRom the five rays explicated before proceed great and goodly lights, by direction of which a life wholly new is begun. *John Picus* of *Mirandula*, a great and remarkable man, held for a prodigie of wit, much tasting the content of spiritual life, enlightned by the rays of a wisdom absolutely celestial, establisheth twelve Considerations, which we ought continually to meditate on, for the practice of the knowledg of God.

1. Consideration, Nature, and Dignity of man.

I. The first, the Nature and Dignity of man, to wit, that the first and ceaseless endeavour of man should be of man himself; to see what he hath been, what he is, and what he shall be. What he hath been, nothing; what he is, a reasonable creature; what he shall be, a guest of Paradise, or of Hell, of an eternal felicity, or of an everlasting unhappiness.

Greatness of the Soul.

What he is according to Nature, a master-piece; where many prerogatives meet together; a body composed of a marvellous Architecture; a soul endowed with Understanding, Reason, Spirit, Judgment, Will, Memory, Imaginations, Opinions; a soul, which flieth in an instant from one Pole to the other, descendeth even to the center of the world, and mounteth to the top; which is found in an instant in a thousand several places. Which embraceth the whole world without touching it, which goeth, which glittereth, which shineth, which diggeth into all the treasures and Magazines of Nature, which findeth out all sorts of inventions, which inventeth Arts, which governeth Common-Wealths, which disposeth worlds. In the mean time she beholdeth about her self an infinite number of Dogs, that bark at her happiness, and endeavour to bite her on every side.

Love fooleth her, ambition turmoileth her, avarice

Tyranny of Passions.

rice rusteth her, and lust enflameth her, vain hopes sooth her, pleasures melt her, despair over-bears her, choler burns her, hatred filleth her with gall, envie gnaweth her, jealousie pricketh her, revenge enrageth her, cruelty maketh her savage, fear froiseth her, sorrow consumes her. This poor soul shut up in the body, as a bird of Paradise in a cage, is altogether amazed to see herself assailed by all this mutinous multitude, and though she have a sceptre in her hand to rule, she notwithstanding oft suffereth her self to be deceived, ravished, and dragged along into a miserable servitude.

From thence behold what man is through sin; vanity, weakness, inconstancy, miserie, malediction.

What he becometh by grace; a child of light, a terrestrial Angel, the son of a celestial Father by adoption, brother and co-heir of *Jesus Christ*, a vessel of election, the Temple of the Holy Ghost.

What he may arrive unto by glory; to be an inhabitant of Heaven, who shall see the stars under his feet, which he hath over his head, who shall be filled with the sight of God, his beginning, his end, his true, onely, and original happiness.

2. Benefits of God.

II. The benefits received from God considered in general, as those of creation, conservation, redemption, vocation, and in particular the gifts of the body, of the soul, of nature, of capacity, ability, industry, dexterity, wariness, nobility, offices, authority, means, credit, reputation, good success of affairs, and such like, which are given to us from Heaven, as instruments to work our salvation. And sometimes one of the greatest blessings is (that which few esteem a benefit) not to have all these advantages, which lead a haughty, weak, and worldly spirit even into an headlong precipice; but quite contrary, good disadvantages (in the opinion of the world) put him into the estimation of heavenly things. Man beholding what he hath been, what he is, what will become of him, from whence he proceedeth, whither he goeth, and how the union with God, his beginning is his Scope, Butt, and Aim; if he doth that which reason dictateth to him, he instantly takes a resolution neither to have vein, sinew, nor artery, which tendeth not to his end, to conquer his passions, and no longer to serve creatures, but so far forth as he shall know them profitable to lead him to his Creatour. Every creature speaketh these words to man: *O man keep what is given to thee, expect what is promised thee, and avoid what is forbidden thee.*

Serva commissum, expecta promissa, cave prohibita. S. Bernard. De gradibus humilitatis.

3. Passion of the Son of God.

III. The third consideration is the passion of the Son of God; a bottomless abyss of dolours, scorns, annihilations, love, mercy, wisdom, humility, patience, charity, the book of books, the science of sciences, the secret of secrets, the shop, where all good resolutions are forged, where all virtues are purified, where all knots of holy obligations are tied, the schole, where all Martyrs are made, all Confessours, all Saints. Our weakness, our faintness, come not but for want of beholding this table of excess. Who ever would open his mouth to complain of doing too much, of suffering too much, of being too much abased, too much despised, too much turmoiled, if he considered the life of God delivered over and abandoned for him to so painful labour, so horrible confusions, so insupportable torments? *O my God, my wounded God! As long as I shall see thy wounds, I will never live without wound.*

Nolo vivere sine vulnere, cùm te videam vulneratum. S. Bonav. in Stimul.

4. Example of Saints.

IV. The examples of all Saints, who have walked in the royal way of the cross. When we consider the progression of *Christianity*, and the succession of so many Ages, whereseever our consideration setteth foot, it findeth nothing but the blood of Martyrs, combats of Virgins, prayers, tears, fastings, sack-cloath, hair-cloath, persecutions, afflictions of so many Saints, who have, as it were, won Heaven by main force. Such have been found, who had heretofore filled Sepulchres with their members, torn with engins, and swords of persecution, and were yet alive to endure and suffer in their bodies, which had more wounds then parts of body to be tormented. It is not a shame to have the same name, the same Baptism, the same profession, and yet to be always desirous to tread on Roses? To be embarked in this great ship of *Christianity* with so many brave spirits, which even at this day hourly do wonders in the world, and to go under hatches to sleep in the bottom of the vessel, as needless outcasts, and the very scorns of reasonable Nature?

Remorabantur in luce detenti, quorum membris pleni erant tumuli. S. Zeno Homil. de Sanctis Arcadio.

5. Inward peace.

V. The peace of a good conscience (the inseparable companion of honest men) which sugareth all their tears, which seasoneth all their acerbities, which dissolveth all their sharpness; a perpetual banquet, a portative Theatre, a delicious torrent of inexplicable contentments, which begin in this world, and which many times are felt even in chains, prisons, and persecutions. What will it be when the consummation shall be made in the other world, when the curtain of the great Tabernacle shall be drawn, when we shall see God face to face, in a body impassible as an Angel, subtile as a ray of light, swift as the wings of thunder, radiant as the Sun, when he shall be seen amongst so goodly, and flourishing a company, in a Palace of inestimable glory, and when one shall lead no other life, but that of God, of the knowledg of God, of the love of God, as long as God shall be God? *What will this life be, nay, what will this life not be, since all the goods thereof either are not, or are in such a life of lights, which place cannot comprehend; of voices, and harmonies, which time cannot take from us; of odours, which never are scattered: a feast, which never is finished; a blessing, which eternity well may give, but of which it never shall see an end?*

Nescio quid erit, quod ista vita non erit, ubi lucet quod non capit locus, ubi sonat quod non rapit tempus, ubi olet quod non spargit flatus, ubi sapit quod non minuit edacitas, ubi haret quod non divellit asternitas. Augustin.

6. Condition of this life well described.

VI. It is to be considered on the other side the condition of this present life: A true dream, which hath the disturbances of sleep, but never the repose; a childish amuzement; a toyle of burthensom and ever-relapsing actions, where for one Rose a thousand thorns are found, for one ounce of hony a tun of gall, for blessings in apparance evils in substance. The most happie there count their years, and cannot reckon their griefs. The carriers of the greatest honours are there all of ice, and oftentimes are not bounded, but with headlong ruines. Its felicities are floating Islands, which always recoyl backward at that time when we think to touch them with our finger. They are the feasts of *Heliogabalus*, where there are many invitations, many ceremonies, many reverences, many services, and at the end thereof we find a table and banquet of wax, which melts before the fire, and from whence we return more hungry then we came. It is the enchanted egg of *Oromazes*, wherein this impostour vanted to have enclosed all the happiness of the world, and in breaking it there was found nothing but wind. *All these pleasures flatter our senses with an impostur of false colours: why do we suffer those eyes to be taken in the snares of errours, which are given to us by heaven to behold the light, and not minister to lying?* Yea, that, which greatly should distast us in this present life, is, we live in an Age stuffed with maladies, as old-age with indispositions. We live in a world

Lamprid. in Heliogab.

Omnia hæc conspectus nostro infidiosis coloribus lenocinatur: ut illa oculorum, attributa lumini, non applicetur erroris. S. Eucher. in Parænes.

greatly corrupted, of which may be ſaid, It is a monſter, whoſe underſtanding is a pit of darkneſs, reaſon, a ſhop of malice; will, a Hell; where a thouſand paſſions outragiouſly inſult over it. Its eyes are two conduit-pipes of fire, from whence flie ſparkles of concupiſcence; its tongue, an inſtrument of malediction; its viſage, a painted hypocriſie; its body, a ſpunge of ordures; its hands, the tallons of Harpies: and finally it ſeemeth to have no other faith but infidelity, no law but its paſſion, no other God but its own belly. What contentment can it be to live with ſuch a monſter.

7. Quality of worldly pleaſures.

VII. If there be pleaſures in life, they do nothing but a little ſlightly overflow the heart with a ſuperficial delectation: Sadneſs diveth into the bottom of our ſoul, and when it is there, you will ſay it hath feet of lead, never to forſake the place, but pleaſure doth ſooth us only in the outward parts of the ſkin, and all her ſweet waters run down with full ſpeed into the ſalt Sea. Behold wherefore S. *Auguſtin* ſaid, when any proſperity preſented it ſelf to his eyes, he durſt not touch it. He looked upon pleaſure as on a fleeting Bird, which ſeemeth as it were ready to be ſeized, and flyeth away as ſoon as ever ſhe ſees her ſelf almoſt ſurpriſed.

Aug. Conf. l. 6. cap. 5.

8. Their ſhortneſs.

VIII. Pleaſures are born in the ſenſes, and like abortives are conſumed in their birth: Their deſires are full of diſturbances: Their acceſs is of violent, forced, and turbulent agitations: Their ſatiety is farced with ſhame, and repentance: They paſs away after they have wearied the body, and leave it like a bunch of grapes, the juice whereof is extracted by the preſs, as ſaith S. *Bernard*: They hold it a goodly matter to extend their fulneſs: They muſt end with life, and it is a great hazard, if, during life it ſelf, they ſerve not their hoſt for an executioner. *I ſee no greater pleaſure in the world, then the contempt of pleaſure.*

Bern. Serm. 10. in Cantic. *Nulla major voluptas, quàm voluptatis faſtidium.* *Tertul.* de ſpect.

9. The end.

IX. Man, which waſteth his time in pleaſures, when they are ſlipped away much like waters engendred by a ſtorm, findeth himſelf abandoned as a pilgrim diſpoiled by a thief. So many golden harveſts which time preſented to him are paſſed, and the ruſt of a heavy age furniſheth him with nothing but thorns, ſorrows to have done ill, and inabilities of doing well: what then remains to be ſaid, but that, which the miſerable King ſaid, who gave his ſceptre for a glaſs of water: *Alas! muſt I for ſo ſhort a pleaſure loſe a great Kingdom?*

Lyſimachus.

10. Difficulty of penance.

X. Evil always beareth ſorrow behind it, but not true penance. It is a moſt particular favour of God, to have time to bemoan the ſins of our paſſed life, and to take occaſion by the fore-lock. Many are packed away into the other world without ever having thought of their paſſage, and ſuch ſuppoſe they ſhall have many tears at their death, who ſhall not have one good act of repentance. They bewail the ſins which forſake them, and not God whom they have loſt. True contrition is a hard piece of work. How can he merit it, who willingly hath ever demerited?

Facilius inveni, qui innocentiam ſervarent, quàm qui congruè pœnitentiam agerent. Ambr. l. de unica pœnitent. c. 10.

11. Death.

XI. In the mean time death cometh a pace; it expecteth us at all hours, in all places, and you cannot attend it one ſole minute, ſo much this thought diſpleaſeth you. The Decrees thereof are more clear, and perſpicuous, then if they were written with the beams of the Sun, and yet we cannot read them. His trumpet ſoundeth perpetually more intelligibly then thunder, and we underſtand it not. It is no wonder, that *David* in the 48. *Pſalm* calleth it an *Enigma*; every one beholdeth the Table, and few know the ſenſe of it. Notwithſtanding it is a Caſe concluded, we muſt take a long fare-well from all things, which appertain to life, that can be extended no further then life it ſelf: and it is a Caſe reſolved, that Serpents and Worms muſt be inherited in a houſe of darkneſs. It is a goodly leſſon, whoſoever can well learn it. To know it well once, it muſt every day be ſtudied. Nothing is ſeen every where but watches, clocks, and dials, ſome of gold, ſome of ſilver, and others enchaſed with precious ſtones. They advertiſe us of all the hours, but that which ſhould be our laſt: and ſince they cannot ſtrike that hour, we muſt make it ſound in our conſcience. At the very inſtant when you read this, a thouſand and a thouſand perhaps of ſouls, unlooſened from the body, are preſented before the Tribunal of God, what would you do, if you were preſently to bear them company? There is but one word: *Timely deſpiſe in your body the things, of which you ſhall have no need out of your body.*

Pſal. 48. 5. According to the *Hebrew.* הידת

Diodorus apud S. Max. ſerm. *Omnia iſta contemnito, quibus ſolutus corpore non indigebit.*

XII. Your ſoul ſhall go out, and of all the attendants of life ſhal have none but good and bad by her ſides. If ſhe be ſurprized in mortal ſin, hell ſhall be her ſhare; hell, the great lake of the anger of God; hell, the common-ſewer of all the ordures of the world; hell, the ſtore-houſe of eternal fire; hell, a depth without bottom, where there is no evil but we may expect, nor good which may be hoped.

12. What followeth death. *Apoc.* 14. *Tertul.* De anima c. 53. *Hug.* l. 4. De anima.

Behold the twelve Conſiderations, which this moſt worthy man uſed to direct himſelf in the courſe of a virtuous life; and they ſo far had prevailed upon his ſoul, that he reſolved after he had finiſhed certain works, which he then had in hand, to diſtribute all his goods among the poor, and go bare-foot thorough the Cities, Towns, and Villages, carrying a Crucifix in his hand, to preach the Croſs, and the bleſſings of the other life, employing his whole talent, which God had given him to his ſervice. But death prevented him.

The ſeventh SECTION.

Twelve Maxims of Wiſdom, which ariſe from the twelve precedent Conſiderations.

Often examine your life by theſe Maximes.

FRom theſe Conſiderations twelve goodly Maxims of wiſdom ariſe, greatly neceſſary for any, who would enjoy true happineſs.

1. Good value.

I. The firſt is, to give to every thing its eſtimation, ſince the beginning of our unhappineſs proceedeth from a falſe value, which we ſet upon creatures. It marvellouſly importeth to eſtimate every thing according to its worth. That good man *Epictetus* ſaid more then one would think, when he gave this advice: *My friend, if thou loveſt a pot, remember thy ſelf to be a pot.* For want of the knowledg of the price of what we love, we put God under the Altar, and vice above, to allow it the beſt part of the incenſe.

Μίμνησο ἂν χύτραν ἀγαπᾷς, ὅτι χύτρα εἶ.

2. Light of mind in the choiſe. *Oſee.* 12. Balance of *Chanaan.*

II. For this cauſe it is neceſſary daily to endeavour to enfranchize our ſelves from the opinions of the world, and to uſe, not the balance of wicked *Chanaan*, of whom the Scripture ſaith, *Chanaan in manu ejus ſtatera doloſa*, but the balance of *Jeſus Chriſt*, which is the Croſs. There we ought to weigh the pleaſing and the profitable, good and evil, ſowr and ſweet, time and eternity, and to proportion our judgments, reſolutions, deſigns, actions, proceedings, to this great balance, which cannot deceive us. And as we are exteriourly to reſiſt this torrent of popular opinions, ſo we interiourly have our paſſions, which we muſt neceſſarily extirpate, that we may give a judgment upon every thing with full liberty, otherwiſe they caſt chaff into our eyes, and ſo blind us.

3. To live a pilgrim.

III. To live here as a pilgrim of the world, diſ-

arrayed

arrayed of all: to eſteem nothing our own, but our ſelves. All that which maketh us deſie, quarrel, conteſt, accuſe God and man, is, that we have thought our ſelves to be proprietaries of thoſe things, of which we have but onely the uſe. *We muſt* (ſaith Epictetus) *take all the bleſſings and honours of the world as a paſſenger, who going out of a ſhip gathers cockle-ſhels upon the ſand, yet ever hath his eye upon the ſhip, to which he is engaged.* Saint *Chryſoſtom* maketh ſuch account of this Maxim, that he ſaith, *There is but one virtue in the world, that cauſeth all other virtues, which is, to carry one's ſelf as a pilgrim of this world, and a Citizen of Paradiſe.*

Epict. Ench. c. 12.

4. Opinion of providence. *Non fecit, & abiit.*

IV. To have a very good opinion of the providence of God, who covereth as it were under the ſhadow of his royal mantle all creatures. S. *Auguſtin* ſaith, That God hath not made the world, afterward to leave it, like a Carabin, who hath ſhot off his piſtol. He governeth, and defendeth it, as the good nurſe, who driveth away the waſp from her infant's face, whilſt it ſecurely ſleepeth. He yieldeth himſelf accountable for all the hairs on our head. *And doſt thou then* ſaith S. *Auguſtine* *fear to periſh, confiding in God? One hair, taken from thy head without thy knowledg, or feeling, ſhall not periſh; and ſhall thy ſoul be deſtroyed, which is the root of all thy thoughts, and of all thy underſtandings? If God ſo preſerve thy ſuperfluities, what will he do to thy treaſures?* Truſt with confidence in the providence of God, if you deſire always to live content. If your life be a feaſt, the Divine providence is the Salt, which ſeaſoneth it. If that be a pilgrimage, this is the ſtaff. If that be a night, this is the break of day. If you will fight, it is a ſteely buckler. If you ſleep, it is a bed of repoſe. Our life is compoſed of three ſhadows, which are time paſt, time preſent, and the future. Will you have a good ſhare in them all, ſaid that admirable Emperour *Marcus Aurelius*? *Diſpoſe time paſt to forgetfulneſs, the preſent to ſanctity, and juſtice, the future to providence.*

Aug. hom. 14. t. 10. p. 108. Times ergo ne pereas, cujus capillus non peribit? Si ſic tua cuſtodiantur ſuperflua, in quanta ſecuritate eſt anima tua? Non perit capillus, quem cùm tondetur non ſentis, & perit anima, per quam ſentis?

Mar. Aur. Anton. l. 2. de vita ſua

5. To flie evil innovation.

V. To know the ways of this ſacred providence, we muſt take heed not to be too wiſe, like ſome arrogant and ſcattered ſpirits, who boaſt to wander and alienate themſelves from the way, which all Saints have held, and ſearching out new paths find every where illuſions, and precipices. All theſe lovers of innovation, and proper judgment, are *Pharaoh*'s Counſellours, who have drunk in the cup of giddineſs.

Interrogare ſapientem dimidia ſapientia eſt. Homo ſapiens eſt quàm diu quærit ſapientiam: ubi putat ſe ad ejus culmen perveniſſe, deſipit.

There is likewiſe found a little book of *Apophthegms*, tranſlated out of *Arabick* into *Latine* by *Druſius*, which hath theſe remarkable words: *To conſult with the wiſe, is to be already half-wiſe. A man is wiſe ſo long as he ſeeketh wiſdom, but when he ſuppoſeth he hath throughly attained it, then he becometh a fool.*

6. An aſſured butt.

VI. To have an aſſured ſcope to aim at, not onely in general, which is to ſeek in all things the greateſt glory of God, and one's one ſalvation, but alſo in particular to make and propoſe to your ſelf a regular and well-pondered courſe of life. Some have ſo many affairs, that they have not leiſure either to live, or die, others have nothing to do, and are perpetually wandering, and as it were looking for the key of their houſe, and never entering into it. We muſt take in hand ſome employment, and moderate retirement, therein following the inſpiration of God, an intention pure to live in the place, which ſhall be moſt proper for us, to unite our ſelves to him according to our capacity, following withall the conſultation, which we ought to make with our own natural conſtitution, the direction of thoſe, who know, and govern us, provided they be diſintereſſed from their own paſſions. It is a buſineſs of no ſmall importance to have good ſucceſs herein. Some find without thinking thereof conditions, which ſeem made to their nature, as the neſt of the Halcyon is fit to his body. Others, for that they have made a falſe ſtep, are enforced to be the bridle all their life-time, if by patience they do not correct the defects of their carriage. Above all things it is convenient here to purifie your intentions, and if you muſt be embarked in the Court-life, not to come thither as a *Janiſary*, or a *Mamaluck*, to make a fortune, and do nothing elſe.

Vacation.

7. Solid piety.

VII. To embrace a true and ſolid piety, ſuch as our Fore-fathers have conſigned over to us in all ſimplicity, and ſuch as the Church inſtructeth us. Not to plaiſter, nor diſguiſe it for the accommodation of theſe petty ends: ſuch a practice is a great ambition, and cannot in concluſion avoid dreadful and dangerous accidents. You muſt ſerve God interiourly with great ſincerity of heart, and moſt pure thoughts of his Majeſty; exteriourly applying your ſelf to ordinary ſervices and ceremonies with moſt ſincere freedom, without ſuperſtitions, ſcruples, vanities, preſumptions, ſingularities. Behold (ſaith *Syneſius*) the baſis of the eſtate and total greatneſs of man.

Syneſius de regul. ad Arcad. Κρηπὶς ἀσφαλὴς, ἐφ' ἧς ἑδρύει τὸ ἄγαλμα ἔμπαλιν.

8. Honeſty.

VIII. To frame to your ſelf a ſoul, which is in a certain temper of integrity, conſiſting in well following the Light of Nature, and the touch of Heaven, which teacheth us we muſt do to another all that, which we would have others to do unto us, and not to offer to another what we diſlike in our ſelves. Behold the road-way of honeſty, which whoſoever forſaketh to become crafty, ever byaſſing to his pretended advantages, ſhall in the end of his accompt find himſelf deceived. That great forementioned Emperour *Antoninus* ſaith, the wiſdom of man conſiſteth in three points: well to behave himſelf towards God, which is done by Religion; with himſelf, which is done by mortification of his paſſion; and with men, which is effected by ſparing and tolerating them, every where doing good, and after he hath done good, to have his ears prepared to hear evil.

Antonin. l. 5. de vita ſua.

9. Government of pretenſions.

IX. To govern his deſires within the limits of his capacity, and modeſty. It is a great note of folly to attempt all things, and do nothing; to be turmoyled with the preſent, and to have always the throat of an enraged concupiſcence gaping after the time to come; to be vexed with himſelf, and not to be of power to repoſe within himſelf; to make the ſteps of honour the degrees of his ruin; to raiſe a fortune like a huge *Coloſſus*, to make it fall upon his own ſhoulders, and to leave no other witneſſes of his greatneſs, but the prints of his fall. It is a thing very difficult to have much, and impoſſible to have all: but it is ſo eaſie a matter to deſpiſe all, that it conſiſteth in nothing, but in a bare refuſal.

Senec. ep. 62. Contemnere omnia quivis poteſt, omnia habere nemo.

10. Tranquillity.

X. To procure ſuch an equality of ſpirit, ſo even, ſo regular, that he ſcarcely feel the approach of happineſs, and when it is loſt, not to make any ſhew of it. To behold the good of another as his own, and his own as an other man's. To hold riches, and honours, as a river that glideth to day for you, to morrow for an other. It is the nature thereof always to run gently; what wrong doth it to us? When proſperity laugheth on you, look back upon adverſity, which cometh in the rear, and remember you have ſeen tall ſhips loſt in the harbour, even as it were in jeſt. S. *Auguſtine* pleaſed to repeat that verſe of *Virgil*:

Auguſt. Ep. 113. & alibi.

Mène

Mène sali placidi vultum, fluctúsque quietos
Ignorare jubes?

Desirous thereby to signifie to us, that we should no more confide in the prosperities of the World, then to a still Sea, which in his over-great calm oftimes presageth the near-approaching tempest. Brave and valorous Captains heretofore made a Sacrifice to War in the midst of Peace; and in the midst of War dressed Altars to Peace: to declare, that in Good we should live in distrust of Ill, and in Evil in hope of Good; but in both, the one and the other, ever in equality. This verily is one of the Master-pieces of wisdom, which God imparteth to spirits greatly resigned, and who have passed through the most thin and slender searces.

11. Discretion in affairs.

XI. To behave one's self prudently in all kind of occasions, to examine the tenents and utmost bounds, the original, progress, end. Never to judge, till you have seen the bottom of the business, and therein to carry your self so, that if success cannot wait on your desires, you may not justly accuse either any crooked intention, or want of discretion. We are Masters of our Wils, but God hath reserved to himself the command over Events.

12. Meditation of death. *Chrysost.* hom. 2. in Epist. *Pauli ad Coloss.*

XII. To be alwaies ready to depart from hence chearfully, when death shall sound the retreat. Saint *Chrysostom* saith finely: *This life is a Nest framed of straw, and morter*; we are the little birds, shall we putrifie in the stench of this filthy Nest? If devotion hath made us wings, why are we slothful? Let us bravely mount and take that flight, which our Eagle tracked out unto us in the day of his Ascension. Remember, the quintessence of all wisdom is the meditation of death. It is a business we should learn all our life time, to exercise it once. The faults therein committed are irreparable, and the loss without recovery. This consisteth in three things, resignation, dis-engagement, and union. As for resignation, be not too faint-hearted, nor suffer your self to be called upon to pay a debt, which so many millions of men have discharged before you, and which so many millions shall likewise pay after you: shew to those who visit you, patience in your sickness, resolution at your last hour, and not to desire any thing but spiritual assistances.

As for your departure, go out of the world as the Chicken out of the shell.

1. Dispose of your temporal goods in time, by making a just, clear, and perspicuous Will. 2. Restore the goods of another. 3. Pay your debts as far as you can. 4. Lay open your Affairs. 5. Give pious Legacies to charge the Altars of mercy with the last Victims. 6. Reconcile your self; and above all things, beware you carry not with you too much confidence and inordinate affection into the other world. 7. Take order for the education of your children. 8. Dispose of Offices, if you have any, with an upright conscience. 9. Forget not the labors of your poor servants. After this dis-engagement, draw the curtain betwixt your self and all creatures. By a good Confession unite your self to your Creator, by the sacred Viaticum, extreme Unction, by acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by good suffrages of the Church, good admonitions, good purposes, good remembrances of the death of our Saviour, yielding your soul up upon a Crucifix, as a childe who sleepeth on the breast of his Nurse.

The eight SECTION,

The practice of Devotion, and Prayer.

ONe of the shortest waies to gain wisdom is to be devout. Devotion is, as it were, the flame and lightning-flash of charity; and it is properly a prompt and affectionate vivacity in things, which concern the service of God. It principally shineth in prayer, and in the exercise of the works of mercy. Prayer, as saith the great Saint *Dionysius* the *Areopagite*, is, as it were, a chain of silver, which from heaven hangeth downward to draw man up from earth, and unite him to God. It is the Mount *Tabor*, where an admirable transfiguration is made of the soul into God. It is the spirit, which speaketh to God, which poureth it self on God. In conclusion, it is coloured by God, even as *Jacob*'s Ews did denote their burden to be of the same colour, of which those Wands were that they stedfastly beheld. It is it, which the Apostle pleased to say: *Beholding the glory of God, we are transfigured into the same image, from brightness to brightness, as by the Spirit of God.* Prayer is the Conduit of Grace. It is (as very well S. *Ephraim* hath said) the standard of our warfare, the conservation of our peace, the bridle of our impatience, the guardian of temperance, the seal of virginity, the advocate of offenders, the consolation of the afflicted, the sepulture of the dying. For the Just are buried in prayer, as the Phenix in perfumes. Prayer doth all. A *Christian* without prayer is a Bee without sting, who will neither make honey, nor wax. It is to little purpose to propose unto you the mysteries of Faith, and the maxims of *Christian* wisdom, if you use not meditation to ruminate them. It is as meat cast into a stomach without digestion, which will do more hurt then good, not of its own nature, but by your indisposition, which is bad. From hence proceed the desolations of the earth: from hence are derived so many falls, so many miseries, for that men apply not themselves to taste the things of God in prayer.

Volunta quadam prompta tradendi se ad ea, quæ pertinent ad Dei famulatum. S. Th. 2. 2. quæst. 82. S. Dionys. cap. 3. De Divinis nomin.

Prayer in Mount Tabor. Genes. 30.

Gloriam Domini speculantes in eandem imaginem transformamur, à claritate in claritatem, tanquam à Domini spiritu. 2 Corinth. 3. 18.

Praise of Prayer.

That which ought to incite us to this exercise is, first, the necessity, which is so great, that in matter of Spiritual life it is as requisite to pray, as in the Animal to breath. We are choaked with flesh and fat, and the flames of concupiscence, unless we upon all occasions open our mouths to take the gentle air of God.

Necessity of Prayer.

Os meum aperui, & attraxi spiritum.

Secondly, The pleasures we therein take, in process of time, is verily that, which the Prophet *Isaiah* calleth *Sabbathum delicatum*, the delicate Sabbath. As much as to say, the delicious repose of the soul. The corporal eye (as saith the learned Prelate *William* of *Paris*) maketh its repast upon the beauty of the fields, the flowers, the heavens, the stars, and on all the objects, which are found in this Universe. But the eye of contemplation by the means of prayer nourisheth it self with the excellency of *God*, and the perfections of *Jesus*.

Isai. 58. 38. *Sabbatum delicatum.* Pleasure. *Sola, prima, ac luminosissima veritas cibus est nostri intellectus. Sola prima inundantissimáque bonitas esus nostri nobilis ac sublimis affectus.*

Thirdly, The purity and perfection of the soul, which is derived from this exercise, ought to serve us as a special spur. "There it is (saith *Albertus* "*Magnus*) where we carry our mouths even to the "source and well-spring of virtue. There it is where "God is known, and knowing him that we love him, "and in loving him we search him, in searching him "we take pains, and in taking pains we finde him.

Perfection of the soul. *Albert. cap. 27. De virtut.*

In the fourth place, we have the example of our Saviour, who for our instruction spent the nights in prayer; the example of the Apostles, and all Saints, who have practised and recommended this exercise to us.

Pernoctans in oratione Dei. Luc. 6. 12.

The ninth SECTION.

The necessity of Confession.

MEn resemble Snails, every one carrieth his own house with him, a house wholly replenished

nished with darkneſs, although it ever ſeem lightſom. A houſe, which hath neither door, nor window, though therein be a thouſand witneſſes, which ſee all that paſſeth with as many eyes as heaven hath ſtars: a houſe compoſed of labyrinths, yet cannot the Hoſt hide himſelf in it: a houſe, whereinto the ſun peepeth not, and yet may even the very leaſt Atoms be ſeen: a houſe, wherein there are perpetual pleadings, yet never any iſſue of proceſs, but with iſſue of life. Finally, a houſe, which hath two faces altogether different, the one called Hell, the other Paradiſe. In a word, this Houſe, whereof I ſpeak, is the Conſcience. It is full of darkneſs: for the thoughts of men are involved in ſuch a cloud of obſcurity, that neither the Devils, nor Angels themſelves ſee any thing therein: yet is it lightſom; for ever the eye of proper conſcience reflecteth thereon. There is no door, nor window, for all is very cloſe ſhut up: yet do a thouſand witneſſes fix their eyes thereon; for the Conſcience alone is called a thouſand witneſſes. It is compoſed of labyrinths, for there are all flexibilities, and ſubtle mazes. In this labyrinth the Hoſt cannot hide himſelf; for it is ever day-pierced by the eie of God, before whom, neither the Abyſs, nor Hell it ſelf hath darkneſs enough to hide it. The Sun peepeth not in there: for in effect its light, which diſplayeth all the objects of the world before our eyes, cannot diſcover the ſimpleſt of our thoughts: yet may the very leaſt Atoms be ſeen; for there is not any thing ſo ſubtle, which can free it ſelf from the eyes of God. They perpetually plead there: for every moment the Conſcience challengeth us even upon the leaſt ſins, and the iſſue of the proceſs concludeth not but with the end of life; becauſe at that very hour the deciſive ſentence of our eternity is given.

Nullus moleſtior oculus cuiq; ſuo. Bern. lib. 5. De conſiderat.

Putásne Deus è vicino ego ſum, & non Deus de longè? Hierem. 23

Aula Sathanæ, hortus deliciarum, & aureum reclinatorium. Bernard. de interiori domo.

In fine, this Houſe hath two faces, whereof the one is called Hell, to wit, the evil conſcience, and the other Paradiſe, that is the good and innocent, which we cannot throughly ſettle in this great corruption of the heart of man, but by a good confeſſion.

Ambr. in illud Revela Domino viam tuam.

Too much ſhade hurteth ſeeds, which begin to grow, darkneſs dulls them, and the eye of the Sun ſerves them as a Father. Aſſure your ſelf the buds of Virtue hold the ſame courſe: there muſt be day to bring them into the light, and he, who will hide his life, ſhall loſe all the fruit he may hope thereof. *Confeſſion is the price of our immortality, the City of refuge given us by God: but, if it be once ill managed, it is not a confeſſion, but a double confuſion; for feigned miſery excludeth true mercy, nor did ever preſumption well accord with pity.*

Idem.

Bernard. de interiori domo cap. 37.

Among the moſt eſpecial exerciſes of devotion are Confeſſion, Communion, Meditation, ſpiritual Lection, and the fruit we derive from the word of God. Concerning the practiſe of Confeſſion, we will only ſpeak with much brevity thereof, for at this preſent there are great ſtore of books, which teach this method. Hear a true obſervation made by Saint *Auguſtine: That the beginning of our good works is the accuſation of our evil.* If you deſire utterly to forſake the animal life, to ſubmit to the ſpiritual, put in the fore-front a good general confeſſion. *Confeſſion*, (ſaith S. *Ambroſe*) *Is the price of our immortality: it is the tribute of Heaven, ſignified by the piece of Coyn, which S.* Peter *found in the mouth of a fiſh.*

Auguſt. tract. 12. in Joan.

Gulielm. Pariſ. De Sacrament. Pœnitent. lib. 12.

Neceſſity ſeems to require it, for the reaſons which follow. Firſt, How many ſins are left by the way, how many by culpable ignorance, ſometimes through fear, and ſhame, and other reprehenſible manner? Secondly, What invalidities and nullities of confeſſion may happen, now by the defect of the Prieſt, who perhaps hath not ſufficient Juriſdiction, ſometime through your own indiſpoſition, who neither will have ſorrow, nor good purpoſe of amendment; and ſometime for other circumſtances? Thirdly, Who ſeeth not, that the foundation of a life truly *Chriſtian* is humility? And we know not how better to attain this Virtue, then by repreſenting to our ſelves, no longer by piece-meal, but wholly in groſs, the youth, follies, the ſlackneſs, negligences, infidelities, and impurities of our paſſed life. All that coming to pour it ſelf upon our conſideration, like a great Squadron, neceſſarily ſtirreth in us a great confuſion and dolour for our ingratitude. In the fourth place, We ordinarily ſee thoſe, who duly make this act unfolded and delivered in all its particulars, do come, as it were, out of the Furnace, ſparkling with radiant brightneſs, to form a life abſolutely new. You therein obſerve a conſcience moſt curious, intentions better rectified, actions more purified, a promptneſs better awakened for the ſervice of God, a modeſty more regular in proſperity, a heart more elevated in adverſity, a more generous contempt of the world. Briefly, although one ſhould reap but this only good, which is the peace and tranquillity of Conſcience, it would alwaies be a matter marvellouſly recommendable. And we know by experience, many conſciences, tormented with divers remorſes and ſcruples, have after a general confeſſion found themſelves wholly pacified, and have begun to breath a more benign air of the mercies of God. To proceed therein, it is good well to ſound your heart afore-hand, and to deſcend into the knowledge of your ſelf, which is a work of no ſmall importance.

Its utility.

The manner.

The tenth SECTION.

The Practiſe of Confeſſion.

THE heart of man is a little Abyſs, which ſeemeth neither to have bounds, bottom, nor ſhore. *It is malicious and inſcrutable*, ſaid the Prophet. The *Hebrew* readeth in the ſame place, that it is a *Supplanter*, who eſcapeth from us like an Eel, when we think to hold it, and oftentimes it overthrows us. The great S. *Macarius* aſſureth us it is a little veſſel, but full of Caverns, Labyrinths, Precipices, Lions, Serpents, and other venemous Beaſts. Moreover, ſelf-love, which oftentimes like a wicked watchman, placeth himſelf at the gate of our heart, will not ſuffer truth to approach. It maketh him think, it is too crude, dry, auſtere, old, wrinckled to be preſented to ſuch a Prince. In the mean time it relateth all things to the heart to its own advantage, and entertaineth it with a thouſand curioſities of conceits: it maketh all vices to be beheld therein in full proportion, and Virtue in eclipſe.

Heart of man. *Pravum cor hominis & inſcrutabile. Hier. 17.*

Macar. hom. 43.

Knowledg of one's ſelf very hard.

Self love.

This admitted, neceſſarily the aſſiſtance of God is to be implored in a very particular manner, to obtain the knowledge of our ſelves, and to labor therein courageouſly and ſtoutly, without flattering our ſelves. God threatneth in the Prophet, he will lay a heavy correction upon us, leaving us to our ſelves. It ſeemeth, we now have our heads turned backward, never to know what paſſeth in our hearts. But God in the day of judgment will turn it before, and, if we take not very good heed, to our confuſion. S. *Auguſtine* triumpheth upon this paſſage; *That, which thou haſt put behind thee, I will place before thine eyes. Thou ſhalt ſee thy impurities, not to correct them, but to confound thee. Turn thy face, go behind thy ſelf, and ſet thy ſelf before thy ſelf.*

Arguam te, & ſtatuam contra faciem tuam. Pſal. 49. Qua poſt dorſum poſuiſti ante faciem poſnam: videbis fœditatem tuam, non ut corrigas, ſed ut erubeſcas. Tolle te à tergo tuo, & conſtitue te ante te. Auguſt. in Pſal. 49.

The manner will be after an humble and ſerious invocation of the Holy Ghoſt, to call to mind all your life, according to the courſe and progreſs of

Ages,

Ages, remembring your self of the places, where you have made aboad, the persons, with whom you have conversed, the affairs, which you have handled, the sins, to which you have been most inclined, and which most afflict your conscience. Observing also (if it be possible) the number of those, which are most heinous, which if it cannot be done, do not search them out with pensiveness, and anxiety.

Multa D. Th. opusc. 64. de modo confitendi, & puritate conscientiæ.

The order, which ought to be observed, is to run through the Law, or the ten Commandments of God, and those of the Church, taking every one in his place. As *upon the first Commandment* to examine the sins of infidelity, of contempt of holy things, of impiety, sorceries, divinations, magick, dreams, superstitions, distrusts of the mercy of God, presumptions of one's own ability, languishment, coldness, hypocrisies, impurities, sacrileges in the service of God, speaking distinctly upon every word, wherein, and how, by what motive, and to what purpose.

II. *Upon the second*, unnecessary oaths, false oaths, blasphemies, execrations, profanation of things sacred, and words of Scripture.

III. *Upon the third*, the exercise of labour, traffick, of civil, and criminal justice, and other works forbidden on *Sundaies*.

The irreverence committed on this great day, in neglecting to hear the whole Mass, or some notable part thereof, and employing all your time in excess of tongue, dances, masks, follies, sensualities.

IV. *Upon the fourth*, contempt, hatred, distast, ingratitude, irreverence, disobedience towards father, and mother, kindred, and superiours, neglect towards your subjects, vassals, and houshold-servants.

V. *Upon the fifth*, the clamours, enmities, quarrels, violences, faithlesness, injustices, oppressions, poysonings, abortions, slaughters, malice, out-rages, cruelties committed against your neighbour: the ill usage of your own person, by perplexity, despair, or impatient desire of death.

VI. *Upon the sixth*, fornications, adulteries, incests, whoredoms, ravishments, secret marriages, sacrileges, self-softnesses, pollutions, ill use of marriage, and other infamous luxuries, which *Tertullian* termeth *Monsters*. Add all that, which attendeth on wantonness, as dishonest thoughts, unchast words, lascivious glancings, kisses, touches, books, pictures, Comedies, love-letters, dancings, masks, too free conversations with evident danger of sin, and sometime charms, love-potions, or other attractives, characters, and witch-crafts.

VII. *Upon the seventh*, thests, pilferies, robberies, connivence with thieves, falsification of Instruments, of letters, seals, wills, contracts, scedules, obligations false purchases, false buyings, false sales, false coyns, deceits, defraudations, surprizes, usurpations of the goods of the Church, simonies, usuries, delaies of reasonable payments, injustices, litigious wranglings, excessive expenses, foul play in game, cruelties toward the poor, and such like things.

VIII. *Upon the eighth*, false witnesses, and sollicitations thereof, calumnies, diffamatory libels, lies, impostures, hypocrisies, dissimulations, flatteries, treasons, confusion of your neighbour.

IX. *Upon the ninth*, enterprizes, and designs, contrary to marriage, by seducing the parties with words, signs, gestures, letters, gifts, attractions, with deliberate purpose and unbridled desire of sin.

X. *Upon the tenth*, disordinate thirsts of riches, principally to the prejudice of your neighbour.

Upon the commandments of the Church, the omissions of Mass, or notable negligences & distractions in hearing it on Feasts commanded. The sin against abstinence from meats and fasts appointed; against the use of Sacraments of Confession, and Communion; against the observations of times fit for marriage, against faith and sincerity in the payment of Tythes.

Amongst the sins against the law of God, and ordinances of the Church, are comprehended the seven sins, which we call *mortal* and *capital*. As against the first Commandment, the sin of pride, in the great opinion of your self, the obstinacy in your own judgment and will, the disobedience to Superiours, the ambition of honours, vanities, vaunts, follies. The sin of sloath, in slackness, ill expense of time, negligence, remisness of courage, pusillanimity. The sin of gluttony, in making a God of one's belly. The sin of avarice upon the seventh. The sin of wrath and envy upon the fifth. The sin of luxury upon the sixth. Behold an abundance of matter to be examined in a general Confession! All is proposed, which may have happened. I do not say, that we must rest upon every point scrupulously, to search into that which never hath been, and (as they say) *shave an egg*. Every one ought more particularly to descend into the vices of his own nature and profession: as Lords and Gentlemen to examine the sins of pride, tyranny, curiosities, delights, in looking after their pleasures, more then the profit of the publick, in exacting things not due, in usurping the pains, goods, sweat, blood of vassals, and, being men, to have served themselves with men in all prodigality. In neglecting the keeping of peace, and justice, the duty, charges, and reparation of places, to which they stand obliged. In giving estates, offices, benefices, to vitious and uncapable persons. In violating Ecclesiastical rites. In notably damnifying, for the pleasures of hunting and hawking, the fields and possessions of others. In stopping the course of justice by favour. In vexing, tormenting, imprisoning, condemning, through passion, without lawful proof. In over-lashing, in ambition, lust, bragging, excessive expenses, and such like things.

Particular sins.

Judges and Magistrates, of ignorance, malice, negligences, as being intruded into their places without capacity, by favour, and money. In behaving themselves carelesly, without serious study of that, which is their profession. In not soundly, seriously, and solidly examining processes, but contenting themselves with superficial notice. In giving sentence for money, and favour, and many times against men unheard, without order or form of justice. In going out of the circuit of their jurisdiction, to encroach upon the authority of others. In bearing themselves with pasion in affairs. In entertaining bad Officers, in prolonging processes by cautelous references, or affected lazines. In solliciting the wife and daughter, who plead, upon promise of favour. In exercising on festival daies acts of judicature without necesity. In neglecting the government, and weal-publick, for the accommodation of his own affairs. In tolerating scandalous sins against the honour of God.

Practice of ordinary confession.

Women, about their pomps, curiosities, excesses, dissolutions in apparel and dresings, pride, fierceness, boldness, impatience, quarrels, loves, jealousies, courtings, idleness, and so of the rest.

Thoughts of four sorts.

For those, who often confess in ordinary Confessions, it suffices to examine their thoughts, words, deeds, omissions. Of thoughts, some are burdensom, some affected, some bitter, some vain. The burdensom, as those, which proceed against faith, and honesty, to persons, who much are alienated from ill affections; and such thoughts ought rather to be despised, then examined. The affected, as those of complacence,

placence, of curiositie, of our own commodity, and of some passion a little exorbitant towards creatures. The bitter, as those of suspicions, jealousies, disdains, aversions, choler. The vain, as those, which are brought forth at all moments, in the childishnes of a scattered uncollected heart, and flie therein as Birds do in the Air. It is as impossible, as unnecessary, to take an accompt of them. It is sufficient to confess in general, and to declare the habitudes, and dispositions of his heart.

Words, the Chariot of the Soul.

Words are the Interpreters of our Soul, and the Charriots, which carry our Senses, and Affections: some carry Rice, others Honey, the rest Vineger. They carry Rice, who are over-joyous, recreative, impertinent, idle, facetious. They carry Honey, who have petty affectations, courtships, lies, exaggerations, complacences, flatteries, soothings, boastings. And they bear Vineger, who are somewhat rude, fierce, disdainful, biting, riotous, and ill-spoken.

Works.

Deeds concern God, your Neighbour, and your Self. For that, which appertaineth to God, you must first accuse your self of defects in the exercises of Devotion, as Prayer, Vocal, Mental, Meditation, Examen, Spirtual reading, the Sacraments. For that, which appertaineth to your Neighbour, and your Self, you have four Horses in the Charriot of imperfection, which transport many of your actions, to wit, Vanity, Impatience, Curiosity, Negligence.

Vanity intrudeth it self into all parts, saith *Cassianus*: into apparel, going, speech, into watchings, prayers, into abstinencies, and fasts. It combateth in the middest of virtues, to triumph over virtues. It presenteth it self as well to the victorious, as to the assailant. *Impatience*, in so many contentions, and encounters, with your Neighbour, and if one have no other adversary, he strugleth with himself. *Curiosity*, in too much seeking his own commodities, and ease of body. *Negligences* in offices, in managing of affairs, and charges: omissions, as of good resolved purposes of prayer, and laudable actions, which one ought to do either by justice, or by charity, or by vow, or by rule, or by promise, or necessity. One may upon this choose seven or eight imperfections, which most molest him, to be therein short.

Behold (as it were) the matter of Confessions! For the form, to unfold one's self, no man should make strange, if some, for the comfort of their memory, having run over the abridgment, and summary of matter of Confession, do make an extract of that, which concerneth them, principally in general Confessions. The wisest of the *Roman* Emperours, *Augustus*, was so considerate, that, treating upon some affairs with his wife, he spake to her by writing, to avoid mistaking. Can a man take too much consideration in an affair of so great importance, which passeth with God?

Three sorts of Consciences.

When the principal points are marked out, they must be explicated in intelligible terms. There are some large consciences, who have nothing to say; some scrupulous, who desire to say all; and some reasonable, who proceed therein with mediocrity. To say he is a great sinner, that he hath broken all the branches of mortal sins, that he hath not served God so well as he should, and that if he have done such or such a thing, he asketh pardon, that is to say nothing. You must specifie, and descend to particulars, propose the act, deliver it with lawful and necessary circumstances, touch the motive without extravagancies, and the intention, which hath excited us to do it, and continuance of the sin, to represent the state of the soul to the life. Yet for all this you must not so much think upon this preparation, nor the means to unfold your self, that thereby the principal part of penance be neglected, which is Contrition.

Contrition.

This Contrition is a sorrow to have offended God, not principally for the deformity of sin, and the fear of punishment (for that is nothing but Attrition) but for that this sin is committed against God, infinitely good, and infinitely amiable; and for that one maketh a firm resolution to be confessed, and to preserve himself from sin in time to come. Behold the point of Contrition, which to attain, you must seriously and advisedly represent to your self the greatnes, goodnes, power, wisdom, justice, love, mercy, benefits of God, opposed to your malice, weaknes, baseness, ignorance, presumption, misery, ingratitude: and well-figure to your self the hostility of mortal sin, to obtain an eternal detestation against it. To consider how it ruineth riches, honours, credit, reputation, posterity, and Empires. That it soileth the glory of an innocent life, and leaveth a character of infamy. That it overthroweth bodie, health, good grace, that it openeth the gates of sudden & unexpected death. That it maketh man blind, dumb, deaf, wicked, senseles, stupid, savage, and many times furious, and enraged by the remorse of conscience. That it despoileth a soul of all the graces, beauties, excellencies, privileges, love, favour of God, hope of life, and salvation. That it killeth it, and rendeth it more cruelly then a Tiger, or Panther. That a life of God was needful to take away such a blemish, and that if a Soul be spotted at the hour of death, an eternity of flames cannot deliver it: and such like.

Hostility of sin.

In sins, which seem least, you shall always have great cause of Contrition, when the benefits of God shall be represented unto you, which he particularly and personally hath conferred upon us, opposed to our childishnes of heart, tepidity, slackness, infidelity, negligence, ingratitude. As for the proceeding to Confession; the Preparatives being well made, it is needful to choose a Confessour, who hath four qualities, jurisdiction, reputation, knowledg, discretion: and after you have confessed to him entirely, faithfully, sincerely, to accomplish the penance enjoyned you, with obedience, promptnes, and punctual diligence: afterward to take a new spirit, to resist temptations, and to busie your self in good works, with more courage then ever.

Proceeding in confession.

The eleventh SECTION.

The Practice of Examen.

Necessity of Examen.

THe practice of Confession is made more easie by the Examen of conscience, as well general, as particular. Think not too much is required of your profession, if there be speech used to you of the Examen of conscience. Not onely the Philosophers have made it, as *Pythagoras*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, but poor Barbarous *Indians*, by the relation of *Apuleius*, took an accompt every evening of the good and evil they had done each day. This is it, which is required of you. Prepare daily a little Consistory of Justice in your conscience; see what passeth within your self, acknowledg your defects, and amend them, to prevent the justice of God.

It is said, the eclipse of the Sun causeth the earthquake: and the eclipse of Reason, by ignorance of the interiour man, produceth great disorders in the soul. For the wicked spirit (saith *Procopius* upon the first of *Kings*) endeavoureth to use us, as did the *Ammonites* the Inhabitants of *Jabes*. They

seek to pull out our right eye, and to bereave us of the sight of our selves, to bury us in great and deep confusions: but let us make use of all the lights, which God hath given us, to call reflections into the bottom of our thoughts. *The Conscience is an admirable Tribunal, where Justice pleadeth, and Mercie sentenceth. All that which the one writes, the other blotteth out, putting, as it were, the point of the pen upon the heart of the Penitent.*

Guliel. Parisiens. cap. 12. Sacr. Pœnit. *In hoc Tribunali sedet Misericordia, assidet autem Justitia; ubi quidquid contra pœnitentem inscribit Justitia, totum delet Misericordia, acumen stili velut figens in corde pœnitentis.*

* A good Interpreter of the Scripture relateth the Vision of a wise man, who on a day sought for the house of Conscience, and it seemed to him he beheld a Citie built with goodly Architecture beautified with five Gates, which had as many narrow Paths ending in one larger Way. Upon this way stood a Register, who took the names of all Passengers to record them. Beyond that he saw two Tribunes, attended by a great concourse of the common people, who governed the inferiour parts of the Citie: above was beheld a Cittadel, wherein a great Princess commanded, who had a Scepter in her hand, and Crown on her head.

* Delrio Sec. De Confessione.

By her side was a Ladie very antient, and venerable, who in one hand held a Torch with which she lighted this Queen, and in the other a Goad, wherewith she pricked her, if she governed not according to her direction.

The wise man, amazed, asked in his heart what all this Train meant, and he heard a voice within, which said unto him: Behold thy self, e're thou art a ware, arrived at the house of Conscience, which thou soughtest for. These five Gates thou seest, are the five Senses. The way where they all meet is Common Sense. All the people, which enter in by heaps, are the Objects of the creatures of the world, which first touch our Senses, before they pass into the Soul. This Register, who writeth down the names, is Imagination, that keeps record of all things. These two Tribunes are the two Appetites: the one is called the appetite of Concupiscence, which is ever in search after its desires; the other the appetite of Anger, extremely striving to strike at all obstacles, which oppose its good, either real, or pretended. This mass of people thou seest are the Passions, which make ill work in the inferiour parts of the Citie. This Princess in the Cittadel, with Crown, and Scepter, is Reason. The antient and venerable Ladie, by her side, is Conscience: she hath a Torch to shew the good way, and the Goad to prick those that wander. In a word, if thou desirest to know what Conscience is, it is A sovereign notice of good and ill, which God impresseth on our hearts, as with an hot iron, and is very hard to be taken off.

Diffamen rationis, spiritûs corrector, & pædagogus animæ. S. Thom. 1. p. q. 79.

Happy he, who often visiteth this interiour house God hath given him, & pondereth all his thoughts, his words, and actions, to adopt them to the measures of the eternal Law.

Parts.

You know a general Examen hath five parts: *thanksgiving, invocation, discussion, petition, resolution.* In *thanksgiving* we thank God principally for the benefits received that day. In *invocation* the light of Heaven is required to know our sins, and amend them. In *discussion* an accompt is asked of our soul, running through the hours of the day, of thoughts, words, works, and omissions. In *petition* pardon of our sins is implored. In the up-shot of all, *good purposes* are made to correct one's self by the assistance of grace. If you think to live in such purity, that you may find nothing more to examine, it is for want of light, or application of mind. Know there are six things ever to busie the most perfect in their Examen.

Six things in Examen to employ the most perfect.

The first, to ponder the roots of our defects, errours, imperfections. The second, to see the remedies, which may be given thereunto. The third, to distinguish true and solid virtues from those, which are no other then virtues in apparence. The fourth, to pick out in all our works the intentions, and motives, which transport us, and what the affections are, which at that time govern our soul. The fifth, to see what wanteth of perfection in good works, which we do, and how they may be performed with the most accomplishment. The sixth, to compare our gains, our losses, our encrease, our decrease in matter of virtue.

Particular Examen.

A particular Examen is made, when one undertaketh to wrastle with one vice alone, and to extirpate one sole imperfection. For he, that will sometime strike at them in gross, resembleth the Soldier of *Sertorius*, who tugged at an Horse's tail, by strength of arm to pull it quite away: another more wise pulled it off hair after hair, and so prevailed. The like happeneth in our vices, and defects. He must pull them away by little threds, who will effectually correct them. Wherefore, one riseth in the morning with a thought not to fall that day into such an imperfection, and to oppose it in every place, as some enemy, which one would vanquish. After Diner retiring himself apart, he doeth three things. The first, to ask an accompt of his soul of the relapses, which have been made into this imperfection. The second, to note the number, making so many pricks with a pen. The third, to purpose to arm himself for the rest of the day. After Supper the like exercise is made, and so one findeth out, from day to day, from week to week, from moneth to moneth, what profit is made. There is no imperfection so deeply rooted, which is not pulled away by the grace of God, you remaining in the constancy of such an exercise.

Plutar. in Sertor.

The twelfth SECTION.

The practice of Communion.

Communion without preparation, what it is.

ALl those, who dispose themselves to a life more Christian, know they have not a means more wholsom, nor effectual to acquire, and preserve the grace of God, then the Sacrament of the Altar, and for this cause it is fit both often and duely to have access thereunto. But a beautiful Looking-glass in a golden frame in the house of a Blind man; an excellent Lute in the chamber of the Deaf; a goodly Diamond in a truss of Straw; an Honey-comb in the throat of a dead Lyon, what availeth all this? The Blind-man seeth not, the Deaf heareth not, the Diamond sparkleth not, the Honey-comb nourisheth not. And what profiteth likewise the Blessed Sacrament in a faint, languishing, and indisposed Soul? Imagine according to that, which the learned *Rupertus* saith, that the Blessed Sacrament is the fountain of terrestrial Paradise, which watereth the whole Church with its delicious refreshings.

Eucharist, the foundation of Paradise.

Three sorts of Hearts.

All the Faithful draw from thence, but all come not with the same disposition. Some bring thither an heart of Paper, that is to say, a childish heart, which padleth in the water, and no whit profiteth. Others an heart like a sive, that lets all go through, and retaineth nothing but a little moysture. The rest an heart of a sponge, which is abundantly repleniſhed with the favours and mercies of God. If you desire to communicate fruitfully, make a Present to your celestial Spouse (who is pleased to feed among Lilies) of a Lily of six leaves. There are six remarkable qualities, which must be had to accomplish this exercise.

Lillie with six leaves to communicate.

cise. Two before Communicating, Desire, and Puritie: two in Communicating, Humility, and Charity: two after communicating, Thanksgiveing, and Renovation of the inward man by the oath of Fidelity.

Desire.

You must then endeavour from the eve of the day you are to receive, to make a Furnace of desires in your heart, that so you may say with the Prophet *Jeremie*: *I feel in my heart a burning fire, which fixeth it self even in my bones, and the violence thereof is such, that I cannot bear it.* Let us go to this sacred Table, as the thirsty Hart to the stream of Waters, as an hungry creature to a Feast, as the Bride-groom to the Wedding a thousand times desired, as the Covetous to a myne of Gold, as the Conqueror to Spoils. Is not there matter sufficient to serve as a spur to your desires, since there is our beginning, our Origine, our Treasure, our sovereign Good?

Jer. 20. 9. *Factus est in corde meo quasi ignis exæstuans, clausus que in ossibus meis: & defeci, ferre non sustinens.*

Tob. 10. 6. *Omnia simul in te uno habentes non debuimus dimittere te.*

The mother of young *Tobie* sighing said: *My son, all our treasures, our riches, our honours, our contentments, our delights were in thy person, and therefore We ought never to be separated from thee.* But it is verily in this subject we have true cause to speak these words. All is in the sacred Eucharist; the body, the blood, the soul, the life, the humanity, the divinity of *Jesus Christ*, all that which he hath derived from the Eternal Father, all that which he hath taken from our nature, he yieldeth us in this blessed Sacrament, and doeth as the Bee, who robbeth the flowers of his Master's garden, to restore all again in Honey. All the perfections, which our Lord hath conferred on his own Person, are seasoned to us in this high and majestical Mysterie, as in a Honey-comb. It is an extension of the incarnation of the Son of God. He was once hypostatically united to one sole man, but here he is united to all men, as often times as they receive him, by a visceral transfusion of himself, as one should melt one piece of wax within another (as saith S. *Cyril.*) And then who would not desire such an union of a Saviour so merciful with a sinner so miserable? Of a sovereign Physician with a sick man so remediless? Of a King so powerful with a vassal so wretched? Of a Father so benign with a son so refractory? May we not well say, that they, which tast not this celestial viand, have their rellishes much dulled with the leeks and onions of *Egypt*? May we not affirm, that they lead no other life, but of a mushrome? Ought we not all the night before to make our hearts sparkle in good desires & jaculatory praiers, when we go to the bed of our celestial Bride-groom?

Greatness of the Eucharist.

Endeavour then to awaken and cherish your desire with a thousand aspirations, and elevations of heart, and have always in your mouth some good words, which may be the pledges and earnest-penies of your intentions. Behold the first leaf of the Lily.

Second leaf of the Lily. Purity

The second is called *Purity.* I speak not of that, which concerneth the purging of mortal sins by confession, which is wholy necessary, and cannot be omitted without sacrilege: I speak of purity more subtile, and fine, which consisteth in faith, affections, and intentions. You ought first to have a singular faith, and a most worthy and serious understanding of the mysterie, not onely in believing what the Church teacheth us of this Sacrament, either of the reality of the pretious body of our Saviour, or of transubstantiation; but to believe it sincerely, clearly, firmly, without curiosity, restriction, or hesitation; not as those, who convinced, and as it were confounded with reason, do in some sort believe, and upon the least occasion repent in their faithless heart what they have believed, and make to themselves a faith floating, and racking up and down, like clouds under the breath of the winds. When you go to receive the Blessed Sacrament, you must do as *Abraham* did in his Sacrifice, hold the Bond-men, and Ass, which are your Senses, at the foot of the hill, and let your will, and understanding ascend, lightened with the torch of Faith, even to the height, to sink it self down into these resplendent nights of the wisdom of Heaven.

What ought to be the faith of a good communicant.

For purity of Intention, which is the character of our actions, I would have nothing side-ways, nor bearing upon any byas: I will not, that you communicate for some humane respect, some civil decencie, or to please those, whose favour you desire, nor for some trifling vanity, and sometimes hypocrisie, or other ends, and aims, which are far estranged from the ways of God. You must communicate with intention to unite your self to God, your beginning, to whiten and gild your self with his sights, to enkindle your self the more in his love, to retain the memory of that Sacrifice, which he offered on mount *Calvarie*, that is to say, of his most venerable Passion; to appease the anger of God for as many sins as are committed; to implore the assistance of Heaven for the necessities of the Church, as well for the living, as dead; to obtain for your self, and persons, of whom mention is made, some victory over temptations, some new virtues, some temporal grace, in as much as shall concern the spiritual state. Briefly, for thanksgiving for the benefits, which we receive from his Divine Majesty, both in general, and particular.

Intention.

Purity of affections consisteth principally in two points: to banish from your heart all animosities, revenges, quarrels, punctillioes, and readily to reconcile your self before you come to the Altar; the other is to free your self, not onely from affections dishoneſt, and unlawful, but also a little exorbitant, which one may have to any creature whatsoever. It is convenient, your heart be then as a Crystal-vial filled with clear water, wherein the least mote of uncleanness may be seen. It is to put *Adonis* in the crib of *Beth-lehem* (which heretofore the Infidels did) when we communicate still retaining impure Passions with a deliberate purpose.

Purity of affection.

Adonis in the crib of *Beth-lehem.*

Germanus Patriarch of *Constantinople* in his Theory saith, the *Pix*, which is the vessel, and resting-place, where the Blessed Sacrament is put, is called *Ciborium*, as one would say *the Ark of lights*, to teach us, that at the onely sight of this Sacrament we must dispel all thoughts of darkness, which have possessed our soul. And for the better obtaining this purity it is good to practice some devotions in the eve of receiving, as mortification of tongue by retirement, and silence, as abstinence, or some other exercise of humanity, or work of mercy. When the day cometh, run to this heavenly Manna in the morning: amuze not your self too much in decking and accommodating your body, nor in scattering and disordering your mind in vain cares and sollicitudes, but keep the vessel of your heart as a well-stopped pot, to pour it out at the table of your Spouse. It is at the instant of receiving, that you must imitate the Seraphins of the Prophet *Isaiah*, to hold all your wings still; but onely two, which are Humility, and Charity: these are the two wings, on which you ought to poize your self at your pleasure. First grounding all in reverence before the eyes of this ineffable Majesty, abasing your self even to the center of your nothing, treading underfoot all presumptions, vanities, follies, by a most perfect humility of spirit. Secondly, to stir up lively and ardent affections with all the endeavour of your heart, and, if that suffice not, offer all

Germ. Patriarch. in Theoria.

Exod. 5.

What ought to be done on the day of Communion.

Third and fourth leaf of the Lily. Imitation of Seraphins. *Isaiah* 6. Moving wings.

to God in the Union of his onely Son, and merits of the most Blessed Virgin *Mary*.

To cherish the affections of these holy virtues, you must have your Prayers, Meditations, and considerations upon the Blessed Sacrament, well prepared, and digested with variety, that you may still hold your devotion in breath: as,

Considerations for Communion.

Moses before the burning bush. *Solve calceamentum de pedibus tuis: locus, in quo stas, terra sancta est.* Exod. 3. 5. 4 Reg. 4. The Hostess of *Elizeus*. *Unde mihi hoc, ut inveniram gratiam ante oculos tuos? & nôsse me dignareris peregrinam mulierem?* Ruth. 2. 8, 9 *Quæ est petitio tua, Esther, ut detur tibi? Et quid vis fieri? Etiàm dimidiam partem regni mei petieris, impetrabis.* Esther. 7. 3. Mephibosheth. *Et tu comedes panem in mensa mea semper. Quis ego sum servus tuus, quoniam respexisti super me, canem mortuum?* 2 Sam. 9. 7, 8. Jonathan. 1 *Sam.* 14. 29.

I. To represent *Moses* in the Bush burning, siezed with an holy fire, who heard these words: *Put off thy shoes, take away thy sensual affections, the land here is holy; yea it is the Holy of Holies.* This is the noble fire, which enflameth Angels in Heaven, and pure Souls on Earth, which is enchased within the species of the Sacrament. What ought you then to do?

II. To represent unto your self, that your soul is as the Hostess of the Prophet *Elizeus*, the good *Shunammite*, who prepareth her heart as a lodging for the King of Prophets, thanksgiving as a table, humility for a seat, and charity for a candle lighted.

III. To represent to your self, that it is a *Ruth*, who accounted it a great favour to be esteemed by *Boaz*, and to have leave to glean in the Fields after his Harvest-men, and acknowledging with gratitude so small a benefit, she said with her face prostrated on the earth: *From whence cometh this favour, which I have gained in your presence? From whence proceedeth, that you deign to know me, who am but a poor foreigner?* What ought you to say?

IV. That it is as the humble *Esther* before *Ahasuerus*, and that it kisseth the golden Rod, and moreover that it understandeth these words: *What is thy demand, Esther? Tell me, to the end it may be granted. What wouldst thou have me do? If thou askest me the moiety of my Kingdom, thou shalt have it.* Answer, you would have nothing but the King, and that he alone sufficeth you.

V. That it is as *Mephibosheth*, the son of *Jonathan*, to whom *David* spake these words: *My meaning is, you shall eat at my table all the days of your life.* What answered this little son of the King thereupon? *Alas, Sir, who am I your poor servant, that you please to cast your eye upon me, a dead dog, such as I am?*

VI. That it is as *Jonathan*, who, extremely tired, dipped the end of a wand, which he carried in his hand, into an Honey-comb, and lifted it to his lips, at that instant behold his eyes, before heavy and oppressed, became clear again, and his body re-assumed new and fresh vigour. There needeth but a little consideration to a well-composed spirit, both to cast it presently down by humility into the centre of nothing, and to raise it by love even above the Emperial Heaven. One may likewise every time he receiveth, prepare divers meditations to entertain himself more at large, either before or after the mystery.

Other Considerations.

I. As meditation upon the History, considering 1. The eating of the Lamb. 2. The washing of Feet. 3. The institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

II. The Names; as Eucharist, Communion, Sacrifice, Bread, Viaticum, and other such like: practising your self to search out the reason of every one, with application of spirit, to derive from thence things agreeable to the name, which one meditateth: as upon the name of Communion, the resolution of Peace, Concord, and Charity.

III. The Figures; as the Bread and Wine of *Melchisedech*, the Paschal Lamb, Manna, the Bread of *Elias*: meditating upon the Histories, and conformities, which they have with this Divine mysterie, and the fruits we ought to draw from thence.

IV. The Causes of the institution. 1. As to serve us for a memory of the Passion. 2. An incitement of love and charity. 3. For spiritual nourishment. 4. For Sacrifice. 5. For a pledg of beatitude: considering whether we answer to the intention of the Son of God in this action. After receiving you must rest upon the two last leaves of the Lily, which are *thanksgiving*, and *renovation of spirit*. You then must adore this great guest, whom you have in your heart, with all the powers of Heaven, and creatures of the earth, to play your part, as if you were a little string of the great Harp of the world. To offer to God the whole world as a votive-table hanged on his Altar, collected in the perfections of his only Son, who is wholly yours, being so freely given to you, so solemnly, so irrevocably, as he, whose Divinity, Soul, Life, Flesh, and Blood you have in this incomprehensible Sacrament. To give him thanks for the infinite riches he hath placed in this sacred humanity, which you enjoy, and for that he hath given you his Son for Father, Brother, Master, Leader, Redeemer; for the good he communicateth to all faithful people by the means of this inexhaustible Fountain of Grace, for the special favours he hath done to you and yours, for the natural talents with which he hath adorned you; and likewise for the various change of comforts, and discomforts, with which he hath enterlaced your life: briefly, for the present visit, which he hath made in the house of your heart, so ill prepared.

Fifth and sixth leaf of the Lily. What you are to do after Communion.

After adoration, and thanksgiving, followeth *petition* for the faithful and unfaithful, whose conversion we desire: For the Church, and all the Prelats, which govern it, namely him, whom he hath appointed to be our Pastour: For our person of the King, and all the Realm: For his kinred, friends, benefactours, living and dead. To ask for your self seven gifts, which an holy Virgin (by the relation of S. *Bonaventure*) daily begged of God. 1. Effectual grace to accomplish the law of Love. 2. To love all that God loveth. 3. To hate all he hateth. 4. Humility, Chastity, Obedience, Contempt of the world, Garnishment of all virtues. 5. That God would make his true Temple of our soul and body. 6. That he would give us his vision in beatitude. 7. That he may be divinely served in this place, where you receive the Blessed Sacrament, and in all the other parts of Christendom. To conclude, to make in the end a *renewing* of the Oath of fidelity, which we have sworn to our great Master, and to employ our time in his service with more diligence then ever. And since we are upon the Palm-tree, let us gather the fruits, which are spiritual food, strength against temptations, heavenly alacrity, light of understanding, flames of charity, union with God, augmentation of virtues, hope of glory, renovation in all our faculties and functions, and namely let us often stay upon some particular object of virtue, which we would ask of our guest in favour of this celestial visitation.

Bonavent. lib. 6. Med. cap. 3.

Fruits of Communion.

The thirteenth SECTION.

* *The practice to hear Mass.*

* *Parcè hac, & in transcursu, tantùm deliberet Lector, ut canis è Nilo. Usque ad extremas imagines. Dionys. cap. 6. De Eccl. Hierarch.*

TO hear Mass is verily one of the most serious actions of all spiritual life. Had one all the understanding and reverence of Angels to be present thereat, it would never be enough. Saint *Dionys* the *Areopagite* saith, that exactly to discharge this duty we must purifie our heart *usque ad extremas imagines*, so despoiling it, that it may be free from all imaginations, and humane representations: and that is it, which Saint *Bonaventure* hath more clearly expressed, principally speaking of Priests, who celebrate: *That the time, when they ought to approach, is, when they feel themselves wholly changed,*

An excellent saying of St. *Bonaventure*. *Cùm fuerit totus alteratus, &*

and

divinus effectus, it à ut nihil videas nisi Deum, tunc accede.

and become divine, in such sort that they behold not any thing but God. Philo the Bishop addeth, that the Sacrificers are as the ivory neck of the Spouse, which must serve as a chanel for the Holy Ghost to make his graces distil upon the rest of the members, that are present at this Sacrifice.

The first practice and most ordinary to hear Mass, for those who understand the words there spoken, is, to follow them with application of spirit, and to accompany the silence of the Priest with some meditations, or vocal prayers.

The second is, to stay one's self upon the signification of all the parts of the Mass. As at the *Confiteor* to represent in your self man banished from Paradise, miserable, suppliant, confessing, deploring his sin. At the *Introite*, the enflamed desires of all mankind expecting the *Messias*. At the *Hymn of Angels, Glory be to God on high*, the Nativity. At the *Prayers*, thanksgiving for such a benefit. At the *Epistle*, the Preaching of the Precursour S. *John*. At the *Gospel*, truth preached by the Saviour of the world: and so of the rest.

The third is, to divide the Mass into certain parcels; and behold a very considerable manner. Represent to your self five great things in the mystery of the Mass, from whence you ought to draw so many fruits. These five things are, Representation, Praise, Sacrifice, Instruction, Nourishment.

Five notable things in the mystery of the *Mass*.

Representation. Because the Mass is a perfect image of the life and passion of our Saviour, and therefore the first fruit you ought to gather from thence is, daily to imprint more lively in your heart the actions and passions of the Son of God, to conform your self thereunto.

1. Representation. *Radicati & superadificati in ipso.* Col. 2. 7.

Praise. So many words as are in the Mass aim at this purpose, to give praise unto God for this ineffable mystery of our Redemption; and to conform your self to this action, you ought to bend all the endeavour of your heart to praise God, whether it be by vocal or mental Prayer.

2. Praise.

3. *Mass* a Sacrifice.

Sacrifice. It is a most singular act of Religion, by which we reverence and adore God for the infinite glory of his sovereign Being. And the Mass is a true Sacrifice by eminency, where the life and blood of beasts is not offered, but the life of a Saviour, which is more worth then the life of all Angels and men. *Cedrenus* recounteth, that the Emperour *Justinian* caused an Altar to be made in the Church of Saint *Sophia*, wherein he used all sorts of metal, of precious stones, of the richest materials, which might be chosen out amongst all the magazins of nature, to incorporate all the beauties in the world in one sole Master-piece. And verily this Sacrifice is the prime work of God, in which he hath as it were locked up all that, which is great, or holy, in all the mysteries of our Religion. It was the custom daily to proportion the Sacrifices to the benefits of God. When in the old Law he gave the fat of the earth, they offered the first-fruits to him: but now that he hath granted to us the dew of Heaven so long expected, his onely Son, we must render to him his Son again; which is done in the Sacrifice of the Mass. And the fruit you should derive from this consideration is, at the elevation of the host, to offer *Jesus Christ* to God his Father by the ministery of the Priest: and to offer it, First, for a supreme and incomparable honour of the Divine Majesty. Secondly, for thanksgiving for all benefits received, and to be received. Thirdly, to obtain protection, direction, and prosperity in all your works. Besides offer up all your powers, faculties, functions, actions, in the union of the merits of *Jesus*.

Cedren. in Compend. Hist. Wonder of *Justinian*.

4. Instruction.

Instruction. Those, who understand the words of the Mass, may draw goodly instructions from reading the Epistle, the Gospel, the Collects. All in general teach us the virtues of *honour* and *reverence* towards the Divine Majesty, seeing this Sacrifice is celebrated with so many holy, sacred, and profoundly dutiful ceremonies. *Of Gratitude*, since God, being once offered in the bloody Sacrifice of the Cross, will also be daily presented to God his Father, in the title of gratitude: and that ought to awaken in us the memory of observing every benefit of God with some remarkable act of devotion. *Of Charity* towards our common Saviour, and towards our neighbour, since we see a life of God spent for our redemption, and all faithful people.

5. Nourishment.

Nourishment. The Eye liveth by light and colours, the Bee by dew, the Phœnix by the most thin and subtile vapours; and the Soul of the Faithful by the nourishment, which it receiveth in the Blessed Sacrament, which is purely spiritual. This nourishment is not onely derived from the Sacramental Communion by the real presence of the body of our Saviour; but also by the spiritual Communion, which is made, when in the Sacrifice of the Mass, at the time of the Priest his communicating, the same dispositions, apprehensions, and affections are entertained, as if really and actually one did receive. For this purpose it is fit to do three things. First, to excite anew in your self the acts of self-dislike, and contrition for your wretchedness, and imperfections. The second, to take spiritually the carbuncle of the Altar, not with the pincers of the *Seraphin*, but with acts of a most lively faith, a most resolved hope, and a charity most ardent, to open boldly the mouth of your heart, and pray our Saviour to enter in, as truly by the communication of his graces and favours (which are the rays of this Sun) as by the real imparting of his body and blood he gives himself to those that communicate. The third, to conclude all your actions with a most hearty thanksgiving.

Spiritual Communion.

The fourteenth SECTION.

Practice of Meditation.

OF four worlds, which are the Archetype, Intelligible, Celestial, and Elementary, Prayer imitateth the most perfect, being a true image of the Oeconomy of the holy Trinity, which, according to the Maxims of Divines, cannot pray to any (having no Superiour) yet affordeth a model for all prayers: for Prayer, as saith *Tertullian*, is composed of reason, words, and spirit: of Reason, as we may interpret by the relation it hath to the Father: of Words, as it is referred to the Word: of Spirit, by the direction it hath to the third Person. Now this principally agreeth with meditation. For it is that divine silence and delicious ravishment of the soul, which uniteth man to God, and finite essence to Infinite.

It is that *Plenitude* and that *Tear* spoken of in *Exodus*, according to an antient Translation. *Plenitude*, because it replenisheth the soul with the splendour of consolations, and sources, which distil from the Paradise of God. *Tear*, yea tear of myrrh; because it distilleth under the eyes of God, as doth the tree, which beareth myrrh, under the the rays of the Sun. It is a wonderful thing to behold this little shrub, which doth not perpetually expect to be cut with iron, that it may drop forth its pleasing liquor; but the Sun, reflecting on the branches thereof, becomes as it were a Mid-wife, and maketh it bring forth what is sought after: which caused an excellent Wit to say, that *it drew life out of its blows, and made a dug of it wounds.*

Exod. 22. 29.

Oh

Oh happy ſoul, that reſembleth this generous plant, and which, replete with pious deſires, holy affections, and ſincere intentions, produceth apprehenſions, and works a thouſand times more pretious then Myrrh, when in meditation the rays of *Jeſus Chriſt* (who is the true Sun of juſtice) ſtrike the heart!

Neceſſity and eaſineſs of Meditation.

The practice of Prayer conſiſteth in mental, vocal, and mixt. Mental is that, which is exerciſed in the heart; Vocal, which is formed in the mouth; Mixt participateth of both. Think it not to be a new thing, not ſevered from your profeſſion, to meditate. It were ſo, if one would make your brain ſerve as a Limbeck for ſubtile and extravagant raptures, diſguiſed in new words, and forms. But when one ſpeaketh of meditation, he adviſeth you to ponder and ruminate the points, and maxims, which concern your ſalvation, with all ſweetneſs, that fruit moſt agreeable to your condition may be derived from thence. The faintneſs, weakneſs, infidelity, ignorance, drineſs, which reigneth in your ſouls, cometh from no other ſource, but the want of conſideration. Take this worthy exerciſe couragiouſly in hand, and you ſhall feel your heart fattened with the unction of the Holy Ghoſt, and your ſoul of a wilderneſs to become a little Paradiſe of God. Be not affrighted hereat, as if it were a thing impoſſible for you: uſe a little method, and you ſhall find nothing more eaſie, and familiar. What have you ſo natural in vital life, as to breathe? And what more proper in the intellectual, then to think? Your ſoul hath no other operation; for Night and Day it is employed in this exercise. The Sun caſteth forth beams, and our ſoul thoughts. Gather together onely thoſe wandering thoughts, which are ſcattered amongſt ſo many objects, into your center, which is God: employ one part of the ſpirit, induſtrie, invention, diſcourſe, which you are endowed withall for the managing of worldly affairs: employ them (I ſay) in the work of your ſalvation, and you ſhall do wonders.

I undertake not here to raiſe you above the earth, nor in the beginning to plunge you into the ſeven degrees of contemplation, whereof S. *Bonaventure* ſpeaketh in the Treatiſe he compoſed hereof: I ſpeak not to you of *fire, unction, extaſie, ſpeculation, taſt of repoſe*, or *glory*; but I ſpeak that in few words, which you may read more at large in the works of ſo many worthy men, who have written upon that ſubject. Firſt know what Meditation is, ſecondly how it is ordered.

What you muſt underſtand to meditate well.

Definition of Meditation.

Meditation properly is a prayer of the heart, by which we humbly, attentively, and affectionately ſeek the truth, which concerns our ſalvation, thereby to guid us to the exercise of Chriſtian virtues. That you may meditate well, you muſt know the cauſes, degrees, matter, and form of meditation.

Cauſes.

The principal cauſe thereof is God, who infuſeth himſelf into our ſoul, to frame a good thought, as the Sun doth upon the earth to produce a flower. It is a goodly thing to have the ſpirit ſubtile and fruitful. *It is to work without the Sun* (ſaith *Origen*) *to think to do any thing here without the grace of the Holy Ghoſt.*

The firſt degree, which leadeth to good and ſerious Prayer, is a good life, and principally purity of heart, tranquillity of ſpirit, deſire to make your ſelf an inward man. Saint *Auguſtine* reciteth a ſaying of *Porphyrius* very remarkable, which he deriveth from the mouth of this perfidious man, as one ſhould pull a thing ſtoln out of a Thief's coffer: *God, the Creatour and Father of this whole Univerſe, hath no need of our ſervice, but it is our good to ſerve him, and adore him, making of our life a perpetual Prayer, by a diligent enquiry of his perfections, and imitation of his virtues.* Obſerve then, the firſt degree of good Prayer is good life.

Aug. lib. 9 De civit. Dei cap. 23. Deus omnium Pater nullius indiget, ſed voluit eſſe hæc, cum cum adoramus, ipſam unam precè ad eum facientes, per inquiſitionem & imitationem de ipſo.

The ſecond (as well this Authour hath noted) is the perquiſition, to wit, the ſearch of verities by thinking on the things meditated, which are the ſundry conſiderations ſuggeſted to us by the ſpirit in the exerciſe of meditation.

The third is the affection, which ſpringeth from theſe conſiderations. Our Underſtanding is the ſteel, and our Will the flint: as ſoon as they touch one another, we ſee the ſparks of holy affections to flie out. We muſt bray together the matters of Prayer, as Aromatick ſpices, with the diſcuſſion of our underſtanding, before we can extract good odours.

The fourth is the imitation and fruit of things we meditate on. It is the mark, at which our thoughts ſhould aim, otherwiſe, if one ſhould pretend nothing elſe but a vain buſineſs of the minde, it would be to as much purpoſe to drive away Butter-flies, as to meditate. Good meditation and good action ought to be entertained as two ſiſters, holding one another by the robe.

Matter of Meditation.

As for the matter of meditation, you muſt know that all meditations are drawn from three Books. The firſt and moſt inferiour is the Book of the great world, where one ſtudieth to come by knowledg of the creature to the Creatour. The ſecond is the Book of the little world, where man ſtudieth himſelf, his beginning, his end, qualities, habits, faculties, actions, functions, and the reſt.

Three Books of Meditation.

The third is the Book of the Heavenly Father, *Jeſus Chriſt* our Saviour, who verily is a gilded Book, limmed with the rays of the Divinity, imprinted with all the characters of ſanctity, and from thence an infinitie of matter is drawn, as thoſe of benefits, of four laſt things, of the life, death, and paſſion of *Jeſus*, and of all the other myſteries. You muſt digeſt every one in his time, according to the opportunity, taſt, and capacity of thoſe who meditate. Some appropriate meditations to every day of the week; others make their circuit according to the moneth; others follow the order of the myſteries, and life of our Saviour, as they are couched in ſo many Books written of theſe matters.

Practiſe and form contained in ſix Articles.

The practice and form of meditation conſiſteth in ſix things. The firſt, to divide the ſubject you would meditate on into certain points, according to the appointment of ſome Directour, or the help of a Book: as if you meditate upon the knowledg of ones ſelf, to take for the firſt point, what man is by nature. For the ſecond, what he is by ſin. For the third, what he may be by grace.

1. Article.

2. Article.

The ſecond, a little before the honour appointed for meditation, to call into memory the points, which you would meditate on.

3. Article.

The third, after you have implored the light and aſſiſtance of the Holy Ghoſt, that he would be pleaſed to direct this act to his glory, and that you have framed to your ſelf a lively thought of the preſence of God, and that actually you may meditate to ſelect the points, and articles propoſed, ſweetly, attentively, affectionately: and, not to want matter for every point, it is good to weigh the cauſes, the effects, the tenents, and utmoſt limits of the myſtery we meditate on.

Seven ways to dilate one's ſelf in meditating in abundance upon ſundry thoughts contained in this third Article.

As in the firſt point of the knowledg of your ſelf, *What man is according to Nature?* A reaſonable creature, intelligent, capable of the knowledg of God. *Who made it?* God himſelf. He would that his

his Divine hands (saith S. *Basil*) should serve him as a womb. *What are the Essential parts thereof?* A soul, a body, an understanding, a memory, a will. *What are the Accidentals?* A general mass of so many little parcels, as have their names, and entertainments. O the powerful hand, which hath composed such a master-piece! *Where was it made?* In the Earth, and not in Heaven, to teach him humility. *And to what end made?* To praise God, and serve him, and to save himself in praise and serving him. *Who hath concurred to its creation?* God. *Hath he made use of Angels?* No: he would attribute the honour of such a work to himself. *And how did he make it?* He was not content with one single word, as in the Creation of the world, but he put his hand thereto, to shew it was a more supreme effect of his power. *And when did he make him?* After other creatures, to prepare the world for him, as a Cradle, as a Temple, as an Hall to banquet in, and such like things. You see these circumstances, who, what, where, what help, wherefore, when, and how, in every subject of what kind soever, will lead you along.

The second manner to dilate your self, when you meditate History, is, to represent the divers persons with their words, actions, and passions. As in the mysterie of the Resurrection, the Soldiers shivering for fear, the Person of our Saviour all enlightened with splendour, saying, Courage, I have overcome, all power is given to me in Heaven and Earth; I come to wipe away your Tears, to make your Faces bright-shining, to put you into possession of an eternal felicity, and such like things. On the other side, *Magdalen*, who seeketh her Master, and not content to behold the Angels, speaketh these words, which *Origen* prompteth her: *All these goodly comforters are burthensom to me: I seek the Creatour, and therefore I cannot see any creature without anxiety. I seek not Angels, but him, who hath made both me, and Angels.*

Onerosi sunt mihi omnes consolatores: quaro Creatorem, & ideò mihi gravis est ad videndū omnis creatura. Ego non quaro Angelos, sed eum, qui fecit me, & Angelos.

The third, to represent things to your self by certain Images, figures, and similitudes: as *Hermas*, cited in the *Bibliothec of the Fathers*, who, meditating on the joy of worldlings, imagined to himself a delicious Medow, enammeled all over with Flowers, where certain fat and plump Sheep cropped the grass, and skipped to and fro, with many jumps in the delights thereof: and in an instant this Medow became wast, plain, dry, lean, parched, and barren, and the same Sheep appeared starven, scabbie, and full of botches, a rude surly Sheepherd driving them to feed among thorns, and brambles. Afterward he applied all that to the voluptuous, and made to himself a perfect representation of their life, to avoid their unhappiness.

S. *Gregory* in his *Hymns.*

The fourth, to extend your self by comparing of one thing to another, as did Saint *Gregory Nazianzen*, meditating upon the love of God. "Tell me "confidently (O my soul) what thou desirest? For "I will please thee. Thou wouldest perhaps have "*Gyges* his enchanted ring to gain a kingdom. "Thou wouldest have all that which is in thy hand "chang'd into gold (the desire of the fabulous *Mi-* "*das.*) Thou wouldest covet Palaces stuffed with "gold, and silver, rich possessions, curiosities, "boundless honours. Poor distracted man, dost "thou not see, thy God is all that, and above all "that, and incomparably more then that? Thy "God is the true riches, the true glory, the true "repose, without him all thy blessings would be "curses, and with him all thy afflictions may be "turned into felicities.

The fifth, to make sometimes a Dialogue; God, and the intellectual creatures, sensible, and insensible enterchangeably speaking: as did S. *Augustine*, meditating upon the perfections of God. "He "went wheeling round about the world, and asked "in heaven, in earth, sea, and depths, addressing "himself to every one in particular, Are you God? "And these Creatures answered, No, those have "lyed, who Deified us. And after he had run all over the world, he entereth into himself, and saith to himself: *Who art thou? From whence cometh this creature? My Lord, and my God, from whence, but from thee?* By these ladder-steps he mounteth to the knowledg of his Creatour, and plungeth himself in the abysses.

Circuibam omnia quærens te, & propter omnia derelinquens me. Interrogavi terram, si esset Deus, & dixit mihi quòd non. Tu quis es? unde hoc tale animal? Domine Deus meus, unde nisi à te? Aug. Solil. 31.

The sixth, to make sometimes a gradation, ascending from degree to degree, as in meditating on these words of Saint *John*: *God so loved the world, that he gave his onely-begotten Son.* If God should onely appoint a bird to bring the news of thy salvation, would it not seem to thee to deserve many thanks? But what if a reasonable creature? What if a man endowed with all manner of excellencies? What if an Angel? What if an Archangel, a Cherubin, a Seraphin? What if all the Angels, and all the Blessed Spirits? But all these, in comparison of his Son, are but as a little drop of water to the vast Ocean. And he hath given thee his Son. O prodigie! O superabundance of love!

Sic Deus dilexit mundum, ut filium suum unigenitum daret. Joan. 3. 16.

The seventh, easie, and fruitful, is, to ponder that, which you meditate on, with application to your self, attentively considering the actions and words of our Saviour to form ours. To examine carefully your deportments, and see how often times they wander from this rule of perfection; to repeal them, to square them, to level them, as much as you can, according to the model, which is set before your eyes.

4 Article of the manner of Meditation. Lights.

After the discussion of every point, the Lights follow in the fourth place, which are Maxims, and conclusions drawn from the discourse we have made. As if we have meditated upon the knowledg of our selves, to derive this fruit from thence: "That we "have nothing of our selves, but ignorance, weak- "ness, vanity, misery. That we are wholly God's. "That it is a sacrilege to live for our selves. That "we cannot have a worse Master, then our own li- "berty, and scope: and such like things.

5. Article. Affections.

In the fifth place come the Affections, which are flaming transportations of the will, bent to pursue and embrace the good it acknowledgeth, as when S. *Augustine*, having meditated upon the knowledg of God, brake forth into these words: *Alass! I have begun very late to love thee: a beauty ever antient, a beauty ever new. Too late have I begun. Thou wert within, and I sought for thee without, and have cast my self with such violence upon these created beauties, without knowledg of the Creatour, to defile, and deform my self daily more and more.* To this it much availeth to have by heart many Versicles of the most pathetical *Psalms*, which serve as jaculatory prayers, and as it were enflamed arrows, to aim directly at the proposed mark.

Serò te amavi, pulchritudo tã antiqua, & tam nova: serò te amavi, & tu intus eras, & ego foris, & ibi te quærebam: & in ista formosa, quæ feceris, ego deformis irruebam. Aug. Solil. 11.

6. Article. Colloquies

For conclusion you have Colloquies, which are reverent and amorous discourses with God, by which we ask of him to flie the evil, or follow the good discovered in the meditation. And, of all that which I say, Discussion, Light, Affection, a Colloquy may be made upon every point, but more particularly at the end of the Prayer. And note, in every Prayer, especially in Colloquies, you must make *acts of the praise of God*, in adoring him with all the Heavenly host, and highly advancing his greatness, and excellencies. *Of thanksgiving*, in thanking him for

for all benefits in general, but particularly for these most eminent in the subject we meditate. *Of Petition*, in asking some grace, or favour. *Of Obsecration*, in begging it by the force of holy things, and agreeable to the Divine Majesty. *Of Oblation*, in offering your soul, body, works, words, affections, and intentions; afterward shutting all up with the *Pater Noster*.

Another manner of Meditation, more plain, and profitable.

Behold briefly the practice of Meditation. If you yet desire one more plain, more facile, and greatly profitable, often practise this same. As the true meditation of a good man is (according to the Prophet) the Law of God, and the knowledg of one's self, meditate the summary of your Belief; as sometimes the Creed of the Apostles, sometimes the *Pater Noster*, sometimes the Commandments of God, sometimes the deadly sins, sometimes upon the powers of your soul, and sometimes your five natural Senses. The manner shall be thus. After you have chosen a place, and time proper, and a little sounded the retreat in your heart from temporal affairs:

First, invoke the grace of God to obtain light and knowledg upon the subject you are to meditate.

Secondly, if it be the Creed, run over every Article briefly, one after another, considering three things, what you ought to believe of this Article, what you ought to hope, what you ought to love: How you hitherto have believed it, hoped it, loved it: How you ought more firmly to believe it hereafter, to hope for it more confidently, to love it more ardently.

If it be the *Pater Noster*, meditate upon every Petition, what you ask of God, the manner how you ask it, and the disposition you afford to obtain it. If the Commandments of God; what every Commandment meaneth, how you have kept them, and the course you will presently hold, the better to observe them. If the powers of your Soul, and five Senses; the great gift of God, which is to have a good Understanding, a good Will, an happy Memory; to have the organs of Eys, Ears, and all the Senses well disposed for their several functions. How you have hitherto employed all these endowments, and how you will use them in time to come.

Thirdly, you shall make oblation of all that you are to God, and shall conclude with the *Pater Noster*, and *Ave Maria*.

Another way.

Another manner very sweet for those, who are much affected to holy Scripture, is mixed prayer, consisting in three things.

The first, to make prayer to obtain of God grace and direction in this action, as it hath been said above.

The second, to take the words of holy Scripture, as a Psalm, a Text of S. *John*, S. *Paul*, and such like things; to pronounce it affectionately, pondering, and ruminating the signification of each word, and resting thereon with sweetness, while our spirit furnisheth us with variety of considerations.

The third, to make some resolution upon all these good Considerations, to practice them in such and such actions of virtue. Lastly, to end the Meditation with some vocal Prayer.

The fifteenth SECTION.

Practice of vocal Prayer, spiritual Lection, and the Word of God.

Practice of Vocal Prayer three ways.

THe practice of vocal Prayer consisteth in three things; to observe whom we should pray unto, what we ought to pray for, and how to pray. For the first, we know what the Church teacheth us, how, next unto the Majesty of the most Blessed Trinity, incomparably raised above all creatures, * we pray to Angels, and Saints, who are (as it were) the rays of this great and incomprehensible Sun, from whom all glory reflecteth. Above all creatures we reverence the most holy Mother of God, who hath been as a burning mirror, in the which all the beams of the Divinity are united. *Origen* calleth her *the treasure of the Trinity*: Methodius, *the living Altar*: Saint Ignatius, *a Celestial Prodigie*: Saint Cyril, *the Foundéress of the Church*: Saint Fulgentius, *the Repairer of Mankind*: Proclus of Cyzike, *the Paradise of the second Adam*, *the Shop of the great Union of two Natures*: Saint Bernard, *the Firmament above all Firmaments*: Andrew of Crete, *the Image of the first Archetype, and the Epitome of the incomprehensible excellencies of God.*

To whom to pray.

* *Pramonitus, pramonitus.*

Praise of the Blessed *Virgin.*

All that may be said redoundeth to the glory of the workman, who made her, and advanced her with so many preeminences, yea, that alone affordeth us a singular confidence in her protection. The devotion towards this common Advocate of mankind is so sweet, so sensible, so full of consolation, that a man must have no soul not to relish it. Next, we honour those Angelical spirits, who enammel Heaven with their beauty, and shine as burning Lamps before the Altar of this great God of Hosts. We have a particular obligation to our holy Angel-Guardian, whom God hath deputed to our conservation, as a Celestial Centinel, that perpetually watcheth for us. We behold in Heaven, with the eys of faith, an infinite number of chosen souls, who read our necessities in the bosom of God, written with the pen of his will, and enlightened with the rays of their proper glory, who apply this knowledg to their beatified understanding. Behold the objects of our Devotion! As concerning that, which we ought to pray, and beg for, our great Master hath abridged it for us in our Lord's Prayer, a true Epitom of the celestial wisdom; as if one would comprehend all this great Universe in the round circuit of a Ring. From thence it is that all prayers are derived, as all waters flow from the Ocean.

Angels.

Lord's Prayer.

From the union of this excellent prayer with the Angelical Salutation the *Rosary* is composed; a prayer as singular, as familiar to the whole world, whether it be simply recited, or whether one proceed therein by the way of meditation upon the Mysteries, as many pious and devout Books do teach.

Rosary.

We have besides this, the *Psalter* of the Kingly Prophet, which operateth that in the Church, which the Sun doth in Heaven. It illuminateth, heateth, and makes fruitful all the good desires, and devotions of Christianity. Consequently there follow many well-digested Offices, many Collects, Letanies, Prayers, collected from holy Scriptures, and Fathers. You have a plentiful treasury of them compiled by *Henry Kispenvigius*, able to satisfie the most curious devotions. But all is not in multitude. The Breviaries, Hours, and Manuals of Devotion say enough. Those, who have obligation of saying some Office, ought seriously to think of the discharge of their consciences upon this point. But you, which have it not, it is reason, with the advise of your Spiritual Father, you task your selves upon some daily exercise seasoned with some variety, that every day you may repeat it with exact diligence: and moreover you have many jaculatory prayers drawn from the Psalms, or other Books, for all manner of necessities, as well spiritual, as temporal, and a list of the persons, as well living, as dead, for whom you are to pray.

Psalter.

Government of Vocal Prayer.

When you have the matter digested, it remaineth, your self add form thereunto, a serious attention, a pro-

The form.

profound reverence, a fervent love. You muſt imagine with your ſelf, that with thoſe holy old men in the *Apocalyps* you ſtand before the Throne of God, with a Vial or Cup in the one hand, (which is your heart repleniſhed with holy thoughts, as with odoriferous Baſm) and an Harp in the other, which is the collection of ſo many notable prayers. Serve your ſelf well with this celeſtial Harp. Do not as one *Neanthus*, who, having inherited *Orpheus* his Harp, thought to do wonders, and played ſo ill, that Dogs, affrighted with his unſpeakable skreaking noiſe, tare him in pieces. It is not enough you have ſo many holy prayers, which ſound like the ſtring of God's Harp, conſigned to you by *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf, and ſo many holy perſonages: you muſt uſe them well, leſt you find your puniſhment even in the ſacrifice of Propitiation. Take heed you ſacrifice not (as S. *Gregory* ſaith) *the Calf without flower*; which is, to make prayer with lips without application of heart.

Cup and Harp in prayer.

Neanthus. To uſe it well.

To ſacrifice the Calf without flour.

Remedies againſt diſtractions.

Four things will greatly ſerve you to reſiſt diſtractions, and drineſs, which happen in prayer. The firſt, Before prayer, and in the time of prayer, frame to your ſelf a lively and ſtrong Idea of the preſence of God, and when any diſtraction occurreth, recal your thoughts into their center by often renewing your intentions in the beginning of every part of prayer.

The ſecond, Not being charged with any Office by obligation, make a few vocal prayers, and ſtay upon every word the ſpace of a breathing-fit: in the mean time, pondering both the word which you pronounce, and the perſon to whom you ſpeak, and your baſeneſs and unworthineſs. This manner is very ſovereign and available to pray.

The third, To follow the counſel of *Caſſiodorus*, to take this vocal prayer, which you rehearſe, as if it were particularly made for you, or that it originally had born the very like ſprouting buds in your heart. So ought you to connaturalize it, and punctually eſpouſe all the affections, which the Author of this prayer had, when the Holy Ghoſt did dictate it unto him. You muſt rejoyce, bewail, hate, and love upon *David's* Harp, as by a certain divine inſpiration.

The fourth, Often to ask of God the gift of prayer, to offer him all your devotions in union with thoſe of our Saviour, and to chaſtiſe your neglects by ſome voluntary ſatisfaction. To water and moiſten your prayers, and retain them in full vigour, it is needful, that as you ſpeak to God in the exerciſe of prayer, he ſpeak to you in books, and by the mouth of Preachers. Wherefore make a reſolution to imploy daily ſome part of your time in the reading of ſome devout book, as well that, which containeth Precepts, as Examples. Go not, as it were, boot-haling, with an unſteady curioſity, which ſwalloweth all, and ever remaineth hungry: but fix your thoughts and affections upon that which you read, in ſuch ſort, that you may be imbrued and coloured with a firm tincture. Good books are as the Cave of *Sibylla*. *Caſſius Longinus* ſaith, the inhabitants of that Cave had a certain rapture of propheſie; and in often revolving the writings of Saints the ſpirit of Saints is acquired.

Good books the Cave of *Sibylla*. Spiritual readings, and Sermons.

And as for Sermons, take heed of that canker of worldly ſpirits, who hear Preachers, as *Athenian* Orators, or as one would a curious Lute-player, or a Comedy in the *Burgundian*-Hoſtery. If he, who preacheth to you have no other intention, but to pleaſe you, nor you any other purpoſe, but to ſooth your own curioſity; he hath wearied his Lungs, and you in the mean ſpace have had the itch in your Ears. The time will come, when he ſhall have the worm in his heart to gnaw him, and you the tingling in your ears for your puniſhment. The ſeller and the buyer ſhall be paid with the coyn of Reprobation. Who ſpeaketh not, and who heareth not, to do and become better, abuſeth a word ſigned with the blood of *Jeſus Chriſt*; the loſs whereof is moſt dangerous, and the account ineſtimable.

The ſixteenth SECTION.
Of the ſecond Combat of the Spiritual man againſt Weakneſs.

ALL that, on which I have before very largely diſcourſed, ſerves to diſſipate the darkneſs of ignorance, and to repleniſh a ſoul with the knowledge of God, with good Maxims, good deſires, and good purpoſes: and doubtleſs nothing would be found more eaſie and familiar then to do well, were it not temptations come athwart us, which are the Remoras, as it were, and hinderances of the ſoul. And therefore it is neceſſary to frame to your ſelf an undoubted courage, high, and reſolute, to reſiſt with an invincible hand, and to ſtrike at an infinite number of obſtacles, which preſent themſelves in all ſorts of occaſions, and which bring upon our ſouls acceſſes of fire and ice; fire of concupiſcence, ice of puſillanimity, to form in the end an abſolute inability of Virtue. This inability is vanquiſhed by the grace of God, and virtue of fortitude, which warranteth courage to undertake, and ſtrengtheneth it to bear what Reaſon dictateth. And although to undertake ſeem a thing very glorious, it is, notwithſtanding, the hardeſt task to endure a temptation, to oppoſe it with unmoved foot, to wraſtle with it, to trample on it, and in the end by Virtue to erect Trophies over it.

Temptations remoras in the Soul.

Sufferers more courragious, then Undertakers.

Saint *Thomas* very judiciouſly yieldeth the reaſons: 1. Becauſe he, who is aſſaulted, ſeemeth ever in worſe ſtate, then he that aſſaulteth: for encountering he alwaies preſuppoſeth himſelf to be ſtronger. Now it appeareth, he who undergoeth ſome brave action of courage is the Aſſailant, and he who withſtandeth a temptation is oppoſed, and ſometimes ſhaken without thinking thereof; which is far more troubleſom and hard, and therefore draweth after it much more reſolution, in caſe a good and generous reſiſtance be made againſt it. 2. The Aſſailant beholdeth the peril as future, and he who is tempted ſeeth the temptation even almoſt within his gates, in his heart, in his bowels. 3. The Aſſailant often diſchargeth his Piſtol like an Harcubuſier before he have leiſure to know the danger, and readily retireth: the other, who ſuffereth, burneth as with a gentle fire, and in the mean ſpace, if he be patient, he long time ſtayeth with a repoſed reſt, yet not ſtriking at all; which is a thing worthy of an eternal Crown. The *Alexanders*, the *Ceſars*, who flew like Eagles to the conqueſt of Worlds, oftentimes yieldeth themſelves up to the leaſt temptation. Their ſtrength was diſguiſed, not real.

S. *Thomas.* 2. q. 123.

The ſeventeenth SECTION.
The Arms againſt Temptation, contained in twelve Maxims.

THe means to reſiſt temptations is not to frame to your ſelf a ſpiritual inſenſibility, which feeleth nothing: it is hard to obtain it, ſo ſenſible Self-love is; and when one hath it, he rather is a ſtone, then a man. It is not to drive away one temptation by another, and to do one miſchief to be

The means to reſiſt Temptations.

freed of another. For to purſue ſuch courſes, is like waſhing one's ſelf with ink. It is not to hide one from all kind of encounters, and never to do well for fear to have occaſion of a combate againſt ill: but to reſiſt it couragiouſly in that ſort as I will ſhew. That great fore-mentioned *John Picus Mirandula* hath collected twelve notable Maxims, the practice whereof is moſt profitable to enable your ſelf in ſpiritual combate againſt impotency.

1 Theſ. 3. 3. *In hoc poſiti ſumus.* Temptation our Trade.

I. Maxim. That you muſt be tempted, on what ſide ſoever it happen. It is our profeſſion, our trade, our continual exerciſe. The Eagle complaineth not of her wings, nor the Nightingale of her ſong, nor the Peacock of her tail, becauſe it is by kind: and it is as natural for man to be tempted, as for a bird to fly, ſing, to prune her feathers. If you forſake the way of ſpiritual life fearing to be tempted, and turn head to worldly contentments, hold it for an infallible verity, you therein ſhall be much more engaged; and which is worſe, without comfort, honour, merit, or recompenſe: you ſhall leave a Paper-Croſs, which, if you knew well how to manage, would load you no more then feathers do the bird; you will forſake it (ſay I) to take another hard, uneaſie, and bloody, which would inveſt you in the Confraternity of the bad Thief.

Sidon. Apol. li. 1. c. 2.

That great Prelate of *France*, *Sidonius Apollinaris* relateth, that a certain man called *Maximus*, being arrived at the height of honour, by unlawful, and indirect ways, much grieved from the firſt day, and breathing out a great ſigh, ſpake theſe words: *O* Damocles, *I eſteem thee moſt happy to have been a King only the ſpace of a diner-time. It is now a whole day, that I have been ſo, and can no longer endure it.*

A remarkable Speech of *Maximus*. *Felicem te*, Damocles, *qui non uno longius prandio regni neceſſitatem tolerâviſti.*

II. Remember that in the affairs of the world we fight a longer time, we travel more painfully, we reap more fruitleſly. The end of one toil is the beginning of another. In pains-taking there is no hope, but ever to labour. A temporal toil draweth after it an eternity of pain.

Travel of Worldlings.

III. Is it not a meer folly to believe a Paradiſe, an eternal life, a *Jeſus Chriſt*, who made unto himſelf a ladder of the Croſs to aſcend to the Throne of his Glory, and you in the mean-while to be deſirous to live here with arms a-croſs? To ſee the Maſter open the way of Heaven through ſo many thorns, and the ſervant not to be willing to tread but upon flowers? To ſee under an head, all waſted, and worn with ſuffering, delicate members, as one ſhould make to a *Coloſſus* of braſs feet of flax.

Indignity of Curioſity.

Greatneſs of Temptation. Conformity to *Jeſus Chriſt*.

IV. Were there no other fruit in Temptation, but the conformity, which we thereby have with *Jeſus Chriſt*, the Sovereign Wiſdom, it would be highly recompenſed. A brave Captain ſaid to a Souldier, who died with him: although thou hadſt been unknown all thy life-time, it is no ſmall honour for thee to die this day with thy Maſter. And who would not hold it for a great glory to have the Son of God for Captain, for Companion, for Spectator, for Theatre, for Guerdon, in all his afflictions, and tribulations? Who would not account it a great dignity to be daily crucified with him? To diſtend his hands, and arms upon the Croſs, in withholding them from violences, rapines, ruins, wherewith the ſpirit of lying tranſporteth us? To fetter your feet, and hinder them from running after the unbridled deſires of your heart? To make bitter your tongue in ſubduing the pleaſures of taſte? To cover your body with wounds, in ſuppreſſing the incitements of fleſh by an holy Mortification? To leſſen your ſelf by the contempt of honour, according to the example of him, who, being able always to walk upon the wings of Cherubins, would creep amongſt us like a little worm of the earth? What a glory were it to ſay what Saint *Paul* ſaid: *I bear the marks of my Saviour* Jeſus *on my body?*

Gal. 6. 17. *Ego ſtigmata Domini Jeſu in corpore meo porto.*

Diſtruſt of one's ſelf.

V. Not to confide in humane remedies, when you undertake to overcome a temptation. It is not a thing, which dependeth meerly upon us. It is neceſſary God go before, and we thereto contribute our free-will. If he watch not over our heads, it will be an hard matter for us to keep centinel. No creature is ſo feeble, as he, who holdeth himſelf for ſtrong, being only armed with his own confidence. *Many good things are done in man, which man doeth not: and man doeth no good, which God doeth not.* Who thinks to reſiſt temptations without his help, is like him who haſteneth to the wars, and ſtumbleth at the threſhold of his own door. And therefore an effectual means in this battel is to inſiſt much on prayer, eſpecially at the firſt enterance of a temptation.

Concilium Arauſicanum. *Multa in homine bona fiunt, quæ non facit homo bona: nulla verò facit homo bona, quæ non Deus præſtet, ut faciat homo.*

VI. When you have vanquiſhed a temptation, take very good heed you leave not your rank, and wholly ſlacken your courage, as if there were no more enemies to be oppoſed. As diſtruſt is the mother of ſafety, ſo overmuch ſecurity is the gate of peril. If your enemy ſtill roar up and down like a roaring lion, become you on the other ſide a watchful lion in the centinels of the God of Hoſts.

To ſtand always upon your guard. *Super ſpeculam Domini ego ſto.* Iſa. 21. 8.

To combate your Enemy.

VII. Content not your ſelf only to be beaten, but aſſail your enemy. When *Satan* lays a ſnare to entrap you, make it an inſtrument of merit. If he preſent a good work to you, which glittereth in the world, thereby to tempt you with pride, make a good work of it, and leave vanity, referring all to the greater honour of God.

VIII. When you are in combate, fight with alacrity, as if you already were certain of victory. Turn away the eye of your conſideration from what you ſuffer, and hold it perpetually fix'd upon the reward. A great unhappineſs, which maketh many to fall head-long into temptation, is, that they have their minds ſo ſtretched and bent upon the thought of pain, they cannot abide to behold the reward, which waiteth on them. When the fourty Martyrs were in the frozen lake, thirty nine of them looked back upon the future crown; and one of them unhappily thought of nothing but his puniſhment. All of them remained victorious, except this wretched creature: who, ſoyling the glory of his patience, came out of the pool to die preſently after in his infidelity. Do you not think, that which comforted our Saviour on the Croſs, in that bottomleſs abyſs of calumnies, and dolours, was a mirrour of glory, where he ſaw all his ſufferings in crowns? Behold the courſe which is to be held! To ſtay a little on the preſent, and reſt in a ſtrong apprehenſion of the future: and ever to have theſe words of S. *Paul* in your heart, *A ſhort moment of our tribulation worketh in us an eternal weight of glory.* Fight then with courage, as if it were the laſt temptation, which ſhould aſſail you, and be perſwaded, that herein is the extent of your Predeſtination. When you have overcome it, govern your ſelf like a man readily preſt to enter again into the liſts, and make one victory the degree for another.

What is the cauſe, that many yield.

Momentaneum & leve tribulationis noſtræ, æternum gloriæ pondus operatur in nobis. 2 Cor. 4. 17.

IX. Though you be valiant, brave not danger, tempt not temptation, caſting your ſelf into the occaſions thereof through preſumption of heart. He, that much affecteth hazard, inſtead of finding glory therein, ſhall trace out his own tomb.

Not to tempt Temptation.

X. A ſovereign Means to conquer temptations is ſeaſonably to diſcover the countenances of them, to open your heart freely to your Ghoſtly Father,

to

to declare your thoughts, to know them well, to consider their nature, and to see the power they have over your soul. It ordinarily happeneth what the good *Epictetus* saith: *It is not the thing, that troubleth us, it is our fantasie.* How many temptations would be vanquished by slighting them, if one took but a little leisure to laugh at them? We make Elephants of Flies: and of little Dwarfs, who by stealth pinch us, we frame Giants. We resemble young children, who, for fear of a vizard, hide themselves with tears in their Nurses bosoms: but take away the mask, and give them it to handle, and they will make sport with it. How many things seem terrible, and impossible to us, which we finde ridiculous, and easie to overcome, if we never so little touch them with our finger? In temptations of pusillanimity it is good to represent to your self these false Giants as Dwarfs. But in that of Lust you must not despise any thing, rather lay hold of little threads, as if they would become huge cables. Both in the one, and the other, there is nothing to be done, but to dash these little *Babylonians* against the stones. Withstand beginnings, and suffer not your enemies to fortifie themselves to your disadvantage.

A Sovereign Means.

Sweetness of Victory of a Temptation.

XI. The stone of offence and scandal to many is, that they lively present to their imagination the sweetness of sin, and never consider the pleasure, which is derived from the victory over sin. As soon as man is plunged in the puddle thereof, behold a blushing soul, drenched in pensiveness, melancholy, and despair, whom a loathsom pleasure, which passeth away as a dream, furnisheth from a dream with an heap of scorns, sorrows, and confusions. But quite contrary, that soul, which hath resisted, findeth her self content, generous, advanced, satisfied with holy comforts, which come from the Paradise of God. Few men revolve this thought, which Saint *Cyprian* much recommendeth. Behold why the number of the damned is very great! and yet notwithstanding doth it not seem to you very reasonable, that man, who a thousand times hath yielded to temptation, should once in his life-time tast the sweetness, which is in the victory over a temptation, to rejoyce for ever? Many have been diverted from a great and manifest precipice, by considering these words: "Well, go to. To yield to sin, "what will be the end thereof? To purchase repent- "ance at so dear a rate? To render up a renown "of so many years, as a prey to the most unhappy "moment of pleasure? Where is the faith promised "to God? Let us at least seek out some place where "he is not. And where is he not? So many Stars, so "many Intelligences, wherewith the world is replenished, are so many eyes to behold thee. Himself "looketh into the bottom of thy conscience. Ask "leave of him, if thou wilt sin. But how ask, "and how obtain? Exercise a little patience, and "this temptation will vanish away as a cloud. Thou "goest about to commit a sin, the pardon whereof "is very uncertain: but, it is doubtless, through all "eternity, when thou hast committed it, God him- "self cannot make it to be undone.

XII. Think not you are the less acceptable to God, when he suffereth you to be tempted, yea with dishonest thoughts, which to chaste souls are extremely irksom. Alas, why? If S. *Paul*, that Cherubim, scorched with celestial ardours, who fixed his foot upon the front of the stars, if we follow the opinion of S. *Ambrose*, *Theophylact*, and *Oecumenius*, felt the stings of concupiscence in a flesh rapt to the third Heaven: think you, for having some good dispositions of well-doing, you ought to be freed from wars of Nature, which ever keep in humility your soul a little too indulgent to it self?

The eighteenth SECTION.

Remedies against Passions, and Temptations, which proceed from every Vice.

I.

TO consider, that Passion is a motion of the Sensual Appetite, which proceedeth from the imagination of good, or evil, with some agitation of the body.

II. That there are eleven Passions, six in the Appetite of Concupiscence: which are Love, Hatred, Desire, Aversion, Joy, Sadness. Five in the Appetite of Revenge: which are Hope, Despair, Boldness, Fear, Anger.

III. That there are two Means to vanquish all Passions: whereof the first is a Precaution of mind against the occasions, and vain apparences of all things of the world; and the second a serious Entertainment of the mind in better things, as Prayer, Study, Labour, Affairs: but, above all, you must beg of God the light, and strength of his holy Grace, which infinitely surpasseth all humane Remedies.

we have add some Preservatives against Passions, and the most ordinary Vices.

Against Carnal Love.

I. *To consider the barrenness of wordly loves, which are the true Gardens of* Adonis, *wherein nothing is gathered but wretched flowers environed with many thorns.*

II. *To set a true estimate upon things, and not to be deceived with apparences.*

III. *To keep watch over your Senses, to avoid the opportunities and occasions of sin, and above all to have recourse unto God, upon the first impression of your thoughts.*

IV. *To free your self by main force from the presence of objects; to be delighted with serious purposes, and good employments.*

V. *To present to your self very often the defect, ingratitude, levity, inconstancy, and treachery of creatures, which we most servilely love.*

Against Aversions, Hatreds, and Envies.

I. *To esteem nothing great in this life, is the way to envy nothing.*

II. *To love only the great inheritance of the land of the living, which never becomes less by the many and several divisions made to those, who possess it.*

III. *To consider attentively the Motives, which excite us to love our neighbour; as the participation of the same nature, same life, same blood, and like profession, and such other reasons, which are as so many knots of amity.*

IV. *The wretched life of* Cain *to live in envy, troubles, disturbances, and rage of a distempered spirit, which causeth the immortality of its being to contribute to the eternity of its pains.*

V. *To behold how envy, ere it is aware, serveth many times to the advancement of those, who are envied.*

Against Covetousness, worldly Hope, and Joy.

I. *The disquiet of an hungry mind.*

II. *The unsatiableness of desires.*

III. *The wars and battels we must oft-times undergo to satisfie one sole desire.*

IV. *The dishonour of denial, insupportable to a generous soul.*

V. *The dependence and slavery we must endure, to please those, from whom we expect the accomplishment of our desires.*

VI. *The frailty in offending God through too much greediness of temporal things.*

VII. *The poor and short pleasure taken in things we most ardently desire.*

VIII. *That God many times affordeth us the accomplishment of our desires, as a punishment of our imperfections.*

Against Sadness, and Despair.

There is an Holy sadness, as that we entertain upon the Passion of our Saviour, or for our sins; which is a gift of God, and not a punishment.

There is another Furious, which hath no ears, and which is rather cured by Miracles, then Precepts.

There is one Natural, which proceedeth from humour: and another Vitious, fostered by evil habits, and neglects of salvation.

I. Against this last, we must consider our desires, and affections, oft-times make up all our sadness, and that the true means to lessen the cares, which consume us, is to sweeten the sharp and ardent love, we bear towards worldly things.

II. The small accompt we make of God is the cause we many times are troubled at frivolous things, either distantly threatening us, or already happened. He, that would truly love this great God, who deserveth all the love both of Heaven, and Earth, should not suffer fear or sadness for any thing, but the loss of the love of God, which no man loseth, if he be not willing to forgo it.

III. Nought but tears of the Damned is remediless. He, that may be in the way of Paradise, should not make a kind of Hell on earth; and who may hope this great All, should never be sad for any thing.

Against evil Confidence.

I. That to be confident in evil things is to have a desperate instrument of one's own misery, which entertaineth all exorbitances of the heart, to make them the more punishable.

II. That there is no assured confidence against the power of God, which in an instant ruineth the posterity of the greatest Tyrants.

III. That the strongest things are wasted by the weakest. Lyons have been eaten up by Flies: and rust (though contemptible) consumes the hardest metals.

IV. That to be confident through presumption of strength is the high way to become ridiculous in enterprises, and unfortunate in all successes. We must not go about to soar to the Sun with the wings of a Rear-mouse, nor sail on the Ocean in the shell of a Tortoise.

Against Fear.

I. Neither to desire, nor love any thing inordinately, is the path-way to peace, where fear never harbours.

II. To have a strong charity towards God, and to love him fervently, with perswasion of his reciprocal love. This is the means to enter into a firm confidence. For what evil may we fear against us, when God is with us?

III. We many times fear evils, which are the sources of great blessings: some are not truly evils, other much less then we make them, and many will never happen. Why will you abide where you are not, and put your self on the rack in your imagination.

IV. He, who resolves to suffer all that God will have him, takes in hand a powerful remedy against all sorts of fears: for he, who is a Master over sorrow, commandeth terrour, since the evil present is much more troublesom, then the future.

V. There are natural fears much tied to flesh, unless they be vanquished, and sweetened by frequent custom with the things, which are feared, and conversation with men confident and courageous.

Against Anger.

I. To consider how it depriveth us of six things very pretious, to wit, of wisdom, justice, civility, concord, truth, and the splendour of the spirit of God.

II. How it suddenly transfigureth a man into a little monster.

III. How it is hurtful to the state of health, which we so tenderly love.

IV. That it abaseth the person surprized with it, and especially if he be in some eminency of life, and dignity.

V. That the effects thereof are cruel, the spoils pernicious, events shameful, and falls for the most part irrecoverable.

VI. The contentment to have kept back an evil word, which had destroyed a good affair.

VII. The abstinence from curiosities, and niceness of life, cutteth asunder the sinews of anger. The less curious a man is, the more humble he is; and the more humble, the less sensible is he of the crosses, which happen to things without us.

VIII. We must prevent occasions, and not afford them too much power over our hearts, in all those things, the loss whereof may trouble us.

IX. To eschew the occasions of places, of persons, recreations, and affairs, which use to disturb the peace of our minds.

X. If one feel himself inwardly moved, to bridle the tongue, that so the apprehensions of the heart may not break forth. To re-enter into your self.

To ask truce of your passion, stedfastly believing, that you shall pardon many offences, if you begin to understand before you grow angry.

Against Vanity.

I. To represent to one's self very often the extreme vanity of all worldly things.

II. The misery of present state, wherein all things invite us to Humility.

III. The vanity of Opinions, which afford us nothing but winde.

IV. The blindness, incapacity, inconstancy, perverseness of men's judgments, who often love, and admire all that, which is the most Vitious.

V. The frailty of honour, and reputation, which is sought by unlawfull ways.

VI. The tortures and torments of a vain spirit.

VII. The ostentation in good successes, the discouragement in bad.

VIII. The surprizal of his practices, and imperfections, which cannot be hidden from the most judicious.

IX. The Worm, which gnaweth all good works by the means of vanity, and the shameful deprivation of eternal comforts to attend the search of earthly smokes.

Against Gluttony.

I. Represent unto your self the miserable state of a soul brutish and bemired in flesh.

II. Hardness of heart.

III. The dulness of understanding.

IV. The infirmities of body.

V. Loss of goods.

VI. Disreputation.

VII. What an horrour it is to make of the members of Jesus Christ the members of an unclean Creature.

VIII. What indignity it is to adore and serve the belly as a bestial and base God.

IX. The great excess of sins, which proceed from this source.

X. The punishments of God upon the voluptuous.

Against Intemperance of Tongue.

I. To consider, that it is the Throne of Vain-glory.

II. An evident sign of ignorance.

III. The gate of slander.

IV. The harbinger of scoffing.

V. The architect of lying.

VI. The desolation of the spirit of Piety.

VII. The dissipation of the heart's safety.

VIII. The inseparable companion of Idleness, as saith S. John Climacus.

Against Sloth.

I. The indefatigable labour of all creatures in the world, both civil, and natural.

II. The facility of good works after grace given by Jesus Christ.

III. The anxiety of an inconstant and fleeting spirit.

IV. Shame, and contempt.

V. The confusion at the day of Judgment.

VI. The irrecoverable loss of time.

Of three Temptations, which hinder many in the way of Perfection: to wit, Shame of Well-doing, over-much Affection to some Creature, and Pensiveness in Well-doing.

The nineteenth SECTION.

Against the Shame of Well-doing.

MAny would quickly be in the way of a life truly Christian, having souls of an excellent temper, and pious relishes of God, but that they have one temptation: who would believe it? It is the shame of well-doing. Their souls are big with good desires, resembling the Eagle's stone, which ever hath another in it, and never brings it forth. So have they in their hearts (according to their own opinion) a good resolution seriously to embrace Devotion: but the fear of what men will say scattereth as many good thoughts, as the heart can conceive. What practice of remedies will you have against this pusillanimity, effeminate soul? Onely consider

Eagle's stone.

consider what you do, and if you be ashamed, it can be of nothing, but of your self.

Unworthiness to be ashamed of wel-doing.

First I ask, Who maketh you blush in the service of your Spouse? Do you blush at his poverty? at his deformity? at his ignorance? Or, tell me, what decay have you observed in him to imprint a blushing Vermilion on your face? Poor? How can he be so, since he maketh all Rich? Deformed? How can he be so, since he is the original Beauty spred over all the creatures of the world? Ignorant? How can he be so, since he is the Eternal Wisdom? Tell me then, what have you to be ashamed of? Some will say, that you would seem to be virtuous, and devout. Do not so, but be so indeed. If you have not cause to blush for Heaven, why should you blush for Virtues, which are the daughters of Heaven? Behold what Sacrilege you commit. Shamefac'dness is made for Vices. It is the veil, wherewith Nature covereth them, when they endeavour to hide themselves, and you will shadow Virtues. Alas! the Martyrs have become red with blood to preserve Devotion, and you blush with shame to betray it. A feverish respect towards some creature, which passeth away in the turning of an hand, hindereth perhaps thirty or fourty years of virtue. O misery!

Number of the devout should settle you.

Secondly, What have you so much to excite, and drive you forward in well-doing? Think you your self to be at this present the onely creature in the world, which tasteth Devotion? A thousand and a thousand well-qualified have advanced the Standard of Piety. If the number of the bad authorize wickedness, why should not so goodly a Troop of honest men furnish us with confidence enough to vanquish one impious fantasie, which verily is nothing, nor hath any substance, but what your remisness affordeth it?

Doubt and childishness of this shame.

Then tell me in the third place, What is it you so much fear, to addict your self wholly to Devotion? The twinkling of an eye, a silly smile, a breath of words, which quickly passeth, and hurteth none? And behold why you forsake God. What is more easie to be overcome, then all that? A little silence answereth all. It is not required of you, you should oppose your arms against the violent stream of a torrent. Silence onely is demanded, and to hope well, which are the two easiest things in the world. Will you put a great affront upon a babler, who flouteth at your Devotions? Answer him not. All he saith is to put you into passion; your impatience pleaseth him, your silence confounds him. In the end he cannot say so much, but that you may hear much more. He hath but one mouth, and you have two ears. Let *Michol* revile, and persist you in dancing before the Ark, your patience shall stop all mouths, and in the end purchase all Crowns. But you fear you cannot persevere in the way of virtue, and that many changes may cast some aspersion of inconstancy upon you. You do well to fear your self, if you so much expect perseverance from your self. But if you look for it from God, ought you not to have more hope of his goodness, then fear from your own infirmities? You are not advised to make your Devotions eminent by some notable alteration, extraordinary in the exteriour, accompanied with ceremonious enforcements insupportable to your condition. No: but undertake a devotion sweet, facile, and conform to common use, which hath less of outward semblance, and more of inward worth: so shall you the better preserve it, and it shall be the more profitable for you.

Isai. 11. *In silentio & spe erit fortitudo vestra.*

2 Reg. 9.

What you should fear.

The twentieth SECTION.

Love of Creatures.

Adhering to Creatures marreth all.

After shame cometh likewise a snare much more dangerous, to wit, the love of creatures; Many souls seem already to poyze themselves, and soar into the Skie, but there is some little thread, wretched, and weak, which fettereth their feet. One cannot forsake such a lodging, another such an exercise, a third such a custom, a fourth such a company, which in the mean space dissolveth the course of his good purposes, maketh his heart become childish, and sometimes dull and stupid to the relishes of God. Amongst all encounters this is the most powerful, which proceedeth from the passion of Love, and sometimes among persons, who have their souls most pure: and such, as are in their own opinions far removed from this mischievous passion, yet are not without peril. If this should come like some other gross and carnal love, with an Arrow and Torch in hand, one might more easily defend himself; but it approacheth with a little Sting, subtile, slender, and as it were wholy Spiritual, that one cannot well perceive it in the beginning. It resembleth those little flying worms, which *Phædon* speaketh of, that unperceivably sting? *When they have fixed their sting, we do not know they have stung us, untill we see some swelling rise upon the skin.* So in such petty love-dalliances, we see not the Wound, nor Sting, we know not what we suffer, what we do, what we undertake, what we desire. One doth hardly know that he loves: notwithstanding the soul is puffed up, and goeth out of its limits, and is dissolved into an Ocean of disturbances; which are very prejudicial to purity. It were better to have as it were some kind of Leprousie, then such a passion: for that would infect but the body, but this diveth in the end even into the bottom of the soul, weaveth its web in the marrow, forrageth all over that which hath vigour in our inward parts, leaveth meagerness, and sterility, and maketh our heart like to those abortions of Pearls, which have been blasted with Lightning, having, instead of a bright substance, nothing else but an exteriour film.

Passion of Love.

Love is like to Insects.

Phædon. apud Senec. Ep. 49. *Adeò tenuis illis & fallens in periculis vis est: tumor indicat morsum.*

The danger thereof.

What shall one do in this case? It is a very easie matter to give a preservative, that may keep us from the blow, but it is very difficult to draw the soreness from the wound. You need sometime but the very wind of your hat to turn away a Thunder-clap, that it may not strike where it seems to be aimed; the Thunder maketh his claps as remedileſs as sudden and violent: even so this Passion in the beginning may be dispelled with a very little heed, and dexterity; but, when passage is made for it into the heart, it raiseth a tempest. But in conclusion, what means is there to stay it? It will be told you, you must have recourse to Prayer, to Meditation of the Cross, the day of Judgment, the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and Saints, the frequentation of Sacraments, Fasting, the austerities of Penance, and these are good remedies: yet you notwithstanding will say, what Prayer can one make, when he is ingulfed in a Passion, which perpetually buzzeth in his brain? Do (like *Jonas*) crie out of the Whale's belly, call from the bottom of the abyss with many jaculatory prayers. But to what use will austerities serve? the body is subdued, it is true; but yet passion remaineth still in the bottom of the soul. It nought importeth: the weakness of flesh by little and little cutteth the sinews of passions, which are inherent in the flesh. All this, you will say, is likewise feasible, provided

Preservative.

Ordinary remedies.

provided I be not thereby ſeparated from the company of ſuch an one. And, behold the inconveniency I you will perpetually put oyl into the flame, and not have it burn.

Sovereign Remedies.

I. The moſt Sovereign Remedy is, what you leaſt deſire, though you make ſhew of deſiring health. All that, which cheriſheth the Malady, is the preſence of the object. Our paſſions reſemble ecchoes.

Paſſions are Ecchoes.

Do you not ſee, that ecchoes, the further you go from them, the leſs repercuſſion there is; they leſſening, and loſing themſelves in the air. This affection, that ſpeaketh ſo loud by reflection of the countenance, which you daily behold with ſo much contentment, will quickly vaniſh by a little abſence. But one day alone of ſeparation is an Age to you. Suffer this Age, and the time will come it ſhall not laſt an hour with you.

Folly of this Paſſion.

II. Verily, all well-conſidered, the play is not worth the candle. Muſt you inflict ſo many pains upon your bodies, ſo many torments on your mind, loſe ſo much time, make ſo many ill tongues talk, to pleaſe I know not what petty, wicked, and foundered deſire, which you know not what it is, nor to what it tendeth?

III. If you knew what you deſired, you would be aſhamed of your ſelf, you would have cauſe to be amazed, that ſo noble a ſpirit ſhould ſuffer it ſelf to be tranſported with ſuch follies. The notable *Raymond Lullius*, who paſſionately was enamoured of a Lady, wife, and honeſt, when, purpoſely to cure his frenzie, ſhe ſhewed him one of her breaſts eaten and gnawn through with a canker, and extremely hideous to behold: *Stay, ſimple man* (ſaid ſhe) *behold what you loved*; he, at that inſtant coming to himſelf, ſpake: "Alaſs! was it for this I loſt ſo many good "hours, that I burned, became entranced, that I paſ-"ſed through fire and water? All lovers would ſay the like, were the ſcarf taken from their eyes.

Cure of *Raymond Lullius.*

Want of Employment.

IV. It well appeareth you want ſome great affront, ſome real pains, ſome ſerious employment. It is the ſuperfluous exceſs of idleneſs, which diſſolveth your heart into theſe effeminacies. You were better have ſome miſchievous proceſs againſt you, then all theſe trifling entertainments. Frame ſome good employment to free your ſelf from a bad. Remember that, which was ſaid: *When one hath no leiſure to live, he hath no leiſure to love.*

Hier. *ad* Ruſtic. *Vivere non licet, & fornicari licebit?*

V. Repreſent to your ſelf, that a thouſand undaunted courages (for that they have twice or thrice reſiſted paſſion conſtantly) have found themſelves free, at liberty, in peace, and tranquillity of ſpirit, wholly admirable: and you, for want of a little reſolution, daily tumble, and involve your ſelf in your fetters. Make a little reſiſtance, caſt away (I pray) all theſe little urchins, which afflict you. Is an abſence ſo troubleſom, that to avoid it you muſt torture your body, vilifie your ſpirit, and yield your reputation up as a prey to ſlander? You ſhall no ſooner put the wedg into the block, but it ſhall be done; you ſhall have a ſoul victoriouſly elevated over paſſion, which ſhall rejoyce amidſt the trophies thereof.

Strength of Reaſon.

The one and twentieth SECTION.

Againſt Sadneſs.

HAve you never repreſented to your ſelf the poor *Elias* lying under the Juniper-tree, oppreſſed with melancholy, and ſaying to God with an affectionate heart: *My God, it is enough; take my ſoul. I am no better then my fore-fathers?* This paſſion often happeneth in perſons, who are entered into the liſt of a life more perfect. Anxiety croſſeth them, ſadneſs gnaweth them, melancholy afflicteth them, and *Satan* (willing ever to fiſh in a troubled water) ſerves himſelf with this diſturbance of mind, to make them return back again to the falſe pleaſures of the world. What remedy, what practice ſhall we confront this miſchief with? Let us uſe *David*'s harp to charm this dangerous Devil of *Saul*. You are ſad, ſay you. It much concerneth you to ſound your heart, that you may know from whence this penſiveneſs proceedeth, and apply fit remedy thereunto. Sometime ſadneſs cometh from an indiſcrete zeal, when one will of his own accord undertake auſterities, neither ordered, nor digeſted by counſel. He cannot finde good ſucceſs, yet is aſhamed to go back again, which is the cauſe he is tormented between the hammer and the anvile. Sometime it proceedeth from a great immortification of paſſions, which at the enterance into a ſpiritual life (he beginning to pick quarrels with them) put themſelves into the field, aſſailing and turmoyling the mind. As it is ſaid, a little fiſh, called the Waſp of the ſea, in the Dog-days ſtingeth and diſquieteth the repoſe of other fiſhes. It is perhaps as yet in your ſoul neither day, nor night, winter, nor ſummer, cold, nor heat; but good and evil ſtruggle, who ſhall get the upper hand: and this war troubleth you. Sometime it proceedeth from a great tenderneſs of heart, and a paſſionate love of one's ſelf. It ſeemeth to a little Girl, who weepeth in the nook of a chamber, that the whole world is intereſſed in her ſorrow, and that every body ſhould bemone her. Nothing is like to her unhappineſs, her burdens are of lead, and all others are as light as feathers; or, if you weep not with her, ſhe becometh the more melancholy: and, if you do ſorrow with her, ſhe taketh an higher tone to deplore her grievances. There is many times much niceneſs in our ſorrows, and oftentimes our tears are nothing elſe but meer fopperies. From this ſelf-love proceedeth vanity, and complacence, which ſerve us with worm-wood to ſeaſon our morſels withal.

Sadneſs the ſtrate of *Satan.*

Cauſes of Sadneſs. Immortification.

Tears of Self-flatterers.

Self-love.

The man, who is over-much pleaſed with himſelf, neceſſarily diſpleaſeth many, and, to gain too great a friend within himſelf, he purchaſeth fundry enemies without himſelf. All things cannot happen to his wiſh: and as good ſucceſſes inebriate him with contentments, ſo evil torture, and immoderate contriſtate him. Briefly, bad melancholy often riſeth from a jealous and envious eye: the good hap of another is a ſtraw in his eye, which ever will trouble him, if charity bring not her helping hand. Behold here a lamentable miſchief! All the perfections of another are ours, when we love them in another: and when we hate them, they are thorns in our eys, which extremely torment us. Have we not pain enough within our ſelves, but we muſt plant croſſes in the proſperity of others? Sound your heart, and ſee whether your ſadneſs proceeds from one of theſe five ſources, or from many of them together. Take away the cauſe, by the favour of God's grace, by the help of your endeavour, courage, and reſolution, you ſhall have the effect, and enjoy a peaceable ſoul, like Heaven, ſmiling in a bright ſerenity.

Jealous eye.

Parum alicui eſt, ſi ipſe ſit felix, niſi alter fuerit infelix. Salvian. *De gubern. Dei.* lib. 5.

Reg. 3. 19.

My ſadneſs, ſay you, cometh not from this occaſion. Would to God it were ſo. You were already ſufficiently happy, if all I have ſaid were not of force to make you ſad. From whence cometh it then? From the accidents, which befall me on every ſide; and, if nothing happen to me, I am unquiet with mine own ſelf. If you think to live wholly without ſadneſs, you muſt frame a new world for your ſelf. Sadneſs is a bitter plant, which groweth in your

Sadneſs, a plant of our own growing.

your garden; you muſt know at one time or other what taſt it hath. To think wholly to free your ſelf is to make your ſelf a King in the Cards, and only to brave it in paper, like the antient Philoſophers, who had their Hands ſhorter then their Tongues. Our Saviour was contriſtated in the dolorous Garden, watered with bloody ſweats, to teach us, the perfection of a Chriſtian is not in being ſenſible of ſorrow, but to moderate the ſame with reſolution.

Remedies. The beſt remedy is that, which *Jeſus Chriſt* hath ſhewed to us, to wit Prayer. It is a wonderful contentment to ſpeak to God, and to tell him your afflictions. Behold you not in a Garden-bed, how thoſe poor Tulips are ſhut up with melancholy under the ſhady coldneſs of the night? And you may well ſay, the Sun within his rays beareth the key to open them; for ſo ſoon as he riſeth, and courteth them a little with that eye, which exhilarateth total Nature, behold they unlooſe themſelves, dilate themſelves, and witneſs their joy for the arrival of this Planet. The like hapneth to your heart, it ſometimes long remaineth benummed and frozen for want of having recourſe to prayer. Learn a little to talk with God by jaculatory prayers. Learn to complain your ſelf to God, and to ſeek the remedies of your wounds in his mercies, and you will find a great lightning and alacrity.

The ſecond, To have a ſpiritual Father, or a diſcrete, and faithful friend, to whom one may unburden his conſcience with all confidence and ſecurity. The cloud, how dark or ſurcharged ſoever it be, in that proportion it emptieth it ſelf, cleareth: and the heart, unburdening its calamities in the ear of another, becometh more bright and luſtrous.

Thirdly, Some ſpiritual Fathers adviſe a diſcipline, to ſuppreſs interiour ſadneſs by exteriour ſorrow: but this remedy is not for all ſorts of men. Saint *Hierom* is a better Phyſician, who ordained for certain melancholy men, rather to uſe the fomentations of *Hippocrates*, then to afflict their bodies, and diſtil their brains in other practices. You muſt take very good heed you make not your ſelf a *Timon*, and hate men and life, entertaining your ſelf in hypochondriack humors, which throw a mind into the gulf of diſturbance. God willeth us to take moderate pleaſure in creatures, which he hath made for our content and eaſe, that we may enjoy them in time and place, every one according to his condition profeſſion, and rule of wiſdom. *Syneſius* ſaith, the Creator hath given the feeling of pleaſure to ſenſe to ſerve as an arreſt to the ſoul, and to hold it in good quarter with the body. Saint *Thomas* among the remedies of ſadneſs preſcribes ſleep, and bathing. The Scripture it ſelf counſelleth us to give wine and other fitting draughts for them to drink, who have their hearts oppreſſed with bitterneſs. If one think to make a great ſacrifice to God, reſting perpetually, ſtretched and involved in a penſive auſterity of ſpirit, as being deſirous to avoid all pleaſures of life, he deceiveth himſelf. It hath happened, that many running in their own opinion to Paradiſe by this path, according to peculiar fancy, have found themſelves on the borders of Hell.

Hier. ad Ruſticum. *Hippocratis magis fomentis, quàm noſtris monitis indiget.* Remedies of *Hippocrates.* Not to play the *Timon.*

φόβη ψυχῆς ἡδονή. Pleaſure laies hold of the ſoul. *Somnus & balnea dolorem mitigant.* S. Thom. 2. q. 38. *Date ſiceram merentibus, & vinum iis, qui amaro ſunt animo.* Prov. 13. 2.

Our life is a Muſick-book. Fourthly, To remember our life is a Muſick-book, ſeldom ſhall you find there many white Notes together in the ſame line; black are mixed among them, and all together make an excellent harmony. God gives us a Leſſon in a little book, which hath but two pages, the one is called Conſolation, the other Deſolation. It is fit for each of them to take its turn. In the day of Adverſity, think of proſperity: in the day of Proſperity, remember your ſelf of Adverſity. That great Prelate of *Cyrenum* ſaid, That the Divine Providence hath mingled our life, as one would do wine and water in a cup; ſome drink the pureſt, ſome the moſt compound, but all taſte a commixion.

Syneſ. in Hymne.

Fifthly, If you exactly compare our condition to that of an infinite number of miſerable creatures, who groan in ſo many tedious and diſaſtrous torments, you will finde your ſardle but a dew. But we have a certain malignity of ſpirit, which ever looks back on the good it hath not, to envy it, and never conſiders the evil, from whence it is freed, to render thanks to God. Behold ſome are in the bottom of a dungeon in fetters, others are bowed in painful labours from the riſing to the ſetting Sun, to get their bread. Some have the Megrim in their head, the Gout in their feet and hands, the Stone in their kidneys. Others are overwhelmed with buſineſs, loſs, misfortunes, ſtrange and portentous accidents, yet carry it out with courage. Your heart is nipped with a little ſadneſs, and behold you deſpair, what effeminacy of ſpirit is this? It is ſaid, Hares, ſeeing themſelves purſued on every ſide, had one day reſolved to drown themſelves, but coming to the brink of a river, and beholding frighted Frogs, who caſt themſelves at all adventure in the water to eſcape: *Courage* (ſaid they) *we are not yet the moſt miſerable creatures of the world, behold thoſe, who are more fearful then we.* Ah! how often ſhould we ſay the ſame, if we ſaw the miſeries of others.

Sixthly, Is it not a goodly thing to behold a man, who probably ſpeaking is in the favour of God, who is here nouriſhed with Sacraments, with *Chriſt*'s body and blood, with the word of his Maſter; who liveth among ſo many helps and comforts, ſpiritual and temporal, who expecteth a reſurrection, a Paradiſe, a life eternally happy, and happily eternal, in ſo beautiful a ſociety of Saints, to frame penſiveneſs and ſcruples to himſelf of his own head, to afflict himſelf like a Pagan, or a damned ſoul, that hath no further hope? It is related, that God one day, to give an antipaſt of beatitude to an holy man turmoiled with ſundry cogitations, cauſed an unknown little bird to chant in his ear in ſo melodious a manner, that inſtantly his troubled ſpirit became clean and pure, and held him wrapt many years in the moſt taſtful delicacies may be imagined. O! if you often had ſtrong imaginations of Paradiſe, how your melancholy would melt, and diſſolve, as ſnow before the Sun-beams.

Unworthineſs of Sadneſs.

Laſtly, Sing ſpiritual Canticles, labour, employ your ſpirit without anxiety, and if needs you will weep, lament your imperfections, bewail the miſeries of the poor, ſorrow for your curioſity, lament the paſſion of your ſpouſe, grieve & ſigh at your impatience after this glory of Paradiſe, weep over the deluge on the earth, look back like a chaſt Dove on the Ark of your good father *Noah*, the father of repoſe and conſolation: then will I ſay of ſuch tears with S. *Ambroſe*; *O the delicious tears, O the pleaſing complaints, which extinguiſh the fervours of our mind, and make our affections ſweetly to evaporate!*

Noble tears. *Dulces lacryma ſunt, ipſi fletus jucundi, quibus reſtringitur ardor animi, & quaſi relaxatus evaporat affectus.*

The two and twentieth SECTION.

The third Combat of the Spiritual man againſt Impurity.

ALl impurity of life ariſeth from three ſources, (whereof S. *John* ſpeak) concupiſcence of the fleſh, concupiſcence of the eyes, and pride of life. Let us now ſee the practice of virtues, which oppoſe theſe three ſorts of impurities. Againſt concupiſcence

1 Joan. 2. Three ſources of impurity.

science of the Flesh, Temperance, Chastity, Modesty do wage War: against the concupiscence of, Eyes, to wit, the unbridled desires of temporal Blessings; Povertie, Justice, Charity, Mercie, Gratitude: against pride of Life, Humility, Obedience, Magnanimity, Patience, Clemencie.

The three and twentieth SECTION.

Practice of Chastitie.

CHastity is a virtue, which represseth the impure lust of the flesh, a Celestial virtue, an Angelical virtue, which maketh Heaven and Angels descend upon the earth, and in this Kingdom of mortality planteth the image and titles of immortality. *Clemens Alexandrinus* maketh mention of certain Enchanted Mountains, at the foot whereof was heard a voice as of People preparing themselves for Battel; a little further, the Encounter and Conflict; and on the top, Songs and Triumphs. Behold (as it were) the condition of three sorts of Chastity. With some it beginneth with Labour, and Uncertainty; there is at the first Toil and resistance against Lust, but the even thereof is not known. With others it is become more manly, as being already practiced in Combats. With others it Triumpheth after a long habit, yet notwithstanding, whilest here on earth it abideth, it is never absolutely secured.

Clemens Alex. Stromat.

Three sorts of Chastity.

Acts.

The acts thereof are,

I. To renounce all unlawful Voluptuousnes of the flesh.

II. To abstain from Carnal acts, not onely those, which are unlawful, but sometime such as are permitted among married folk upon just occasion, or for some certain time, which is very ordinary; or perpetually, which is singular and remarkable in the lives of some Saints. So *Martianus* lived with his Wife *Pulcheria*, and *Henry* the Emperour with the Empereſs *Chunegundis*.

III. To repress all the desires and concupiscences of flesh, and if one have any feeling thereof, not to give consent thereunto.

IV. Never to stay at all upon thoughts and imaginations of things dishonest; but so soon as they present themselves, to chase them away, and extinguish them in your heart, no otherwise then you should quench a burning hot Iron in a Fountain.

V. To mortifie your Senses, which are most commonly the fore-runners of sin, and above all to restrain your Eyes, which, according to the opinion of S. *Isidore*, are as Dishes, wherein Luxury serveth up the Viands of Voluptuousnes. They are the Windows, the Allurements, the Snares, the Conduits of Love: it buddeth in the eyes, that it may at leasure blossome in the heart. And therefore it is fit to stand upon your guard with so subtile and vigorous a sence, which often filleth the soul with appetites, and flames. I do not say, that one should look upon nothing, and alwaies live as if the soul were buried alive in the flesh; but I affirm, you must divert your sight from objects, which dart a Sting into a mind sensible of such penetrations. As for the Ears, there is no doubt they may serve as handles for love, & that it hath taken many that way. An evil word hath fingers to incite the flesh. He who heareth it, and he that willingly speaketh it, is not innocent before God. Smelling blasteth Chastity, and Tast roughly assaulteth; but Kisses and unchast Touches cut her Throat.

Eyes.

Oculi patella luxuria. Isidor. apud S. *Bern.* tom. 1. serm. *De luxuria. Salvian.* lib. 3. *De gubernat. Prov.* 23. 33. *Oculi tui videbunt extranea, & cor tuum loquetur perversa.*

VI. To flie Idleness, reading of Love-books, Comedies, Stage-plays, immodest Pictures, Feasts, private Familiarities, loose Company, and all occasions of sin.

VII. To have in detestation even the shadows of Impurity. To speak, to proclaim in every place the praises of Chastity, and for this purpose to love Penance, Mortification of the Body, Labour, rough and harsh Apparel, Modesty, even to the seeming somewhat way-ward, the Sacrament of the Eucharist, the Meditation of the four last things, Devotion toward the most Blessed Virgin, and all that may conduce to the maintainance of honesty.

VIII. To remain firm in great and forcible Temptations is verily the Trophy of Chastity. Since (as *Plato* hath said) *the triumph of Virtue is to have the power, not the will to sin.* It was a notable act of Continencie in *Charls the Eighth*, ardently to love a Maiden endowed with an exquisite Beauty, to have her at his dispose, and yet to abstain for one sole word, which this poor creature spake to him, brought even into his chamber: for she, by chance perceiving the Picture of our Lady, cast her self at the King's feet, shewed him this Image, crying out with a face all bathed in Tears; *Sir, I beseech you for this Virgin's sake preserve the honour of a silly maid.* At this word spoken for a young King enkindled with Love, and absolute in power, to conquer the motions of Lust, is it not a matter, that meriteth much applause?

Chastity of *Charls the Eighth.* *Lipsius* in *Monita Politic.* lib. 2. cap. 17. exemplo 12. addit datos puellæ 500. aureos.

IX. To contemn great rewards, and high advancements of fortune, for the preservation of Chastity: as did that noble Lady, of whom *John Moschus* speaketh, who, seeing her Husband consume in perpetual Prison for Debt, not able any way to relieve him, was reduced to terms of extreme and miserable want, and besides pursued by a man of prime note, with all sorts of allurements, offers, and accommodations, which might shake and stagger an afflicted heart, and enforce her to condescend to a sin, which seemed to have necessity for a Patroness; she notwithstanding stood firm like a Rock, preferring Chastity poor and patient, before a rich and delicate dishonour. I could also nominate creatures as Pure, as Strong, adorned with most excellent natural parts, more Chaste, more Wise, more Fortunate then *Lucrece*, who with as much industry as courage, have refused powerful and passionate men, that sought them with such excessive benefits, as would have overwhelmed any inferiour Chastity. But they, not to commit one onely sin, covered under the Curtain of the Night, have despised Treasures, to guard another Jewel in an earthen Vessel, who for this act deserve to be raised above the Stars.

Johannes Moschus in *Prato.* A courageous Ladie.

X. To withdraw the Chastity of others from this sink, with liberal Alms, great labour, infinite incommodities: as that worthy Hermit *Abraham* did, of whom *Surius* speaketh, who, loaden with years & merits, went into a Brothel-house in disguised habit, to reduce a Niece of his, that went astray: as at this day many honest Matrons, worthy of eternal memory, spare nothing to gain poor abused Doves out of the Faulcon's tallons, and dedicate them to Altars, where soon after they work wonders in matter of Virtue.

Abraham the Hermite.

XI. To suffer in your body great Torments, yea death it self for the defence of Chastity, as many holy Virgins have done. As that Youth, reputed the son of a King of *Nicomedia*, who, fast tied on a Bed of Flowers, and woed by a Courtizane with intention to corrupt him, spit out his Tongue like a Dart of Fire and Blood in the face of this she-Wolf. A Tongue, which in dumb eloquence speaketh to all posterity, and proclaimeth the honour of chastity.

Hieron. in vita *Pauli*: & *Sabel.* lib. 5. cap. 6. *Lingua silet, clamátque silens, loquitúrque pudorem, Sanguine quæ pinxit sola pudicitiam.*

XII. To expose your self to great sufferings for the preservation of others Chastity: as that brave *Didymus*, a young beardless Gentleman, who beholding

A bold attempt of *Didymus.*

ing a poor Christian maid, named *Theodora*, thrown into a brothel, caused her to escape by giving her the habit of a man, and himself remained for pledg in the attires of a woman, expecting the fury of Executioners, who gave him the crown of Martyrdom. Saint *Ambrose* makes him speak to the maid to this effect: "Sister, I am come hither, as an Adul-"terer, and, if it please you, I will go out a Mar-"tyr: let us change habits, I pray you: we are, as "I perceive, both of one stature: my apparel very "well fitteth you, but yours will sit much better up-"on me, and both will agree in the service of *Christ* "*Jesus*. My attire shall make you a Virgin, and "yours me a Martyr. You shall be most fortunately "clothed, and I more happily despoyled. It was so done. *Didymus* was apprehended, and *Theodora*, understanding it, run back like a lioness amidst the swords to die with him.

Ambr. lib. 2. De Virgin. *Quasi adulter ingressus, si vis, Martyr egrediar. Vestimenta mutemus; conveniunt mihi tua, & mea tibi: sed utraque Christo. Tua vestis me verum militem facit, mea te virginem. Bene te vestieris, ego melius exuar.*

The twenty fourth SECTION.

Practice of Temperance.

S. Thom. 2. 2. quæst. 141.

TEmperance, taken in general, is a Virtue, which represseth the Appetites of Concupiscence in things, that please the senses, especially of touch, and taste. The temperance of touching consisteth in chastity; that of tasting is properly abstinence, and sobriety. It is the first virtue, which God seems to have required of man from the world's infancy; the first tribute of Sanctity, and Innocency, which our first Parents could not leave without losing themselves, and all posterity. A virtue, which is the Horizon, that separateth vegetative man from the intellectual: a virtue, which raiseth us from the earth, and bringeth us near to heaven: a virtue, which makes a noble soul shine in a mortal body, as a torch of odoriferous wood in a Crystalline watch-tower. On the contrary, a body, surcharged with kitchin-repletion, holdeth the soul as one would a smoaking snuff of a candle in a greasie lantern.

Temperance, the first tribute of Sanctity.

The acts of this virtue are

Refection of body. S. Aug. Conf. l. 11. *Hoc me docuisti, ut quemadmodum medicamenta, sic alimenta sumpturus accedam.*

I. In refection, to have no other rule but necessity, no other aim but the glory of God, and entertainment of the body for the service of the soul. Saint *Augustine*, after his conversion, came to meals (as himself saith) as into an infirmary to take a medicine.

II. To take all the necessities of body, as the *Egyptian* dog doth the water of *Nilus*, running, thereby saving himself from superfluous excess. To take them, as the Soldiers of *Gedeon* drank at the fountain in the hollow palms of their hands, chearfully, not prostrating themselves on the ground; or as the Dove taketh grains of corn, pecking her meat up with her bill, and turning her eye to heaven.

III. To eat, and drink with all civility, decency, discretion; and seeing we must use this necessary trade of a beast, to do it at least like a man.

IV. To abstain from prohibited meats in times limited by the Church, exactly to observe Fasts devoutly ordained by the same authority, and practised by our Ancestors, not becoming nicely curious, nor repining at Lenten abstinencies. To prescribe also a law to your self of some Fasts of devotion upon certain days of the week, and especially *Friday*, as many noble Personages have done, and daily do. *Galen*, that great Physician, adviseth to make a fast from ten days to ten, in the manner of a Physical prescription, affirming it was an excellent Mean to defend one's self from great and dangerous Maladies.

Fast of Galen. Joann. Sarisb. l. 2. Polycr.

V. To be very sober in drinking, to take little wine, and mingle it well. Drunkenness (saith Saint *Ambrose*) is a superfluous creature in the world: it is the scorn of Nature; it is an old shoe soaked in water. A man is no longer a man, but a Bottle perpetually filled, and emptied: he lives like a Butt, which doth nothing but leak, and roul up and down; and when the head thereof is knocked out, you finde nothing there but lees, and dregs. Wine is a familiar, or spirit, which possesseth him, and is the milk of *Venus*, which nourisheth his concupiscence. All his life is an enterlude, and drunkenness his tomb. All men truly great are sober. It is utterly to degenerate from Nobility, to be addicted to this infamous Vice. You, who serve Kings, who are in their Royal seats as the Sun in the heavens, remember your selves, that heretofore in the Sacrifice of the Sun hony was offered, not wine.

S. Ambros. de Elia & Jejun. A Drunkard what.

Va qui potentes estis ad libendū I.

VI. To be very temperate in the quantity of viands: for it is a very great shame to make one's self, as it were, a living sepulchre of all sorts of butcheries, and build to your self a tomb of fat, with excess in eating, as did the wretched *Dionysius*, spoken of by *Ælian*, who had grooms of his chamber about his bed, ever ready, night and day, to prick him with needles, with distances between, lest his fat, conspiring with sleep, should suffocate him. On the other side, it is dangerous to destroy your stomach by scrupulous and extraordinary observations of your own inventing, which may put you into a course of providing pain for your self, and attendance for others.

Philostorus. lib. 12. Histor.

VII. Not to be so curious in the choice of delicate meats, but to take them indifferently, according to your quality, and profession. It may happen, that a Noble-man, feeding on a curious dish with sobriety, may observe temper, and another cracking his guts with beans fall into a nasty superfluity of gormandise. The virtue of Temperance is not so much in the matter, as the manner. It is written, that a great *Roman* Lord, being retired into the deserts of *Egypt* to attend contemplation, was one day visited by an *Egyptian* Monk, who had all his life-time been a gross Peasant bred among cows, and cattle, and had an iron stomach, which, in excessive quantity, devoured the most sordid and despicable meats. This man, much scandalized to see the *Roman* Monk feed on that, which seemed delicate to him, and to drink a little wine at his repast, for sook his Cell with small account of his host, and much presumption of his own temper, when the other, miraculously penetrating into his thoughts, reprehended him, and he at that time easily acknowledged himself very short of his perfection, whom he despised.

VIII. Not to have your mind employed on sauces, and kitchin-cookeries, as those lazy *Sybarites*, who made such account of a new kind of broth found out, that by an express law they permitted the author thereof to enjoy it alone one whole year, before the invention should be communicated to any other.

Shameful law of the Sybarites.

IX. Not to enlarge your thoughts upon viands with a greedines, and profusion of spirit, as if one would swallow the sea, and fishes therein, as *Epicharmus* writeth of a certain Gentle-man, who bowed his whole body in eating, crashed his teeth, made a noise with his chaps, blew his nose, rubbed his ears, made a certain sound in his throat, all his body went along with it. A true mediocrity of feeding is, to be neither too greedy, and gluttonous; nor too abstinent, or transported: but modest in your countenance, prompt to help, prudent to see what is done, and to prevent want in others. It would ill become a Noble-man so to abstract his spirits at the table

Strange greedines.

Notable distraction.

ble, as those good Religious men, of whom it is recorded in the history of the *Anchorets* of *Egypt*, that they took Capon for Cabbage: they were at *Theophilus* the Patriarch of *Constantinople*'s table, and did eat like mad men, thinking they still had been in their Monastery. It happened the Bishop, carving to the eldest of them, gave him the wing of a Capon, & courteously said unto him; *Father, eat hereof, doth not this Capon seem good meat to you?* He coming, as it were, out of a trance: *How, is this Capon then, Sir? I pray you pardon us: for we took it for Cabbage, else verily none of us had touched it.*

X. Not to out-run the hours of repast through impatience: not to be so addicted to serve our curiosities, and delights, that thereby we leave not a good diner to do a good work. Is it not a shameful thing of one *Huguccio*, who lost two Towns (as *Jovius* relateth) for fear he should lose a good meal: so that it being at the same instant in his power to give order for a revolt, which was plotted, he rather chose to sit out his diner, and by this means forsook a fair opportunity?

Huguccio lost two Cities for a diner.

XI. To content one's self with a little upon occasion, as the young *Theodosius*, who thought he had made a good meal, when he had eaten certain sops of bread steeped in water, within the Cell of an Hermit: The wise *Hebrews* have a Proverb, which saith; *Man is known by three things, by anger, by his purse, by his glass.* It is a note of a well-mortified spirit, when complaints are never made of wants, that happen in service for the mouth.

Man known by three things.

XII. To speak willingly of sobriety, yea even in a feast, like the *Persians*; or from some other honest discourse, which may give refection to the soul, while the body taketh his: and beg perpetually of God to deliver us from the necessities of the body, and that he weaken in us these base concupiscences of the flesh, that we may preserve for him this his Tabernacle in all purity.

The five and twentieth SECTION.

Practise of Modesty.

Modesty is important.

MOdesty is a branch of temperance, a goodly and eminent virtue, which seemeth, as it were, to incorporate our soul, and make her visible in her actions, whose office is to guide the motions, gestures, words, mirth, habit, gate, and garb, and all that, which appertaineth to the exteriour ornament of the body.

Her Actions are

To speak, what.

I. To govern the Tongue, to speak truth in time and place, roundly and freely, without deceit, palliation, boasts, impostures, detractions.

II. Never to have a bitter and furious silence, prying into another's words, nor to use a tattle unmannerly, clamorous, and tiresome, catching the word out of another man's mouth, as little Chickens do, who snatch bits one from another: it was the comparison, which father *Gontery* of happy memory used.

III. Not to be magistral, with a counterfeited gravity, nor riotous, haughty, fierce, rude, no buffon, nor loud laugher: *A fool* (saith the Wiseman) *crackleth in laughing, as thorns in the fire.*

Tone of voice.

IV. Not to have your Tongue either of too high or low a tone, but moderate, distinct, in sweet, honest, ordinary, intelligible accents.

Countenance.

V. To have the composition of your countenance pleasing, gratious, modest, without crabbedness, or affectation: the carriage of your body native, comely, free from extraordinary gestures; not to have a giddy head, like a Linet, alwaies shaking, no wrinkled brow, nor crumpled nose, nor perplexed visage, nor eyes wandring, wanton, or proud.

Habit.

VI. The Apparel neither superfluous, fantastick, nor dissolute, without too much affecting new fashions; nor peremptorily, out of your own conceit, tying your self to the old: but to attend your own condition, and remain in the lists of the modesty, which is most practised by the wisest. Above all, let women beware they set not to sale to carnal eyes that nakedness of their breasts, which may serve for baits for sin. The Scripture saith, *Whosoever shall cause sparkles of fire to fly into another man's corn, shall be accountable for all the dammage, which the flames shall make.*

Means to acquire modesty.

VII. To acquire modesty, it is good to represent to your self often before your eyes our Saviour conversing upon earth, and to pray him, he will give us a soul pure, and radiant, like a star, which impresseth his rays upon the body, as the Sun on a cloud, in, and through all, to edifie our neigbour.

The six and twentieth SECTION.

Practise of Prudence and Carriage in Conversation.

Isidors. Uranoscope.

HAve you observed a fish in the natural history, which the *Grecians* call *Uranoscopus*, as one would say, *The beholder of Heaven?* This admirable creature, contrary to the nature of others, hath but one eye, which is, as it were, a vertical point, fixed directly in the top of his head, ever elevated, and perpetually open, to discover so many labyrinths of snares, and treacheries, as commonly are in the sea. Some will say, it is *Tobias* his fish, a notable creature, which not only contributeth his gall to illuminate the eys of the body, but his example to enlighten the eies of the mind. It is a true Hieroglyph of prudence, which telleth us, we should at this day converse in the world, as in a sea ful of monsters, tempests, rocks, perils, surprises; and that we must have the eye of prudence throughly awakened and purified, to preserve and maintain it among so many hazards. This prudence in a word (according to S. *Bernard*) is nothing else but the knowledge of good and evil, which sheweth how we should demean our selves, and the waies we should tread, in the course of our life, and affairs. It is one of the principal virtues, because all our actions depend on it. Yea, prudence holdeth them, as it were, insolded in the plaits of her Robe, and unsoldeth them according to place, time, persons, occasions; which to know, is to know all.

S. *Bernard. Serm. De Vitiis.*

Importance of Prudence.

It is said, a *French* King enquired one day of a man, who was held in great reputation of wisdom, after divers instructions to govern himself, & guide his Kingdom, this wise man took a fair large sheet of paper, and for an infinite number of Precepts, which others use to produce upon this subject, he only wrote this word, *Modus*, *Measure* or *Mean*; thereby inferring, that the whole mystery of our wisdom, and felicity, consisteth in doing things with grace, fashion, and measure, and that is it, which prudence teacheth. We speak not here in particular of the religious, œconomical, military, politick, monarchical, but in general of the direction of life in ordinary conversation: for that seemeth annexed to the virtue of modesty. Imagine to your self, that prudence, as antiquity hath presented it unto us in their Hieroglyphicks, is an hand enchased with eys, which hath five remarkable fingers, wherein all discrete actions are contained. These five fingers are memory, understanding, circumspection, fore-sight, execution; which is to say, that for the practise of this virtue

All wisdom reduced to one word.

Prudence an hand sprinkled with eyes.

Five fingers of Prudence.

I. A good memory is neceſſary, to remember things paſſed, as well what one hath read in books, as thoſe which are obſerved by proper experience; for that much conduceth to inform the judgment. And beſides, he that in all actions hath not memory, when there is occaſion to manage ſome affair, oftentimes findeth he hath not well called to mind all particulars; which putteth him into confuſion. Behold, why (as all men have not ſervants for memory, as had the Kings, the great men of *Perſia*, and *Romans*) it is neceſſary to have recourſe to regiſters, records, and table-books, to help your ſelf. Some are of ſo happy memory, that they go (as it is ſaid) to gather Mulberries without a Hook, to the Well without a Pitcher, into the Rain without a Cloak.

Underſtanding. II. To be intelligent and able to judge well: and for this purpoſe, he muſt endeavour to know the men, with whom he converſeth; their nature, humour, their capacity, intention, and proceeding, to penetrate affairs even to the marrow: not contenting himſelf with the outward bark, and ſuperficies. To conſider them in all ſenſes, all ſemblances. To put a tax upon things according to their worth, not to run into innovations, and cunning inventions, which diſguiſe objects. To take counſel of the moſt underſtanding, faithful, and diſ-intereſſed men, to condeſcend to good counſels by docility of ſpirit after they are well examined, ever to reſt upon that, which hath moſt honeſty, integrity, ſecurity.

Docibility.

Choice.

4 Rocks of prudence. III. In every deliberation which one makes upon any occaſion, to preſerve one's ſelf from four very dangerous Rocks, which are Paſſion, Precipitation, Self-conceit, and Vanity. Paſſion colloureth all buſineſſes with the tincture it hath taken. Precipitation goeth head-long downward into ruine. Self-conceit, not willing to forgo ſome hold, gnaweth, and conſumeth it ſelf. Vanity maketh all evaporate in ſmoak.

Circumſpection. IV. To have a great circumſpection, and conſideration, not to expoſe your ſelf but to good purpoſe. To do like that Sea-crevis, which hideth himſelf till he hath a ſhell over his head, and ſtriketh no man. To ſpy occaſions out, and mark how the little hedg-hog doth, into what quarter the wind changeth, to alter the entrance into his houſe. To ſtand alwaies upon your guard, to diſcover the ambuſhes, and obſtacles, which occur in affairs. To hold the trowel to build with one hand, and the ſword in the other to defend your ſelf. Well to obſerve theſe four Precepts; *To have your face open, but your thoughts covered from ſo many wiles, which perplex our affairs: to be ſober in ſpeech: not lightly nor eaſily to confide in all men; nor, on the other ſide, to ſhew too much diffidence*

Pagulus Junius.

Fore-ſight and vigilance. V. To be very vigilant in affairs, to fore-ſee what may happen in occaſions, and prompt to finde out means, which may forward the execution of a good deſign. You finde yet to this day in ſome old Medals for a Hieroglyphick of Prudence a Mulberry-tree having a Crane upon his branches, and on the ſtock thereof a *Janus* with two heads: to teach us, that one proceedeth in matter of prudence; firſt, by not precipitating, no more then the Mulberry, the wiſeſt of all trees, which is the laſt, that bloſſometh, to enjoy them with the more ſecurity, and thereby to avoid the pinching nips of froſt: in watching as the Crane doth, who abideth in an orderly centinel: in caſting the eye upon what is paſt, and fore-ſeeing the future, as this antient King of *Italy*, to whom for this cauſe is given a double face.

Hieroglyphick of Prudence.

Execution VI. To uſe dexterity, promptitude, and conſtancy in the execution of things well reſolved on; that is, the type and crown of Prudence. Many brave reſolutions are ſeen without fruit, or effect, which are like eggs full of wind: all is but a ſhadow and a meer illuſion of prudence. Seaſonable time muſt be taken; for, as *Mithridates*, one of the greateſt Captains of the world, ſaith, *Occaſion is the mother of all affairs*: and, time being well taken, you muſt execute warily, effectually, conſtantly. *Ferdinand* Duke of *Bavare* ſeems to have made a recapitulation of the principle actions of this virtue upon a piece of Coin, where was to be ſeen Prudence, like a wiſe Virgin, ſeated on the back of a *Dolphin*, and holding in her hand a balance, with this Motto in three words; *Know, Chooſe, Execute quickly*. The Virgin, bearing the enſigns of wiſdom, ſaid, you muſt know: the Balance, that you muſt ponder and elect with mature deliberation: the Dolphin with his agility, that you muſt ſet a ſeal upon your buſineſſes by a prompt execution.

Occaſio omnium gerendarum rerum mater.

A notable Medal.

Cognoſce, elige, matura.

VII. In the concluſion of the whole, the beſt wiſdom is to diſtruſt your own judgment, and to expect all from heaven, often asking of God not a wiſdom humane, crafty, and impious, which is condemned; but the wiſdom of Saints, which inveſteth us with the poſſeſſion of a true felicity. *The thoughts of mortal men are fearful, and their providence uncertain. My God, who is able to know thy meaning, if thy ſelf give him not wiſdom?* Behold the virtues, which guide the ſenſes, and converſation of man, againſt the diſorders of fleſh and blood, the chief plagues of nature. Let us now ſurvey thoſe, which oppoſe the ſecond impurity, to wit, Covetouſneſs.

True prudence.

Cogitationes mortalium timidæ, & incerta providentia noſtra. ſenſum autem tuum quis ſciet, niſi dederis ſapientiam? Sap. 9. 14. 17.

Of the Virtues, which oppoſe the ſecond Impurity, called Covetouſneſs; to wit, Poverty, Juſtice, Charity.

The ſeven and twentieth SECTION.

Poverty of rich men.

Three ſorts of poverty. THere are three ſorts of poverty; poverty of neceſſity, poverty by profeſſion, poverty of affection. Poverty of neceſſity is that of the wretched, a conſtrained, needy, and diſaſtrous poverty. Poverty by profeſſion is that of Religious, profeſſed by their firſt vow, which is meritorious, and glorious. Poverty of affection is an expropriation from the inordinate love of terrene goods.

We ſpeak not here to you (O Noble men) of the poverty of Rogues, which is infamous, nor of that of the Religious, which to you would be inſupportable, and to your condition unſuitable: but of the poverty of Affection, the practice whereof is neceſſary for you, if you deſire to be Citizens of Heaven. The practiſe is,

Practice of the poverty of affection. I. To acknowledge all the goods, and poſſeſſions you have, are borrowed, which you muſt infallibly reſtore, but when, you know not. You live here like birds, who are alwaies hanging in the air, where either fortune deſpoileth, or death moweth the Meadow, and then it never groweth again. It is a great ſtupidity of ſpirit, a great unthankfulneſs to God, if you account that to be yours, which you may daily loſe, and which in the end you ſhall forgo for ever. think not you have any thing yours, but your ſelf. *If you love riches, put them in a place aſſured for eternity.*

Auguſt. ep. ad Armentar. & Paulinam. Divitiæ ſi diliguntur, ibi ſervantur, ubi perire non poſſunt. 1. Tim. 6. 17.

II. If you be not poor, live in riches like the poor. Oftentimes place your ſelf, in thought, even in that ſtate you were born in from your mother's womb, or in that ſtate you muſt return unto in the earth. You then will have no cauſe to become proud of your riches, when you ſhall ſee your ſelf encom-

Non ſublime ſapere, & nec ſperare in incerto divitiarum

passed with false feathers, fastened together with wax, which with the first rays of the other life will scatter, and fly away.

III. Never suffer gold and silver to predominate over you like a King, but hold them under obedience like a slave. All these things come from the earth, and are made for the use of an earthly body: what esteem can a soul make of them, unless she become terrestrial? If you regard necessity, you have but very little need of them; if your own sensual appetites, you shall never satisfie them. Leave concupiscence, and serve necessity.

IV. Live in such a manner, that, if you did know it to be purely and simply the will of God, you should from this day be despoil'd of all your wealth, and nothing left you but so much as would suffice to entertain life; you notwithstanding would shew this change to be acceptable to you, saying with holy *Job*; *God hath given it to me, God hath taken it from me: his name be praised.* *Theodoret* makes mention of a very rich man, a *Persian* by nation, and a Christian by profession, called *Sames*, from whom the King of *Persia* took all his plentiful possessions, depriving him of gold, silver, garments, stock, revenues, and retinue; and, not contenting himself with that, gave his wife and house to a servant of this holy man, further enforcing him to serve as a slave to this varlet, most ungrateful and barbarous to his good Master. Behold herein whither humane miseries may arrive. Notwithstanding *Sames*, a rock of constancy, was never a whit shaken, having this Maxim well imprinted in his heart; that For Accessories we must never lose the Principal.

Martyr of Poverty. *Sames.*

V. Govern your house in all frugality, and modesty: make the expenses, which you know to be necessary and agreeable to your estate, not as a possessor, but as a steward, and know you shall be accountable of the poor's portion before God. Apprehend not so much the future time, either for your self, or children, nor afflict your self for present or passed loss. Likewise when you have good success in your affairs, pass over it as a wary Bee over honey, not clamming your wings; according to the notable sentence of S. *Augustine* in his Epistle to *Romanian*. Living in this manner, although you have *Crœsus* his wealth, you shall live happily poor. It is said, that a great *Pope* with all the riches which he had, and daily distributed for supply of needy mankind, was thought to be poorer (and, as I may say, more expropriated) then a silly Hermit, who had nothing in his Cell but a Cat, he now being become a Master over his own affections.

Divitem te sentiant pauperes.

August. ad Roman. Ep. 113. Non frustrà in mellis copia pennas habet apicula, nescit enim habere rem.

The eight and twentieth SECTION.

Practice of Justice.

Necessity of Justice

THat, which the air is in the elementary world, the sun in the celestial, the soul in the intelligible, justice is the same in the civil. It is the air, which all afflicted desire to breathe; the sun, which dispelleth all clouds; the soul, which giveth life to all things. The unhappiness is, it is more found on the paper of Writers, then in the manners of the living. To be just is to be all that, which an honest man may be, since justice is to give every one what appertaineth to him.

Its Actions are

First Justice.

I. To subject within us the body to the soul, and the soul to God. For the first actions of injustice are to place Passions upon Altars, Reason in fetters, and not to search for the Kingdom of Heaven, but in the sway of our own private interests.

II. Concerning him, who sits in place of Magistracy, to have an ardent zeal for the maintenance of Laws, to bend all his endeavours, to apply all the forces of his mind and courage to authorize Justice, to strengthen his arm against the torrent of iniquities, and to put all his peculiar interests under the discharge of his imployments. He must have a great spirit to carry himself in that manner, and especially in a world of corruptions. A good and perfect Justicer, like unto *Job*, is a *Phœnix*. Ages as scarcely produce him: and when he dieth he contristates the whole world. Where shall you finde him, who can attribute to himself this rare commendation couched in the books of this worthy man? *I am cloathed with justice as with a garment: I am adorned with righteousness as with a diadem. I have been an eye to the blind, a foot to the lame, a father of the poor, I brake the jaw-bones of the unjust man, and took the prey out of his teeth.*

Justitiâ indutus sum, & vestivi me sicut vestimento, & diademate, judicio meo. Oculus fui cæco, & pes claudo. Pater eram pauperum, conterebam molas iniqui, & de dentibus illius auferebã prædam. Job. 29. 14, 15, 16, 17.

III. Not to know the favour either of parents, friends, flesh, or blood, when there is occasion of doing an act of justice; as *Canutus* King of *Denmark* did, who, after he had examined the process of twelve thieves, and condemned them, found one, who said, he was extracted of royal blood: *It is reason* (saith the King) *some grace should be done to him, wherefore give him the highest Gibet.* So the famous *Zaleucus*, to satisfie the law, pulled out one of his own eyes, and the other of his son. So *Andronicus Comnenus* caused publickly to set one of his Favourites on the Pillory, and commanded all those, who wrought mischief under the hope of his favour, *either to leave injustice, or life.* So the Emperour *Justine* suffered one of his greatest Minions to be apprehended at his own table, by the Provost, and thence dragged to execution.

Helmodi Chronicon. Admirable Justice without favour.

IV. To abhor those, who betray justice either for money, revenge, love, or any other passion as monsters of nature, murderers of mankind, to hold them anathematized with the great excommunication of nature. Not to admire their fortune, nor in any sort to participate in their riches, to become a companion in their crimes, holding this undoubted, that the fire of God's judgment will devour their Tabernacles, who practice these corruptions. In the form of an oath exhibited under the Emperour *Justinian* the Magistrates sware to maintain Religion, and justice, according to their power; and, in case of corruption, they wished upon themselves by way of execration the trembling of *Cain*, the leprosie of *Gehezi*, the lot of *Judas*, and all that which may astonish man.

Peremptorium est in principe vel auram adeo rare munerum, vel favorem quærere personarum. Cassiod. *Ignis devorabit tabernacula eorum, qui munera accipiunt.* Job 15. 34. Oath of Magistrates under *Justinian.*

V. To have ears alwaies open, and bowels of compassion, ready to hear the complaints of Widows, Orphans, Afflicted, and forlone people, who endure all the torments of the world to break through the press to manifest their miseries. The Emperour *Trajan* hath done many brave and eminent acts, but none of his atchievements were so resplendent, as the justice he readily afforded to a virtuous Widow. Her son had been slain, and she, not being able to obtain justice, had the courage to accost the Emperour in the midst of the City of *Rome*, amongst an infinite number of people, and flourishing Legions, which followed him to the wars he was then going to take in *Valachia*. At her request, *Trajan*, notwithstanding he was much pressed with the affairs of a most urgent war, alighted from his horse, heard her, comforted her, and did her justice. This afterward was represented on *Trajan's* pillar, as one of his greatest wonders. And it is said, he was highly commended and admired by S. *Gregory* the Great.

Notable act of *Trajan.*

VI. To

VI. To do good, and to execute Justice with expedition, not stretching the leather with the teeth, as said the good King *Lewis* the *Twelfth*, taxing the delays, references, and neglects of Judges. The Chronicle of *Alexandria* relateth an admirable passage of *Theodorick* King of the *Romans*, to whom a widow named *Juvenalis* made her complaint, that a suit of her's in Court was drawn at length for the space of three years, which might have been dispatched in few days. The King demanded, who were her Judges, she named them; they were sent unto, and commanded to give all the speedy expedition, that was possible, to this woman's cause: which they did, and in two days determined it to her good liking. Which done, *Theodorick* called them again: they, supposing it had been to applaud their excellent Justice now done, hastened thither full of joy. Being come, the King asked of them: *How cometh it to pass, you have performed that in two days, which had not been done in three years?* They answered: *The recommendation of your Majesty made us finish it. How?* replieth the King, *When I put you into Office, did I not consign all Pleas, and Proceedings to you, and particularly those of widows? You deserve death, so to have spun out a business in length three years space, which required but two days dispatch.* And at that instant commanded their heads to be cut off. The good *Juvenalis* was so strucken with admiration for such an act, that she came to the King to render thanks, and to offer candles to him as to an holy Saint. And would to God *Theodorick* had still persevered in such integrity.

Strange Act of *Theodorick*. Chron. *Alexandrinũ*.

VII. Not to be contented with conscience alone, but to have science also, well to examine matters, and to observe the forms of right: not to cause any body to be punished, or tormented by precipitation without sufficient proofs. It is a lamentable thing, when through a desperate haste an innocent is bereaved of that in a moment, which never can be again restored, although he should live an hundred years. But it is to be wickedly unjust, when that is also confirmed by malice, and cruelty, which was begun by mistaking: as happened to *Piso*, who rashly condemned a poor Soldier to death, wrongfully suspected of the murder of his living companion. As the innocent man had now his neck under the sword of his executioner, this Camerado of his, supposed to be slain by him, appeared living, and in health. The Centurion, who attended the execution, brought them both back again with much concourse of people, to present them to *Piso*. This furious Judg, enragedly ashamed of the first Sentence, which he over-hastily had given, commanded they should both be put to death, and that also the Centurion should be added to them: one, because he was already condemned, although guiltless; another, because he was thought to be dead; and the third, because he would preserve in the Judg wisdom, and innocency. This Barbarian shortly after paid for this fault, joyned with many others, by a marvellous turn of Fortune, and a most shameful death.

Mad cruelty of *Piso*. *Senec.* lib 1. *De Ira*, cap. 10.

VIII. To be more inclining always to mercy, then severity; yet notwithstanding well to take heed, lest this mercy degenerate into a softness very prejudicial to the maintainance of Justice. Also to visit prisons, to see what is fit to be done, and not suffer prisoners to consume in a tedious, and irksom misery without true cause of delay.

IX. To extend the hand, that honest men may maintained, protected, recompensed for services done to the Common-wealth; and Malefactours punished, and used according to their demerits: since *reward and punishment* (as *Democritus* said) *are the two Divinities of Weals-publick, and the two Poles, on which the affairs of the world do move.*

X. As for the Justice of particular men, it is to obey Laws and Magistrates, keep peace and concord among their neigbours, to wrong no man in his honour, body, goods, allies, reputation, nor any thing that appertaineth to another, either by word, deed, or by sign.

Justice of Particulars.

XI. To be true in words, loyal in promises, faithful in proceedings, to handle the affairs, which one manageth roundly, and freely, without dissimulation, deceit, treachery, to avoid usury, and all unjust gain, to pay debts, not to withold servants or hirelings wages, to be ready to satisfie those, whom one hath offended, often to beg of God, that in the day of his great Assizes we may appear in the robe of Justice, to expect with all confidence the benign breath of his mercies.

The twenty ninth SECTION.

Practice of Gratitude.

ONE of the noblest acts of Justice is the acknowledgment of a benefit. A Virtue very rare in this Age, where (as well Sir *Thomas More* said) *Good turns are written in sand, and injuries, and revenges on marble.* Saint *Ambrose* assureth us, it was not without mysterie young *Toby* took a Dog for the companion of his voyage: God would, he should learn acknowledgment of benefits in the nature of this creature, the hieroglyphick of gratitude.

Beneficia pulveri, si quid mali patimur marmori insculpimus. A singular Saying of Sir *Thomas More.* Amb. *l.* 6. Hexaē. c. 4. *Tobie's* Dog.

The acts of acknowledgment are,

I. Not to deny, dissemble, nor ever to forget a benefit, but to acknowledge it, retain it, praise, extol it, as the antient *Hebrews* did, who set marks on their arms, and ensigns at their gates, for the remembrance, and acknowledgment of a benefit received. It is a great shame to be ashamed to owe a benefit, and to avoid the sight of a benefactor, as if his presence upbraided either our ingratitude, or disability.

Gratitude of *Hebrews*. *Joseph.* Antiq. l. 4.

II. To be thankful, not only in the presence of the benefactour by some little vain ostentation of acknowledgment, but to publish it to others in time, and place, and to retain it as it were engraven in a respective memorie.

III. To recompense him according to power, not only in proportion, but superabundantly, which that it may be the better effected, to consider what is given to us, from whom, when, and how. A benefit is ever best accepted from a friendly, frank, and free hand, and many times from whom it is least expected, in a pressing necessitie. A benefit from an harsh man, given as it were frowardly, is a stony loaf of bread, which necessity enforceth us to take, not free-will. It is no gift, when that is given, which can no longer be withheld; as *Emmanuel* the Emperour, who, seeing his full coffers in the hands of the *Persians*, said to his Soldiers: Go take them, I give them to you. It is a negligent and remiss giving, when the extreme want of a poor man is expected: as the fountain of *Narni*, which never distilled its streams, but on the eve of a famin. A small courtesie seasonably done deserveth much, and that was the cause why King *Agrippa* made a poor servitour, named *Thaumastus*, the second person of his kingdom; for that he had given him a glass of fair water in his great necessity, when under *Tiberius* he was tied to a tree before the Palace of the Emperour, and endured a most ardent thirst.

Sordid Liberality of *Emmanuel Comnenus*.

Leander in Umbria.

Joseph. l. 18. Antiq. *Thaumastus* the second man in a Kingdom, for having given a glass of water.

IV. As it is not good to suffer a benefit to wax old,

old, ſo it is not always expedient to recompenſe it ſo readily, as if we bear our obligation with impatience, and that we had an opinion this benefit came to us from a hand beſmeared with birdlime, with intention to graſp another. The beſt way is to let your obſervances creep into credit, in time, and place, with ſo much the more precaution, as they ought to have the leſs of oſtentation.

The thirtieth SECTION.

Practice of Charity.

Eminentiſſimum charismatum. S. Iren. l. 4. cap. 63. S. Maximus Oeconom. cent. 1. 38. 4 Reg 2. 9. Plenitudo legis, Charitas. Aug. tract. in epiſt. Joan. Dorotheus, 5. Bibliothec. PP. Doct. 6.

SAint *Ireneus* (as we have ſaid) calleth Charity a moſt excellent preſent from heaven, the top and Zenith of all virtues, gifts, and favours of God. Saint *Maximus* ſaith, it is the gate of the Sanctuary, which leadeth us aright to the viſion of the holy Trinitie. It is the double ſpirit, which *Elizeus* required, wherewith to love God, and our Neighbour. Behold the whole law! behold all perfection! You are not much to afflict your ſelf (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) to become perfect. Love God, and then do what you will: for, if you deſire to know whether your love towards God be real, and not counterfeit, mark how you love your neighbour. By how much the lines draw nearer one to another, ſo much the more they approach to the center: by how much the nearer you approach to your neigbour in love, by ſo much the nearer you are to God.

The Actions of this Royal Virtue are

Acts of Charity.

I. To have an affectionate delight in God: for that he is God, all-wiſe, all-good, all-powerful, all-amiable, all-juſt, all-merciful; the original fountain of all wiſdom, goodneſs, power, beauty, juſtice, mercy. Moſt heartily to rejoyce, that he ſitteth in the throne of glory, as in an abyſs of ſplendor, adored without intermiſſion by all the celeſtial powers, by all the Saints, by all the exalted Spirits. To deſire, that all the creatures in the world might adore, and ſerve him, that all underſtandings were repleniſhed with the knowledg of him, all memories with his benefits, all wills with his love. Such was the affection of that good Frier *Giles*, companion to St. *Francis*, who was much moved in beholding the beauties of God, and afterwards wept bitterly, as he ſaid, love was not beloved enough.

Amor non amatur.

II. To be ſenſibly ſorrowful for the impieties, hereſies, infidelities, errors, ſins, diſſolutions, which have covered the face of the earth. To reſent the injuries done to God, as one would the rebukes of a good father, of a loving brother, or of ſome perſon moſt tenderly affectionate, as the apple of your eye.

Marvelous Zeal of a Lady.

It is an admirable thing to ſee in Scripture a poor Princeſs, daughter in-law of *Heli*, falling in travail upon the news brought her of the taking of the Ark of Covenant, and death of her husband, and neighbours; for her neither to think of father, brother, husband, no nor the pains of her child-bearing, nor to complain of any thing, but of the ſurpriſal of the Ark, and to have dying theſe words on her lips: *Farewel the glory of* Iſrael, *ſince the Ark of God is taken away*; what zeal is this in a woman? And now adays, one cannot loſe a grey-hound, a curtal jade, a bird, but all the houſe is filled with noiſe, and out-cries; whilſt for injuries done to God the hearts of men are very inſenſible.

Tranſlata eſt gloria de Iſraël, quia capta eſt Arca Dei. 1 Reg. 4 21.

III. To love all mortal men as creatures made to the image of God, but, above all, the Faithful, in the quality of perſons deſtined to the ſovereign beatitude: to wiſh them true bleſſings, as Juſtification, Grace, Virtues, ſpiritual Progreſſion, Glory. Moreover, to deſire they may be fortunate in riches, honour, credit, good ſucceſs in their affairs, if ſuch comforts may conduce to procure them beatitude.

IV. Never to deſpiſe, never to judge raſhly, never to interpret other mens actions in an ill ſenſe; but to compaſſionate their infirmities, bear their burdens, excuſe their weakneſſes, make up, and conſolidate the breaches of charity happened by their fault, to hate imperfections, and ever to love men, yea even your enemies: therein the touch-ſtone of true charity is known. The means to preſerve one from his enemies, is to pardon enemies, ſaid S. *Auguſtine*. One of the goodlieſt ſpectacles, able to attract Angels to the gates of heaven to behold it, is neither Theatres, Amphitheatres, Pyramids, nor Obelisks; but a man, who knoweth how to do well, and hear ill, and to vindicate himſelf from ill by doing well.

Diſce diligere inimicos cum, ſi vis cavere inimicum. Aug. in Pſal. 99.

Cardinal *Petrus Damianus* relateth, how he, being a Student at *Faenza*, one told him of an Act of Charity happened (as I believe) in his time, at the ſame place, of which he made more account, then of all the wonders of the world. It was a man, whoſe eyes another moſt traiterouſly had pulled out, and this accident had confined him in a Monaſtery, where he lived a pure, and unſpotted life, yielding all offices of charity according to the ability of his perſon. It fell out, this cruel creature, who had done this miſchievous act, ſickened of a languiſhing malady, and found himſelf enforced to be carried to that ſame place, where he was, whom he had bereaved of ſight. His heart ſaid within him, he would never endure him; but for revenge would put out his eyes. On the contrary, the blind man made earneſt ſuit to do this act of charity to him with all the moſt fervent endeavour, as if he had ſought ſome great fortune from the hand of a Prince. Behold he prevailed, he is deputed to the ſervice of the ſick man, and he dedicated to him all the functions of his body, except the eyes, which the other had pulled out. Notwithſtanding (ſaith the *Cardinal*) he wanted not eyes, having thoſe of ſupreme Charity, and Patience. You would ſay this good blind man was all eyes, all arms, all hands, all heart, to attend this ſick man; ſo much conſideration, vigour, diligence, and affection he uſed. And what ſhould they here ſay, who upon the leaſt affronts burn with a revengeful ſpirit?

An excellent Paſſage of Charity.

V. Not to have a lazy and languiſhing charity, which is only in idea: but to be diligent, cordial, ſtrict, not for particular ends, but the taintleſs Maxims of Virtue. It was a great folly in thoſe Philoſophers, called the *Contemplators*, who placed perfection in ſitting with arms a-croſs, without doing any act to aſsiſt in the ſociety of men. Witneſs the prime Prince among them, named *Pyrrho*, who beheld the ſtars, whilſt his companion *Axaquus*, falling into a ditch, cried out for help. They both were found, the one in this miſery deſpairing, and the other contemplating. It was ſaid to the Maſter: *What do you here, my friend? Why endeavour you not to draw your companion out of this ditch?* No other anſwer would he make: *Let me alone. I meditate, how to become an honeſt man.* And behold him a lazy truant, without any further ſearch in giving aid to this miſerable man. In the whole hiſtory of *Pliny* the beſt word is this: *It is a Divinity for one man to do good to another, and behold the moſt aſſured way of eternal glory.*

Laert. l. 6.

Stupidity of Pyrrho. Sinet meditor, ut bonus ſim. Plin. l. 2. Deus eſt mortali juvare mortalem, & hac ad æternam gloriam via.

VI. For this purpoſe you ought to know not only at your finger-ends, but to have both in heart, and hand, the works of mercy, ſpiritual, and corporal. You muſt diſpoſe your ſelf with eſpecial endeavour to alms-deeds. There is the ſchole of rich men, it is their leſſon, their Philoſophy, their heavenly Alchimy, their juſtification, their ſalvation, their glory. The

Alms.

practice

practice of alms is not now to be required. It is easily found. There are as many ways of mercy, as there are miseries in mankind, which are every day exposed to our eyes: a thousandfold happy are they, who seriously bend themselves to comfort such, every one to the proportion of his power. How many brave, and noble spirits are industrious in that kind? Some (as the Emperour *Titus*) thought they had lost a day, wherein they had obliged no man. Others daily fed some poor creature, in whom they acknowledged the Person of *Jesus Christ*. Others went up and down into publick streets, to finde out the necessities of men, to relieve, and consolate them. Others humbled themselves continually to the services of the sick, and indigent. Others taught this practice to their little children, almost from the Nurse's breast; as soon as they began to stutter out words, they were made Orators for the poor. Others distributed their revenue in equal portions to Churches, needy persons, and for their own maintainance. Others gave the first-fruits of all their increase of profits. Others founded, and instituted a thousand excellent works of piety. Behold good life herein, fair hope, and generous charity. And is it not to be the scorn, and scandal of mankind to amass riches for worms, for moths, for children many times wicked, drunken, loose Libertines, who will play, and desport upon their Parents tombs? It were a notable Inscription, if one should put these words upon your Monument, which *Valerius* gave to one called *Gillias*:

Ista verò injustitia magna, ut ego at Dominus, & habeat, ande luxurietur filius tuus. August. De disciplina Christiana. Val. l. 4. c. 8.

QUOD GILLIAS *POSSIDEBAT O, MNIUM QUASI COMMUNE PATRIMONIUM ERAT. HIC IPSIUS LIBERALITATIS PRÆCORDIA HABUIT, ET DOMUS EJUS QUASI QUÆDAM MUNIFICENTIÆ OFFICINA. What* Gillias *had, was the possession of all Mankind. This man had his heart, and intrails composed even of Charity it self: his House was a Shop of Bounty.*

Of Virtues, that oppose the third Impurity, which is Pride of Life.

The thirty first SECTION.

The Practice of Humility, and Magnanimity.

TO say, that Noble-men, and Persons of quality have no need of the virtue of Humility, is to say that sick men have no need of health. Humility is the element and orb of Virtues. It is the gate of Christianity (saith S. *Cyprian*) and we ought not to think that man will be loyal to faith, who is unfaithful to the virtue of *Jesus Christ*, to wit, humility. It's necessary for all men, but especially Great ones, who are more roughly assaulted by the storms of pride: and if this virtue be a contempt of its own excellency, where shall you finde out this excellency to finde out the contempt thereof? Shall it be in mean, and inferiour spirits? They naturally are in their own way of baseness, but not therefore in the path of humility. *The most exact humility is that, which hath more of honour, and less of the sense of honour*, saith S. *Bernard*. The Stars are beheld in the bottom of a pit: and profound humility maketh the most radiant splendours appear in greatness. The sun dispelleth the grossest vapours, and draweth the thinnest, and subtile to himself: how much the more you lessen your self, so much the nearer you shall approach to the Sun of true glory. If you desire to practise this celestial virtue, behold the actions.

Primus Religionis intuitus. Cyprian. *De Nativitate Christi.* Humility of Great men. *Magna virtus est humilitas honorata.*

Acts. Pride of Nobility reprehensible.

I. Do not intoxicate your brain with a mad vanity of noble race, which causeth many to dig out, and disentomb their Grand-sires, as it were, from the ashes of old *Troy*: and, as *Ausonius* saith, in so carefully searching out uncertain parents, they many times give occasion to think they have none certain. Nobility is not to be blamed, since it is the happiness of good extraction; but to be vauntingly puffed up on this occasion, is a meer folly. He, that should revolve, and rifle the whole mass of mankind (saith *Plato*) should find there is no King, which cometh not from servitors; nor servitor, who cometh not from Kings.

Names of land.

II. Not to affect, nor seek after humane praises, flattery, complacence, ticklings of reputation, which inebriate all shallow brains. Nor through affectation to display a large list of titles and qualities. The time hath been, when men named lands; at this day lands denominate men. So many abject villages, boroughs, hamlets, brave it in paper, and set our memories on the rack to name one man, who should rather be named, and renowned for virtues, which are the inheritance of men. Our Ancestors, who raised their titles upon noble actions, were men of heaven; but now, when we so passionately seek to acquire names of the earth, we well thereby declare we are men of the earth.

Modesty in its exaltation.

III. When one is arrived by virtue to some fortune, and condition eminent, not at an instant to turn his brain, as with a voluntary drunkenness, and forget not only his poor parents, but himself also, affecting wry-mouths, crabbed looks, disdains, ill countenances, and much exteriour seeming, to blot out the memory of his extraction. The good *Primislaus*, being come from the fortune of a Peasant to the Soveraignty of *Bohemia*, caused his country-cassock, and high shoes to be kept in the Church, and yearly represented to him, to renew the memory of his blood, and thereby cherish his own humility. Pope *Benedict the Eleventh*, the son of a silly Peasant, his mother being brought unto him in a rich and sumptuous habit, with intention much to please him, turned his eyes away, and said, he could not acknowledg this woman for his mother. But she afterwards returning to him in her rustick attire, he acknowledged her, and yielded all the duties of a good son. Their hearts were deep in humility, and not of these petty spirits, who are ashamed of their beginning, and resemble those beasts, which think they are well hidden, if their heads be covered, shewing the rest of their bodies.

Humility of *Primislaus*, and Pope *Benedict* the 11.

IV. Neither to make your self *Fierabras*, nor the Knight of the burning sword, in matter of valour. Those, who most brave it in words, are found very short in performance. The world is full of *Redomonts*, who only are transported with arrogant and sudden furies, as *Rabsaces* in the Scripture; but few are found truly valourous. When *Homer* maketh his brave Captains march, he gives them silence for guide. Contrariwise, he maketh cowards to babble, and chatter like cranes. The one pass along like great rivers, letting their streams glide softly with silent majesty: the other do nothing else but murmur like little brooks. A sign of not being valiant at all is to strive to seem valiant.

Redomont.

Vanity of Beauty.

V. To boast the beauty of body is to have a great defect in the judgment, which is the beauty of the soul. It is verily a desperate vanity, when a Lady, under the colour, that some scribling Rimer hath given her the locks of *Aurora*, the eys of *Venus*, the port of *Juno*, the feet of *Thetis*, makes her self the Queen of *Antioch*, and glorifies her self many times with a beauty meerly imaginary. Queen *Stratonica*, wife of *Seleucus*, had not one hair upon her head, yet notwithstanding gave six hundred crowns to a Poet, who had celebrated her in his verse, and sung, that her hair had the tincture of the Marigold. I know not how this soothing flatterer meant

Ridiculous Pride of Queen *Stratonica*.

meant it, but this Queen became very proud, which made her so much the more ridiculous. Although this Beauty were true, it is but white and Vermilion skin distended over a Carcase, which covereth many ordures: it is a Dung-hill blanched with Snow, an Idol of Fools, a Flower of the Field, which hath (as it were) for horizon the instant of its Birth. We may well give it the Epitaph of the Rose:

Mirabar celerem fugitivâ ætate ruinam, Et. dum nascuntur, consenuisse rosas.

Here lies the Rose *in one day come*
From the first Blossom to a Tomb.

VI. A much more notorious folly it also is to boast and brave it in Apparel, which are Plaisters of the scars of Sin, to wit, Nakedness; borrowed Feathers from all kinde of Birds, unpunished Thefts, witnesses of our Poverty, which causeth us to beg the assistance of all creatures to cover our shame. What an indignity is it to be desirous to brave it above one's State, Quality, or Port, and to arrive at this height, oft-times to bear the fat and marrow of the Poor in the plaits of Garments? Nay these many rapines are not sufficient to entertain this enraged Prodigality. Debts must grow, which cannot be discharged; Silk must be dragged at your heels, and a Sergeant ready behind you; to shew Gold, and hide Misery and Sin; to adorn a Body, as if it were a Temple of *Egypt*, with all possible splendour, and to lodg within it the soul of a Rat. What infamy is it to behold in a Banquet a *Roman* Lady, called *Lollia Paulina*, carry about her in Chains, Carcanets, and Pretious Stones, a Million of Gold; and her Father, who had despoiled all the *Roman* Provinces to cloath this onely Daughter, drink afterward Poyson, overwhelmed in the despair of his own affairs? Is not the Chamlet-Coat of the greatest of all our Kings S. *Lewis*, of power to confound all Courtiers of both sexes, who, having nothing worthy of praise in them, would dignifie themselves with Apparel, shewing they have like Peacocks a little Head, little Brain, beautifull Feathers, and a long Tail?

Habits.

Plin. lib. 9. cap. 35. *Paulina* bare about her a million of Gold.

VII. Not to be proud for Riches: for they are a River, which now this day pass along by your Lodging, and are no more yours, then the River of *Seyne*. Not to look with a surly face in great Fortunes, and Dignities, for it is a Vizard in a Comedie, which must presently be pulled off. Not to value your self highly for an happy memory; for it is, as it were, the Belly of the Soul, many times filled with much windiness: nor for wit; for it is often but thin, like the Spider's Web, fit to catch Flies, and nothing else: nor for the judgment, for much to confide therein is a dangerous Leprosie in the heart of man.

Superemi-nence of person.

Modesty.

VIII. To measure your self by your own rule, to know your own Ability, not overmuch to presume of your own Forces, not to undertake a great burthen, and shrink under the Weight of it. To speak little of your self, and of all that, which is your own, not to over-prize, nor deject your self, to do good without speaking of it, to obey the commandments of Superiours faithfully, readily, couragiously, to moderate desires, to love mediocrity in all things, to have a sweet, affable, and respective conversation.

Magnanimity.

IX. If you be truly humble, you will necessarily have the acts of Magnanimity, which are to undertake great things for the honour of God: for there is not any thing so potent as the humble man, who expecteth all his power from Heaven. To contemn the promises and menaces of Great-men, when they request or command you to do any injustice.

Arist. lib. 3. *Ethic.*

X. To drive from you with courage any Obstacles, which present themselves to divert you from a good work: to make little accompt of all the states and dignities of the world: to enter into it, stay in it, go out of it, ever with the same countenance. To take honour as a Tribute, which you are to put into the Coffers of God. To abide continually both in Adversity and Prosperity within your self. To recompense a benefit liberally, never to detract, to praise sparingly, beg seldom, admire nothing lightly, nor complain of any man. To hold rank among Great-men without Vanity, and to humble your self to inferiours through Charity. Not to undertake many things, but perform brave things. To hate flattery as a Plague, hypocrisie as a Poyson, complacence as a Mockery. To do and speak freely, what is reasonable. Not to remember injuries. To aim rather at true honour, then profit.

The thirty second SECTION.

Practice of Patience.

Praise of Patience.

BEhold that, which setteth a Seal upon all Virtues, Patience, ever the first in the List, and last in the Triumph. It is the crowned Pome-granate, which hangeth among the Bels in the lowest Bordure of the High-Priest's Robe of the old Law. It was a goodly thing to carry all the world on his Habit, all was imperfect without the Crown of Patience; she it is, which hath the Bell, to teach us, that all Virtues are very excellent, but it belongeth not to them to proclame Victory without patience and perseverance. Other Virtues are as those antient Painters, who subscribed at the foot of their Table, *He painted, he made:* but Patience may affix, *I have made, I have perfected*, since it giveth full accomplishment. It is the Schole of Christianity. *So learned are we* (saith S. *Ambrose*) *as we have patience: so much do we participate with God, as we can suffer by his example. He hath taken a body to be able to suffer, and to make himself altogether the mirrour of sufferers, and the reward of those, who have patiently endured. If we suffer not to imitate him, our Soul is no longer ours: for it is the word of the Son of God, that we possess not this Soul but by the means of patience. If we leave it, we lose all.* For the practice of this Virtue, I require not, you should be a Saint *Macarius*, who for having killed a Gnat, which stung him, went (as if he had committed a great act of impatience) for the space of six moneths, exposing his naked body to all the Flies, Gnats, and Wasps of the Wilderness, to be revenged on himself. This patience is not for your purpose, learn one more easie.

A notable Observation upon the habit of the High-Priest.

Ambr. super *Proverb.* *Tantò quisque minus ostenditur doctus, quantò minùs ostenditur patiens.*

Vita P. Patience of S. *Macarius.*

Patience of Great-men what.

I. That you a little bear with your self. All follie hath this property with it, that it is perpetually in disturbances, ever wearie of the present, and with open mouth gaping for the future. It leapeth like Quick-silver, it boundeth and skippeth from thought to thought, from purpose to purpose, from place to place, as the Stag from the Hillock to the Mountain, from the Mountain to the Hillock. And all that proceedeth from impatience of heart.

Acts.

First patience to endure one's self.

Take for the first act of patience, to reclame your self within your self, not to be still upon change, to rest with firm footing in the conditions, professions, employments, recreations, in which through duty you are engaged.

To spare men, and endure men.

II. To spare men (as saith the Emperour *Antoninus*) and suffer men. You would have men speak, laugh, go, and spit, even after your fashion, that is the way to please you. Superiours molest you, Equals trouble you, Inferiours can do nothing to content your Appetite: the noise of a Door, the winde of a Window, a Glass broken, a mess of Broth over-salted, a Fly in the kitchin negligently driven away by a Servant makes you enraged. You have

more

more disturbances, then the winding *Euripus* hath waves. This proceedeth from the great weakness of your understanding, effeminacy of flesh, tenderness of education, custom of curiosity, sickness, and giddiness of spirit. If you do not seasonably prevent the mischief, and daily accustom your self to tolerate some inconvenience with sweetness, and patience; you will become a Monster in conversation, insupportable to all, and in conclusion, troublesom to your self. What an indignity is it, that a man full of rebellions against God, should desire, that men and beasts serve him according to all his humours? Some slight fellow will be so observed in *punctо*: and a thousand and a thousand Kings have endured a million of indiscretions of their servants with patience. Is is not said, that *Philip* the Second King of *Spain*, having written a Letter with his own hand, with much study and labour, to be sent to the Pope; when he asked for Sand to cast upon it, his Secretary half asleep, poured the Ink in the Standish upon it? This would have put you into a fury; and yet behold a man of this eminency! bare it without speaking one angry word to his servant.

Calumnies

III. From hence you shall learn to suffer calumnies and slanderous words, not raising a storm in your mind, about the interpretation of a doubtful word: not to frame differences about the leg of a flie. Not to be amazed at forged imputations, which trench even upon the Diadems of Kings, and Mitres of Popes. The Buckler wherewith you must resist them, is, Contempt, and Innocency. It is said, the *Basilisk* desirous to infect a Looking-glass, killeth himself by repercussion of vapours which proceed from his own body: and the Calumniator doth the like, when he meeteth with a pure unspotted life. It is a smooth glass, which slayeth him with his proper arms. Speak only these royal words of *David*, a King, and Prophet: *My God, if thou suffer this persecution against me; at the least, I beg the sacrifice of my Patience may ascend to thy Altar in the odour of sweetness.* S. *Ambrose*, as I have demonstrated before, hath observed, that this great man was so disposed to patience, that being persecuted by his son *Absalom*, and at the same time furiously pursued with the foul slanders of *Shimei*, he took the clamorous tongue of this Detractour to make it, as it were, an Antidote of it, and apply it to the sorrow he received from the parricide of an unnatural son.

Patience of *David.* *Si Dominus initat adversum me, odoretur sacrificium meum.* 1 *Reg.* 26. 19

Verborum contumelia parricidii levavit aerumnam.

Malady.

IV. Patiently to endure a malady. It is an hard matter in vehement pains, but that some out-cries and exclamations escape Nature. I know not what heart that Gentleman had, of whom the Table of Constancy speaketh; who played on a Lute when his leg was cut off with biting Saws, and burning Cauteries, without breathing forth one silly sigh. That is not exacted of you, but that you use some moderation; and above all, to have a soul resigned, principally in dolours, and small maladies, which give you leisure enough to re-enter into your self.

Heroick acts of patience.

V. Finally, To swim in a strong stream, you must fortifie your self against all humane accidents, as are the hurly-burlies of Fortune, (which in a moment thrust a man down to the bottom of the wheel) banishments, imprisonments, shipwracks, loss of goods, infamous accusations even of Innocency it self: crimes, calamities, death of friends, near kindred, fathers, mothers, brothers, children, and all that which hath sadness, and horrour in Nature. Our, alas! what lightnings, thunders, tempests on all sides? What traps, what snares? O man (miserable creature) drenched in the water of thy tears, which are more familiar to thee, then the sea and rivers to fishes; where wilt thou save thy self, if thou put not thy self under the shelter of patience? All is replenished with miseries, and to be desirous of exemption is a petty apostacy in Nature. Tribulation is the King's high-way, beaten, and tracked with the sacred steps of thy Master, and with a countless number of Saints, who all of them have made their afflictions the degrees of their glory. Behold thy *Jesus*, he is the brazen Serpent, planted in the wilderness of this world, which healeth all the bitings of our impatience. Behold Patience, it is the Salt of the Prophet *Elizæus*, which purifieth the polluted waters, and sweeteneth all the bitterness of life.

Patience the Sanctuary of Mortals.

The thirty third SECTION.

Practice of daily Actions.

ALl our Virtues are included in our Actions, and our Actions in the hours, the hours in the day, and the day in the month, the month in the year, and the year in the Ages. Every day is a brief table of our life, and the means to make one's self perfect quickly, is to perform all our daily actions with mature consideration and perfection. Behold a portraict, the lineaments whereof I have taken from a man endowed with great wisdom, religion, and integrity, whom I would willingly name, did I not fear to offend his humility, able to endure any thing but his own praises.

Every day a table of life.

Means of perfection.

I. It is a long time, since the Sun for your benefit hath dispersed the shadows of the night, that you may rejoyce at the sight of the great spectacle of the works of God; and yet your Curtains are still shut to entertain you in the dusky image of death. Get out of your bed, and think this goodly Star, which maketh you begin the career of this day, will this day run more then ten or twelve millions of leagues. And you, how many steps (I pray) will you set forward to draw near to Virtue? This indefatigable Harbinger is gone forth to score you out the lodging of a Tomb; so many minutes are so many points deducted of your life. Will not you follow the counsel of the Son of God, and do well whilst it is day? A great night will speedily involve you under its wings, wherein you shall no more have further means to travel.

Motive to pass the day well.

II. Take every day as a day in harvest: take it as a day of a Fair, or mart; take it as a day wherein you are to labour in the mines of gold; take it as a Ring, which you must engrave, adorn and embellish with your actions, to be in the evening offered up at the Altar of God.

Day pretious

III. Represent unto your self a notable consideration of S. *Bernard*, that your actions pass, as not passing: for every good work you do, is a grain of seed for life eternal. Say as did *Xenxes*, that Painter so renowned, *Æternitati pingo, I paint for eternity.*

To paint for eternity.

IV. Follow the counsel of S. *Thomas*; Do every action in the virtue of *Jesus Christ*, desiring to have all the good intentions and affections of the Church, Militant and Triumphant. Do it, as if thereon depended the praise of God, the good of the whole world, all your happiness; and as if it were to set a Seal on all your Works.

Counsel of S. *Thomas.*

S. Thom. *De moribus divinis.*

V. Begin from the evening the purpose of good works, which you are to perform the next day, what points you ought to meditate on, what vice you should resist, what virtue exercise, what affairs you are to handle, to make all appear in its proper time, with a well-matured providence. It is the thread of *Ariadne*, which guideth our actions in the great labyrinth of time; otherwise, all runneth to confusion.

To provide on the evening for the day to come.

Diligence in the Morning.

VI. Have so much curiosity in you, as sometime to know of what colour the day-break of morning is, outstrip the steps of light, according to the counsel of the Wise-man, to praise God. Take good heed, lest you imitate that hog *Epicurus*, who boasted, he had waxed old without ever beholding the Sun rising or setting. It is a good custom to rise in the morning, but very difficult to perswade women so, and all the Antipodes of nature, who change day into night, and night into day. That famous *Apollonius*, held in his time for an Oracle of the world, coming very early in the morning to *Vespasian's* gate, and finding him awake, conjectured thereupon that he was worthy to command an Empire, and said to one, who accompanied him: *Undoubtely, this man will be Emperour, seeing he is so early a stirrer.*

Ἀνὴρ ἄξιος. Three Parts of the Day.

VII. All that, which you are to dispose the day unto, is divided into three Parts, Devotion, Business, Recreation. Devotion must carry the torch, and open the door to all our actions.

Awaking.

VIII. Make account at your first awaking to give all the first fruits of your faculties, senses, and functions to the divine Majesty. Let the Memory presently put it self in mind, that it ought to do the work of God. Let the Understanding cast a consideration upon its Creator, like a flash of lightening. Let the Will be enkindled with his love. Let the Heart shoot forth some fiery shafts, some desires, and some affections wholly celestial. Let the Mouth and Tongue endeavour to pronounce some vocal prayer to the most holy Trinity. Let the Hands figure on the forehead and breast the Sign of the Cross, since they are lifted up to heaven. Let the Arms and Feet shake off the sluggishness of sleep, as S. *Peter* did the chains at the voice of the Angel. Behold a good beginning, how to offer one's self to God. The hair was pulled from the Victim, and put into the fire, before it was sacrificed; so must you draw away at your awaking those slighter actions, to give beginning to your Sacrifice.

IX. This Action should serve as a Preparative to another more long and serious devotion, which you are to make in your closet, when first you come out of your bed. If you have so gorgeous garments to put on, that necessarily you must bestow some notable time to dress you, it is a miserable servitude. Observe you not it should be done to render your tribute to God? Then cloath your self indifferently, as much as shall be necessary for comelineſs, and health. Afterward with bowed knees use five things, *Adoration*, *Thanksgiving*, *Oblation*, *Contrition*, and *Petition*.

Exercise of the Morning.

Five things to be practised.

Adoration in adoring God, prostrated on the earth, resounding like a little string of the world's great Harp, and offering to the Creator this whole universe, as a Votive-table hanged upon his Altar, wholly resigning your self to his will. For this act it is very expedient to use the Hymn of the three Children in the fornace, who called all creatures, as by a check-roul, to the praises of God.

Thanksgiving for all benefits in general, and particularly for that you have happily passed over this night. The Church furnisheth us with an excellent form of Thanksgiving in the Hymn *Te Deum laudamus*.

Oblation of your faculties, senses, functions, thoughts, words, works, and of all that you are, remembering the sentence of S. *John Chrysostom*, That *The worst avarice is to defraud God of the oblation of your self*. Offer to God the Father your Memory, to repleniſh it with profitable and good things, as a vessel of election; to the Son your Understanding, to enlighten it with eternal verities; to the Holy Ghost your Will, to heat it with his holy ardours: consign your body to the Blessed *Virgin*, to preserve it under the seal of purity.

Contrition, in general for all sins, and particularly for some vices, and imperfections, which most surcharge you, with a firm purpose to make war against them, and extirpate them with God's assistance.

Petition, not to offend God mortally, nor to fail with grace, light, and courage, to resist those sins, to which you are most inclined. To practise those virtues, which are most necessary for you. To be guided and governed this very day by the providence of God in all that may concern the weal of your soul, body, and things external. To participate in all the good works, which shall be done in the Christian world. To obtain new graces, and succours for the necessities of your neighbours, whom you then may represent, and this by the intercession of Saints, wherewith your prayer should be seasoned. It is then to very good purpose to spend some quarter of an hour at the least in reading some spiritual book, imagining it as a letter sent from God to you for direction of your actions.

Spiritual Lesson.

Cloathing.

X. When you put on your apparel, to acknowledg your great servitude, so to serve with much industry the most abject and brutish part of man. To think, you garnish a body, which even this very day may be a putrified rottenness. What time, and diligence had *Jezabel* used in the last day of her life to adorn and deck a body, that was trampled under the feet of horses, and gnawn by dogs some few hours after?

Mass must be heard at a due hour, in the manner before related: and that is a most especial act of devotion.

Mass.

Affairs.

XI. The second employment of the day is in the affairs, which one manageth, whether it be for the publick, or for your own particular, in the government of your family, or discharge of some Office. A good business is a good devotion; and nothing is so much to be feared as idleness, which is a very Ant-heap of sins. *He, who taketh pains* (said the antient Fathers of the desert) *is tempted but by one Devil; he, that is idle, by them all.* There is no person so noble, or eminent, that ought not to finde out some employment. If iron had the reason of understanding, it would tell you, it better loved to be used by much exercise, then to rust and consume in the corner of an house.

XII. In the practise of charges, offices, affairs, to use *knowledg*, *conscience*, *dexterity*, *diligence*. *Knowledg*, in learning that, which is profitable to be known for the discharge of duty, informing one's self of that, which cannot be guessed at, in hearing counsel, examining and weighing it with mature deliberation. *Conscience*, in administering all things with integrity according to laws, both divine and humane. *Dexterity*, in doing all things discretely, peaceably, with more fruit then noise. In such manner, that one shew not anxiety in affairs; but like that Prince, of whom in antient time one said, That in the most busie occupation he seemed ever to have the greatest vacation. *Diligence*, observing occasions well, and performing every thing in time, and place.

He, that hath never so little spirit, and good disposition, shall always finde wherein to employ himself, principally in the works of mercy, both spiritual, and temporal, amongst so many objects of our neighbour's miseries

Recreation.

XIII. Time of repast, recreations, sports, and visits should be very regular, for fear nature be not dis-

dissolved in a lazy and bestial life, greatly unworthy of a noble heart. Away with gluttony, play, detraction, curiosity, scoffing, babling. Let the conversation be as a file to smooth and cleanse the spirit, and ever to adapt it to its proper functions.

Elevation of heart to God.

XIIII. One should not in affairs, recreations, retirements, omit at some times to elevate his heart to God by jaculatory prayers. Happy are they, who in every hour of the day do make unperceivably some little retrait in their hearts, casting their eys like a lightning-flash upon the hour past, and foreseeing the direction of the next. Above all, after diner it is fit to reenter into one's self, and to see the good order, which hath been given for the execution of the morning's good purposes.

Evening.

XV. In the evening before you go to bed, you are to use examen of conscience, Litanies, and other vocal Prayers, with the preparation of the meditation of the next day, happily to shut up the day with acts of Contrition, Faith, Hope, Charity, Prayers for the living and dead. Thereupon settle your self to sleep with some good thought, to the end, according to the Prophet, your night may be lightned with the beauties of God. If any interruption of sleep happen, mark it out with jaculatory prayers and elevations of heart, as antiently the Just did, who for this cause were called The crickets of the night. This doing, you shall lead a life repleniſhed with honour, repose, satisfaction towards your self, and shall each day advance one step forward to eternity.

The Marks, which amongst others may give you a good hope of your Predestination, are principally twelve. 1. A lively, simple, and firm Faith. 2. Purity of heart, which ordinarily is free from grievous sins. 3. Tribulation. 4. Clemency, and Mercy. 5. Poverty of spirit disengaged from earth. 6. Humility. 7. Charity towards your neighbour. 8. Frequentation of the Sacraments of Confession and Communion. 9. Love to the word of God. 10. Resignation of spirit to the Will of your Sovereign Master. 11. Some remarkable Act of virtue exercised by you upon occasion offered. 12. Devotion to our Blessed Lady: in honour of whom, you shall do well to observe daily three things. First, to present unto her an oblation every hour of the day of the Angelical salutation, when, at the striking of the clock, you recal your heart to your self. Secondly, to exercise some mortification of mind or body, by some motive of the imitation of her virtues. Thirdly, to give alms to her honor, either spiritual, or temporal.

This have I enlarged in a little Manual, called THE CHRISTIAN DIURNAL.

Instructions for the Married.

The thirty fourth SECTION.

Of the Misery of ill-governed Marriages, and to whom we may impute it.

Nyss. lib. de hom. c. 18. Damasc. lib. 2. De fide orthod. cap. 30.

THE great evils in ill-managed marriages, made S. *Gregory Nyssen*, and S. *John Damascen* say, wedlock had not been invented, but to serve as a Remedy for the wound of Concupiscence; and that, if the first Authors of mankind had remained in original Justice, the world would have been multiplyed in a manner wholly Angelical, rather then by the ordinary ways of marriage. Notwithstanding S. *Augustine*, and S. *Thomas*, who diligently looked into it, assure us, marriage was treated in the state of Innocency by natural ways, since *Eve* was created before sin, and given to man to serve as a companion for him in the world's propagation. But, if the Divine Providence would have pleased to have made choice of other means for this increase, he had created millions of men in the beginning of the world like unto Angels, and not one man alone, nor one sole woman, who were set in the front of all Nations, of purpose to produce them with that progress of time and succession, we therein observe. I pronounce, marriage had been without the ardours and disturbances of concupiscence, the pains of child-bearing, disloyalty, riots, and discontents: but rather entertained with a tender love of the man towards the woman, and a perfect obedience of the wife towards the husband, with a sweet education of children, free from poverty, loss, and all sorts of troubles. Christian Religion endeavoureth to recal wedlock to the purity of the first institution, whilst good liking accordeth with the commandments of God, and the immutable Laws of eternal Justice.

There is a most remarkable thing written of the Peach-tree, that, in *Persia*, which was the first and only place heretofore of its own growth, it was venemous and mortal; but, being carried and transported into other countreys, as *Egypt*, *Greece*, *Italy*, *France*, it wholly changed nature, and losing with the country its malignity, bare, and to this day beareth fruits relished with much tastefulness. The like is marriage, a strange plant, if you leave it in its Province, that is to say, within the limits of Nature, extremely passionate, and irregular; beware of poyson, and death: but, if you transplant it into the Evangelical Law, and manure it with order, continency, and that restriction, which the Law of God dictateth to you, you shall derive delectation and profit from it, for the solace and ornament of humane life. Nay we must affirm, the exorbitancies, which now reign in the world, and which draw so many miseries along with them, make married people very often feel most harsh conditions, and so render marriage a soyl as natural for cares, as it is barren for roses and violets.

Marriage now adays throughout the greatest part of the world is a posie of thorns, we know not where to lay hold of it: on what side soever it be touched, it pricketh the fingers. Marriage is the ivy of *Jonah*, exteriourly verdant with some apparance of chearfulness and delight; but the worm of grief and anxiety gnaws the root within. Marriage is the plant, which the *Indians* call the thorny bodkin: it is all over sprinkled with stars, and the rays of these stars are nothing else but prickles. Maidens take heed, one may think to gather a star, who shall finde a sharp thorn.

Marriage is the balm of *Arabia*, whereunto little Vipers hasten to make their nests: such an one sees the leaf, and sents the good odour, who perceives not the little Serpents of a thousand disturbances, which lie hidden there under.

Marriage is the Island of dreams, of which the Antients speak, where a thousand griefs are presented, covered at first with the veil of pleasure; you would swear, they were little *Cupids*, who say, Come to me young man, come to me: Come hither fair maid, come hither. They are entertained, they are courted, in an instant, they take off the mantle, and appear, as they are, with ugly countenances, and horrid shapes. Marriage is a stormy sea, where nothing is to be seen, but ruins, tempests, and shipwracks; one cries *mercy*, and another, *help*, *save, if it be possible*, and there are very few, who arrive at the haven without infinite hazard.

Nescis, quia Ismaël ad, qui recum ludit.

Marriage is a long pilgrimage, which findes but

three hosteries: the first is called false Pleasure, the second Repentance, the third Calamity; and, if you go any farther, you shall meet with Despair.

The first difficulty there encountered is, that of a Free-man you become a Bond-slave, and the sweet liberty, which Nature impressed on the heart of all living creatures, is the first Trophey you must hang up over the Bridal bed: *The wife* (saith the Apostle) *hath no power over her own body; that jurisdiction is reserved to the husband: nor can the husband reciprocally dispose of his own body; for it is in the power of the wife.*

Mulier sui corporis potestatem non habet, sed vir: similiter vir sui corporis potestatem non habet, sed mulier. 1 Cor. 7. 4.

Nay, did she know into whose hands she consigned this pretious Treasure, it would be some comfort to say thus much at the least, If I be a Slave, I will choose a good Master. But thou silly Maid, who hast been so tenderly bred, and hatched up under the Wings of thy Parents as a chaste Dove, art put into the hands of an Husband, as into the tallons of a Faulcon. When he wooed thee as a Suitor, he made shew of much mildness, he was a Lamb, nay rather a Wolf in a Sheep-skin. No sooner was Marriage consummate, but the Mask was taken off, he shewed what he was, a Gamester, a man Cholerick, Base, Barbarous, and Tyrannical, that held this wretched Dove in his bloody claws, making her hourely vapour out her life through the sighs of her sorrows. Young man, who as yet art not fettered in the bands of Marriage, thou makest love to a Maid with infinite services, and for that purpose thou learnest to dance the Cinque-apace, thou cloathest thy self in Silk, and cuttest thy Beard in fashion, thou dost crisp and comb thee, thou dost curl thy Hair, and knowest not thou seekest for a Master. Thou thinkest thou hast found a Pretious stone, but thou meetest with a counterfeit: thou thinkest she is a Lamb, but she proves a Wolf, yea a Serpent, which beareth fire and flames: thou must take her at adventure, and such as she is must keep her. Oxen and Asses are tryed before they be bought (saith Saint *Hierom*) but Wives are taken without notice of their humour and deportment.

Nulla uxoris electio, sed qualiscunque veneris habenda. Hieron. contra Jovin.

Nay, which is worse, this poor Maid with huge sums purchaseth her slavery. Fathers and Mothers have sweat hard for the space of twenty or thirty years to amass a Portion: behold they have attired, decked, and adorned her like a Temple, and she is led out with the sound of Violins, as to the Galley, and many times thrown into the arms of an Husband, who wasteth all. And the Young man, to become a Slave, makes a thousand journeys, offereth a thousand supplications, a thousand thanksgivings, and as many salutations. Ah poor creatures! if you be weary of your liberty, are there no Prisons, Caverns, nor Chains more pleasing?

Galley-slaves, who toil at the Oar, hope after five years, after ten years, or some term prescribed them, to be discharged from bondage. The ill-Married are enforced to expect death for freedom from their Fetters; and there is not any Deity, to which they offer more Vows and Candles, then to Death, which is notwithstanding the terrible of terribles.

I give you leave to think, when two contrary humours meet, as Fire and Water, an holy man with a spiteful and an immodest Wife, or a noble Spouse with a wicked Husband, what an affliction it is. Saint *Augustine* relates, that certain Thieves, cruel and bloody, to torture Captives, resolved on an execrable Barbarism, which was, to joyn and straightly tie a live body with a dead, and so let the poor Patient expire amongst Ordures, and insupportable Stenches. It is the very like, when an Holy and Pious Wife meets with an Husband Impious, Wicked, and Unnatural: she, alive by Grace and Virtue, is joyned to a rotten Carrion, which intolerably tormenteth her: and, if she in such occasion exercise Patience, she gains so many Crowns, as there be hours in every day.

Let us pass further, and not here conceal some Roses of Marriage mingled among Thorns. If Beauty be therein, Jealousie doth easily slide into it; and doubtless it is more aimed at, and is more subject to be surprized by temptations. If there be Deformity, it much altereth the band of affections. If there be Riches, and ample Fortunes, they are exposed to much Embroylment, great Travel, and infinite Peril: for the strokes of Thunder ruin not any thing so often, as the tops of high Steeples. If there be Poverty, it is a misery intolerable. Are there Children? Wives, you know how dear they cost you. They, who are tortured on the Rack, suffer nothing in comparison of a poor creature, who is constrained to be delivered of her Fruit by a Travel extraordinary, hideous, painful, and oftentimes in seeking to give life to another, she there leaves her own. This sometime happeneth, because those Children come into the world laden with Benefices, Mitres, and Crosiers. Abuse preceeds Birth; they are Fathers before they are Children. It is not yet known whether they be Males or Females, and all the world sees, they already are charged with Eccleasiastical Livings. Mothers, you still bear them in your entrails; their fortunes, their accidents, their maladies, their deaths, through a reflection of Nature, imprint on your hearts all their passions, all their disasters: you are transfixed with as many Martyrdoms, as evils happen to your Children; nay, should all succeed prosperously, and according to the course of Nature, yet must you a second time produce them to Honours, Estates, and Fortunes. This pain perpetually ties you to the Rack: to have them upon your hand, and not wherewith to provide for them, is a very sensible sorrow, yet richly to endow them is to give them wherewithal to enkindle their Lust, entertain Disobedience, and cherish Vice. You think after your Travels they will afford you the like, who oftentimes prove Lewd, Ungrateful, and malicious Wretches, that waste the Wealth you amassed for them, as it were on your Tombs. Behold the slender scantling of the toyls and perplexities of Marriage, drawn from the Doctrine of holy Fathers! I wonder not at all, those antients in the Ceremonies of Marriage carried before the Bride a Torch made of Blackthorn, and never of any other wood; to testifie Wedlock was replenished with difficulties very thorny. Nor shall I any more admire their Custom, who in like manner caused the new Wife to touch Fire and Water. For, to say truly, she passeth through the boyling ardours of many Dolours, through the waters of infinite many afflictions, and many repeat that Versicle, when she hath met with some ease: *I have passed through Fire and Water, and thou hast set me in repose and comfort.*

Raram facit mixturam cum sapientia forma: & nihil est tutum, in quo totius populi vota suspirant. Molestum est possidere quod nullus habere vel amare dignatur. Pauperem alere, difficile est: divitem ferre, tormentum. Mulier, cum parit, tristitiam habet.

Ecce transivimus per ignem & aquam: & eduxisti nos in refrigerium. Psal. 65. 12.

Now, it is not sufficient to have expressed the inconveniencies of Marriage, if we also declare not the causes and remedies thereof: and this (Reader) is the reason, why I desire you to proceed in your attention. Men, who will always conclude to their own advantage, speaking of this matter, cast all upon women, and ordinarily affirm, we must not ask from whence the evils of Marriage come: it is enough to say, one cannot be Married without a Wife,

Wife, and that Woman is the source and seminary of all the miseries and disasters, which happen in this affair.

Behold a very slippery place! what shall we answer? It seems, that generally to condemn women, were to produce more testimonies of Passion, then marks of Judgment. They are the Mothers of men by Nature, Nurses by Charity, and (as it were) Hand-maids by Patience. It is the devout Sex, the Sex of Compassion and Pitie. They daily do many good things, they succour the necessities of the poor, they visit Hospitals, Prisons, the Sick; they replenish Churches, and edifie Families with examples of Piety; and can you then speak ill of them? Notwithstanding, as we are not to flatter them, so it is undoubted, that those, who have once resigned themselves to evil, and become Libertines in sin, are the cause of many ills, and practice much frailty in their Sex, and cunning in their Behaviour, to disturb Families, and the affairs of the world, if not guided by virtue. If we now will consult with the Antients, both *Greek* and *Latine*, they will tell us wonders; but let us hearken to Holy Scripture, and Fathers. First in *Genesis* (chap. ii.) where the creation of Woman is declared, it is said, that God caused a profound sleep to steal upon *Adam*, and that, he being asleep, he drew woman out of his side. These words are very considerable. What meaneth it, that God, before he made Woman, caused sleep to steal into the eyes of *Adam*? I will not here tell you, that some have Glossed, that he could not have admitted this production of Woman in any other manner: but I affirm with the *Septuagint*, this sleep was an extasie; with Saint *Augustine*, that it was a rapture; and with others, a trance of Spirit: for he then had need enough to fortifie himself with consideration, since Woman came into the world, who would bid him many battels. Poor *Adam* fell into an Apoplexy, into a Convulsion, into Swooning fits, as already feeling the cros Thwartings, Passions, and Afflictions, he should receive from Woman.

Immisit Deus soporem in Adam: cumque obdormivisset, tulit unam de costis ejus, & replevit carnem pro ea, & ædificavit Deus costam, quā tulerat, in mulierem. Adam, particeps Angelica curiæ, intravit in sanctuarium Dei. August. lib. 9. de Genes. ad lit.

הדרעה Aquila. Κατὰ φορὰν. Symmach. ἔκστασιν. Tertul. *Accidentium Spiritus.*

Moreover who can but admire the Phrase, which the Scripture useth in this Creation, where it is said Woman was *built*. Good God! What meaneth this? Thou already hadst erected so many goodly Buildings, Heaven and Earth, the high and low stations of the world; thou hadst created *Adam* with a plentiful concurrence of many parts: and yet the Scripture saith not, thou then didst build; but, when Woman was to be created, *God built*, God made his first piece of Architecture. And why? It is because Woman is a house, wherein the heart of man should inhabit, who is, alas! there but too often Captive? Or is it, that a Woman costs as much in making, as a fair House? To build an house you must have so much Sand, Lime, Stone, Timber, Iron-work, Manufactures, Hands, strokes of Hammers, Masons, Carpenters; and, to dress and attire a Woman, so many Coifs, Kerchiefs, Cawls, so many false Hairs, Paintings, Gowns, Petticoats, Chopins, Verdingals, Whale-bones; so many Carcanets, gold Chains, Jewels, Gems, Attendants, that a House were almost as soon built, as a Woman furnished.

What doth she, when she is built? Saint *Augustine* saith, she becomes the Scholar of a Serpent, the gate of Sin, the fountain of Errour, and the rust of Piety? Good God! What unhappiness is this? If from the side of man a flaming Dart or keen Sword had been drawn, they would have done less hurt, then an evil Woman; which I speak without prejudice of the Virtuous. The first Woman ungrateful towards God, a Traitoress to her Husband, a Murtheress of her race, made a bridg for Satan to pass into the world, and needs would lodg him in her heart, whom God had confined to the deep Pit of Hell.

Others, who have prostituted themselves to evil for these five thousand six hundred and thirty years, that the world hath circumvolved, have acted, upon this large Theatre of many forms, so many bloody Tragedies, that they make Histories to blush thereat. The daughters of *Loth*, the *Thamars*, *Athaliahs*, *Jezabels*, *Vasthis*, *Helenas*, *Fredegundas* approve it, and their ashes also incessantly produce others into the world, Work-mistresses of all mischief.

Alas, Mothers! Instruct your Daughters well whilst they are young, breed them up in the fear of God, frame them to duty, imprint on their tender hearts, as with a searing-Iron, the love of Chastity, modesty in their Behaviour, and devotion in their Souls.

And you, Young men, who suffer your selves to be cheated and deceived by impudent women, permitting them to bewitch you with Love-drinks, and wicked attractives, open your eyes, and behold the precipice before you, and then I doubt not you will abhor it. Trust not their familiar conversation, and dalliances; know they are full of danger, and that there is not any can resist them without the particular grace of God. Strength little availeth; the *Sampsons* sunk to the ground: Wisdom is to seek; the *Solomons* fell: Valour therein is short; the *Davids* found it: Sanctity is not free from their Batteries, the *Elishaes* were persecuted by women, and the *John Baptists* therein lost their heads: that venerable face, those eyes enflamed with heavenly rays, which won reverence from the wilde Beasts of the Desert, could not mollifie a female Dancer. That wise head, where the Maxims of eminent virtues resided, was taken from the shoulders of a Saint, carried in a dish to a Banquet by the Sacrilegious hands of a shameless woman. That tongue, from whence distilled a stream of Honey, was pricked and pierced with a Bodkin, wherewith the wretch used to curl her hair. Now, according to the counsel of Saint *Chrysostome*, take into your hands this bloody head, ask of it, O head, which should never die, who hath drenched thee into the wanness of death? Who hath bathed thee in this blood? Who hath put out thine eyes, the Torches of the elect, and Thunder-strokes of the wicked? Who hath layed an eternal silence on that Tongue, which first of all announced the Kingdom of Heaven? *The love of women.* Lions and Tigers reverenced me in Wildernesses, and Women massacred me in a King's Palace, women mingled my blood with wine, and made me as a pompous morsel of their Tragical Banquets.

Efficacissimum est genus ad capiendas animas, muliebre. Aug.

When I say this, I not onely accuse women, but Carnal men, who suffer themselves to be allured, and surprized with sottish love, and trampling under foot the honour of God, the presence of Heaven and Angels, the conjugal bed, and faith promised to their Wives, wallow themselves in execrable adulteries, which fill Families with Opprobrie, Confusion, and Tragedies; why say I Families? nay, Kingdomes, and Empires: and, if we will examine it, we shall finde the greatest part were turned topsie-turvie by foolish love.

O you that sigh, hearing speech of the furious disorders this unhappy sin brings into the world, I beseech you with Saint *Paul*, by the very bowels of our Lord's mercy, offer your bodies to God as an Hoast lively, holy, and acceptable to the Divinity; and you especially, who are in the state of Marriage, entertain your beds honourable and chaste, cement-

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ted with a perpetual knot of faith, love, and peace, that God may please thereon perpetually to shower down from on high his holy benedictions, and, after the course of this painful life, crown you with comforts in the glory of the Blessed.

The thirty fifth SECTION.

That the evils of Marriage ought not to be imputed to Sex, but Sin; and of the disorders committed in this Sacrament.

IF the unhappiness of Marriages proceeded only from women, we might necessarily conclude, they were alwaies unfortunate, as never being without a woman: but since experience daily teacheth, there are of them excellently governed, we must not impute to the condition of Sex that, which proceeds from the vice of depraved Nature. Though the Scripture condemn evil women, yet it bestoweth so great Elogies on the virtuous, that they are able to dazle calumny, and enlighten virtue. One while woman is called *A lamp, which shineth on a holy candlestick.* A title only given to persons eminent, as it was said of Saint *John Baptist, He was a burning and resplendent lamp.* The body of this lamp is the rib, created by the hand of a great Workman; the soul is the fire of it, virtue the light, grace the oyl, devotion the match and nourishment, and marriage the holy candlestick wherein to it is put. Another-while she is called a Sun: *As a Sun* (said the Wise-man) *rising in the world from the palace of God.* Whereby he would have us to understand, that a *Mary* should so neer approach to the Divinity, that she was to possess the highest place above Angels, Thrones, Virtues, and all Intelligences. Sometimes the same Scripture, to declare the rank, a virtuous woman holds in the world, presenteth unto us a balance; in one scale a woman, and in the other all the riches of the world, and a woman is the weightiest. *A chast woman is a grace above all graces, admitting no comparison.* And, besides *Holy-writ*, replenished with the virtues and remarkable acts of famous women, the Wise-man seems also to have undertaken as a task, the praise of women, in the Panegyrick of the one and thirtieth Chapter of the *Proverbs*. There he compareth woman to a ship carrying victual from a far distant country, desirous to signifie, that she is laden as much with virtues, as a ship with merchandize. Do you seek for devotion in her, a most estimable ornament of souls? Behold how the great Saint *Augustine* by singularity calleth this Sex, *the devout Sex*. Their first mother, as I told you, was created in terrestial Paradise, and they are perpetually at the gates of celestial Paradise, either praying, or hearkening to the word of God. Were there not women, who accompanied our Saviour with his holy Mother, in so many painful pilgrimages, succouring his necessities, according to their abilities? & it is not a prodigy, that on the day of that bloody & dolorous passion, which shook the pillars of heaven and made the Apostles fly, women were found, who followed the Son of God with heart, affection, presence, tears, sighs, even to the foot of the Cross: terrours of arms, fury of souldiers, earth rent in sunder with sorrow, and Heaven wholly covered with darkness, unable to force affrightment into these souls, to stop the current of their holy undertakings? Besides, they have done so many services to the Church, yea, so many wonders, that not only Cities, but whole Kingdoms, have many times been converted, and brought to the knowledge of God, by the means of women. Desire you prudence in them? Behold a poor *Thekoaite*, who treateth with King *David* of *Absalom*'s reconciliation, with such dexterity, that she obtained whatsoever she asked. See in the history of *Esther*, how, by the treachery of *Aman*, swords were drawn out of scabbards, to be thrust into the throats of an infinite number of poor innocents, throughout all the Provinces of the Kingdom: at which time God raised a young captive, an *Esther*, who so well knew how to temper the spirit of this harsh and haughty King, that she made him open his ears to innocency, and shut them up from flattery and cruelty: withold the wings of thunder already shot over the heads of those poor Citizens, and turn them against the guilty. If you among them seek for justice, the history of the antient *Gauls* will shew you, that antiently they decided differences among people, and often staid arms ready to encounter, planting the Temple of peace in the midst of furies and liberty of arms. Yea, God himself for the government of his people was pleased to make use of a *Debora*, whom the *Hebrews* called by the name of a *Bee*, for her wisdom, valour, and industry.

You will perhaps think strength is wanting in this sex: Behold *Judith*, who consecrated her victorious hand to the defence of her country, and, slaying *Holofernes*, defeated a whole Army spread over *Judea*, and surging on every side like a furious deluge. And if you will thereunto add the histories of later times, see a sheepherdess, a simple maid, commonly called *Jeanne Pucille*, who opposed her self as a wall for the defence of this Kingdom against *English* Arms, with such military prowess, that she seemed to bear fire, blood, war, and victory in her hands.

Let us then no longer say, that woman is the seminary of evils happening in marriage; but rather that they are vices which proceed from both, when the husband and wife take the liberty of doing ill.

The first disorder is, that such matches are almost never made, but for covetousness. We do not well to call this an iron Age, it is all composed of gold and silver. Heretofore marriages were made for love, which caused them to be of a lasting condition, and to be indissoluble: but now adaies avarice alone predominateth. We thought love was the most powerful Archer of the world to transfix a heart; but avarice is found to confront him. Had a maid now all that, which fools use to couch in their writings, the brows of *Juno*, the eys of *Venus*, the hands of *Minerva*, and feet of *Thetis*: if she be not rich, were she *Pandora* her self, if she bring not where-withal to gild the hand of her husband, it is no match for him.

And from hence it comes, that marriage is not, as it were, marriage, but a mercinary traffick, a Fair, a market, where reasonable creatures are sold like bruit beasts. Antient laws testifie, that heretofore nothing was given with maids in marriage, but their apparel, mean enough, I warrant you: it was for men, who sought them, to endow them. This is practised still the new world, to wit, in *China*. It is a treasure there to have many daughters, men buy them with large sums of money, which they give to the parents, that breed them: now they purchase men, and with huge portions buy their bondage. This makes their parents hair to wax griesly, and impoverisheth families, which fear to be over-burdened with daughters; because one cannot be rid of them, nor drive them away, but with a rod of silver. So much this mischievous avarice, this feaver of the heart, this voluntary frenzy hath prevailed upon the spirits of these times. And, were the maids in this

Lucerna splendens super candelabrum sanctum. Eccl. 26.21 *Erat lucerna ardens & lucens.* Joan. 5.35.

Sicut Sol orims mundo in altissimis Dei.

Gratia super gratiam omnis ponderatio non est digna continentis animæ.

Erat Debora pro Prophetis. Judic. 4.4. *Tu gloria Hierusalem tu lætitia Israel, tu honorificentia populi nostri, quia fecisti viriliter.* Judith 15. 12.

Si uxorari oportet, sit amor in causa. Hieron. in ep. ad Ruffin.

Oculos suos statuerunt declinare in terram.

this caſe ſuch as they ſhould be, ſeeing the covetouſneſs of men, they would rather reſolve to take God for an husband in the ſtate of virginity, then yield their bodies and riches up to an husband, who ſeeks after nothing leſs then themſelves. S. *Hierom* relateth an excellent paſſage of *Martia*, daughter of the great *Cato*, who ſaid, that among ſo many Gallants, as made love to her, there was not any fit for an husband. Say the like, Maidens: Avaunt mercenary husbands, who have the fever of money, marry them to the Mines of *Peru*, and not to virtuous Maids.

The ſecond evil I obſerve is Riot, which now adaies waſteth body, and goods, and becomes more inſatiable then Hell. It is asked, why avarice ſwayeth in Marriages, and wherefore husbands are ſo greedy of Portion? becauſe indeed they ſtand in need of it, to entertain the bravery and vanity of their wives Apparel. It is a prodigious thing to what height this folly is mounted. Lawyers are much troubled to reckon up all the attires and trinkets of women; what pain ſhall then the husband ſuffer to buy them?

O Woman! what makes thee ſo paſſionately to deſire theſe gauderies? Thy firſt mother, whoſe garments were cut out by the hands of God, was contented to be clothed with skins, and now Seas muſt be ſailed over, and the bounds of Elements broken, to ſeek out dreſſings for thee. Miſerable that thou art, who inordinately deckeſt thy ſelf, and for an ill purpoſe! Knoweſt thou not, thy garment is to thy body, as the plaiſter to the wound, or an Ivy-leaf to ſtop a Cautery? S. *Iſidore* ſaid, Before ſin *Adam* and *Eve* were clothed with light: O pretious Attire! The Sun will have no other mantle then his own rays, nor the Roſe any other robe then her ſcarlet; becauſe Nature hath ſufficiently adorned them. So Man, had he continued within the limits of Original juſtice, would not have wiſhed any garment but Innocency. Sin is come, which hath by reflection impreſſed an ugly ſcar both on ſoul and body; and needs muſt gold and ſilk be fought out to involve it. A man in former Ages was ſeen, who, having feet of wood, ſhod them with golden Pantofles. O miſerable and ridiculous vanity! Woman doth the like to cover her wretched body, which one of theſe daies muſt putrifie, and which hath received the wound of ſin and death. All the moſt exquiſite beauties of Nature muſt be drawn together; yea, marry, if it could afford any comfort and eaſe to the body: but you ſhall many times behold a young Gentle-woman groan, as at a torture, under the weight of her garments; yet ſhe for all this will have, and adore her own puniſhment. The great Chancellour of *England*, & glorious Martyr, Sir *Thomas Moor*, was he not pleaſantly diſpoſed, when he ſaid to one, who complained of heat: Ah ſilly creature! what wonder is it? Thou carrieſt upon thee Medows, Vine-yards, Mills, Manſions, and Iſlands, in the value of Jewels: how canſt thou poſſibly be cool? This was the cauſe why *Tertullian* complained before him: *A little Cabinet makes ſhew of a large patrimony. Twenty three thouſand Crowns are diſburſed for one rope of Pearls. A woman's neck puts on Woods, and Iſlands, and her ears, wh ch are ſo curious, waſte ample Revenues.*

But the matter moſt to be lamented is, that it often happens, the ſervile and unfortunate husband buys all this bravery at the charge of the poor, and if any perhaps wring theſe gorgeous garments, there will be ſome danger, the blood of the poor may diſtil from it.

Breviſſimis loculis patrimonium grande præfertur; uno lino ſeſtertium inſeritur; ſaltus & inſulas tenera cervix fert: graciles aurium cutes calendarium expendunt. Tertul. *De habitu muliebri.*

The third diſorder is the diſcord, which proceedeth from the ill government of men, from the obſtinacy of women, and jealouſie of both. And verily we may affirm the ſleight vanities of wives are much more tolerable then the diſorders of men. It it is no ordinary folly, but rather a rage and madneſs, to ſee a poor woman, full of children, groan under the heavy burden of an houſhold charge upon her hand, daily fading and withering away like a plant without juice or moiſture, to live on gall and tears; and in the mean time, a diſloyal husband to conſume in exceſs of diet and game (the inſtruments of Satan) that ſubſtance God gave him for the entertainment of his Family.

O ungrateful and unnatural wretch, who, to give way to thy paſſion, trampleſt under-foot the commandments of God, and honour of marriage! This money, which thy cruel hand ſo profuſely ſcatters in game, if thou wouldſt well underſtand, is the blood of this poor creature, which was ſo charily to thee recommended: it is the ſweat of her Parents labours, they are her proper entrails, which thou piece-meal teareſt in this fatal Dicing houſe. I do not ſay, thou art an Homicide: there is ſome difference between thee and a murderer. The murderer in an inſtant taketh away life and bodily pain both together: but thou, who liveſt in perpetual Riots, thou draweſt the vital parts from this afflicted Turtle one after another, which thou oughteſt to love as thy ſelf. Thou cutteſt the throat of thy family, of thy poor and unhappy children, who are thine own blood, which thou ſhouldſt fervently affect, hadſt thou not renounced Nature, and entertained the heart of a brute beaſt, for that of a man; what ſay I, a beaſt's heart? *The* Lamias *have bared their breaſts, they have given ſuck to their young, and there is not any but the daughter of my people, Who is cruel as the Oſtrich of the Deſert.*

Lamiæ nudaverunt mammas, lactaverunt catulos ſuos: filia populi mei crudelis ſicut ſtruthio in deſerto. Hier. Thren. 4. 3.

Knoweſt thou to whom S. *Paul* compares ſuch a man? To a *Cannibal*, to a *Barbarian*? No, he tells thee, he is worſe then an Infidel. *If any one neglect his own, and namely, his domeſticks, he hath renounced faith, and is become worſe then a Pagan.*

Si quis ſuorum, & maximè domeſticorum, curam non habet, fidem negavit, & eſt infideli deterior. 1 Tim. 5. 8.

On the other ſide, the obſtinacy of woman is an horſe hard in the mouth, head-ſtrong, untractable: and I can no longer wonder (ſaid one) that ſhe was made of a bone, ſince many times her head is ſo hard; which brings infinite trouble on a family. The Antients, dreſſing up the ſtatues of the Moon in humane ſhape, ſet on her ſhoulders the head of the Sun: to ſhew, a virtuous wife ſhould have no other will, nor other intentions nor glory, then the will, intentions, and glory of her husband, if they be reaſonable. It is the doctrine of S. *Paul* to the *Epheſians*; That *wives ſhould be obedient to their husbands, as to* Jeſus Chriſt *himſelf, becauſe the husband is head of the wife, as* Chriſt *of this Church.*

Mulieres viris ſuis ſubdita ſint ſicut Domino, quoniam vir caput eſt mulieris, ſicut Chriſtus caput eſt eccleſiæ. Epheſ 5. 23

But if ſhe withdraw and diſunite her ſelf from this ty of obedience, and inceſſantly vex her husband with her obſtinacy, this will be to him a martyrdom almoſt inſupportable. The rocks of *Caucaſus* are much gentler then a wicked woman: which verily you may ſee in the hiſtory of *Job*, to whom the evil Spirit granted a wife to be the accompliſhment of his afflictions. For this holy man, after the loſs of his large poſſeſſions, ſo ſtrange, ſo ſudden, ſo dreadful; after his poor children were murdered and undone, had for tomb the ruines of their own houſe; after he ſaw himſelf changed into a ſcurff, covered over with ulcers, and placed on a dung-hill before the eyes of a City, whereof he had been Lord, he then thought the rage of Satan was ſatisfied:

fied: but he made uſe for the laſt piece of battery of a ſpiteful and malicious woman, who ſeeing her huſband in this plight, ſaid unto him; *Do you ſtill remain in your ſimplicity? Curſe God and die.*

Adhuc permanes in ſimplicitate tua? Benedic Deo, & morere.

But amongſt all theſe diſorders, no influence is more malign then jealouſie, which cruelly tortures marriages, when it hath once bewitched the weak brain of man or woman, interpreting all the actions of each part in evil ſenſe. Why went ſhe to ſuch a place? Did ſhe not ſmile upon ſuch an one? Did ſhe not caſt a pleaſing glance upon ſuch an one? Why ſpake ſhe of ſuch an one? And why ſhewed ſhe compaſſion in ſuch a man's miſhap? Queſtionleſs ſhe loves him, her affections grow cold towards me. Behold the Idol of falſe Zeal, whereof the Prophet *Ezechiel* ſpeaketh at the entrance into the Temple of *Jeruſalem*.

Behold, how before the Temple of Marriage, which is holy and ſacred, man placeth the ſtatue of Jealouſie, and daily offers a thouſand ſacrifices of ſiniſter ſuſpicions, ill-digeſted fantaſies, purpoſes wicked and injurious, to the prejudice of one who is in heart both chaſte and modeſt.

A woman oftentimes is made loyal by thinking her loyal, and he who doubts faith well obſerved, puts himſelf in danger to ruine it by his ſuſpicion. There are ſome care not to forſake innocency, when they have loſt reputation, and when they entertain the opinion, that their actions are ill interpreted, they are in danger to do all ſorts of miſchief. It is far better to think well of an hundred faulty, then ill of one innocent. It is a notable myſtery to judge of hearts; nor is it any wonder that God reſerved it to himſelf. Beſides, as jealouſies are very prejudicial to wedlock, ſo they cauſe many Tales and matter of mirth to ariſe in a City replete with curious people, who many times fatten themſelves with the miſhaps of another: and it often happens, that from jeſting they draw men and ſwords in revenge to act horrible Tragedies. Happy they who know how to prevent by wiſdom all thoſe miſeries which may grow from malice and misfortune, or diſcretely correct by patience, what prudence cannot avoid.

The thirty ſixth SECTION.

Very profitable Inſtructions for the Married, drawn from the choice of Holy Fathers, and abbreviated in a ſhort Diſcourſe.

NOw will I deſcend to Inſtructions ſuitable to this ſubject, and let you know (O husbands and wives) you ſhould greatly take heed in all your deportments, as well in the beginning, middle, as the end. It very much importeth to begin with a good choice, and to enter with prudent conſideration, and ſtrong reſolution unto the Sacrament of Marriage: for that ought a long time to be deliberated, which is to be done but once for the whole life. What ſenſe is there to thruſt ſome forward upon marriage with a Fork, when they have no diſpoſition thereunto, and divert others who are more notably called to this kinde of life? What rigour of Parents, to tie young people by command to matches, from which they have infinite averſion? Is is not enough to have the contentment of ſage direction over a free-will, without uſurping a petty tyranny upon the functions of Nature? I do not tell you, you muſt readily obey all thoſe who marry by the eye, without calling reaſon to counſel, or having any other guide in a matter of ſo great importance, then the exorbitancy of their ſenſuality. But for my part, I hold it unfit to be violent by ſtriking at the reaſonable inclinations of children, for the accommodation of intereſt; otherwiſe, marriages are made without love, to create love afterwards without marriage. It is a ridiculous thing to put wedded couples into the Nuptial bed, without any foreknowledge, as if they had been brought thither in a ſack. So likewiſe ſhould you not draw theſe treaties at length, leſt they drag with them ſome diſorder, and waſte love before the beginning thereof. Love, which commenceth by fervours of a fire of Tow, very often endeth in Ice. Happy they who have the bleſſing of ſucceſs, and are favoured from above to make an equal alliance between good hap and virtue. It was a great ſimplicity amongſt thoſe Antients, who offered Sacrifices to Fortune, to make their beards grow handſomly, and not to crave the benediction of God in their marriages. Fathers and Mothers give riches (ſaid the *Wiſe-man*) but a wife wife is properly the gift of God. If one have matched ill, he muſt correct by prudence, what wants of felicity. Beware, O husbands, for in this kinde of life, which ſo ſtraitly ties you, you are accountable to God, to your ſelves, to your wives. To God you owe a ſincere conſcience, that you may ſerve him worthily in the vocation wherein he hath eſtabliſhed you to become a member of humane ſociety. Beware you haſten not to marriage, as to a duty of Nature, and not a Sacrament; if ſo, you wed like a *Sarazin*, not a *Chriſtian*. Thoſe, ſaith the Angel to *Tobit*, are in the power of the fiend *Aſmodeus*, who baniſh God from their hearts, and have no other intention in marriage, but to ſatisfie their brutiſhneſs. Obſerve marriage as an invention of Almighty God; to produce man on earth, and to make elect for heaven. Entertain it as a golden Mine, from which veſſels of Election are to be taken for the other world. Love your condition, and think you have a great privilege, ſince you are to afford Heirs to your houſes, Citizens to Cities, Religious to Monaſteries, and Angels to Paradiſe. Look upon God in the midſt between you both, ſince he perpetually beholdeth you: the nearer lines draw to the centre, the more they approach one to another: the nearer you are to God, the better ſhall you be united. If you build not the foundation of your houſe upon the fear of his Divine Majeſty, and ſincere devotion, you raiſe fortunes like a *Coloſſus* of glaſs, which will ſhiver in pieces over your head.

Domus & divitiæ dantur à parentibus: à Domino autem propriè uxor prudens. Prov. 19. 14

Tob. 6. 17.

After you have reſigned this your conſcience to God, you owe to your ſelf the government of your ſenſes and uſe of reaſon. And (as it appears) you are, O men, ſtrictly bound in marriage, the more to render your ſelves men, ſince God placeth you therein, to afford men to the Chriſtian Commonwealth. It is neceſſary you draw from the fountain of wiſdome, more wit, and more delight, ſince you are to make uſe of it to enlighten a wife and children, who depend on your direction.

As for the duty of both, I finde, if Marriage be a Lilly, it muſt have ſix leaves, which are *Reſpect*, *Love*, *Loyalty*, *Support*, *Direction*, and *Help*. It is fit Love begin by a certain *Regard*, which man and woman ſhould bear one to another all the time of their life. For the functions of this ſociety permitting a great familiarity, if it be not counterpoized with a chaſte reverence, ſoon degenerateth into contempt. The wives *Reſpect* ought to paſs even to obedience, which the Apoſtle S. *Paul* ſo punctually recommendeth to Chriſtians; and the husband's ſhould be mixed with a tenderneſs and moderation, to let him know, God drew woman out of his ſide, to make her

Mulier collateralis viro. Gloſſ. in Gen.

her his companion; and not his ſlave.

It is good for the entertainment of this reſpect, that both of them accuſtom to conceive a good opinion of each other's abilities: for where there is diſeſteem, honour will hardly be found; becauſe it is tied to worth, as the ſhadow to the body. For this purpoſe they muſt endeavour to cover the defects they may have by nature, by other virtues in their power; and to perſevere in a belief of ſufficiency in each one's condition.

To this reſpect the *Love* is added, which ſhould be rendred, according to the precept of S. *Paul*, in the matter of conjugal duty. For it is an intolerable thing, and wherein God may be grievouſly offended, when a woman imagineth, that to be married is nothing elſe, but to have a Coach to her ſelf, to buy Stuffs according to her own fantaſie, to become brave, and have no regard to obligations eſſential amongſt the married. But we may truly affirm all love of ſenſe is very low, if it tend not to thoſe eternal ſources of amities, which diſtil from the Paradiſe of God, and learn to love by grace, and reaſon, that, which is is to be loved. God, to cement this love together, drew woman out of man (ſaith *Tertullian*) as ſome part of a liquor from the veſſel, which contained it: he made two of one, to put them both afterward into one. It is to tear each other's fleſh, and gnaw their bones, to waſte one another by diſcord, the moſt capital plague of marriage.

Tertul. lib. De reſur. carnis.

Holy Love is always accompanied with mutual *Loyalty* in any thing, which concerneth conjugal chaſtity, as being the knot of affections, and foundation of all the happineſs of the married. O wife, a ring is given you of a circular form, to teach, your loves are limited within the nuptial bed. The ring, which heretofore bare the ſeal of promiſe, to ſignifie your heart ought to be ſealed with charity, and cloſed up from all other pretenſions. Believe not thoſe make-bates, who tell you, good is of its own nature communicable, and that a fair wife is not for one alone, that chaſtity is a note of deformity, and that an husband, and a friend are not things incompatible. Theſe are not words, but hiſſes of the Serpent. Fear the leaſt blemiſhes of honour, and do not ſo much as caſt an eye upon the ſmoak of this coal, which now adays burneth ſo many unhappy ſouls. Love not to be woed, and courted by ſo many eys, and lips, nor to behold ſuch worldly pleaſures, to become pliant to others, or to attempt to afford love, and receive none back again. Out alas! theſe ſlight entertainments breed many acerbities. They are enchanted apples, which poiſon all, who taſte them. Men likewiſe remember, the beſt leſſons of loyalty, which your wife can learn, ſhe muſt derive from your example. Think not, becauſe you are a man, all things are permitted you, and that your ſex is a ſanctuary for your crime. If you be the head (ſaith S. *Auſtin*) move it that way, whither you would have the body follow. You are the more bound to conjugal chaſtity; becauſe you ought to be the moſt wiſe and ſtrong; becauſe you have the moſt employments to divert your temptations in the affairs of civil life: and laſtly, becauſe you have moſt liberty, and may make your evil moſt general by diſturbing many wedlocks, as it happeneth to reprobate and inordinate ſouls in this kind.

Caput ducat, corpus ſequatur. Auguſt. Serm. 49.

I add to Loyalty *mutual bearing with defects, and imperfections*, which is a ſingular virtue in marriage. For, we being in this world, as in a territory, where good and evil eaſily mix together, there is no plant, which hath not its worm, nor beauty, which ſuffereth not diminution. There are not any married couple ſo accompliſhed, who have not vices, defects, and imperfections, which who practiſe not to digeſt through Chriſtian Patience ſhall become not unlike a Sea-calf, ſaid to be always moody againſt his fellow. The Husband and the Wife are upon the river called *Life in marriage*, as in a boat: if there happen a leak, and it receive water, they muſt ſeek to ſtop it preſently, and, if you have nothing to put into it, rather ſet a foot upon it, then pierce round about it, to make the leak wider. A word, or indiſcrete action hath eſcaped, to what purpoſe is it to reproach or pick quarrels with a man, or woman, upon it on all occaſions? Rather uſe the ſpeedieſt remedies, you may, and, if none be at hand, bury it in ſilence.

Finally, know you enter into marriage for *direction*, and aſſiſtance; and, though direction be principally proper to man, notwithſtanding, it is a poor buſineſs to ſee a woman have neither care, nor government in her family, imagining ſhe, from morning till night, ſhould have no other employment, but to dreſs her ſelf, and many times to be attired, when divers think of unclothing to go to bed. It is a ſhameful thing to prattle all the day-long, and make a whole City trot upon her tongue, and yet be ignorant of what is done in her own houſe. A virtuous wife ſhould not only govern her family, but with wiſdom, and diſcretion, temper her husband's paſſions; and, if ſuch things eſcape him, redreſs them rather by love then power. If God heretofore cauſed a ſhe-aſs to ſpeak, to inſtruct a falſe Propher; why ſhould he not at a need draw a good word from the mouth of a diſcrete woman, to ſet man into a fair way. Know we not, that the laſt unhappineſs of *Pilate* was not to have believed his wife, much more enlightened by God then himſelf?

As for *help*, it is ſo neceſſary, that next after the comfort of poſterity marriage is conſtituted for that end. It is not enough to aſſiſt a mortal body in its infirmities, but, ſo much as one may, mutually to nurture a ſoul immortal; you muſt between you ſhare all your proſperities, and adverſities: I ſay, proſperities, to moderate them; and adverſities, to honour them: you muſt mutually ſtrive to lend a ſhoulder; and, if your burdens be weighty by the yoke of neceſſity, ſanctifie them by your patience. You muſt think it is a bleſſing even from God, to be choſen out to preſerve an husband, or a ſick wife, ſince this infirm creature is the Image of God, and your proper fleſh, to whom you render duties, which perhaps at this time ſeem thorns unto you, but ſhall one day be crowns, if you know how to make virtues of your neceſſities. Be not diſcouraged through puſillanimity, but do like the Dolphin, who raiſeth himſelf with much alacrity againſt the ſea-waves during the tempeſt. Underſtand you not the Holocauſt muſt burn from evening till morning? Burn in this fire of love and tribulation, expecting to ſee glory in the day-break to crown your perſeverance. Though God allot you no iſſue, yet no whit the leſs love your comfort: God oftentimes ſuffereth barrenneſs of body to afford fruitfulneſs of virtues.

The thirty ſeventh SECTION.

Inſtructions for Widows.

PErfect Widows are in the Church, as the Horizon of Marriage, and Religion; they participate of both conditions: when they be in the world, for the example of the world, for the goverment of their children and family; but they alſo have a ſhare in the life of the Religious, when they wholly diſpoſe their hearts to God.

We ſometimes ſee a bank of earth, which keepeth two Seas from intermixing; but, being taken away, thoſe two waters will paſs along together, and engulf themſelves one within another. O how often ſaid you, during the knot of marriage, that, if God once took away your husband, you would wholly be for him? Conjugal obligation, and affairs of the world was your bank, and your obſtacle; but now God hath taken it away, diſſolve your heart into his.

This is the paſſage, where you are expected: here it is, where proof ſhall be made of your conſtancy. When you have deplored the death of your husband as a wife, you muſt learn to bear it like a Saint. It is a wretched virtue not to know what elſe to do then bewail the dead, and be deſirous to derive glory from the peeviſhneſs of your ſorrow. If we could draw aſide the curtain of Heaven, to ſee the ſtate of ſouls already paſſed out of mortal bodies to the promiſed recompenſe of the faithful, how much we ſhould be aſhamed and confounded at the weakneſs of our tears: we ſhould ſee this great Eternity ſeated in a chair of Diamond, all ſparkling with ſtars and brightneſs, holding a flaming mirrour in its hand, at which time it would let us behold a goodly harmony of all the beatitudes, theſe glorious ſouls now enjoy, ſeparated from the contagion of our mortality: then, wiping away the tears from our eys, it would ſay to us with a voice repleniſhed with ſweetneſs, and majeſty, Why bewail you theſe kinred and friends, who live better then ever in my boſom, abſorpt in a torrent of eternal felicities?

An hundred, and an hundred-fold happy are the dead, who depart in the favour of God! Behold them for the time to come diſcharged from labours: Behold them freed of a thouſand, and a thouſand cares, fears, pains, paſſions, maladies, wants, ignominies, and all thoſe evils, which divide our miſerable life: Behold them folded within the arms of the Sovereign, where they reap the good works they ſowed on earth. You are much troubled, O widow, that this your Spouſe is at this preſent of the houſhold of God, and an inhabitant of his manſion, and a poſſeſſour of his glory. Have you ſo many tears to lament miſeries, that you waſte them in felicities? as if it were a great unhappineſs to paſs from the ſervitude of the ſlaves of the world, to the liberty, and joy of the children of God.

This is admirably well expreſſed in the 21. Chapter of *Exodus*, where God, at the going forth of *Egypt*, ſhewed himſelf to *Moſes*, *Aaron*, *Nabal*, *Abiud*, and all the moſt eminent of this Nation, having Sapphires for his foot-ſtool (which are ſtones of a celeſtial colour;) whereupon a learned Commentary, drawn from the *Hebrew* Interpreters, moſt divinely anſwereth, that God would ſay unto them: You have laboured in *Egypt* with much patience about morter, and tyles; and behold all your tyles turned into Sapphires, into heavenly ſtones, to build of them the foot-ſtool of your glory. This is it, which moſt Bleſſed Eternity ſaith to us concerning the dead, whom we deplore. It is not fit any longer to take pains with tyles, and morter; buſineſſes, cares, troubleſom affairs of the preſent life are paſt; there is not any thing but repoſe, peace, glory, and felicity. Behold that, which comforteth all ſolid and generous ſouls, with lively, fruitful, and eternal conſolations. Will you have a ſingular reſignation in the death of your kinred, which may daily happen, and fall out of neceſſity? Behold Saint *Lewis*, when news was brought him of the death of his mother Queen *Blanch*; he ſoon perceived by the countenance of the meſſengers, who were the Arch-Biſhop of *Tyre*, and his Confeſſor, they were ready to tell him ſomewhat able to afflict the heart of man, before they could open their mouths, Let us go (ſaith he) into my Oratory; (for it was the magazin, where this great King took up arms to combate againſt wordly diſaſters:) and, when they came thither, ſpeak now, what have you to ſay? Sir, God, who had a long time lent you your mother for the good of your perſon, and Kingdom, hath taken her out of the world for her own repoſe. At theſe words S. *Lewis* fell upon his knees before the Altar, and lifting up his hands to heaven, ſaid: *O my God, I give thee thanks, thou haſt afforded me my dear mother whileſt it was thy will, and that now according to thy good pleaſure thou haſt taken her to thee. It is true, I loved her above all the creatures of the world, and ſhe well deſerved it; but ſince thou haſt bereaved me of her, thy Name be for ever bleſſed.*

Conclude your tears, as he did, but never the reſolution of your widow-hood. It were to be wiſhed, a good vow might fix it with a nail of Adamant: but that ſhould be done with diſcretion; for, all in woman being frail, her tears can have no conſtancy. You may have read, in the Hiſtory of the unhappy Politician, the ſorrow of *Glaphyra*, the wife of *Alexander*, ſon of *Herod*, whom his Father moſt cruelly put to death to ſatisfie his Chimæraes, and ſuſpicions. Never woman more paſſionately reſented the death of her husband: her lamentations were yellings, her tears torrents, her words furies, her countenance deſpair, and life a little hell. There was no light to be ſeen after the eclipſe of her Sun, no world after her little world, nor life after the loſs of the moiety of her ſoul. In the mean ſpace ſome babler inſinuating hereupon, and ſaying, ſhe did ill to afflict her ſelf for a death, which could not but be happy, ſince it was free from the ſenſe of pain; and that for her ſelf (it was true) her loſs was unſpeakable, but the providence of God made it reparable by a ſecond wedlock, which would wipe away her tears, and that in her conſtancy the world approved all, but the reſolution ſhe took to remain for ever miſerable. She ſo much with time mollified her courage upon the like remonſtrances, that ſhe married the brother of her dead husband, and after him a third, the King of *Mauritania*. *Joſephus* relateth, that, the firſt night of her wedding, the ſoul of her husband appeared to her, and ſaid: *Glaphyra*, you have approved common bruit, which ſays, Women are light. Where are now your tears? Where your ſorrow? Where the vows you made me? Your words were full of promiſes, your promiſes of oaths, and your oaths of perjuries, and infidelity. For after my father's cruelty had violently pulled away this my immortal ſoul, which now ſpeaks to you, you laid aſide your great grief, which ſeemed would never have an end, and yielding your ſelf up to the importunities of ill-propoſed ſuits, you have admitted my brother into your bed, entertaining my memory, and aſhes, as if I had been but a ſhadow; and not content herewith, after his deceaſe you married the King of *Mauritania*; and behold you now have turned your wanneſs into vermilion, your tears into pearls, and ſorrow into gold, and ſcarlet. You are drenched in delights over head and ears, and take ſo much pleaſure among the living, that you forſake the memory of the dead. Now know, although you be ſo ungrateful towards me, I have not forgotten you; nor ſhall it be long before you be with me. The poor Queen was ſo terrified with this viſion,

Joſeph. lib. 17. Antiq.

Vision, that she was quickly taken into the other world, leaving (saith the History) by the publication of this Apparition a notable proof of the immortality of our Souls.

Yet we do not forbid second Wedlocks: but all Widows are advertised, they must proceed with great discretion, and that, according to the Apostle's counsel, *The greatest perfections rest in widow-hood.* But above all, so use the matter, that this widow-hood be not idle, that your Children may finde you a true Mother, the Church a perpetual Votaress, Virgins a Protectrice, the Poor a charitable Nurse, Monasteries a good Friend, Orphans a Tutoress, the House one retired, Societies an example of good Odour, and God above all a faithful Servant. To encourage you to this resolution, you shall presently hear Saint *Hierom* speak, who used words to this effect in the Treatises he wrote unto two Widows.

You have learnt in marriage the troubles of marriage; God was pleased to give you this Schole to instruct you for widow-hood by your own experience. You have vomited up the choler, which surcharged your stomach, would you take it up again to bear it in your mouth? Would you return to the sauce from whence you went? Fear you the world may win, if you bring no children? Let it fail through virtue, rather then be supported by weakness. All those who are married have not children: and such as have, are many times enforced to curse their fruitfulness. To whom (say you) shall I leave all this wealth, since I am mortal? To God, who cannot dy: to Jesus, *that you may make an heir of your own Master. Your father will be afflicted at it, but God glorified; your family mourn, but the Angels will rejoyce. Let your father do what he will with his riches: it is not to him to whom you owe your birth, but to* Jesus, *the Author of your regeneration.*

Beware of those venomous Creatures, who seek their gain from another's charge, and who tell you, there is no sense, that a young woman should waste her youth in sad solitude, and neither taste the delight of children, nor reward of pleasure. If you have posterity, why desire you a second marriage? and if you have none, why fear you not a second sterility? If you be a Mother, you perhaps set over your children, not a nursing Father, but an Enemy; not a Parent, but a Tyrant. Needs must you forget your own children in the pursuits of your loves, and trick up your self in the defection from your Orphans, who as yet scarcely know how to lament or understand their own misery. Allege not here unto me Wealth, Affairs, and Services. No woman takes an husband, but to lie with an husband Otherwise, what a folly were it to resign up her chastity to multiply her riches. What will it be, when an husband shall persecute you, having your estate? What will it be, when you no longer shall be suffered to love the children by your first husband, and that you must hide your self from doing them any good, and hate them, to shew you have renounced the ashes of the dead? If you have children of a second Wedlock, be you never so good, you shall be a step-mother. If you spare ought from your Son-in-law, you will be cruel; and if by accident any ill befal him, it is you did it; if you deny him meat, you are ingrateful; and if you give him any, you have poisoned him.

It is time you bury to your self all these pleasures in the Tomb of your husband. Countersitting cannot make a fair accord with tears, nor doth grief permit the pomp of Attire. Meagerness and Fasts should be your Pearls, and Prayer your Perfumes. If a Queen of Carthage *said heretofore of her husband; He, that espoused me in the first wedlock, took my heart and love with him; let him enjoy, let him possess them unto the grave. If she set Glass at so high a rate, what shall we do by Gold and Pearls? If a Pagan widow, in the law of Nature, condemned all the pleasures of marriage? what may be expected from a Christian Lady, who owes her chastity not only to a dead husband, but a living God, and with whom she ought to live and reign for ever? The reputation of Chastity is a most delicate Lily in the person of women: it is a very beautiful flower, but there needs no more then a little breath, a little bad air to corrupt it, when age bendeth towards vice, and that she hath the freedom of an husband's authority, whose shadow many times might serve as a Bulwark to Chastity. What doth a Widow in so great a Family, and amongst so many Servants, whom I would not have her to despise as Servants, but regard with some modesty, remembring with her self they are men? If the state and quality of her condition require a Retinue, let at the least some antient grave man be seen to bear sway, who by his good life may commend the honour of his Mistress. I know many of them, who having shut their door against strangers, have had an ill report raised by occasion of their Household-servants, who ministred matter of suspicion, either through excess of their bravery, or their gentile garb, and handsomness of proportion too lovely; either for their Age proper to wantonness, or the vanity of an haughty Spirit, or confidence in the favour of their Mistress.*

All that by prudence should be prevented, which the world through malice may imagine. I desire not to set about you an Household-Steward so spruce, nor any Servant, who may savour of an effeminate Comedian; no wanton Musician (the true Instrument of Satan) to poyson your Ear with his warbling. Have nothing remiss, nothing which may smell of the Stage in your Family; but rather Quires of Widows, and Virgins, to be an honour to your Sex, and to serve as a recreation in your most innocent delights. Let the reading of godly Books never be laid aside, and let your prayers be so frequent, that they may serve as a Buckler to repel the fiery Arrows of evil thoughts, which ordinarily assail Youth. Let Virtue consummate the good, which Intemperance had prepared for it self. Redeem Virgins, to present them to the Chamber of the Spouse. Take care of Widows, to mingle them, as Violets, amongst Virgins, and Martyrs. It is a Garland you shall give to God for his crown of Thorns, wherein he bear the sins of the world.

It is very hard, and almost impossible, to cut away all the seeds of passion, which we may call Avant-passions, because Concupiscence soothes our Senses, and insinuateth it self very subtilely: but it is in the power of the will to dismiss, or entain them. The God of Nature said in the Gospel, Evil Thoughts, Homicides, Adulteries, Fornications, Thefts, false Witness-bearings, Blasphemies, proceeded from the heart. *The spirit of man is more propending to evil then good, from the first cradle of Infancy; and in this battail of the Spirit and the Flesh, whereof the Apostle speaketh, our soul is almost wholly floating, and knows not to what part to incline. No man comes into the world without bringing Vice, and ill Inclinations with him; and he is the best, who hath the least evil, and can preserve a fair body amongst many Little Infirmities.* Mat. 15. 19. Galat. 5. 1.

The Prophet, said, he was troubled, and that thereupon he held his peace. He tells you, one may be angry without sin, like Archytas *the* Tarentine, *who said to his Servant, I would chastise thee, were I not angry; which sheweth, it was no sin, but a simple passion; for otherwise Anger puts not the Justice of God in execution. That, which is spoken of one passion, may be understood of another. It is proper to man to be moved with choler, and for a Christian to overcome choler. So the flesh desires carnal things, and by the itch thereof draweth the Soul to mortal pleasures: but it is your part to queneh the heat of lust by the love of Christ, and to conquer the flesh, when it seeks liberty, by the help of abstinence, in such sort, that in eating it may search for nourishment, not lust; and bear about the spirit of God, descending into it, with a firm and even pace. Every man may be subject to passions, which are common to Nature: we are of one and the same clay, of the same Element. Concupiscence may as well be found in Silk, as in Wool; it neither fears the Purple of Kings, nor contemns the poverty of Beggars. You were better to have the disease of Stomach, then will. Rather let the body obey, then the spirit; and if you must needs make a slippery step, do it rather with the foot, then modesty; not flattering your self before sin with pretense of a future penance, which is rather a remedy of misfortunes, then an ornament to Innocents: for you must ever defend your self from wounds, where sorrow serves for remedy.* Psal. 76.

To MAIDS.

The thirty eighth SECTION.

The praises of Virginity, and the Modesty they ought to observe in their Carriage.

THE great S. *Basil* calleth Virginity *The perfume of the living God*: and I note from the thirtieth Chapter of *Exodus*, this perfume of God, which is spoken of, was composed of four Ingredients; to wit of *Galbanum*, *Myrrh*, *Onyx*, and *Incense*. *Galbanum* is the juice of an Aromatick herb, as white as Milk, & which, borrowing its name from Milk, figureth unto us the whiteness and purity of Virginity. *Myrrh*, it is Mortification. *Onyx*, a S. Basil. apud Metaphrast. λογῷ. Θυμίαμα Κυείας.

kind of little Oister, from whence issued a most odoriferous savour, signifies its Constancy: and *Incense* in flames, its Patience in tribulations. But as for Purity, I say, reasonable Nature hath engraven on the hearts of all Mortals, and namely, Maids, so particular a love of integrity, that Souls the most prostituted to sin have ever had some remorse and feeling of the honour they had forsaken.

Should I prove this by a passage of Scripture, or a Father, it were the less effectual; because it may be said, Chastity ought to be praised by such lips: I will evict this verity from the confession of a *Pagan*, to let you understand it is a voice of Nature. Behold a passage of *Seneca*, whom I have ever much admired! It is a wonder (saith he) that prostituted women still retain some modesty, and that those bodies, which seem not to be made but to serve as an object for publick uncleanness, have ever some veil for their unhappy patience. The infamous place it self is in some sort bashful. See the cause why there never hath been any people so loose, and exorbitant, which afforded not some honour to chastity, convinced by their own conscience. But we must likewise affirm, it was never known to be true purity, until the Standard be advanced by *Jesus Christ*, and his most blessed Mother.

Est aliqua etiam prostituta modestia, & illa corpora publico obiecta ludibrio aliquid, quo infelix patientia lateat, obtendunt; adeò impudens quoque verecundum est. Senec. Natural. quæstion. lat. c. 16.

We finde even among those, who lived in the law of Nature, some shadows of chastity. We have from the relation of *Tertullian*, that one *Democritus* voluntarily made himself blind by earnest looking on the Sun, that he might not behold the corporal beauty of women, shutting up two gates from love, to open a thousand to wisdom. But what chastity is this (I pray) since himself confesseth he did it not for any other purpose, but to be freed from the importunities of lust; seeking out therein his own peculiar ends, not the honour of the Creatour? A Christian Champion proceedeth much otherwise. He hath eys for the works of God, and none for concupiscence. He pulleth not out his eys to bereave himself of the spectacle of this Universe, but teareth from his heart all the roots of depraved thoughts, to prepare therein a Paradise to our Sovereign Lord and Master. He sees all, and desires nothing: and, although he touch at the sense of it, staies not in the consent. There is never a more undoubted triumph of chastity, then to deprive one's self of the instruments of evil. For, as very well *Climachus* saith; The dead are never crowned, nor any man justly praised for having the impotency of doing ill. We finde in antient *Rome*, *Vestal* Virgins, and in the City of *Egea*, and Temple of *Delphos*: we are not ignorant, that many have made profession of virginity: but what virginity? A virginity mingled with Idolatry, and secret impurities, loose liberty, and thoughts resigned to all kind of objects. Which caused *Tertullian* to say: (*a*) *O goodly continency, which offers sacrifice to Hell.*

Christianus uxori suæ soli masculus nascitur, animo adversus libidinem eorum est. Tertul. Apolog.

Νεκρὸς γὰρ οὐ στέφεται οὐδὲ νικᾷ ὁ μὴ ἀγωνισάμενος. Meliss. λογισ. (a) *O constantiam Gehennæ sacerdotum! dialolus præcipit, & auditur; nihil apud eum refert aliis luxuriâ, aliis continentiâ occidere.* Tertul. ad uxorem.

Virginity amongst Christians admitteth not one sole glance with deliberate consent; one dishonest thought, if voluntary. It reverenceth its secrets, and tells it not. Let us sin, none see us, there is nothing but darkness round about us, which cannot accuse us; our sins shall be letters sealed up from God. Nay, much otherwise; the eys of God are two flaming Torches more resplendent then the Sun it self, which will drench us in the Abyss: and for this cause we keep chaste our most secret thoughts. O excellent, and admirable purity! O the true juice of *Galbanum*! O the true tribute of Heaven!

Quis me videt? tenebræ circumdant me, quem vereor? dealborum meorum non commemorabitur Altissimus Eccl 23.26. *Oculi Domini multò plus lucidi erunt super Solem, circumspicientes omnes vias hominum, & profundum abyssi.*

Consider now the second Ingredient of the perfume of God, which is *Myrrh*; to wit, mortification of Senses. Where shall we finde throughout the whole Synagogue, and all antiquity, a Chastity preserved with so many austerities and mortifications, as in true Christianity? Saint *Ambrose*, in an Oration he made against *Symmachus*, mocketh at *Vestal* Virgins, who made a shew to embrace Virginity, living in superfluity and delights: which is, as if one would quench hot Embers with Oyl, or hope for beauty from the dawbing of a Coal. Mortification of appetites hath ever been esteemed by Saints as a *Palissado* of the delicious garden of Chastity, and formal reason proveth unto us, that, to cut off a vice subsisting in the flesh, necessarily the sinews of the flesh must be taken away. You may have as many fruits of honesty, as there are of it in terrestial Paradise: you may have an infinite number of Virtues, the ordinary companions of purity of body. If you destroy Mortification, the Serpent will enter into your Garden, and sting you.

Qui dissipat sepem, mordebit eum coluber. Eccl. 10.8.

O Maids, you infinitely betray the glory of your soul, when you think to preserve the treasure of purity in vanity, bravery, and curiosity, which have ever been accounted the nest of Immodesty. How can you imagine, that living in Banquets, pleasures, dissolute sports, among stage-plaies, love-pamphlets, and continual occasions of sin, you can keep to God the faith you promised him in your confessions. You deceive your self, you have betrayed your Bulwarks, and ruined your Ramparts; the Serpent will rush in upon you to suck your blood, and then will be a fit time indeed to cry out, Murder.

Quis misereatur incantatori à serpente percusso? Eccles. 12. 13.

You take delight to play with Aspicks, and then say, They have stung me, give me a remedy. Must you needs confide in Serpents? Must you needs approach so near to a creature untractable? With what Arms think you did the Church in its first beginning preserve this gift of Chastity, and raise it to such a degree, that it filled the world with astonishment, but by flight from occasions, but by rigours and austerities of life? What flames of sensuality did not they quench, who lived in Wildernesses, covered with skins, companions of brute beasts, feeding on roots pulled up with their nails, and steeped in the sweat of their fore-heads?

Circuierunt in melotis, in pellibus caprinis, egentes, angusti, afflicti; quibus dignus non erat mundus: in solitudinibus errantes, in montibus, & speluncis, & cavernis terræ. Hebr. 11. 37, 38.

All passed times have infinitely commended a *Joseph*, for leaving a cloak in his flight, in the hands of an unchaste Mistress: he forsook his own (saith S. *Ambrose*) as no longer accounting it his, since it was in the hands of an Adultereis, and thought a Garment, touched by the hands of an unchaste woman, was no longer for *Joseph*'s wearing. If this act be laudable, what shall we say of those, who have not left a simple habit already polluted by an evil touch, but quite forsaken and abandoned, in their best health, their own bodies, although most chaste and innocent, to preserve purity of soul by an extraordinary mortification of flesh? What shall we say of a Christian Maid, of whom *Isidore* of *Pelusium* speaketh, who seeing her self sollicited by a young man, shaved her head close to the skin to cure another's love, depriving herself not of a coiff, not of a petticoat, or gown, but of an ornament, which is on woman's head, as flowers in medows? What shall we say of those, who to chastise a slight glance, rather curious, then unchaste, have put irons about their necks, that so they might perpetually look on the earth, as unworthy to behold Heaven? And what of others, who were threescore years without sight of any creature? Is not this properly to cast off, not a Cloak as *Joseph*, but the body, as if it were dead? Is not this to live

Reliquit sua tanquam non sua, qua adultera suu manibus detinebat, & aliena judicavit, qua ab impudicitia poterant comprehendi. Ambros. de Joseph.

Isid. Pelus. lib. 2. Ep. 53

Accepimus ut refert Theodoretus & Menæa logia Græca.

Quid est dicere, Volo habere quod vincam, nisi volo habere quo peream? vide nè unde te putas habere triumphū æternum incurras opprobrium: inter omnia enim Christianorum pia certamina sola sunt dura prælia castitatis, ubi quotidiana pugna, & rara victoria. Auguſt. *De vitanda familiaritate mulierum* Tom. 9.

live in mortal fleſh as if he had it not? And can you think God hath ſold Virginity to ſuch, at the price of ſo many Travils and Mortifications, and will afford you it in pleaſures and continual converſation amongſt men, ſince where there is moſt battel, is moſt merit? What elſe is it to ſay, I will have wherewith to overcome, but that I will have wherewith to undo my ſelf? Be ware leſt you purchaſe an eternal ignominy, where you promiſe your ſelf a Triumph. For amongſt all the Battels of Chriſtian Religion none is more ſharp then that of Chaſtity, where the danger is daily, and the Victory very rare.

If you regard the third Ingredient of this Perfume, which is the *Onyx*, ſolid and permanent, the ſymbol of Conſtancy; where can you meet with a Virginity more bravely defended then among Chriſtians? For if conſtancy (as Saint *Thomas* teacheth) conſiſt in ſurmounting all difficulties and obſtacles, which offer to croſs a good affair, who hath overcome more innumerable in quantity, more ſharp in kind, more various in quality, then Virginity? Domeſtick enemies are ever moſt to be feared, and ſuch there are, who have torn Lions, that could not rend from their hearts the leaſt paſſion: but Virginity, how many times hath it within its own body extinguiſhed the flames of concupiſcence by couragious and magnanimous acts, as are thoſe, which we finde in the lives of ſo many Holy creatures? How often did ſome roul themſelves in Ice, and Snow; as Saint *Francis*? How often did others drag themſelves over Thorns, all torn and bloody; as Saint *Bennet*? How often did others fight againſt Fire with another Fire, taking in open hand the prime Element to vanquiſh the principal paſſion; as Saint *Marcian*? It ſeems to me, when I hear of theſe combates, I may apply a notable place of the ſeventy fourth *Pſalm* to them: *Help, O my God, help; the earth of this mortal fleſh is all on fire, it is conſumed, if you aſſiſt not.* What have you to fear, faithful Soul? anſwer the God of Hoſts. Be firm in your good purpoſe. It is I, who will ſtrengthen the Columns, and Foundation of the Earth: it is I, who will ſhiver in pieces the Bowes, Arrowes, Quivers, Bucklers, and Swords; yea all the temptations, and powers of Hell, oppoſed againſt thee. My God, thou madeſt it. O what peace I now finde in my heart, what great and Divine lights deſcend upon me from the eternal Mountaines!

Liquefacta eſt terra, ego confirmavi columnas ejus. Pſal. 74. 3. *Confregi potentias, arcum, ſcutum, gladium, & bellum. Factus eſt in pace locus ejus. Illuminans tu mirabiliter de montibus æternis.* Pſal. 75. 5. 2. 4.

Behold the Interiour combats, but if you regard the Exteriour, what violences, what warlike Engines have not been employed againſt Virginity? The teeth of Lions and Tigers were onely to be feared in Beaſts, yet they have been ſought out in Foreſts, and Wilderneſſes, to be encouraged againſt Virgins, and Virgins have vanquiſhed them. How many times hath a Lion been ſeen, let looſe againſt a ſilly Chriſtian Maid in an Amphitheatre, to lick her feet, and in ſight of fourſcore thouſand people adore his prey, taking upon him that courteſie, which in men was wanting? Coals, which caſt up devouring Flames, Frying-pans, boyling Cauldrons made their hair ſtand an end, who afar off beheld them without danger, yet Virgins felt them on their bodies, Virgins overcame them, Virgins ſtood free from hurt in the midſt of theſe horrours, ſinging the praiſes of God, and the Triumphs of Chaſtity. Wheels, armed with ſharp Irons to make bodies flie in pieces by gobbets, were the practiſes of Satan, never ſeen, heard, or thought on, yet being applied to the bodies of Virgins, Virgins blunted and rebated them with their tender and delicate fleſh.

Now, that none may object all this to be done by wily tricks of ecſtatick ſouls, and that there could not be a true conſtancy obſerved therein, which is onely ſeen, when there is a firm ſetling for ſome good ſpace in the exerciſe of a virtue, you find an infinite number of them, who waxed old in great combats, great afflictions, great auſterities, great flatterings, yet never left their reſolution. And to let others paſs under ſilence, who are innumerable, I will onely remember a Maid of *Alexandria*, endowed with an exquiſite Beauty, and ſued unto with all poſſible importunities, who hid her ſelf in a Sepulchre of the dead, and lived twelve years in a little Cell made to lodge ſuch, as had nothing to do with the world: ſhe being found in this manner, and asked what ſhe meant to do, made anſwer: *I preſerve the treaſure of Chaſtity amongſt theſe dead Carcaſes, from whence I behold not the ſparkles of concupiſcence to flie.* O my God, what conſtancy is this! what vigour of ſpirit! what Adamantine courage! and what may weak ſouls ſay to this, who yield at the firſt brunt, and ſeem to have nothing in the world more eaſie and familiar, then to loſe that, which can never be recovered.

O quàm pulchra eſt caſta generatio cum claritate? immortalis eſt enim memoria illius, &c. Et in perpetuum coronata triumphat, in coinquinatorum certamine præmium vincens. Sapient. 4. 1. 2.

Theſaurum caſtitatis ſervat inter arentes calvarias unda nulla flammas erumpit. Raderus.

To conclude, conſtancy being never conſummate without perſeverance to the laſt breath, behold the fourth Ingredient of the Perfume of God, which is *Incenſe*, and you ſhall ſee that as Incenſe is melted on Coals, ſo many have been diſſolved in Torments for the defence of Chaſtity. Some have preſently yielded up their Lives, others were burned with a ſlow Fire, delivering their bodies up to Flames, as freely as one would be deſpoiled of a Garment. Witneſs that Young man mentioned by S. *Hierom*, faſt tyed with Silken cords upon a Bed all ſtrewed over with Flowers, who, in ſuch poſture having nothing at liberty but his Tongue, ſpit it out all bloody in the face of a Lewd woman, who came to tempt him. Witneſs another Maid called *Lucie*, who lived a Virgin among many others, and whoſe exquiſite Beauty was ſought unto with vehement ſollicitations by a powerful Lord, who, having command and authority in his hands, ſent meſſengers of his fury to ſeize on this innocent Lamb; and whileſt they were at the gate menacing to kill her, and to ſet all on fire if this poor creature were not delivered into their hands, the Maid came forth. Who is there, Sirs, ſaid ſhe? What demand you? I beſeech you, tell me whether there be any thing in my power to purchaſe your Lord and Maſters love? Yea (anſwered they in a flouting manner) your eys have gained him, nor ever can he reſt till he enjoy them. Well, go to then (ſaith ſhe) onely ſuffer me to go to my Chamber, and I will give ſatisfaction in this point. The poor Maid, ſeeing herſelf between the Hammer and the Anvile, acted a thing at that time, which could never have been done without the particular revelation of God; ſhe ſpake to her eys, and ſaid: How my eys are you then guilty? I know the reſervedneſs and ſinplicity of your glances, nor have I in that kind any remorſe of conſcience. But howſoever it be, you appear to me not innocent enough; ſince you have kindled fire in the heart of a man, whoſe Hatred I have ever more eſteemed then his Love: Quench with your blood the flame you have raiſed. Whereupon with a hand piouſly cruel ſhe digged out her eys, and ſent the torn reliques embrewed in her blood to him, who ſought her, adding: *Behold what you love!* He ſeized with horrour, haſtened to hide himſelf in a Monaſtery, where he remained the reſt of his days to expiate his loves. O incomparable patience! I would go further, but ſhe ſtays me. For what can I ſpeak more, having ſaid this? Is it

Raderus in Viridario.

not

not enough to shew Chastity can do little of it self, but that it dissolveth as Incense on the burning Coals of Charity? To give away the light of the day, the sweetest of all creatures; to give up her blood drop after drop; to give her torn eyes, so to avoid a sin, which faithless souls accompt but a sport! Infinite many pusillanimous people, justly chastised for their sins, cannot endure the least sting, but with complaint and murmur against God; they burn, but it is as Laurels, crackling in the Flames: but this Virgin in the sharpest rigours of a most sensible torment burnt sweetly, couragiously, silently. O what a Perfume of the living God is Virginity! If the smoak of the bodies of the Damned, and despairing *Babylon*, perpetually mount to Heaven in a Sacrifice of Vengeance, may we not affirm this delicious Perfume of Virginity will on the other side ascend as a Sacrifice of Honour, whilest there is Religion and Altars, Men and Angels? O Women, prodigal of a good irrecoverable! Ah wretched Maids! Ah young witless Women, that give for a momentary delight a treasure, for which the Church hath shed so much blood! Ah inexcusable Treachery, to give to a bold libertine what is taken from *Jesus Christ*! Ah Pusillanimity, to yield at the first shock, by delivering up a gift of God, for which so many Virgins have persisted under the teeth and paws of Lions, under the sharp Irons of tyrannical Wheels, in Cauldrons of scalding hot Oyl, in the tearing out their Eye-strings, in dislocation of their Bones, and Massacring their Bodies, yea even to the last breath of life.

Unhappy victime, made a prey to dishonour, what wilt thou answer to an *Agnes*, a *Thecla*, a *Katharine*, a *Lucie*, when they shall shew thee their Palms, their Blood and Wounds, more bright and radiant then the Stars in the Skie? And what will they say? Behold what we have suffered for a virtue, which thou hast so slightly valued, as to trample it under foot, and through a strange prostitution hast thrown into their eys, who required it not. O Mothers, breed your Daughters piously; and preserve them as Pledges charily recommended unto you by Almighty God. What a shame, what an ignominie, nay, what a fury, to behold maids now adays ill taught, bold amongst men as Souldiers, wanton as leaping Kids, and impudent as *Sirens*! Who hath ever sequestred shamefacedness from the soul, that did not separate modesty from the body? How can you accompt a gadding House-wife, a dancing Reveller, an idle Wanton to be modest, since the strongest Chastities have now adays much ado to defend themselves from calumnie? Snares are laid on every side, as well upon the Mountain, as the Valley. There is not a stone, whereon some Scorpion sleepeth not. Never was the lust of impudent men so enflamed, and yet you dally without fear, or danger. Hearken to the advise of S. *Hierom*, concerning the Instruction of Maids, with which I will conclude this discourse:

Hieron. ad Laetam.

Let a Maid, who ought to be the Temple of God, be so instructed, that she neither hear, nor speak any thing, which tendeth not to the fear of God. Let not impure speeches approach her ears. Let her be ignorant of worldly pleasures. Let her tongue in her tender years be seasoned with the praises of Jesus Christ. *Let her banish young men from her company, who have any loose fashion in their behaviour, and let the maids themselves, who come amongst them, be alienated from worldly commerce, lest having been ill Disciples of sensuality, they thereby become the worse Mistresses. If she also learn to read, let her Letters be made of Box, or Ivory, and be all called by their names, that so they may be a recreation for her eys, to serve as instruments for her instruction. Let her in good time practice to write, and let her tender hand be guided on the Paper, to trace the Letters, which are shewed her. Let her have some reward for doing well; for in this her minority these slight ornaments prove to be an allurement to virtue. Let her have companions for emulation, and entertain a generous envy against their praise. Let her not be chidden, if she be of an heavy spirit, but encouraged by the help of commendation. Let her take delight to overcome, and be as loth to be vanquished. Heed must be taken, she hate not study, and travel, lest the bitterness she may conceive in her infancy, spread beyond her most innocent years. Let the first Letters she begins to call, compose some holy Names, to prepare her memory to Piety. Let her have a Governess grave and modest. Let her entertain her companions with serenity of countenance. Let her become affable and amiable to all the world. Accustom her not to wear Pendants in her ears, to Paint, to load her neck and head with Pearls. Change not the colour of her hair by Art, nor Frizzle, or Crisp her with Fire and Irons, lest it prove a prediction of infernal Flames. Take heed she be not touched with the Hammer, which now adays strikes all the world, to wit, Vanity. Let her not drink in the Cup of* Babylon, *which is Impurity. Beware she go not forth with* Dinah, *to see how the maids of the County are attired. Let her not be a Dancer, nor gawdy in Apparel. Poyson is not given but by rubbing the Goblet with Honey, nor doth Vice deceive us but under colour and pretext of Virtue.*

Above all, let her see nothing either in Father, or Mother, the imitation whereof may make her guilty. Let her be disposed to the reading of good Books, and never appear in publick without the advise of her Mother. Let her not entertain some spruce young Amourist to cast wanton Glances; nor let her beay particular Affection towards any of her Servants, who may whisper in her ear, but cause them to speak aloud, that all the rest may hear. Let her orderly every day offer her Devotion to God; be very sober in her Deportment, and delighted with Works worthy of her condition. Let her be most obedient; nor ever so hardy as to see any, or undertake ought, without their leave, who govern her. Doing this, she shall save her soul, and edifie all the world.

To Fathers and Mothers.

The thirty ninth SECTION.

Concerning the Education, and Instruction of their Children.

O What a goodly Chain of gold is Charity, which with its many Links enchaineth the world! The more closely it shutteth, the more strength it affordeth, the more it tieth our hearts, the more it fasteneth our felicities. The first liberty of a reasonable creature is the thraldom of an honest love, wherein Fathers and Mothers have a great part; for their union floweth from the bowels of Nature, and none can falsifie it, who violate not the first Laws of the world. The Father loves the Son as a portion cut from himself, naturally the Son loves the Father; and so often as he wandereth from this love, he is like a Fish out of the Water. This was the conceit, which S. *Ambrose* had upon the passage of *Genesis, Let the Waters bring forth Fish.* Let the good Mother be the Water, and good Children the Fish, saith he. God once commanded the Water to bring forth Fish, and instantly it obeyed, and ever since for almost these six thousand years, that the world wheels about, the Water feedeth its Fishes without murmur, and the Fish never go out of the Water but by constraint. O man, who hast taught divisions between Father and Son, Mother and Daughter, thou shouldst be ashamed: entreat the Water to teach thee, and the Fish to shew thee thy lesson. It is a strange thing, the Patriarch *Noe*, justly provoked against an unnatural Son, who had revealed the nakedness of his Father, shooteth the Arrow of malediction, not against the head of the guilty Son, but his Children; he curseth not *Cham*, but *Canaan*; and if you ask why, *Theodoret* upon *Genesis* answereth, *Noe* would not curse him, whom God had blessed: for this had been to take off the seal of the Sovereign Master, and rase his Edicts. But S. *Ambrose* says very pertinently, that *Noe*, the more to punish his evil Son, curst him in his race: as if the wounds, which Fathers receive in the

Producant aqua reptile. Genes. 1. 20

Quàm bona mater sit aqua, hinc considera, ô homo: docuisti altercationes parentum in filios, separationes, odia, offensam; disce ergò ab aqua, qua sit parentum & filiorum necessitudo.

Genes. 9. 25 *Maledictus Chanaan, servus servorum erit.*

the affliction of their children, were more ſenſible to them, then their proper and perſonal hurts. Take away the beam from the Sun, and he ſhines not; the ſtream from the Fountain, it drieth up; the member from the body, it putrifies; the ſon from the father, and he no longer is a ſon. This admitted and reſolved, we draw a neceſſary conſequence from the reciprocal love between two. And ſince we muſt hereafter ſpeak of the duty of ſons towards their parents; let us now purſue the courſe begun, and mention the duty of parents towards their children.

One would not at firſt perhaps believe what I ſay; but it is moſt undoubted, Parents are in ſome ſort more obliged to their children, then children to parents. For, who is more bound then he, who, by juſtice both divine, and humane, oweth moſt? Now, what owe children to their parents? The life they received, which they cannot render again, and therefore are not bound to it: well may they owe the honour, which falls upon themſelves; well, the helps and ſervices in caſe of neceſſity. But, the father, ſo ſoon as the infant hath ſet foot into being, is very ſtraightly obliged to provide him two things; Nouriſhment, and Inſtruction, according to capacity. Theſe are the two heads of this diſcourſe, wherein I purpoſe to ſhew (O Fathers, and Mothers) that you commit a great ſin, when you abandon your children, to become a prey of miſery, ignorance, and iniquity.

The Reaſons are evident: for firſt, you ſin againſt the grand law of Nature, written by God with a ſtyle of fire, not only on the hearts of all living creatures, but even on Plants, which is to cheriſh what they have produced. Grapes hang on the Vine, Fruits on the Tree, and take with time their juſt encreaſe from the juice and ſubſtance of the wood, which brings them forth. The Lamb knows his Damm among a thouſand to ſuck her, and ask the tribute of Nature. Eagles bear their young on their backs: Serpents throw themſelves many times into boyling Caldrons to ſave their eggs. The Pelican, as the report is, lets herſelf blood, to make a bath of it for her brood. And you in this Veſſel of the vaſt world, wherein all creatures row alike in this point according to the courſe of Nature, would you be an unprofitable burden? Deſerve not you to be baniſhed from all the parts of the earth, and not to enjoy any thing but fire, or nothing to ſettle on, ſince the one is barren, and the other devoureth all. Secondly, See you not, that, neglecting your children, you do like an Adulterer, not a Father? For what ſeeks the Adulterer, Poſterity? No, To afford a child to the world, ſervant to God, a citizen to the Common-wealth? No, to have a creature, who may ſerve for the exerciſe of his charity, to be an object of his providence, and an encouragement for his diligence? No. What pretends he then? Loathſom and lewd luſt. And what do you elſe, when after conſummation of marriage, and the birth of a ſon, you careleſly leave him, without providing for his neceſſities? Beſides, if (as ſaith *Tertullian*) it is to be an homicide anticated, to hinder the generation of man, what will it then be, when he is already born and regiſtred amongſt mortals, through remiſneſs and ſloth, to ſuffer him to die with hunger, cold, thirſt, and miſery? When wrinkles and grieſly hairs ſhall ſeize on your forehead; when old age ſhall bow your back, and neceſſity caſt you into calamity: with what face dare you crave help from that ſon, or daughter, whom you all the time of their life have neglected? Were it not well, all creatures made complaint over your aſhes?

Homicidii feſtinatio eſt prohibere naſci. Tertul. *Apol.*

This man will perhaps anſwer, As for my part, (God's name be praiſed) I have had a care of my children, they want nothing neceſſary for ſuſtentation of life. Is it enough to give them neceſſaries? But how do you give them? without love, and void of charity: as a ſtony loaf given and taken by conſtraint. Fathers, and Mothers, it is a ſtrange thing to ſee your odd proceedings: One loves the male, another the female; one the girls, another the boies: one this, becauſe he is noſed like himſelf; the other that, becauſe ſhe hath her eies, gate, and ſpeech. The father takes his Idol to his ſide, the mother hers; and in one and the ſame houſe ſet up Altar againſt Altar: If you ſtrike my little Deity, I will not ſpare yours; If you bring not incenſe to mine, I will overthrow yours. Childiſh and ridiculous people! to caſt affection on children through ſenſuality, paſſion, and fury, perpetually to fall out about children, to let them ſuck diſcord with their milk, from the example of thoſe who begot them: what is it elſe, but early to put a ſword into the hand of theſe little creatures; but to tear one another, and to cheriſh factions and partialities, before their eies be open to underſtand them?

Partiality of Parents

Let them look to it, who govern in ſuch manner, (ſaith the other) as for my ſelf, I take no other care then to breed my children well, and regard them all alike. What do you call *breed them well*? Behold another vice: ſome offend through negligence, others with too much indulgence. You term well-breeding the childe, to cram him up to the throat, and let him have all he asketh. Senſeleſs creature! ſee you not firſt, you do a great injury to God? He hath truſted a childe in your hand to be bred like a man, and you have made a lump of fleſh of it, a Bear's whelp, and think there is nothing to be done, but to lick it, that it may grow. Secondly, It is a baſe thing to ſay, the ſovereign Creatour having made you a Father, Maſter, Directour, and Governour, over this Infant, you ſhould forget the character God hath engraven on your face, and make your ſelf a ſlave of a gluttonous belly, and an irregular concupiſcence. Beſides, you put ſpurs to his vices, to make him run head-long into the precipice: you nooſe halters to ſtrangle him, you light torches to conſume him. For what good can be hoped, nay, what evil not expected from a childe bred up in pride and effeminacy? Hear *Tertullian* ſpeak; *Take away the curioſities, and ſuperfluities. It is not the life of a Chriſtian. He hath renounced faith, who breedeth his children in riot.* Is it not a goodly thing to ſee *Hercules* ſpin ſilk with thoſe hands, which were made to vanquiſh monſters? Know, God hath put us into the world to hew monſters more pernicious then *Hydras*, or *Cerberus*, and not to make Coronets of Roſes. You cannot breed your children in voluptuouſneſs, and not thereby render their ſouls ſoft and effeminate, which quite extinguiſheth the flame of a generous ſpirit: and yet you complain, that coming to the degrees of maturity, they are fit for nothing, but to live lazily, and pick quarrels. But it is no whit to be wondered at; it is the tincture you gave them from their moſt tender years. You have made them all their lifetime to dance to the tune of their own proper wills, light, fond, and childiſh; and now you would put the bridle over their necks, and make them lead a ſerious life. Know you not what happened to the horſes of the *Sybarites*, an effeminate kinde of people, who were ſo intoxicated and addicted to dances and balls, that not ſo much as their horſes but learnt to dance? In the mean time their enemies awakened

Diſcutienda ſunt delicia, quarum mollitie & fluxu fidei virtus effeminari ſolet. Tertul. *De cultu fœmin.*

wakened them, and ſo cloſely purſued them, that they were enforced to take arms for the defence of their lives. They drew into the field a brave ſquadron of Cavalry, the flower and ſtrength of the City: but a Fidler, ſeeing them approach mounted on theſe dancing horſes, promiſed their Adverſaries to deliver them into their hands, whileſt they were dancing: and inſtantly he began to ſtrike up his Violin, and the horſes to beſtir themſelves in dancing, to break all their ranks, and put the Army into diſorder; which ſhamefully made them become a prey to their enemies. Behold (O indulgent parents) what happeneth to your children! You have always bred them in ſottiſhneſs, ſports, and liberty, the fatal plagues of youth: when they muſt come to combate, to undertake ſome brave affair, ſome thing important for the good of their Country, for the honour of your houſe, for the advancement of themſelves, they ſtand eclipſed. Nay, perhaps it might be tolerable, to behold them benummed, and ſtupified in worldly affairs; but they are deaf, blind, and dumb in matters concerning God: ſo that, whilſt you ſeek to make great and powerful Lords of them, you (e're aware) have drawn the malediction of the Serpent upon them, and made them creep on their bellies; as much as to ſay, according to the interpretation of ſome Fathers, to ſpend their thoughts, ſtudy, and affection, upon the care and education of the body, to the prejudice of the Soul. Yet you would have thoſe creatures to be inſtructed in the law of God. How can it be? Do you not well know, that *Moſes*, ſeeing the *Iſraelites* dance with full bellies about the golden Calf, brake the Tables of the Law? If you demand the reaſon, S. *Hierom* will tell you, he knew the law of God was not for Sporters, Dancers, and Drunkards; and that in the kingdom of Intemperance an Eclipſe enſues, not only of the Divine Law, but of Nature alſo.

Supra pectus tuum, & ventrem tuum gradieris.

Ἐπὶ τῇ στήθει, καὶ τῇ κοιλίᾳ, LXX *Interpr.* Geneſ. 3. 14

Sciebat Dei ſermonem non poſſe audire temulentos.

I come to the ſecond point, which is Inſtruction, ſo much recommended in Scripture. *If you have children* (ſaith the *Wiſe-man*) *inſtruct them, and take great care of them from their childe-hood.* You muſt think your children be as Temples of God, recommended unto you from the hand of God himſelf. It is an intolerable thing to have good Cooks, good Lackeys, good Grooms, good Horſe-boys, to ſerve the belly and ſtable: and a Father, who ſends his Son to Schole, many times ignorant, whether the Maſter be black, or white; good, or bad; milde, or harſh; religious, or wicked. If Kine, or Hogs, are to be driven into the fields, one is ſought out, who knows the buſineſs. But to train up a childe of a good family an idle fellow many times is truſted, who hath in him no talent at all, but malice and ignorance. Fathers, and Mothers, fear you not, God will ſay unto you; My houſe is forſaken, I freed it from evil Spirits, I with-drew it from the power of Divels, I purged, decked, and adorned it; I put it into your protection, I conſigned it into your hands: What have you done with it? Why have you polluted it, and why ſuffer you it ſtill to lie drenched in ordure? You have put the Lamb into the Wolf's keeping, you have given the Victim to the ſlaughter-man, you are the cauſe of his unhappineſs, you have twiſted the cord of his ruine, ſo ſoon almoſt as the web of his life. Fathers and Mothers do well, if they become as great Saints as are the Hermits of the Deſert: but, if they neglect their childe, they render themſelves guilty before God of one of the greateſt injuſtices in the world. The Scripture, in praiſing the great Patriarch *Noe*, doth not only ſay, he was a good man in his own perſon, but in his whole race, ſo far as his power extended.

Filli tibi ſunt, erudi illos, & cura illos à pueritia illorum. Prov. 7.

Noë vir juſtus, & perfectus in generationibus ſuis. Geneſ. 6. 9.

As much honour and glory as it is to leave a good Citizen to the Common-wealth; ſo much diſhonour and infamy it is, to afford it ungracious wretches to trouble its repoſe, diſ-unite peace, and embroil affairs. They are ſuch, of whom the Scripture ſpeaketh: *They ſhall be nails in your eys, and lances in your ſides; and they ſhall oppoſe you in the land of your abode.* Cruel Father that thou art, who, quite dead, and turned into aſhes, afflicteſt the Common-wealth by Children ill inſtructed, thou woundeſt and teareſt Chriſtianity. Were it not injuſtice, thinkeſt thou, to break up thy Tomb, and diſturb thy aſhes, for having voluntarily bred a little Viper for thy Country, to which thou art accomptable for thy life? And from hence it cometh to paſs, that Fathers, who have carried themſelves ſo negligently and perfidiouſly in their childrens inſtruction, are the firſt, who drink down the poyſon they mingled for others, over-whelmed with toyls, and miſeries, for the continual diſorders of theſe Extravagants. O how often they make complaint like the Eagle in the Emblem of *Julian*, when, ſtrucken by a mortal Arrow, partly framed out of her own wings, ſhe ſaid, Out alas, wretched bird that I am! muſt I breed feathers to ſerve as a ſwift Chariot to the ſteel, which transfixeth my body? Muſt I bring forth children to give me the ſtroke of death? What remedy then for this unhappineſs, which, creeping into the bowels of the moſt flouriſhing Monarchies, depopulates and deprives them of good ſubjects, and furniſheth them with the ſhadows of men? What remedy, but to obſerve three things in this matter? Firſt, To give a good tincture of Religion to your children, pious apprehenſions of God, and a filial fear of his judgments. Secondly, To manure them with Arts ſuitable to their underſtanding and condition, to ſettle them in the world upon ſome good employment, leſt, having nought to do, they become fit to act any evil. Thirdly, To accommodate them, as much as poſſibly and reaſonably may be, with exteriour moveables, called the bleſſings of Fortune, that neceſſity open not them the gate of iniquity; and then leave the reſt to the providence of God, whoſe eie is alwaies open over his work. Behold the courſe moſt fit to be obſerved! Piety goeth foremoſt: for, as the eloquent Prelate of *Cyrenes* ſaith, It is not only the foundation of houſes, but of whole Monarchies.

Erunt vobis clavi in oculis, & lancea in lateribus, & adverſabuntur vobis in terra habitationis veſtra. Num. 33.

Syneſ. ad Arcad.

Parents now adaies ſeek to do quite contrary, and ſet the cart before the horſe: they voluntarily imitate the ſtupidity of thoſe *Egyptians*, who prepared Altars to a Reer-mouſe, for no other reaſon, but that ſhe is weak-ſighted, and is a friend of the night. Now they preferred darkneſs before light, by right of Antiquity: but theſe do much worſe; for, putting Heaven and Earth into one balance, they ſet an eſtimate upon terrene things, to the vilifying and confuſion of celeſtial. Nay, there are Mothers to be found ſo malicious, as was one named *Clotilda*, not the Saint, but a mad-woman, who, being put to her choice, either to conſent, her ſons ſhould enter into a Monaſtery to become religious, or reſolve to ſee them loſe their lives. Kill, kill, ſaid ſhe, I had rather behold them dead, then Monks. How many are there now adays, who for a need would ſuffer their children to become Pages to Antichriſt, to make a fortune; at the leaſt, would well endure to ſee them preferred to honour in the great *Turk*'s Court, with ſhipwrack of their Religion?

There

There are few Queen *Blanches*, either in courage or worth, who rather desired to behold her children in their grave, then in sin. They must now adays be either *Cæsars*, or nothing. None fear to put them into infamous houses, into scandalous places, to give them most wicked Teachers, to thrust them into snares, and scandals, under hope of some preferment. Nay, with how many travels, and services, crouchings, and crimes, do these miserable creatures purchase their chains? *All cannot finde a fortune in Court. Warfare picks out those with a kinde of disdain, whom it entertains for labours, and hazards of life. Only Virtue shuts not the gate against any, yet it is daily despised.*

Non omnes curia admittit: castra quos ad laborem & pericula recipiant, fastidiosè legunt; bona mens omnibus patet. Senec. *Ep.* 44.

Unfortunate Fathers and wretched Mothers, live on gall and tears, rise and go to bed with gnawing care, to set an ungrateful son on the top of Fortunes wheel, who quickly grows weary of them, and after their deaths, gluts himself with the delights, they with so much industry prepared for him; mindless of those who obliged him: Nay, far otherwise, he unfolds the Riots of his unbridled youth even upon their Tombs. God grant this evil may pass no further, and that the father and son do not one day reproach one another in the flames of Hell, that the one ministred matter of damnation, and the other gave accomplishment. *William* the learned Bishop of *Lions* relateth, that a young Hermit, retiring into a horrid wilderness to attend the exercise of penance, saw his father and brother, whom he had left in the world, embroiled in ill causes, at that time deceased and buried in everlasting fire, who made hideous complaints: the son questioning his father as authour of his ruine, by amassing unjust riches for him, and the father answering, the son was the source of all his calamities, since, to make him rich, he had spent his miserable life in perpetual anxiety, and now suffered eternal punishments in the other world, for loving a disloyal son more then Almighty God. Cursed blindness, to buy Tortures and Gibbets with afflictions and crosses! O Fathers, and Mothers, let your first care extend to those whom you begat, to teach them virtue rather by your example, then others instruction. These young creatures are your shadows, your ecchoes; they turn and winde themselves easily, to imitate those who gave them life, and from whom they hope both wealth and honour. Wo to the Father, and Mother, who make their children witnesses of their crimes, and not content to be evil, make their sin immortal in the immortality of their discent! An Infant, though but two years old, should be used with much regard, as if it were an Intelligence enchased in this little body. It is a great sacrilege to impress the first tincture of vice on those, who as yet rest in the innocency of baptism. The good *Eleazar* being advised to dissemble his Religion to save his life, or at least to make semblance of eating hogs-flesh, beholding round about him many youths, who expected the end of this combate, pronounced these worthy words couched in S. *Ambrose*: God forbid, I should serve for an incentive to the vices of these young people, who should rather be a pattern of wisdom. God forbid, I defile my gray hairs with this execration, and that Posterity may take notice, I opened the gate to impiety by my example. That is undoubted which *Julius Firmicus* spake: Nothing hath so much advanced the power of Satan, as the making of sinful gods. The young man looking on the statue of *Jupiter* soothed his own lust, and drew the nourishment of his sin even from Altars. So doth the Son, who beholds himself in the vices of his Father, and takes paternal authority for pledge of his wickedness. I leave you to think, if in *Exodus* 22. he, who unawares suffered a silly spark to fly into his neighbour's corn, be guilty of the fires hurt, as we heretofore told you, what will it be with a Father, who in his house shall enkindle the torch of iniquity to enflame his whole family? First then, lay the foundation of piety, and consequently finde employments for your children, lest they consume in idleness, which is the Seminary of all vices.

Guliel. de Lugdun. tract. De avarit. rubric. 11.

Nequaquam contingat mihi, ut sim senex incentivum juvenilis erroris, qui esse debet forma salutaris instituti. Ambros. l. 2. de Jacob.

Adulterio delectatus aliquis? Jovem respicit, & in de cupiditatis sua fomenta conspirit. Julius Firm. de error. profan.

Charlemain soon put his sons to exercises, and commanded his daughters to sow, or spin, that the gate might be shut up against lazy sluggishness of spirit, wherewith the soul suffers it self insensibly to slide into all sorts of corruptions. Yea, great discretion must be used in this point, not to enforce children to undertake Vocations wholly disproportionable to their humours and qualities, to make them thereby row all the rest of their life against the stream. Saint *Basil* in the Epistle to *Eudoxius* praiseth the *Athenians*, who tried the nature of their children, before they put them to any profession, proposing unto them sundry instruments of all kinde of Arts, and easily admitting that, to which they most inclined. As for accommodation, you must therein reasonably provide according to your estate, and not according to the extravagant Ideas of this insatiable Age. It is an admirable thing to see to what a height these offices and huge marriages are mounted; I think they will fly into the Kingdom of the Moon. The time hath been, when a man was thought rich, who had fifty Crowns of yearly rent. We finde when the marriages of the daughters of *France* exceeded not six thousand crowns paid down. Nay, which is more, daughters were bought, and now they purchase husbands with prodigious summs. This is it, which wasteth spirits, which renders instructions unprofitable, and throws all our evils into the despair of remedy. If you knew well how to order this matter, you would finde repose and facility in the rest of the government of youth: and when you have done that which belongs to you leave the rest in the hands of the Divine Providence, who well understands how to handle the web of our lives, and to apply every one to what is fittest for his salvation. If all I have said (O Fathers, and Mothers) be not sufficient to instruct and perswade you, I would draw hither out of the other world *Hely* the High-priest, severely punished by the revengeful hand of God, for negligences committed in the education of his children. He would cry aloud unto you; I am that *Hely*, heretofore the prime man amongst the people of God: that *Hely*, from whose lips passed so many brave Oracles: that *Hely*, who with the wink of an eie, made the people obedient: that *Hely*, who shined as a *pharus* in the Tabernacle of God; and in the mean space, for permitting youthful follies and indiscrete liberty to my children, see me become the object of the most enflamed anger of God, which may be imagined against one of my profession. Behold me, cast from the High-priesthood as a rotten member, my house everlastingly deprived of that honourable dignity, all my Posterity condemned to die under the scourge of God, and not any one of them ever to attain to man's estate: another enriched with my spoils, which my Nephews shall never see but to wither with grief, in consideration of the felicity of their rival: my two Sons sensual and voluptuous, slain in one day, my daughter-in-law dead in Childbed; but above all, through my sin, the Ark of God taken away by enemies, and dishonoured by

Infidels: and lastly, my self buried under the ruines of my Country, as the last Victim of God's Justice. O Sovereign Creatour of Heaven, and Earth, how terrible thou art! nay, how just; nay, how severe, to chastise Parents for the sins of their Children! but how reasonable in this their punishment? Fathers, and Mothers fear: Fathers, and Mothers shake under the hand of the Omnipotent: Fathers, and Mothers be satified with your own sins, and carry not your childrens into the other world: instruct them so, that in their education you may finde the discharge of your consciences, they good doctrine, and you rest, and comfort, to have well-bred them.

The fourtieth SECTION.

Advice to Children, concerning the Duty they should render to their Fathers, and Mothers, contrary to the contumacy of irregular Youth.

Funiculus triplex difficilè rumpitur.

THe *Wise-man* said, It was an hard matter to break a triple Cord. A triple Law, Divine, Natural, and Civil, hath straightly bound Children to the honour, and duty, they ordinarily yield to Parents. He is forsaken of God, an enemy of Nature, and an Infringer of publick Tranquillity, who would be exempted.

First, I say, Nature distilleth with the Soul those amorous infusions of Amity, which Children have towards their Fathers, and Mothers. The Beam belongeth to its Sun, the River to its Fountain, the Branch to its Tree, and the Childe to his Progenitours. They are not Storks alone, who have taught us the law of reciprocal Love: Lions, though of nature untractable, of live savage, even in their roaring moods, which make Woods and Mountains tremble, give us a lesson of this Charity. Lions Whelps, whose paws itch, and blood boileth in their veins, go chearfully an hunting to seek out food for their Sire now worn with age. And Hunters have often observed an old Lion lying in the enterance of a Cave, and a young one to come laden with booty, putting it into the paws of the other, who expected it. He received the prey, making shew of a thousand thanks to his Whelp, which freely divided the prize according to the law of Nature. These inclinations are found even in Birds of rapine, who pull the prey one from another, to feed those with it, who begat them.

Albertus Magnus noteth, that Fowlers, seeking for Goshawks, found one in a vast Wilderness perched upon a tree, not offering to stir from them, but seeming wholly immovable. They wondering why this bird flew not away at the sight of men, as well as others of her kinde, perceived, she was weak, blinde, lame, and wasted with decrepit age: whereupon they hid themselves, expecting the coming of other Goshawks; when instantly, behold! two hastened thither laden with meat, which they pulled in pieces, and thrust into the beak of the poor old one. They made no doubt, but these were the young, who fed the Dam. O! what charms of Nature? nay rather, what providence of God? Is not he an *Apostata* to the great Law of the world, who violateth charity due to Fathers, and Mothers?

As for humane Laws, what have they in them more noble, or Religious, then the charitable offices of Children towards those, who begat them? If we believe the History of the *Persians*, there have been some found amongst them, who voluntarily made wounds on themselves to bury therein some part of the bodies of their Parents reduced to ashes? A matter truly very strange, and which confoundeth the ingratitude of children, who deign not to preserve the memory of their Fathers so much as in their hearts, much less their ashes on their bodies.

Aelian. *De animal. l.16. c. 7.*

Hath not *Tertullian* written, that certain people, called the *Nasamones*, through much reverence held their meeting over the Tombs of their Ancestours, as upon Oracles? Doth not *Herodotus* make mention of the *Issedons*, a people of *Scythia*, who enchase the heads of their deceased Ancestours in Gold, and reverence them as things sacred? And although there be in this action reprehensible superstition, yet it is much more tolerable then the Law of the *Egyptians*, who burnt Incense to Rats, and Crocodiles.

Tertul. De anima. c. 57

Herodot. l. 4.

On the other part, *Nicolas Damascene* assureth us, the *Pisidians* presented the first-fruits of all the Viands of a Feast to their Fathers, and Mothers, thinking it an unworthy thing to take refection without honour done to the Authours of life.

Nic. Damasc.

Yea, *Plato* passeth so far, as to call Parents ἀγάλματα, καὶ κειμήλια, as one would say, Houshold-Gods, the pledges of Religion, the reliques and choicest pieces of the houshold treasure. *Solon* would never establish the law against Parricides, saying, God forbid, a Monster should ever come into our Common-wealth. Against impossible crimes there needs no prohibition. Did not *Romulus* the like in the institution of his Common-wealth? He never inserted one word of the sin of Parricide, as if it had been a mere *Chimera*: and verily six hundred years passed in the City of *Rome* amongst *Pagans*, and not so much as the name thereof known. The first stained with this barbarous cruelty was one *Lucius Ostius*, detested afterwards through all Ages. Men not knowing what punishment to invent for this monstrous sin, it was said, such should be thrown into the water, shut up in a sack with an Ape, a Cock, and a Viper.

Plato, De Leg. 11.

Finaly, *Aristotle*, who is ever in Argumental discourses, will not make use of any for the honour of Parents: for saith he, That man, who doubteth of the honour of Gods, and Parents, let him be instructed, not with words, but sharp punishments.

Arist. 8. Top.

As for the Divine Law, what hath it more authentically recommended, then this band of Charity? What doth it inculcate with more respect, after the honour of God, then duty towards Parents? For whom are recompenses awarded, if not for the piety of Children? And for whom Menaces, but for their rebellion? Saint *Thomas* in his seventh little Treatise observeth, how in the Decalogue, after that which concerneth God, immediately followeth the precept of the honour due to the Authours of our life, for the resemblance they have to God. And *Philo* saith, this Commandment is the knot and ty of all the Law. Saint *Augustine* writing upon the passage of Saint *Paul*, *God, from whom all fatherhood proceedeth*, saith, That God is the Prince of all Fathers, & Fathers the Vicars of God, because they give Children (although with dependence on the Sovereign Cause) both Being, Education, and Instruction.

S. Thom. Op. 7.

Philo in vita Mosis.

A quo est omnis paternitas.

This duty of Children towards Parents being proved by the triple knot of the Law, Natural, Civil, and Divine: I will now enlarge upon the four parts thereof; which are, Love, Reverence, exteriour, and interiour, Obedience, and Succour. I say, Love; for what childe is there can hate his father, if he be not unnatural? How (O wicked son) can the hatred of a title so sacred, so sweet, ascend into thy heart, if thou art not become a Bankrupt in nature? If Tigers, and Lions had the like obligation, they would honour him: and thou persecutest him. Ah! but he

is unreaſonable, troubleſom, and inſupportable. What wilt thou not ſay? He is thy father, and therefore to be ſupported. Behold the rock, whereon all the waves of paſſion ſhould crack aſunder. But I know not what Antipathy I have contrary to his nature, I cannot reliſh him. Muſt we talk of Nature, when there is queſtion of the God of Nature? Know you not what the excellent Martyr St. *Juſtine* ſaid, *To live according to Nature, is to live like an Infidel?* If your nature cannot agree with one, whom you are bound to love, you muſt bridle that ill nature, you muſt put Reaſon into command, and Paſſion into fetters. Tell not me, you have endeavoured to mollifie it, but finde it untractable. Rather ſay, you are refractary againſt the yoke, which Nature hath put over your neck from your mothers womb: for which cauſe, ſee whether in the judgment of prudent men, who may adviſe you, you yield him that duty, which God commandeth.

Juſtin. Ep. ad Zenam & Sereuam.

The ſecond part of your tribute is Reverence. For it is natural to fathers, and mothers, who by the light of Reaſon are Tenants of that honour, which both age, Nature, and the commandment of God hath put into their hands: and if any thing happen to the contrary, it galls their heart, and transfixeth them more ſenſibly then one can imagine. For which cauſe the Wiſe-man ſaid, *Honour thy Father both in word, and deed with patience.*

In opere & ſermone, & omni patientiâ, honora patrem tuum. Eccleſ. 35.

It is a malignity, and a moſt intolerable baſeneſs, to ſee children of poor, or indifferent extraction, advanced either by the gale of favour, or by their travel and induſtry, to ſome publick charge, who no ſooner have ſet foot therein, but their brains turn, and they ſcarcely acknowledge thoſe, who gave them life and breeding, which is the firſt moveable of all the wealth they either poſſeſs, or may hope. But yet far more barbarous are they, that deſpiſe their parents, who, heretofore rich and wealthy, are now deſpoiled even to nakedneſs, and drawn dry to the very marrow, to place them in Dignities. This is a tyranny, which deſerveth, that all the Ravens from the brooks, and lay-ſtals, ſhould fly with fury upon him to pick out the eys of this offender, who hath dared to contaminate himſelf with ſuch an attempt.

Ungrateful creature, thou art aſhamed of Nature, thou bluſheſt at the Divine Providence, what ſay *I bluſh?* nay, thou diſmembreſt it: a father, who is the Ornament of thy head, and happineſs of thy houſe, if thou knoweſt how to uſe him, reduced by thy inſenſibility, thy cruelty, into the condition of a ſervant, whileſt thou perhaps feedeſt dogs, hawks, or ſome fatal Harpies, worſe then dogs, or hawks. Where is thy brow, thy bluſhing, thy underſtanding? O, but he is poor. True, becauſe thou haſt deſpoiled him, becauſe thou haſt waſted him, becauſe he voluntarily made himſelf poor, to make thee rich.

Tell me, was it not an honour to King *Agathocles*, who, from being the ſon of a Potter, raiſed his fortune to a Throne: was it not (I ſay) an honour to mingle, on his Cup-boards, earthen veſſels with his rich pieces of gold and ſilver plate, that he might not belie his birth? Nay, ſo far was he from bluſhing, or from being aſhamed at it, that he made boaſt and a trophey of it. What then would he have done by his poor father, if he ſet ſuch a value upon the mean implements of his Cottage? And thou, wholly Chriſtian as thou art, canſt not behold without confuſion of thy countenance, what a great Captain, a great King, a great States-man, ſought to proclaim to all the world.

Contempt of the perſon of Fathers entereth ſometimes ſo far into their ſouls, as it hath tranſported them into horrible and tragick acts, Never have I read any thing upon this ſubject without more amazement, then that, mentioned in *Juſtine*, of a certain *African*, named *Cartallus*, who was by the people's conſent raiſed to an eminent degree of dignity; and caſually upon ſome ſolemn Embaſſage ſent into a place, where his father, with many other, was baniſhed. He, looking on himſelf at that time like a Peacock, glorioufly furniſhed out with the rich ornaments of his employment, thought it was not ſuitable to his honour, to admit that his father ſhould ſo much as ſee him. The unfortunate father became ſo enraged with this refuſal, and pride of his ſon, that inſtantly he raiſed a ſedition, and muſtering together a tumultuary Army of Exiles, he fell upon his ſon, although a Magiſtrate, took him, condemned him to death, preſently prepared an high Gibbet, and attired (as he was) in Gold and Scarlet, with a Crown on his head, cauſed him to be faſtened to this fatal Tree, for a ſtrange ſpectacle. What fury of deſpiſed Nature is this, and what butchery?

Let us paſs on to the third tribute, Obedience, which (as an Antient ſaid) is the mother of felicities: it is the firſt band of Families, and chief foundation of Monarchies. S. *Gregory Nyſſen* hath a notable Obſervation, ſaying, That *Moſes* of ſet purpoſe cauſed the *Hebrews* to wear Ear-rings, giving them thereby to underſtand, their beauty and grace was in the ear, to wit, in obedience: and verily in *Exodus*, the people beginning to revolt, their Ear-rings were taken from them, as from men unworthy of this privilege. That, which is expreſſed in *Deuteronomy*, is much more bloody and terrible, where the father and mother are permitted to bring forth a diſobedient and refractary ſon in publick, and upon their own depoſition to cauſe him to be ſtoned to death by the people. It ſeems this Law was well underſtood by a ſilly Peaſant (a *Mardonian* by Nation) named *Rachones*, (*a*) who, being the father of ſeven ſons, perceived the youngeſt of them played a little libertine, and unbridled Colt: what doth he to bring him back into the ſtable? Firſt, He endeavoured to cure him with fair words and reaſons; but, finding him to reject all manner of good counſel, he bound his hands behind him, carried him before a Magiſtrate, accuſed him, and requires he may be proceeded againſt, as a Delinquent againſt Nature. The Judges, who would not diſcontent this incenſed father, nor hazard the life of this young man, ſent them both to the King, who at that time was *Artaxerxes*: the good man went thither, reſolved to ſeek his ſon's death; where, pleading before the King with much fervour and forcible reaſons, *Artaxerxes* ſtood amazed at his courage. But how can you (my friend) ſaid he, endure to ſee your ſon die before your face? He being a Gardiner, 'As willingly ' (ſaid he) as I would pull away leaves from a rank ' Lettice, & not hurt the root. The King, perceiving this reſolution & zeal of juſtice in the poor man, of a Gardiner made him a Judge, and ſeverely threatened his ſon with death, if his carriage were not better.

Tollite in aures filiarum veſtrarum curibus, & aſferte ad me. Exod. 32. 2.

Filius noſter iſte protervus & contumax eſt, monitis noſtris audire contemnit, comeſſationibus vacat, luxuriæ, atque conviviis. Lapidibus eum obruat populus, & moriatur. Deut. 21. 20, 21.

(*a*) Ælian. *Var. Hiſt.* lib. 1.

See young man; behold, wicked ſon, who diſobeyeſt thy father, and mother, not in a ſlight matter or, of little importance, but in ſuch, as concerns thy life, ſafety, and reputation: ſee what thou maiſt expect from the juſtice of God, ſince that of men hath ſo much ſeverity in this point.

You dare diſpenſe with your ſelves in the Laws of Piety, and Religion, not ſhewing even on Feſtival days any more feeling of God then a beaſt; doth this ſeem tolerable? you haunt the company of Buffoons, wicked and wretched creatures, which waſte

the means that are not yours, weaken your body, violate your reputation, and defile your ſoul, and is not this a crime ? You make reſolutions, and frame *Chimeras*, without adviſe either of father, or mother, you bring them into debt, you treat clandeſtine marriages, you thruſt thoſe alive into their graves, who gave you life; and can you think the vengeance of God will ever have leaden feet? Faithleſs and brutiſh as you are, how many Fathers for far leſs faults have inflicted ſeverities on their children, dreadful even to thoſe, who read them? *Marcus Scaurus*, in the *Roman* Hiſtory, ſent this meſſage to his ſon, who fled with the reſt of his Army defeated by the *Cimbrians*: *Son, you are born of a father, who knows either to vanquiſh, or die: rather ſend me your bones, then return alive after the death of your honour.* A father could not endure the flight of a ſort, which was very excuſable in a general defeat, becauſe it ſeemed to caſt ſome blemiſh upon his Family; and you, who ſurcharge your houſe with reproach, and confuſion, would you eſcape unpuniſhed? Another Father, *Aulus Fulvius*, underſtanding his ſon had ranked himſelf in the Faction of *Catiline* (a wicked wretch, who ſupported and debauched all the youth of *Rome*) cauſed him to be taken in the place, and condemned to death, and this young man, begging pardon with all manner of ſuppliant intreaties, had no other anſwer, but, 'Son, I 'begat you to make war upon *Catiline* in your 'Countrie's quarrel, not in *Catiline's* cauſe to aſſail 'your mother. And who can but wonder at another *Torquatus*, that had a ſon in great employments of the Empire, flouriſhing in honour, age, and reputation; who, being accuſed by the Embaſſadours of *Macedonia* to have ill-carried himſelf in their Province, when he had it in charge; this Father, with the Senate's permiſſion, would himſelf be Judg in the Son's cauſe, heard the accuſers two whole days together, confronted witneſſes, gave his ſon full ſcope to defend himſelf, and to produce all, that he could for his juſtification, in the end on the third day he pronounced ſentence: *It having ſufficiently been proved unto me, that my ſon* Syllanus *hath ill acquitted his charge, and taken money from the allies of the* Roman *People, contrary to the command of Laws, and Honeſty, I declare him from this time forward unworthy both of the Common-wealth, and my houſe?* The unfortunate ſon was ſo overwhelmed with melancholy upon this judgment given by his father, that the next night he killed himſelf; and the father, eſteeming him degenerate, would not ſo much as honour his funerals with his preſence. Good God, what ſeverity, what thunders, what lightnings againſt the diſobedience of ſons among Pagans! And you wicked ſons, in Chriſtianity, where the Law of Love ſhould oblige you to the duty, which I prove unto you, with an adamantine knot, do you think, all is permitted you? And you fathers, are not you moſt worthy of your unhappineſs, when you cheriſh by negligent and ſoft indulgence the diſobediences of your children, which you ſhould root up from their infancy, and not ſuffer them to grow, to the prejudice of your houſes, with ſo many bloody Tragedies, as are ſeen in the mournful theatre of the world's miſeries?

Fili, ſuſcipe ſenectam patris tui, & non contriſtes eum in vita ejus, & ſi defecerit ſenſus, veniam da, & non

Let us conclude upon the fourth duty of children, which is Succour: "Son, receive the old age of thy "father and mother in thy boſom: take heed, thou "do not contriſtate them in any kind: beware thou "ſcorneſt them not: if they chance to fall into any "debility of ſpirit, aſſiſt them with all thy might. It followeth, "The childe, which feareth God, never "fails either in the honour, or aid, he ſhould yield "to his parents: nay more, he ſhall ſerve them as a "Servant his Maſter. We need not here ſeek out examples in holy Scripture, or where the Law of Nature is handled; the more our proofs are taken from Infidels, who had nothing at all, but the light of reaſon, ſo much the more colour and weight they have. I will not make mention here of a *Roman* daughter (*a*) who fed her father from her own breaſts, condemned to die of hunger between four walls; you may ſufficiently ſee that often recorded in writing. Yea, under *Peter* of *Caſtile* there lived a man, that never ceaſed weeping until he were put to death inſtead of his father, who was to be executed. I ſpeak nothing now at all of that, but cannot omit an example recounted in the *Bibliotheck* of the great wit *Photius*, who telleth, on a time there happened in *Sicily* (as it hath often been ſeen) an eruption of *Ætna*, now called *Mount-Gibel*. It is a hideous thing, and the very image of Hell, to behold a mountain, which murmurs, burns, belches up flames, and throws out its fiery entrails, making all the world fly from it. It happened then, that, in this horrible and violent breach of flames, every one flying and carrying away all they had moſt pretious with them, two ſons, the one called *Anapias*, the other *Amphinomus*, careful of the wealth, and goods in their houſes, reflected on their father, and mother, both very old, who could not ſave themſelves from the fire by flight; and where ſhall we (ſaid they) finde a more precious treaſure then thoſe, who begat us? The one took his father on his ſhoulder, the other his mother, and ſo made paſſage through the flames. It is an admirable thing, that God in conſideration of this piety, though Pagan, did a miracle: for the monuments of all Antiquity witneſs, the devouring flames ſtaid at this ſpectacle, and the fire roaſting and broyling all round about them, the way only, through which theſe two good ſons paſſed, was tapiſtred with freſh verdure, and called afterward by poſterity *The Holy field* in memory of this accident.

ſternas eum in tua virtute. Eccleſ. 3. 14, 15.

Qui timet Deum, honorat parentes, & quaſi Dominis ſerviet iis, quiſe genuerunt. Ib. 3.

(*a*) Fulgoſ. l. 5. c. 3.

What may we anſwer to this, what can we ſay, when the virtues even of Pagans dart lightening-flaſhes of honeſty and duty into our eys? What braſen or adamantine brow can covetous and caitiff ſons have, who, being rich and abounding in means, deny neceſſary things to thoſe, who brought them into the world, yea have the heart to ſee them ſtruggle with extreme miſery, whileſt they offer a ſacrifice of abomination to their burning avarice? Wicked ſon, wretched daughter, know you what you do, when you commit ſuch a crime? You hold the ſoul, blood, and life of your progenitors in your coffers, you burn them with a ſoft fire, you conſume them with a lingring, and ſhameful death; you are accomptable before God for what they ſuffer. And for whom is remorſe of conſcience? for whom infamy? for whom neceſſity? for whom puniſhments in the other life? but for ſuch, as in this manner abuſe a treaſure ſo recommended by God? Take heed (O children) take heed of breaking this triple cord of the Law Divine, Natural, and Civil, which indiſſolubly tie you to the exerciſe of that piety, which you have abjured. Take heed of irreverence, diſobedience, and ingratitude towards your parents, expect not only in the other life the unavoidable puniſhments of God's Juſtice againſt ſuch contumacy, but in this preſent life know you ſhall be meaſured with the ſame meaſure you afforded others. You know the Hiſtory of the miſerable Father dragged by the hair with the hand of his Son unto the threſhold of his

his door, where seeing himself unworthily used, Hold son, saith he, it is enough: the Justice of God hath given me my due; I committed the like outrage heretofore against my Father, thy Grand-father, which thou at this instant actest upon me: I dragged him hither, and behold me hither haled; go no further. O Justice! O terrour! O dreadful spectacle! Great eye of God, which never sleepest over the crimes of mortals! O divine hand, which ever beares arms of vengeance hanging over the heads of rebellious children! How terrible thou art? who can but fear thee? who will not hereafter tremble at the apprehension of thy judgments?

Children, be pious, live in the duty you have vowed and resigned to your progenitors, and to all your superiours: live full of honour and glory in this world, live in expectation of palms and crowns, which you shall enjoy in the other world. And you likewise, fathers, and mothers, embrace charity towards your good children with all affection; and, if any forget their duty, and afterward stretch out hands humbly to your obedience, receive them into favour, exercise mercy towards them, as you desire should be done to you by God our common father. But, if you still groan under the ingratitude of wicked children, and the fear of future evils, wipe away your tears, sweeten your acerbities, season your bitterness with the comfort of a good conscience. When you have done all you can, and all you ought to do, leave the succes to God, and say unto him, My God, who hast seen the cause of my afflictions to proceed from my self, accept my good desires for the works of this evil childe, my sufferings in satisfaction, and my patience for sacrifice.

THE FOURTH BOOK, Of the Impiety of COURTS.

The Unhappy Politician.

HItherto having proposed the Motives, and Obstacles, that men of Quality finde in the way of Christian perfection, I have made a collection of the most wholesom Instructions, which may guide them to the wisdom of heaven. Consequently I purpose, according as time and leisure will permit, to write the History of the Holy Courts, pursuing the course, which I proposed in the Preface. But this Volume, being become big already in the Press, requireth nothing but the seal upon it. Behold the cause, why I have been willing to affix it thereon with two Books of grave and admirable Histories, which may serve as a scantling of the whole piece I intend. The scope of all this work is to declare a most worthy saying of S. *Augustine*, that *Nothing is so miserable as the prosperity of the wicked, nothing so happy as true and solid piety.*

To bring these two verities into their full lustre of light, as well by example, as precept, I have chosen two Courts very different. The one is the Court of *Herod*, the other of *Theodosius* the Younger. In the one, the disasters of impiety are beheld; in the other, the happiness of virtue. Verily, I have cast the eye of my consideration upon divers Histories, and have seen none, which may make great men more sensibly apprehend how those, who rule in Courts, and places of dignity by mere policy, and humane prudence, accommodating Religion to their own interest, are deceived, then the life and death of this unfortunate King of *Judea*. He had an infinite natural judgment, an admirable penetrating wit, a courage unspeakably dauntless. A man, who, derived from nothing, advanced his Fortune even to the Regal Throne, and established it amongst so many thorny affairs, as to make himself admired by the wisest of the world. But, because he built upon this Maxim of impiety, that Religion and Law must be made to serve our proper interests, he led a life full of crimes, and disturbances, concluded with the most disasterous death, that may be imagined. That also, which hath made me resolve upon this History (drawn from *Josephus*, with some other little Fragments, & Memorials, dilating it according to the talent of my stile, without using any other transcription) is, that, besides *the unhappy Politician*, you shall read therein *Innocency persecuted* in the life of a Lady, who hath been a true mirrour of Patience, and whom I purpose to propose as one of the greatest ornaments of our Holy Court. It is from hence I may truly gather a most beautifull Rose amongst the sharpest Thorns, shew the calmest serenity in the roughest storms, and seek the Hony-comb in the Lion's throat: since I in *Herod*'s Court endeavour to find out the patient, and chaste *Mariamne*, the true Table of innocency, unworthily used.

Mariamne, Wife of *Herod*, the Picture of Patience.

The sufferance of this poor Queen would deserve to be consecrated with a pen of Adamant in the Temple of Eternity, since she is able to dazle the eys of the most hardy, to repleniſh the mouths of the most eloquent, and ravish the minds of those, who admire no vulgar things. God, who ever raiseth the glory of his Elect as it were upon the depth of the greatest miseries, seeing the soul of this Princes amongst the most eminent and illustrious, thought he must give her a large field for encounter, to reap the richest palms of patience, and he gave her *Herod*, a bad husband, a barbarous persecutour, an infamous executioner: but ever more suitable to the patient *Mariamne* in the quality of a Persecutour, and an Hang-man, then in the office of an Husband. To conceive the strength of this anvil, we must know the force of the hammer, which beateth on it. To speak sufficiently of the singular virtue of this Queen, we must thereunto oppose the malice of *Herod*: we necessarily must behold how this disloyal man, holding his life, scepter, and crown from the house of *Mariamne*, for recompense thereof took from her, her scepter, crown, and life, after he had drawn her bowels out, causing her neareſt of kin

kin to be put to death before her eyes, then casting her all bloody upon the Pile, where the bodies of her Parents and Brethren were burned, as the last sacrifice of his fury, yet never at all startling her invincible patience. Every man speaketh of *Herod*, as of a man of Mortar steeped in Blood, as of a Tyrant, who would murther Mercie it self; but every one knoweth not the wiles he used to possess himself both of the Queen *Mariamne*, and Sceptre of *David*, oppressing the one with all ingratitude, and governing the other with unspeakable mischief.

The estate of the Kingdom of *Judea* before *Herod* came to the Crown.

About some fiftie years before the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour, the Kingdom of *Judea*, which had subsisted, although amongst strange Eclipses, and horrible vicissitudes, from King *David*, almost a thousand years, after it had so many times tottered, and so often by many shocks and concussions been established, in the end found its total ruin and Tumb in the discord of two brothers. At that time

Hyrcanus.

Hyrcanus Reigned, a good man, but a bad King, who neither had Fortitude, Valour, nor Courage. He used as much remisness in his Charge, as he practised innocencie in his Manners. His overmuch easiness made him degenerate into a certain stupiditie, and, being unapt to do ill, he rendred himself capable to be an instrument of all kind of evils, by being too easie for the impressions of another. He, acknowledging his own weakness, freely resigned the dignity and burthen of rule to his Brother *Aristobulus*, a valiant and hardie man, who had little

Aristobulus

successe, and many enterprises.

Antipater the Father of *Herod* affected the Kingdom of *Judea.*

In the mean time *Palestine*, during the inconstant wavering of this Royalty, was much courted by her Neighbours; but above all by *Antipater*, Father of *Herod*, an *Idumean* by Nation, an *Arabian* in manners: who, being Wealthy, Factious, able to overturn a large Empire by his subtil wiles, had for a long time a Plot upon the Kingdom of *Judea*. He well foresaw, it would be a matter very difficult for him to force a passage for his wicked ends, whilst this couragious Lion *Aristobulus*, bare sway, but were he dismounted, and *Hyrcanus* seated again in his Throne, all would be in his own power. What doth this *Arabian* then? He soweth in the souls and minds of the people seeds of revolt against *Aristobulus*, saying, *They were very remiss, and disloyal, so to suffer* Hyrcanus *their lawful King to be dethroned, to whom Nature had granted Empire, to transfer the Kingdom to a mutinous and turbulent spirit, who quickly would with ill manage make them feel the ruin and desolation of all* Palestine. *That they had forsaken a King blame-worthy in nothing but in surplusage of goodness, to take another, who, having made entry into principality by the gate of infidelity, could not reign but in the disastrous misery of his Country. Although* Hyrcanus *should yield up his right, he were dispensable in this his modesty. The more unworthy he should esteem himself to rule, the more were his worth. The glory, which he endeavoured to decline in the undervaluing of his own person, would wait upon him even to his Tomb. Yea, should they object to him his great sweetness, and facility of nature, it were more suitable to the piety and gentleness of the* Jews. *If Doves were to chuse themselves a King, they would rather have a Stare, then a Sparrow-hawk.*

This wily spirit by such like Remonstrances quickly found much credulity, partly in the minds of those who affected innovation, partly amongst such as were guided by justice; but all saw not how under the colour of publick good he sought to raise a Monarchie for himself, or his Heirs. He, thus having already put the Iron into the Fire, gained the heart and opinion of *Hyrcanus* by all kind of observances and testimonies of Amity, which was a matter not hard to do, this Prince suffering himself to be governed by those, who made shew of any the least affection towards him. Behold him now as Procuratour, Tutour, and Master of this flexible spirit, whom

Cunning of Antipater.

he so under pretext of friendship possessed, that the actions of *Hyrcanus* sought no other issue, no other extent, but as they were guided by the thought and counsels of *Antipater*. Notwithstanding, when he proposed to him to make War against his Brother, to repossess himself of the Royal Throne, he found his heart all of Ice, and was fain to use his best endeavour to enkindle him, by reason of the excessive coldness of Nature. In the end he one day plainly discovered to him, *That this abrenunciation of rule, which he had transacted with his Brother, was a thing incompatible with his honour, and life. What eye would not be dissolved into tears, to behold him despicable, and wretched, whilest his Brother lived in all Superabundance, and Pomp? It were to confound the Laws of Nature, it were to authorise Tyranny, to say, that little Theeves should live in Fetters, and* Aristobulus, *who had usurped a Kingdom, sit in Silken Robes, and resplendently glitter in Diamonds. That a Kingdom was a short, which never was to be put off but with life. That they were tales of lazy Philosophers to affirm, that Diadems were tissued with Thorns, their Rubies and Diamonds never having pricked any man. The life, which* Hyrcanus *then lead, was good for a Religious* Essean, *but not for a King. To conclude, that the people desired with passion to see him reestablished in the Throne of his Ancestours.* He plied the ear of the Prince with so many forcible words, that he already began to gain him: but yet found himself combated by two powerful reasons, the one was his Oath, by which he had renounced Principalitie, and the other his weakness. From the Oath *Antipater* absolved him, saying, he had sworn to a Sin, and that there was no obligation to execute it. For inability, he made overture unto him of *Arabian* succours, which he had in his power. So that finding him wavering upon this wicked passage, he cast into his soul black jealousies of his brother, as of him, who, after he had usurped his estate, would enterprise on his life, counterfeiting conspiracies framed against him with so much art, that *Hyrcanus* yielded himself up, and gave him an absolute commission to make War, or Peace, as best pleased him. This concluded, the apple of discord is cast, *Antipater* faileth not to solicite *Arethas* the *Arabian* King, who cometh with an huge Army to fall upon *Palestine*, not without Barbarous hostilities and lamentable dislocations, even to the near straightning of *Aristobulus*, and the holding him Besieged in *Jerusalem*, the capital City of his Kingdom.

Pompey in Palestine.

But as the greatest Serpent devoureth the lesser, it happened about the time of these undertakings, the *Romans*, under the conduct of *Pompey the Great*, making their Eagles to glitter in *Syria*, and leading an Army of fire, before which the petty Kings were but as Chaff, forced the *Arabian* to retire into his Kingdom, they marching in all parts Victorious, and undertaking to give Law, Peace, and War to whom they pleased. The two Brothers fail not to seek the gracious favour of the *Roman*, every one in his own way, with their best endeavour, well seeing, that therein was the main of the business. *Aristobulus* as the more free, couragious, and royal, found in the very beginning most favour, having presented to the *Roman*, amongst other largesses, a golden Vine, one of the most curious Workmanships of the world, which was afterward seen to serve as an Ornament in the *Capitol*. In the end, behold the two Brothers contesting at the feet of *Pompey*, to plead, not for a Medow, or a Vine-yard, but for a Kingdom, little considering, that putting their fortune into the hand of a stranger, who had no other law but his own ambition under the shadow of Arbitration he would fix his Tallons. *Antipater* beholding from the beginning the Balance to bend towards *Aristobulus*, as unto him, from whom the *Romans* had most cause

to

to hope readieſt ſervice for their pretenſes, ſpared not to diſgrace him, to lay aſperſions on him, to caſt the *Romans* into a diſtruſt of his ſpirit, and perpetually play the ſleeping dog before *Pompey*, in ſuch ſort, that *Ariſtobulus*, foreſeeing well, that this pernicious man, abuſing the name and weakneſs of his Brother, ſold them both to the *Romans*, ſtood upon his guard, having more animoſitie then ability to reſiſt the Army of a vaſt Empire. The poor Prince, ſhrinking under the burthen of ſuch an enterpriſe, is taken, put into Fetters, with two of Sons, and as many Daughters, and was lead to *Rome* to ſerve as a ſport in *Pompey*'s Triumph. *Ieruſalem* is made tributary, the High-Prieſt's place given to *Hyrcanus*, and all authority in the hand of *Antipater*. It was a ſpectacle, which drew tears even from thoſe, who before loved not *Ariſtobulus*, to behold this unfortunate King in fetters, with the Princes his Sons, and thoſe much to be deplored Princeſſes, his Daughters, all heirs of their Father's miſeries, who left their Country, where they had flouriſhed with ſo much honour, to ſeek, amongſt tedious and irkſom Voyages both by Sea and Land, ſervitude, or death; which ever is the ordinary Vow, and Prayer of the wretched. *Antipater* as yet all bloody gathered the Palm of this victory, and eſtabliſheth his little Monarchy, which he along time had plotted. *Hyrcanus* reſembled an old Sepulchre, which retaineth nothing but a bare title; all was acted by him in apparence, and nothing for him in effect: the other entertained and courted the *Romans* with his money, gave Preſents, ſent, and received Embaſſadours, practiſed ſupports, gained correſpondencies, corrupted powers, ruined reſiſtances, which oppoſed his greatneſs, and made this poor High-Prieſt in all things to bear the ſeeming Scepter. Then, ſeeing him dayly become more weak then himſelf, to ſecure this ſtate upon his own Sons, he makes the eldeſt, to wit *Phaſelus*, Governour of *Ieruſalem*, and giveth to *Herod* his youngeſt the Tetrarchy of *Galilee*. Some time after, having ſucked down all the wind, which his ambition preſented to him, and not knowing what more to do, he drank a cup of Poyſon, which in a Banquet was offered to him by the ſlie cunning of *Malicus* his enemie. Behold the current of humane things! Theſe ſpirits, enragedly mad after greatneſs, which they purſue with all manner of toyl, and ſiniſter practiſes, are as thoſe little bubbles, that riſe on the water in time of Tempeſt; they encreaſe, and crack in a moment.

Ariſtobulus Priſoner. *Ieruſalem* tributary.

Antipater eſtabliſhed

Unhappy Politician.

Antipater being dead, his two Sons, *Phaſelus* and *Herod*, divide the ſucceſſion; each one holdeth firmly his ſhare, and ſtriveth to poſſeſs the heart of *Hyrcanus*, making him always perſonate his own part. *Herod*, as ſoon as he was in office, even in the life of his Father, being as yet but fifteen years of age, well diſcovered what he would be by his natural inclinations, which proceeded from him, as flaſhing ſtreaks from a Cloud, to be inſtantly turned into lightening. He had a malign ſpirit, crafty, ambitious even to fury, and whoſe fingers perpetually itched after blood and ſlaughter. And verily he defiled his tender years, and firſt beginning of Principality with effuſion of humane blood, falling not onely upon one called *Ezechias*, reputed a Pirate, but he alſo cut in pieces with him many *Jews*, without either warrant, or knowledg of the cauſe, which involved many innocents in this ruin. The Mother's of thoſe people maſſacred by young *Herod* went out of the Temple diſconſolate, with their hair diſhevel'd; requiring juſtice of *Hyrcanus*, who was no other then a mere Idol of Principality. Notwithſtanding, much importuned by the cries and lamentations of theſe weeping women, and incited by the Peers of his Kingdom, he ordained, that *Herod* ſhould appear before a Tribunal of Juſtice. In this action the young man ſufficiently ſhewed the boldneſs of his ſpirit, and fierceneſs of his courage. The other, who were accuſed, came to this Parliament of *Judea* altogether in mourning habit, he thither went as to a Feaſt, or a Theatre, waited on with a flouriſhing retinue, cloathed in Scarlet, frizled, perfumed, and beſides with the recommendations of the *Romans*, who ſent nothing but armed words, commanding the Judges to pardon without any other Proceſs. He, then being but fifteen years old, ſo amazed the Judges, and Adv[illegible] with his very faſhion, and countenance, tha[illegible] thoſe, who were prepared for long pleadings againſt him, there was not one to be found, that had the heart to mutter in his preſence. One of the Judges, called *Sameas*, an honeſt man and more hardie then the reſt, cried out aloud to King *Hyrcanus* there preſent, *Sir, I wonder not, this young Lord cometh in ſuch equipage to this Bar; every one doth what he can for his own ſafeguard: but I admire, that you and your Council ſuffer him thus to proceed, as if he came hither not to be adjudged, but to murther the Judges: you preſently through favour will enfranchiſe him, but he one day by Juſtice will aſſail you.* And verily of the whole Senate no one eſcaped, whom *Herod*, being come to the full manage of the Kingdom, put not to death, except him, who delivered his opinion with ſuch liberty. It is reported of *Sameas*, that, when afterward there was queſtion moved to receive *Herod* for King, the reſt conſtantly oppoſing it, he freely ſaid, he gave his voice to *Herod*; and ſome amazed thereat, *Let it not ſeem ſtrange unto you* (ſaith he.) *God in his indignation will give unto you a bad King, and a worſe he cannot finde then* Herod: *he is the ſcourge you ſtand in need of, to chaſtiſe your infidelity.* *Hyrcanus* then ſeeing the Judges animated by *Sameas*, more inclining to the balance of juſtice then mercy, cauſed him ſecretly to be ſhifted away. For he emboſomed him with love, and ſo hatched the Serpent's egg in his breaſt.

Liberty of a Judg.

Grave Speech.

Herod, nothing inferiour to his Father in policie, purſuing his plots and examples, inſeparably united himſelf to the *Romans*, gaining them with all manner of ſervices, and entertaining *Hyrcanus* to ſerve his turns, as a ſhadow, with all manner of complacence, and flattery. The Kingdom of *Judea* ſeemed as yet not to behold him but at diſtance, his brother *Phaſelus*, as the eldeſt, held the beſt part. *Ariſtobulus*, whom you have ſeen led in fetters to *Rome*, had alſo two ſons. The eldeſt of which was called *Alexander*, father of this chaſt *Mariamne*, whoſe patience we decipher. The other was *Antigonus*, with whom *Herod* had much occaſion. Of both he diſcharged himſelf in proceſs of time. For the unfortunate *Alexander*, ſucceſſour to the unhappineſs of his father *Ariſtobulus*, putting himſelf into the field, with ſuch troops, as he could maſs together in the diſaſter of his fortune, was in favour of *Herod* oppreſſed by the *Romans*. *Antigonus*, having eſcaped out of captivity, wherein he was held at *Rome*, with *Ariſtobulus*, his father, gave *Herod* matter enough to work on. For, putting himſelf into the *Parthians* power, he wrought ſo much with promiſes, and hopes, that they undertook to eſtabliſh him in his Royal Throne. And thereupon they arm both by Sea and Land, and handled the matter ſo by force and policie, that they ſtir up *Hyrcanus* and *Phaſelus*. *Herod* with much difficulty ſaved himſelf, and, though he had a courage of Steel, was ſo aſtoniſhed with this ſurpriſe, that it was a great chance, he had not Ended his life upon his

ginning Herod.

Great revolution in the Kingdom of *Judea*.

his own ſword. *Hyrcanus*, unworthily uſed by the commandment of his Nephew *Antigonus*, had both his ears cut off, and thereby made for ever uncapable of the High-Prieſthood. *Phaſelus*, the Brother of *Herod* enraged with the turn of fortune, voluntarily knocked out his own brains againſt the ſide of a rock.

Herod, who always cleaved to the fortune of the *Romans*, as Ivy to a wall, ſeeing his affairs reduced to an extremity, imploreth their aſſiſtance, repreſenteth the outrages of *Antigonus*, the hoſtility of the *Parthians*, ſignifieth the ſervices of his father *Antipater*, promiſ[illegible]on his part all the world, and ſo handleth the m[illegible] that beyond his expectation he is declared Ki[illegible], and at that inſtant *Antigonus*, enemy of the people of *Rome*, as a Fugitive, and Ally of the *Parthians*. *Herod* purſueth him with might & main, aided by the *Roman* forces. The miſerable *Antigonus*, after a very long reſiſtance was impriſoned, becoming the very firſt of Kings, who, by commandment of *Mark Anthony*, was executed with a puniſhment moſt unfit for his quality, and condition, and among the *Romans* not uſual, leaving his head upon a ſcaffold in the City of *Antioch*, for no other cauſe, but for the defence of the inheritance of his Anceſtours. But *Strabo* ſaith, *Mark Anthony* could finde no other way to make *Herod* to be acknowledged for King, while there was yet any of the blood Royal left capable of rule. So much this people loved their natural King, and abhorred a Stranger.

Entry of *Herod* to the Crown.

After theſe ſlaughters, *Herod* mounteth to the top of the wheel, behold all the thorns (as he thinketh) pulled out of his feet, he now had nothing to grapple with, but an old man, an infant, and two women, the laſt remainder of the noble race of the *Aſmodeans*. *Hyrcanus* was the aged man, who in truth grew old among the thorns, and horrible changes, of his ſtate. He was as yet captive among the *Parthians*, but the King, although a *Barbarian*, had ſo much commiſeration of his ſo greatly afflicted goodneſs, that he permitted him to live with all free liberty in his City of *Babylon*. This poor Prince, who had paſſed his whole life void of ambition, bare the change of his fortune with great equality, and temper of mind. The *Jews*, who at that time inhabited in the *Parthian*'s dominions, beholding him all wounded, diſfigured, wretched, abandoned, diſarrayed, did notwithſtanding honour him as their King with ſo much reſpect, and reverence, that he had almoſt found a Kingdom in Captivity. *Herod*, who ſaw, this man might ſerve as a colour for thoſe ſpirits, that would aim at him in the ſwinge of his affairs, as yet not well confirmed, diſpatcheth an expreſs Embaſſadour to the *Parthian* King, with many preſents, and letters, ſweetned with ſilken words, wherein he beſought him not to bereave him of the greateſt contentment he could poſſibly have in this world, which was to be grateful to thoſe, who had obliged him. *Hyrcanus* (ſaid he) was his Benefactour, his Protectour, his Father, and ſince God had given him ſome repoſe in his affairs, it was an unſpeakable comfort to him to ſhare the Scepter, greatneſs, and affluent content of Kings, with a friend ſo faithful, and worthy to be beloved. The King of *Parthia*, willing to gratifie King *Herod*, whom he beheld ſupported by the *Roman* Empire, the power whereof he more feared, then honoured the virtue, gave free leave to *Hyrcanus* to go whither he would; he put the buſineſs in conſultation with the prime Peers of his Country, who much diſſwaded him: but through the eaſineſs of his ſingular nature, which ever ſwallowed the bait without conſideration of the hook, he yielded himſelf to the diſſembled courteſies of *Herod*, and returned directly to *Jeruſalem*, where he was received with infinite demonſtrations of amity.

Behold the whole Regal family in the hands of this Tyrant! *Hyrcanus* had but one only daughter named *Alexandra*, a woman no whit of her Father's temper; for ſhe was extremely haughty, and had much ado with her ſelf to bite the bridle in this ſervitude. She was Mother of two Children, one Son, and one Daughter; the Son was the little *Ariſtobulus*, and the Daughter *Mariamne* married to *Herod*. Marriage of *Mariamne* to *Herod*.

Mariamne was accounted the moſt beautiful Princeſs of the earth; for *Gellius*, who went prying after all the beauties of the world, to make relation thereof to *Mark Anthony*, having well conſidered all the moſt exquiſite Maſter-pieces of Nature, when he beholdeth *Mariamne* in *Paleſtine*, he proteſteth, all other beauties were terreſtrial in compariſon of this, which ſeemed to have been compoſed amongſt the heavenly Orbs. This man ſaw nothing but the exteriour bark, and was rapt with admiration; but her form was not worthy eſteem in compariſon of the noble Qualities of her mind. She was a Grandchilde of the great *Macchabees*, well verſed in the Law of God, diſcrete, wiſe, ſtayed, circumſpect, courteous, chaſte as *Suſanna*, but, above all, couragious, and patient; who lived in *Herod*'s Court, as *Job* on the dunghil. Never beauty and virtue were ſo diſgraced in any match. This creature, which had power to make ſo many brave Princes to ſigh for her, and who might have beheld ſo many obſequious ſervices done at her foot, hath now *Herod* for her Husband, who had nothing humane in him, but lineament, and figure. It was to match the Lamb with the Wolf, the Dove with the Faulcon, and to tie a living body, mouth to mouth, with the dead, to marry ſuch a Lady to ſo Prodigious a Monſter. But he, who already had power in his hand, paſſionately ſought her, as well for her incomparable beauty, as beſides for ever to eſtabliſh his ſtate, conſidering the alliance of this little creature, deſcended from ſo many Kings, would cover the obſcurity of his Houſe, and gain him more reputation among the *Jews*.

Macrobius, by Euphony *Mariamne*.

Hyrcanus, Grand-father to *Mariamne*, and *Alexandra* her Mother, ſeeing *Herod* was Maſter of his deſires, the Sceptre already in his hands, although by injuſtice, and tyranny, meaſuring all things by his fortune, not perſon, judged this way might be yet advantagious, and that his Wife might mollifie him, and make him favourable to the Royal blood. The generous Lady well foreſaw, that the putting her into *Herod*'s hands was to caſt her into the Lion's jaws. But not to gainſay thoſe, to whom ſhe had been taught to ſacrifice her whole life, and to obey the Laws of neceſſity, ſhe underwent the yoke, fortifying her Royal heart againſt all the ſtormy tempeſts, which ſeemed already to menace her. Behold her married! *Herod* loveth her, as the Hunter Veniſon, for his appetite, and advantage; his love being not of power to make him loſe one ſilly grain of his ambition, or cruelty. This perverſe and violent ſpirit, who held the Kingdom, as a Wolf by the ears, ever wavering, yea even, in the ſecure ſafety of his affairs, endeavoured nothing, but to rid himſelf of thoſe, whoſe ſpoils he poſſeſſed, the reſpect of this good Queen being not able to ſweeten, or ſoften his ſavage humours. He well ſhewed, how little affection he bare towards her Allies, when it might any way import his pretended intereſt,

Herod depreſſeth the Royal Stock.

eſt, even at that time, when there was queſtion to ſubſtitute an High-Prieſt in the place of *Hyrcanus*, who, having his ears cut off with much deformity, neceſſarily fell into the irregularity ordained by Law, which forbad him Altars. *Herod* daily ſaw the young *Ariſtobulus* in his Palace, Son of *Alexandra*, and ſole Brother of his Wife, a moſt accompliſhed Prince, to whom every one deſtined the Mitre. He ſets his eys a wandering, and finds out on the further ſide of *Euphrates* in the City of *Babylon* an unknown *Jew*, named *Ananel*, and createth him High-Prieſt. This was a pill, which *Alexandra*, the Mother of *Ariſtobulus* and *Mariamne*, could not ſwallow, yet thought fit to diſſemble it. She ſaw her houſe manifeſtly dejected, in that her ſon after ſo many obligations was diſpoſſeſſed of an honour, to which blood, nature, and the conſent of the whole world called him, to give it to a man of no value; ſhe could not ſo well digeſt her choler, but that ſhe thundered more loudly, then the miſery of the time and malice of *Herod* permitted.

Ariſtobulus the Brother of *Mariamne* put from the High-Prieſthood.

Mariamne, ſtill repoſing in the calmneſs of her noble ſpirit, declared to the King in her natural ſweetneſs, *That* 'He was the ſupport of her houſe 'greatly decayed, and at that time upon ſuch terms, 'that ſhe had no care to pretend to Sceptres, ſhe 'only deſired to breath her laſt in the world with 'honour. If he ſhould give a Mitre to her Brother '*Ariſtobulus*, it were to make a creature, from 'whom he had no cauſe at all to fear, his Throne 'being throughly eſtabliſhed, and he being one, 'from whom reaſonably he might expect any thing, 'having the tender youth of this Prince as a ſoft 'piece of wax in his hands. This act would make 'him rule in hearts, as well as in Provinces, when 'he ſhould be known to be a Father, and a Protectour of a young Son of *Hyrcanus*, whoſe virtue he always had honoured. Briefly, that the 'honour, which ſhe had by matching with him, 'ſeemed not complete to her, whilſt ſhe ſaw her 'Allies kept from degrees, wherein he might eſtabliſh them without prejudice of his authority.

Prudence of *Mariamne*.

Herod ſuffered himſelf this time to be gained by the charming ſweetneſs of *Mariamne*, and, having deliberated the affair with his Councel, he reſolved to give the High-Prieſt's place to young *Ariſtobulus* his Brother-in-law: which was performed with much ceremony. He aſſembleth his friends in the Hall of his Palace, then ſending for *Alexandra*, he made in the preſence of them all a premeditated ſpeech, complaining of her, and ſaying, ſhe had a mutinous and turbulent ſpirit, which ſought nothing but to embroil the affairs, and take a Sceptre from him, which heaven had cauſed him to purchaſe with ſo much travel, and pain, to put it into the hands of an Infant, to the prejudice of the Queen her Daughter. Notwithſtanding that, forgetting all injuries, he could not neglect his own diſpoſition, which was to do good even to thoſe, that wiſhed him ill; in confirmation whereof he gave the High-Prieſthood to her Son, his purpoſe having never been other, and the ſubrogation of *Ananel* having not been made, but during the time of expectation of maturity in the tender age of an infant.

The young *Ariſtobulus* created High-Prieſt.

This ambitious Mother, according to her Sex, and indeed beyond her Sex, upon the offer of this High-Prieſt's place, was ſo ſenſibly tranſported with joy, that tears guſhed from her eys, and ſhe at that inſtant freely proteſted to *Herod*, that 'She had endeavoured all ſhe could poſſibly 'to keep the Mitre in the Royal Family, ſuppoſing 'it an unworthy thing to tranſfer it elſewhere: but 'as for the Kingdom, ſhe never had pretended 'thereunto, and that ſuch reſolutions ſhould never 'enter into her thoughts. Whenſoever it ſhould 'pleaſe Almighty God to call her out of the world, 'ſhe would die well ſatisfied, leaving her Son High-'Prieſt, and her Daughter Queen. As for the reſt, 'if ſhe had exceeded in ſome words, ſhe was excuſable as a paſſionate Mother towards a Son, who 'well deſerved to be beloved; a Mother-in-law of 'the King, to whom Kindred and Alliance permitted ſomewhat the more liberty; and a Daughter 'of a King to whom ſlavery was an hard morſel, and 'her ſtomach unable to digeſt it. But hereafter, ſince 'he uſed her ſo courteouſly, he ſhould have no 'cauſe to complain of her obedience. Hereupon 'they ſhook hands, and behold they are friends.

The ambitious woman.

But out alas! the amities of the world are like the felicities thereof. If the amities be deceitful, the felicities are tied to a rotten cable, or grounded upon the moving ſand. The poor Mother rejoyced for a little ſenſe-pleaſing flattery of her feveriſh ambition, and ſaw not, that her Son was not (to ſpeak really) the High-Prieſt, but a ſacrifice of the ſavageneſs of *Herod*. The diſcrete *Mariamne*, who by long obſervation had learned to hold proſperity as ſuſpected, ſuffered her heart not to be ſo diſſolved into joy, but that ſhe ſtood ſtill armed againſt the counter-buffs of Fortune.

Entrance of *Ariſtobulus* into the High-Prieſthood.

The Feaſt of the Tabernacles, greatly celebrated amongſt the *Jews*, being come, *Ananel*, after he had ſerved as an O in ciphering, is ſhamefully rejected; *Ariſtobulus* beginneth to exerciſe his charge. He was at that time but ſeventeen yeers of age, yet of a gallant ſtature, tall, and ſtrait as a Palm-tree, radiant as a Star, and very like his Siſter. When the people beheld him cloathed with the Pontifical habiliments, which were repleniſhed with Majeſty, and to go towards the Altar, and perform thoſe ceremonial Rites with ſo much gravity and comlineſs, he appeared as a new Sun, which brake out of the clouds, and came to gild the world before covered over with darkneſs. All the hearts of thoſe poor *Hebrews*, which ſo much had ſighed in the civil wars, freſhly bloomed, and newly opened themſelves, as Roſes at the benign, and gentle aſpect of this young Prelate. His excellent natural graces, enchaſed in the Majeſty of his robes, rendred an incredible luſtre, which dazeled the eys of all beholders. Some ſtedfaſtly beheld him, and became as ſtatues, yet ſhewing by their tears, their eys were not made of marble. Others ſpake to him with infinite dumb teſtimonies of a never-ſilent hearty affection. The reſt made reſentments of their hearts burſt forth from their lips, not being able to withhold acclamations too free and profuſe for the ſeaſon, but for their love excuſable. They remembred the virtue of the antient *Macchabees*, who had delivered them from Idolatry; they knew the wretched *Hyrcanus* was no other then a ſhadow following his own funerals! they retained the freſh memory of the Grand-father of this young High-Prieſt, *Ariſtobulus* the Great, who had been carried bound, and fettered to *Rome*, like a Gally-ſlave; they were not ignorant, how *Alexander* his Father, and *Antigonus* his Uncle, had loſt their lives by oppoſing the government of a ſtranger: this young Prince only remained free from ſo many ſhipwracks, and in the green tenderneſs of his Youth they ſaw all the hopes of their Country to bud and bloſſom. And as one is credulous to hear what he affecteth, they perſwaded themſelves, *Herod*, who at the beginning had demanded the Kingdom in the name of

this young *Ariſtobulus*, would come to let go his hold, giving way to Juſtice: and for this cauſe, they with the more liberty enlarged themſelves in theſe applauſes. But poor creatures, they reckoned without their Hoſt. *Herod* having beheld this countenance in the people, inſtantly obſerved, that according to his own Maxims he had played the Clerk, and that this was not his ordinary manner of proceeding: entering at that time into a furious jealouſie, he maketh the High-prieſt, and his Mother, and Wife, to be ſo narrowly watched, that neither within, nor without the Palace they could ſtir a finger, but *Herod* was advertiſed of it. The prudent *Mariamne* amongſt theſe ſuſpicions lived ſtill in grace, ſweetening upon one ſide and other all Acerbities, as much as buſineſſes of that nature would permit. But her Mother *Alexandra* touched to the quick to behold her ſelf amongſt ſo many Spies, ſhe, who was ever deſirous to converſe and live with all royal liberty, reſolved to play at double, or quit, to break the gives of ſpecious ſervitude, or yield her neck to *Herod*'s Sword, if it ſhould come to paſs, her calamity tranſported her into ſuch extremity. What doth ſhe? *Cleopatra*, that Queen, who had filled the world with her fame, was then in *Egypt*, and naturally hated *Herod*, as well for his barbarous diſpoſition, as for particular intereſts of her own perſon: for ſhe knew he much had intermeddled in her Affairs, and given *Mark Anthony* counſel to forſake her, yea, to kill her. This Tyrant was ſo accuſtomed to ſay, Kill, that he eaſily adviſed others to uſe the ſame Medicine, which was with him to his own maladies frequent. It is a ſtrange thing, that *Cleopatra* one day paſſing through *Judea*, he reſolved to ſend her into the other world, thinking therewith to gratifie *Mark Anthony*, but was diſſwaded by his friends, ſaying, it was too audacious to attempt, and able for ever to ruine his fortune. The deſign was never publiſhed; but *Cleopatra* had cauſe enough beſides to hate *Herod*, which much emboldened *Alexandra* to write to her in ſuch like terms.

Malice of *Herod.*

ALEXANDRA *to the* Queen CLEOPATRA *Health.*

Madam,

Letter of *Alexandra* to *Cleopatra.*

"SInce God hath given you leave to be born "the moſt accompliſhed Queen in all qualities, "it is fit your Greatneſs ſerve as a Sanctuary for "the Innocent, and an Altar for the Miſerable. The "wretched *Alexandra*, who hath much innocen"cy, void of ſupport, and too many calamities with"out comfort, caſteth her ſelf into the arms of "your Majeſty, not to give her a Sceptre, but to ſe"cure the life of her, and her Son, the moſt preti"ous pledge which remaineth of Heaven's benig"nity. Your Majeſty is not ignorant, that For"tune having made me the Daughter and Mother "of a King, *Herod* hath reduced me to the condi"tion of a Servant. I am not ambitious to recount "my ſufferings, which I had rather diſſemble: but "whatſoever a Slave can endure in a Gally, I bear "in a Kingdom, through the violence of a Son-in"law, who having ſtolen the Diadem from my "Children, would alſo deprive them of life. We "are perpetually among Spies, ſharp knives, and "black apprehenſions of death, which would leſs "hurt us, if it were more ſudden. Stretch out an "hand of aſſiſtance to the afflicted, and afford us "ſome petty nook in your Kingdom, till the ſtorm "be over-blown, and that we may ſee ſome ſpar"kles of hope to glimmer in our Affairs. Glory "thereby ſhall abide with you, and with us everla"ſting Gratitude.

Cleopatra having received theſe Letters, made a ready Anſwer, and invited her to haſten ſpeedily into *Egypt* with her Son; proteſting, ſhe ſhould eſteem it an unſpeakable Glory, to ſerve as a Sanctuary and refuge for the affliction of ſuch a Princeſs. Reſolution of departure is taken, but the execution is an hard task. The poor *Io* knows not how to withdraw her ſelf from this many-eyed *Argus*. In the end, as the wit of a woman is inventive, eſpecially in matters, that concern their proper intereſts: ſhe, without diſcovering ought to any one, no, not to her daughter *Mariamne*, fearing leſt her nature too milde ſhould adviſe her rather to reſt in the liſts of Patience, then to attempt waies ſo perilous. She, I ſay, only adviſing with her own paſſion in this buſineſs, cauſed two Biers to be made (a matter of ill preſage) to put her ſelf, and ſon into; thinking by this means to elude the diligence of the Guard, and ſo to be carried to the Sea, where a Ship attended her, and by this way ſave her life in the power of death. But by ill hap a ſervant of hers, named *Æſop*, who was one of thoſe, that were appointed to carry the Biers, going to viſit one called *Sabbion*, a friend to the houſe of *Alexandra*, let ſome words fall of the intention of his Miſtreſs, as thinking to have ſpoken to a faithful and ſecret friend of hers. The perfidious *Sabbion* had no ſooner wrung the worm out of this ſervant's Noſe; but he haſteth to open all to *Herod*, ſuppoſing it was a very fit opportunity to work his reconciliation; he having a long time been ſuſpected and accounted to be of *Alexandra*'s faction. *Herod* after he heard this news, wanted not Spies, and Centinels. The poor Lady with her ſon is ſurpriſed upon the Biers, drawn out of the Sepulchre of the dead, to return to the living, aſhamed, and diſgraced, that her Comedy was no better acted; little conſidering, that after her perſonal part had failed, ſhe could nothing at all pretend to life. *Herod* notwithſtanding, whether he feared the great credit *Cleopatra* had, or whether he would not wholly affright *Alexandra*; thereby with the more facility to oppreſs her, contained himſelf in the ordinary diſſimulation of his own nature, without ſpeaking one ſole word unto her. Although very well in the face of this painted hypocriſie was ſeen, that the clouds were gathered together, to make a loud Thunder-crack, and raiſe an unreſiſtable tempeſt.

Enterpriſe of *Alexandra.*

The Caitiff, after he had given ſo many deaths in the horrour and affrightment of Arms, would inflict one, even (as it were in ſport) upon a fair Summers-day. Being at diner at the houſe of the miſerable *Alexandra*, feigning to have buried in deep oblivion all what was paſt, ſaith, That in favour of youth, he this day would play the young man, and invite the High-prieſt *Ariſtobulus*, his brother-in-law, to play at Tennis with him, or ſome other like exerciſe. The ſides were made, the emulation was enkindled; the young Prince hot, and eager, played not long, but he became all on a water: as at that time happened to many other Lords, and Gentlemen. Behold they all run to the Rivers, which were near this place of pleaſure where they dined.

Pitiful death of young *Ariſtobulus.*

Herod, who knew the cuſtom of *Ariſtobulus*, and well fore-ſaw he would not fail to caſt himſelf into

theſe

these cold baths, suborneth base villains, who, under the shew of pastime, should force him to drink more then he would. All succeeded, as this traiterous wretch had premeditated. *Aristobulus*, seeing the other in the water, uncloathed himself quickly, and bare them company. There was no cause, why he should swim, sport, and dally upon this Element, ever dangerous, although less faithless then *Herod*. The poor Sacrifice skipped up and down, not knowing the unhappiness, which attended him. But the accursed Executioners remembered it well: for, spying their time in this fatal sport, they smothered the poor High-Priest under the waters, in the eighteenth year of his age, and the first of his High-Priesthood. This bright Sun, which rose with such splendour and applause, did set in the Waves, never to appear again, but with horrid wanness of death on his discoloured Visage.

Vanity and misery of the world.

Humane hopes, where are you? True dreams of the waking, aiery fantasies, fleeting fires, which shine not, but to extinguish your selves, and in being put out to bereave us of light, leaving us the evil savour and sorrow of losing it! This Prince so accomplished, that Nature seemed to have framed him to be the object of Thoughts, the love of Hearts, the admiration of Souls: this Prince, in whom was stored all the Glory of the Royal House of the *Asmoneans*: this Prince, who was to marry the Mitre with the Diadem, and raise all the hopes of a lost Race; behold him by a most treasonable practise smothered in the water, in an Age, in a Beauty, in an Innocency; which made this accident as full of pity, as it was unfurnished of remedies.

Sorrow upon his death.

Upon this News the whole City of *Jerusalem* was in as great a confusion, as if *Nebuchadnezzar*, returning from the other world, had been at the gates thereof: in every place there was nothing to be seen but tears, groans, horrour, astonishment, yellings, representations of death. You would have said, that every house bare their first-born to burial, as was seen heretofore to happen among the *Egyptians*. But above all, *Alexandra* the disconsolate Mother afflicted her self with uncurable sorrow: sometime she wept, prostrated on the body of her Son, and sought in his eclipsed eys, and dead lips, the remnant of her life. Sometimes she rowled her eys like a distracted Lunatick, calling for fire, swords, halters, and precipices, to finde in them the Catastrophe of life. The said *Mariamne*, although infinitely patient, had much ado to resist the impetuous violences of an incomparable sorrow. She loved this brother of hers most dearly, as her true Image, as the pledg-bearer of her heart, as the hope of her house, all rent in pieces. All confounded as she was, the good daughter reflected on the wound of her Mother, and staied near the corps of her brother, as if she had been the shadow of the same body. Then, turning her self to God, she said to him with an affectionate heart: 'My

Singular resignation.

'God, behold me presently in that estate, wherein 'I have nothing more to stand in fear of, but your 'justice; nothing more to hope, but your mercy. 'He, for whom I feared, for whom I hoped, all 'that which one may fear, or hope in the revolu- 'tion of wordly Occurrences, is taken from me by 'a secret judgment of your Providence, ever to be 'adored by my obedient will, although not to be 'penetrated at all by the weakness of my thoughts. 'If I yet, among so many acerbities, suck some 'sweetness out of the world, in the presence of de- 'licious Objects, of which you have bereaved me, 'behold me wholly weaned; hereafter I will finde 'therein nothing but wormwood; to the end, that; 'renouncing the comforts of the earth, I may learn 'to taste those, which are proper to your children. Behold, how fair and reposed Souls draw honey from the rock, and convert all into merit, yea, even their tears. The impatient, like *Alexandra*, afflict themselves without comfort, torment themselves without remedy, and many times become desperate without remission.

Extreme hypocrisie of *Herod*.

What shall we say? *Herod* himself in this sad consort of sorrow would needs play his part. He maketh externally appear, in a dissembled hypocrisie, all the symptoms of a true sorrow. He detesteth play he accuseth Fortune, he complaineth Heaven had sinisterly envied him an object, on which he desired much to make all the love and respect appear, he bare to the Royal Blood, from whence he greatly derived his advancement. He most ceremoniously goeth to visit the Queen, and her Mother, and when he findeth them weeping about this dead body, scalding tears flowed from his eys, whether it were he had them at command, to make his dissimulation the more great, or whether he verily had at that time some resentment of grief; beholding on one side this little blossom so cruelly cropped under the Sythe of death, and so many celestial beauties, which had for limit and Horizon the instant of their birth: and on the other side, considering these poor Queens, drenched in a sea of sorrow, which had force to draw tears from rocks. This traiterous creature had yet some humanity in him: and I could well believe, that Nature had at this time wrung these tears by violence from his barbarous cruelty; notwithstanding he feigned willingness to stop his passion with manliness. Afterwards, turning himself to the Ladies, he said; 'He 'was not come so suddenly to wipe away their 'tears, which had but too much cause to be shed: as 'for himself, he had enough to do to command his 'own. Nature must be suffered to have her sway. 'Time must have his, and would apply a plaister to 'this sorrow. That he would perform, for the me- 'mory of the dead, whatsoever an only Son might 'expect from a passionate Father, and a puissant 'King; that hereafter he would be true Son of *A-* '*lexandra*, true Husband, and true Brother of *Ma-* '*riamne*; since God was pleased to redouble these 'obligations in him by the loss they had suffered.

Tyranny of revenge.

O the powerful tyranny of the appetite of revenge! *Alexandra*, whom one might have thought would burst into contumelies & reproches (as wel knowing *Herod*, what face soever he set upon the matter, was Authour and plotter of this death) held her self constantly in the degrees of dissimulation, not shewing to the King any discontent on her part, and all for the hope she had to be opportunely revenged in time & place. *Herod* retiring, thought he had acted his part well, free from any suspicion of offence, seeing *Alexandra* spake not a word, who heretofore too frequently accustomed to complain in far less occasions. To apply the last lenitive, he caused the Funerals of the dead to be celebrated with such pomp, and magnificence, that nothing could be added thereunto, as well in the order of the equipage, as in the curiosity of the perfumes, with which the body was embalmed, and the magnificent furnitures of Sepulchre. The most simple and ignorant supposed all this proceeded from a real and sincere affection: but the wisest said, they were the tears of the crocodile, that *Herod* could not cordially deplore his death, which had taken a straw out of his eie, and put him in full possession of

Herod accused.

the Kingdom of *Judea*. *Alexandra*, joining the passion of her sorrow to her resolution of revenge, immediately after the Obsequies faileth not to give notice to Queen *Cleopatra* of all that had passed, with so pathetical a Letter, that every word seemed to be steeped in tears of blood. *Cleopatra*, who was apt enough for these impressions, suddenly takes fire, and affecteth the affair with that ardour, she would her own cause, she rowseth up her whole Court, she storms, she perpetually filleth *Mark Anthony*'s ears, crying out; it was a thing insupportable to see a stranger hold a Sceptre, to which he could pretend no right, to massacre the Heir with so much barbarous cruelty, to torment with servitude poor afflicted Queens, contrary to all equity, reason, and royalty of their birth. *Anthony*, who knew *Herod* to be his creature, and the work of his own hands, would not willingly understand these complaints. Notwithstanding, to please *Cleopatra*, he swore a great oath, he would examine the business in sending for *Herod*, and, if he were found culpable of such a villany, he would inflict an exemplar punishment upon him.

Behold *Herod* cited to *Laodicea*, where *Mark Anthony* was to remain for a certain time, whither he was summoned to appear, and purge himself of the murther of *Aristobulus*, of which he was supposed to be the Authour. This was a clap of thunder to this disloyal wretch, which most powerfully awakened him, when he least thought of it, and put such terrours upon him, as are not to be imagined.

Herod's affrightment.

Upon one side he had before his eys the image of his offence, and the voice of blood, which rung in his ears; on the other side he saw all his fortune depended on *Mark Anthony*, who at that time handled nothing, but by the counsel of *Cleopatra* his mortal enemy, and whom he well knew to have an enterprize in hand upon the Kingdom of *Judea* for her advancement. But nothing so troubled his brain as a furious jealousie. For he imagined, that *Anthony*, a loose and wanton Prince, one that courted all the Princely beauties of the world, would do the like to his wife, whose picture he formerly had, and that; with the more ease to enjoy her, he would make him serve as a sacrifice for his fatal loves. This spirit of his was torn, and distracted on all sides, and in all objects discovered precipitation, and affrightment: one while he seemed to resolve to undergo a voluntary banishment, sometime he supposed death more suitable, otherwhile he framed to himself some purpose of resistance: but nothing appeared to him better then to delay, and draw the business out at length as long as he could.

Anthony, pressed with the voyage he undertook to war against the *Parthians*, sent instantly for him; delays and excuses thrust him further into suspicion. Necessarily he must go, or resolve to lose all. He taketh leave of his mother-in-law *Alexandra*, and *Mariamne* his wife, without seeming to be amazed, without complaint, without giving testimony of his discontent, as if he had a short journey of pleasure to make. Last of all, he had his own mother, and his sister *Salome* in Court, to whom he much recommended vigilancy over the deportments of those, whom he esteemed to have wrought him the mischief. Then drawing his Uncle *Joseph* aside, he spake these words to him: "Uncle, you know the occa-
"sion, that transporteth me to *Laodicea*, which truly
"is very difficult, seeing my innocency assaulted by
"powerfull and secret malice, which would be so
"much the more dreadfull, if it had as much effect
"as passion. But I hope to finde day-light through
"the storm, and that you shall see me return tri-
"umphant over calumny through my integrity,
"as I have already raised Trophies over hostility
"by arms. If God shall otherwise dispose of me,
"it is a mere plot prepared against me for the beau-
"ty of my wife, on whom *Mark Anthony* may per-
"haps have some design, and this may be a cause to
"shorten my days, and he thereby to get more li-
"berty for his unbridled passion. But I, for the pre-
"sent, conjure you, by the love, which I have born
"you, by my fortune which you reverence, by
"blood, and nature; if happily you hear I am
"otherwise used, then my quality, and innocency
"permit, never let the death of *Herod* be waited
"on with the injury of his bed. Preserve the
"Kingdom for your self, and your blood, and cause
"my wife instantly to take her leave of this world,
"to accompany me in the other. Kill her couragi-
"ously, lest another enjoy her after my death. If
"the souls of the dead have any feeling of the affairs
"of the world, that shall serve me for a solace.

Horrid jealousie.

Joseph, much amazed at this maner of proceeding, doth notwithstanding promise him, he would perform all according to his will, if necessity so required; but that his fortune, ever powerfull, and invincible, made him conceive other hopes in all kinds. Thereupon he set forward on his way, carrying along with him the richest parcels of his treasure, to make a Present of them to those, whom he should most stand in need of, shewing in all things else, as much confidence in his countenance, as he hatched despair in his heart.

Great pleading against *Herod*.

When he was arrived at *Laodicea*, he found strange Informations prepared against him, which strongly charged him with the murther of *Aristobulus*. It was shewed to *Mark Anthony*, how *Herod* ever had a design upon the Sceptre of *Judea*, with a desperate, and enraged ambition: That nothing so much perplexed him, as to see *Aristobulus* alive, to whom he in conscience knew the Kingdom in such sort belonged, that himself durst not demand it of the *Romans*, but under the title of Regency, whilest the right Heir grew to maturity: That he had converted this Regency first into an Empire, afterwards into a Tyranny, removing, as much as he could, the Royal blood from Dignities, to advance men of no worth; witness *Ananel*, placed in the High-priesthood, of which *Hyrcanus* was despoiled; and that, which made him alter his resolution therein was, not good affection, but importunity, and evident danger of popular commotions, which, he well foresaw, rose upon this rejection of the blood Royal: That, *Aristobulus* being preferred to the High-priesthood, received with all alacrity, & applause of the people, he shewed this action to be most hatefull to him; being not sufficiently able to cover the fury of his envie under the ordinary mask of his hypocrisie: That after this time he had not ceased to persecute the dead Prince, and his mother, in such sort, that, finding no longer repose among the living, they were enforced to put themselves into the coffins of the dead, to be carried to the Sea, and from thence to be transported to *Egypt*: That he had caused them to be surprized in the act, and in sequel thereof had not afterward sought any thing more then to be rid of them: That the young Prince was drowned in the water, not alone, & separated from the rest, but manifestly smothered by the insolent youth of the houshold and bosom of *Herod*.

All this Proces (as was then said) was so evident, that; had it been written with the rays of the Sun, one could not wish more perspicuity. The voice of blood cried to Heaven, which the traiterous wretch could not stop. The picture of this poor Prince, which

which had a little before his death been carried into *Egypt*, was presented with a singular admiration of his beauty: his Ghost was made to speak, which asked justice of *Mark Anthony* for having been so unworthily, so inhumanely murthered in the flower of his tender years, by the most horrid treason, that ever was perpetrated. The tears of the disconsolate mother were not omitted in her absence. *Cleopatra* made this whole Tragedie to be presented, the combate was much enkindled, and the battery was forcible. *Herod*, who wanted no eloquence in his own occasions, replieth with a countenance very lowly and modest:

Apologie of *Herod* full of craft.

Prince, and you, Sirs, who are of the Council, I hold the Sceptre of Judea, *neither of* Hyrcanus, *nor* Alexandra, *never having had any purpose to flatter them for this end, yea much less to fear them. You know (Most Illustrious* Anthony*) the Kingdom is in my hands; I hold it of you: from you all my greatness ariseth, and in you all my hopes are concluded. If you command, I am at this present ready, not onely to leave the Sceptre, but my life also, which never have I been desirous to preserve, but for your service. But it troubleth me, the way of death being open to all the world, the path of reputation, which is more dear to me then life, should be shut against my innocency. I am persecuted by women, and much I wonder, how the soul of Queen* Cleopatra, *wholly celestial, can nourish so much spleen against a King, who never hath failed in any respect lawfully due to her merit. For* Alexandra, *it is not strange, that she raise such a storm against me; her fierce and haughty spirit hath always opposed my patience, endeavouring by all means to disparage my government, to pull a Crown from me, which a more puissant hand then her Ancestours hath placed on my head. What apparence is there, that being by the favour of the Romans a peaceable possessour of a Kingdom, the which even by the consent of my adversaries I sought not (so regular was my ambition) I should attempt an horrible crime, which cannot fall but into the minde of a monster? No man will be wicked in chearfulness of heart. The memory of the recompense, which man proposeth to himself, ever beareth the torch before the crime. To what purpose should I attempt upon the life of* Aristobulus, *to settle my affairs? They were already established: your gracious favour (most Noble* Anthony*) hath afforded me more, then all their machinations can vanquish. But I perpetually have kept back the blood Royal from Dignities. What keeping back is it, when I have cherished them in my own bosom, as much as possible? Every one knows,* Hyrcanus, *the prime man of this Royal family, being held as a Prisoner among the* Parthians, *I bent all my spirits, employed all my credit to have him set at liberty, and to procure his return to Court, where he now liveth in full tranquillity, enjoying all the privileges of Royalty, but the careful sollicitude of affairs. It is known, I have divided my Crown, and Bed with his grand-child* Mariamne, *making her both Queen of people, and wife of a King. I have given the High-Priesthood to her brother* Aristobulus, *of my meer, and free will, not enforced by any constraint (as being absolute in the manage of my own affairs) and if in ought I delayed him, it was because the minority of his age ran not equal with my affections: but in effect he hath been beheld High-Priest at eighteen years of age, which is a favour very extraordinary.* Alexandra *his mother, who maketh way to this business, hath ever had all the liberty of my Court, except the licence of ruining her self, which she passionately pursueth. For what reason had she to hide her self in a Coffin, and cause her self to be carried in the night as a dead body, to steal from my Court, and after she had wronged me in mine house, to traduce me among strangers? If she desired to make a voyage into* Egypt, *she needed to have spoken but one word, it had ben sufficient. But she pleaseth her self in counterfeiting a false peril in a real safety, to thrust into the danger of life those, who make her live in all reposed assurance. I, having discovered this practice, did not let fall one word of bitterness against her, desirous she should enjoy at her ease the sight of me as a spectacle of patience, and thinking all folly sufficiently punished with its own proper conscience. Certain time after, the death of this young Prince happened, which draweth tears of compassion from me (for I loved him) and much it troubled me, his mother perverted the sweetness of his excellent Nature, and cut more stuff out for his youth, then he was able to stitch together. He is dead, not in my house, but in the house of his mother; dead, by an accident, which no man could prevent; dead, sporting in the water, a faithless Element, where a thousand and a thousand have without any such purpose perished; dead, among the youth of the Court, with whom daily he sported himself. His own mere motion have him into the water. The bravery of his youth caused him to dally even in danger it self, without any possibility to divert him, and his own mishap hath drowned him. It is to tie me to hard conditions, if* Alexandra *will make me both accomptable for the youthfull levities of her Son, as if I were his Governour, and of the frail inconstancy of Elements, as if I were Lord of them.*

This pernicious Spirit spake this with so much grace, and probability, that he gained many hearts. So much force had eloquence even in the hands of iniquity. Behold him now on the shore out of peril, remaining in *Anthony*'s Court in all liberty, to attend the sentence of his justification. In the mean time, being (as he was) wise, and liberal in all occasions, by force of Presents he purchased the hearts of the chief, and made all the accusation of *Cleopatra* appear to be the passion of a woman ill-advised. *Mark Anthony* himself said to *Cleopatra*, she did ill to intermeddle so much with foreign Kingdoms, and that, if she took this course, she would raise enemies prejudicial to her estate. That, *Herod* being a King, it was not fit to use him like a Subject, and that it would be her happiness rather to have him a friend, then an enemy.

As these things were handled in *Anthony*'s Court, the Queen *Mariamne*, and her mother *Alexandra* ceased not to be observed by the sollicitous diligence of the mother, and sister of *Herod*. *Joseph* his Uncle played the Goaler, and often visited Queen *Mariamne*, sometime to treat some affairs with her, sometime in the way of complement. This man began to burn like a Butterflie in the eys of this incomparable beauty, and much affected her, although he saw himself far off from all maner of hope. Notwithstanding, he found some contentment to have fixed his affection in so eminent a place. This passion made him foolish, and full of babble, having already rudeness enough of his own nature, which made him utter strange extravagancies. For one day, there being occasion to speak of *Herod*'s affection to *Mariamne* his wife, *Alexandra* the mother mocked thereat in an exorbitant fashion, and indeed somewhat too bitter, according to her custom. *Joseph*, who was desirous to entertain the Queen in the good favor of his Master, were it out of folly, or drunkenness, said: "Madam, your mother *Alexandra* may tell you "what pleaseth her: but to give you a clear and "ample testimony of King *Herod* your husband his "love, know, that, in case he happen to be put to "death, he hath commanded me to kill you, not be-"ing able to abide in the other world without your "company. At these words the poor Ladies looked pale with horrour. Out alas thou frantick man! (said *Alexandra* in her heart) what wil he do living, if after death he intend to destroy those, who are yet alive?

An act of great stupidity in *Joseph*, Uncle of *Herod*.

In the mean time many bruits (the dreams of the credulous) were spread through *Jerusalem*, that *Herod* was dead, that *Mark Anthony* had caused him to be executed, he being convicted of the murther of *Aristobulus*; whether these rumours were divulged by *Herod*'s enemies, or whether himself caused them to be secretly buzzed, to try the face and disposition of the times. The wise *Mariamne* seemed to believe nothing; *Alexandra* grew passionate, and bated like an Hawk on the pearch, entreating *Joseph* with all possible supplications, he would remove them from Court, and conduct them to the Court of Guard of the *Roman* Legions, disposing them into the hands of Colonel *Julius*, from thence to pass to *Mark Anthony*: for she vehemently desired this Prince might see her Daughter, perswading her self, that, so soon as he should behold her, he would be taken with her beauty, and do any thing in her favour. These intentions being oblique, were unhappy in the success, and all *Alexandra*'s pursuits served her for no other purpose, but to vent her passion.

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Return of *Herod.*

In the end, *Herod* returneth victorious, with authentick testimonies of his justification, and *Anthony*'s amity; notwithstanding the endeavours of *Cleopatra*: God reserving this Parricide for a life like *Cain*, attended with a death most dreadful. His Mother and Sister failed not, presently upon his arrival, to serve him up a dish of their own dressing, and to tell him the design, which *Alexandra* had to put her self into the power of the *Romans*. *Salome*, envious against *Mariamne* even to fury, steeping her serpentine tongue in the gall of black slander, accused her of some secret familiarity with *Joseph*: whereupon *Herod*, who was extremely jealous, thought in that very instant to ruine her; and so drawing *Mariamne* aside, he demanded of her from whence this correspondence grew, which she had contracted with *Joseph*? The most chaste Queen, who never went out of the lists of patience, shewed her self both with eie, visage, countenance, and word, to be so penetrated with this cursed calumny; that well the traiterous wretch perceived, how far she was alienated from such thoughts: and verily being ashamed to have uttered such words, he asked pardon of her, bemoaning with scalding tears his credulity, giving her many thanks for her fidelity, and making a thousand protestations of an everlasting affection.

The good Lady, who was displeased to behold such hypocrisie, said covertly to him; *That truly it was an argument of love to his wife, to desire her company in the other world.* He, who understood by half a word, presently perceived what she would say, and entered into such desperate fury, that he seemed as a mad man, tearing his beard and hair off his head, and crying out, *Joseph* had betrayed him; and that it was apparent, he had great correspondence with *Mariamne*: otherwise so enormous bruitishness would never have escaped any man, as to reveal such a secret. Thereupon he commandeth *Joseph* should be killed in the place, to serve as a Victim at his return, not consenting to see him, nor hear one sole word of his justification. It was a great chance, he had not at that time finished the sacrifice of his intemperate cruelty, and that to satisfie his Chimerical humour, he had not put *Mariamne* to death. But the irrefragable proofs of her Innocency, and the impatient ardours of his love, withheld the stroke; only to make the sparkles of his choler fly further off, he discharged it upon *Alexandra*, shutting her up for a time, keeping her apart from the Queen her daughter; and doubtlesly resolving with himself, it was in her shop, where all these counsels, plotted for his ruine, were forged and filed.

Troublesom affairs of *Herod.*

Certain time after, *Herod* saw himself embarqued in other business, which he thought to be at least as perilous as the former. *Mark Anthony*, who always had lent his shoulders to underprop him, after he had for a long time stroven against the fortune of *Augustus Cæsar*, fell to the ground in the *Actiack* Battel, ending his hopes and life with a most mournful Catastrophe. This accident struck the Tyrant more then one would think, seeing his support ruined, his affairs, which he supposed to have been so well established, in one night dissolved, and that he had him for an enemy, who was in a fair way to become Emperour of the world. His friends and enemies judged him as a lost man. He, who already had escaped so many ship-wracks, despaireth not at all in this extremity; but resolves to seek out *Cæsar*, who was then at *Rhodes*, and prostrate himself at his feet. But, before he set a step forward, he did an act wholly barbarous and inhumane.

Most lamentable death of *Hyrcanus.*

Hyrcanus, the true and lawful King, who by his sweetness and facility had first raised *Antipater*, and afterwards saved *Herod*'s life, seating him in the Regal Throne, to the prejudice of his own allies, was as yet alive, worn even with decrepitness: for he now was past eighty years of age. The Tyrant, fearing, lest he, being the only remainder of the blood royal, should again be re-established in the Throne, by the suppliant request of the people, who much affected his innocency; seeing him already upon the brink of his grave, threw him head-long into it, tearing out his soul with bruitish violence, which he was ready to yield up to Nature. Some held this was mere cruelty, without any colour of justice, wherewith this Diabolical Prince was wont to palliate his actions. Others write, that *Hyrcanus*'s days were shortened upon this occasion.

Ambition of *Alexandra* causeth the death of her Father.

Alexandra, being not able to put off her ambition but with her skin, seeing *Herod* gone upon a voyage, from which it was likely he should never return, sollicites her father *Hyrcanus*, shews him the time is come, wherein God will yet again make his venerable age flourish in Royal Purple. The Tyrant is involved in snares, from which he can never free himself. Fortune knocketh at the gate of *Hyrcanus*, to restore the Diadem, which is due to him by birth-right, and taken away by tyranny. It only remaineth, that he a little help himself, and his good hap will accomplish the rest. *Hyrcanus* answereth her; 'Daughter, the time is come, wherein I should 'rather think of my Grave, then a Regal Throne. 'You know what opinion I had of Greatness, in an 'age, and condition, wherein rightfully I might cherish it. I voluntarily forsook it, preferring repose 'before all the Crowns of the world. Now that I 'am in the Haven, would you recall me into the 'storm? Daughter, leave such words: I have 'seen too many miseries, speak to me of my Grave, 'not of Sceptres.

Alexandra replied, That although, in his own person, he not at all pretended to life, nor to the fortune of the living; he notwithstanding ought not to neglect his blood, but permit justice to be done, and meddle with nothing, but by writing a word or two to *Malichus* the Lievtenant of *Arabia*, who would aid him with mony, and forces, as much as should be needful. In conclusion, he was bound to save both his daughter, and grand-childe, from the ravening teeth of this Tiger. She deafned his ears with so many reasons, that in the end he yielded, and treateth with *Malichus*, who should safe conduct him with a good troop of horse. The Letters are put into the hands of one, called *Dositheus*, a cosin of *Joseph* (whom *Herod* lately had caused to be massacred) to be with all safety delivered. But the perfidious wretch, betraying the blood of his allie, and the fortune of *Hyrcanus*, in stead of carrying the Letter faithfully to *Malichus*, delivered it into *Herod*'s hands, who commandeth to require an answer, and bring it to him, thereby to discover the practice thereof, and understand the *Arabian*'s purpose. He faileth not to promise *Hyrcanus* all assistance, inviting him with much earnestness to be with him as soon as possible. *Herod* having discovered the whole plot, sends for *Hyrcanus*, and asked, if he received not some Letters from *Malichus*? Yes, answered he; but they contain nothing but complement. The other demanded, *Had you not some present with those letters?* He confesseth, That verily *Malichus* had presented him with four horses to draw his Coach. Thereupon, without any other form of process, the tyrant made this venerable old man to be murdered, imbrewing the hoary hairs

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in the blood of him, who had been a Fosterer, a Father, a Protectour of him; yea, all. Then after he had imprisoned *Alexandra*, and *Mariamne* in a strong Fort, under the custody of *Joseph* his Treasurer, and *Sohemus* the *Iturian*, he goes directly to *Rhodes*, leaving the absolute charge of his Kingdom to his brother *Pheroras*.

Alexandra and Mariamne prisoners.

The History telleth not the sorrow of the Queen, and her Mother, for the death of *Hyrcanus*. It is probable, all was a long time concealed, as from such who were held in a straight Prison, and had conversation with no man. *Alexandra* gnawed her bridle of Impatience: *Mariamne* resisted the dull languishments of this Captivity with a generous constancy, and endeavoured to sweeten the discontents of her Mother. All her comfort was in God; for how could she speak, or think of any thing else? 'My God (said she) you steep all creatures for 'me in Wormwood: if I heretofore have loved 'them, and sucked some sweetness from the world; 'for an ounce of Honey, you have given me a 'pound of Gall. From the time I began to bear a 'Diadem on my head, I have felt nothing but 'Thorns: and Royalty hath been nothing to me 'but a specious slavery. My God, how long shall 'it continue? Shall we not behold that bright day 'to shine over our heads, which is perpetually in 'its Eastern rising; which may dry up our tears, 'and breaking the bands of our captivity, place us 'in *Abraham's* bosom, the liberty of the Elect?

These poor Ladies stayed there, perpetually pent up between horrid Walls, beholding nothing but Rocks, and savage Wildernesses, which to their sorrow seemed to resound compassion. They knew not in what state the world was, much less the affairs of Court. At every season the Goaler came to visite them, they expected nothing but news of their death. The Guard in the beginning shewed themselves severe in their countenances, and reserved in their words: all was full of horrour, affrightment, and melancholy silence. In the end (for there is no Iron but will be softened in the fire) *Sohemus* visiting them more oft, according to the Commission he had, felt fiery arrows fly from the eys of *Mariamne*, so sharp, that they transfixed his heart with compassion, judging it a hard thing to hold a Queen in captivity, who was able to enthral all hearts with so many supereminent excellencies, as Heaven had conferred upon her. He began to shew her a pleasing countenance, and *Mariamne*, seeing him one day in a good humour, took confidence therein to know some news of the other world. 'Sohemus, '(said this Lady to him) you now behold us in a 'most woful state, and much unworthy our quali- 'ties; but the day perhaps will come, the storm may 'blow over. Mischief and misery knock not al- 'waies at one and the same gate. You know who 'I am, and that in obliging me, you engage not an 'unable creature; much less, an ungrateful. Tell us 'in a word, to what end doth King *Herod* hold us 'here, and of what condition are the affairs of the 'times?

Mariamne conferreth with Sohemus.

Sohemus at these words, felt his heart assaulted with most violent counter-buffs: on the one side, he represented to himself the avengement of *Herod*, freshly exemplified in *Joseph*: on the other side, he was so touched with compassion of those words this noble Lady spake to him, that the Ice of his heart dissolved, and began already to evaporate through his eys. *Mariamne* finding him waver, spake boldly; 'Sohemus, It is a word which can no whit 'prejudice you, being stored up in deep silence, and 'which may much advantage us for the security of 'our Affairs.

Sohemus supposing, either that *Herod* never would return again in the quality of a King, or that he, being under the protection of *Mariamne*, might easily work his reconciliation, openeth his heart unto her, and said; 'Madam, I put my secrets and 'life into your hands: yea, I desire to die before 'ever I undertake to execute this barbarous com- 'mand which *Herod* hath imposed upon me, in case 'the Affairs he negotiateth at this time with *Cæsar*, 'succeed not according to his wish. And what is it? '(saith *Mariamne* to him.) *Madam*, I tremble on- 'ly to think of it; it is a matter, which concerneth 'your life. My friend (replieth the good Queen) 'it is his ordinary guise, he enjoyned his Uncle *Jo- 'seph* as much upon his first voyage. But is there no 'means to deliver us from this? *Sohemus* answereth, That *Pheroras* brother of *Herod*, had charge of the Kingdom, and he being a man extremely distrustful, ever had his eie upon sudden surprizals. 'Well then '(said this poor Princess) we must die: on what 'side soever I turn me, I behold nothing but the 'image of death, with which I am already grown 'acquainted. *Sohemus* comforted her with his best endeavour: but she then shutting up her tears from all earthly comfort, opened her heart to celestial contemplations, daily more and more purifying her soul both in the water of tears, and in the boiling Furnace of afflictions. O the Providence of God! That is true which the Scripture saith: *Your ways are now in the abyss, and your paths on the waters.* Who could discover such tracks, whilest this most chaste and Innocent Queen, amidsts the dark obscurity of a Prison, daily drowneth one part of her life in tears?

Herod, who was now embarqued, all bloody with massacre committed on the person of *Hyrcanus*, found the Sea, Winds, Men, and all his affairs successful. This *Proteus*, who made his wit comply with all accidents, seeing he could not conceal the service which he had done for *Mark Anthony*, ever playing the dog, sleeping under the feet of his fortune, resolved to colour and cloak them with the mantle of Virtue. He knew *Augustus* was a Prince born to goodness, generous, just; and that he endeavoured to make faithful servants in this change of affairs, which he began to undertake: he deceives him under the shadow of Virtue, with the colour of constancy, and pretext of fidelity. Behold! he presenteth himself to the Emperour, and speaks in these terms.

Arrival of Herod at Rhodes.

'O Great *Augustus*! behold here my Person, 'and Crown at your feet: it is good reason that 'all depend upon your Greatness, since God is plea- 'sed to put the Empire of this Universe into your 'hands. For mine own part I cannot deny what I 'have been, no more, then I will dissemble what I 'ought to be, and what I will be. I have hitherto 'been a great friend of *Mark Anthony*; it is true, 'and had he believed me, as he hath done *Cleopa- 'tra* his Mistress, you, *Cæsar* had felt how far I was 'your enemy, and he, how much I was his friend. 'But this miserable Prince cozened by this crea- 'ture, took money of me, and counsel of her, to 'destroy, in so doing, his fortune, and raise 'yours upon his own ruines. I have followed him 'even to the brink of the grave, and not fallen 'therein, since my death could nothing advance his 'service. He is in that state and condition, wherein I 'am able to render him nought but tears. To you '(O *Cæsar*) are due the services, which I tender 'with

His speech to Augustus.

'with much heartiness, if you shall please to accept 'them, on this condition, that you enforce me not 'either to hear or speak evil of my old Master, 'whom being no longer able to serve, I notwith-'standing ought after death to love.

Augustus took pleasure in this liberty, and thought this man was made of the wood, whereof good servitours are composed; not seeing the subtilty of the Fox, who measured all according to his own interests. He then taketh the Crown, which *Herod* had laid at his feet, and set it on his head, saying: *I desire you may live peaceably in your Territory; onely be faithfull to me, as you have been to* Mark Anthony. *Herod*, after this so favourable access, ceased not to put himself forward into the grace of *Augustus*, by seeking out all occasions to procure it, and namely in the voyage the Emperour made into *Egypt*, wherein he perpetually attended him, and performed many singular offices. This business so prosperously dispatched, he triumphantly returneth into the City of *Jerusalem*, to the amazement of the whole world.

Accusation, and pitiful death of *Mariamne*.

Here it is, that the virtuous *Mariamne* endeth her career, to serve as a sacrifice in the lamentable triumphs of her Husband. Let us behold how this bright flame is extinguished, we shall from thence expect no evil odour; the good vapours of her life will wait upon her even to death. So soon as *Herod* was arrived in his capital City, he hasteneth to salute the Queen his wife, whom he had already caused to be set at liberty, being secure of his affairs, and was the first brought her the news of his happy success in this voyage. He was so puffed up with his prosperities, that he could not contain himself, and the love of so amiable an object (which he then beheld in his presence after so many dangers) did so unlooson his tongue in excess of vaunts, and superfluity of words, thinking he made himself very acceptable with such impertinencies. *Mariamne* much perplexed to hear him, and being free, and generous in all her actions, shewed not to take much pleasure in these his idle boastings, which Passion likewise made to appear somewhat childish. He thinking at the first this was nothing but a trifling humour of Melancholy, which would quickly vanish into smoak, flattered her the more with words, playing the wanton beyond his custom. Upon these dalliances the poor Lady sighed often, remembering her self of the secret commandment very lately given to *Sohemus*. He well saw by this her countenance, she was not content, and beginneth to enter into suspicion, that *Sohemus* had used the like intemperance of tongue, as *Joseph*. He at that time knew not what face to set upon it, so much was he turmoiled: love, anger, jealousie, suspicion, drew him with four Horses. He could not be angry, as he would, nor knew how to love what he affected. This proud spirit, unacquainted how to bow under any one, but to deceive him, was ashamed to behold himself dis-armed, and to become a counterfeit in amorous courtships, not so usual to his nature. He then, seeing this Mommery succeeded not, was the more afflicted, and thought it was time to brandish his sword. But love proved of more force then anger, and withheld the stroke. He retired, shaking his head, and muttering I know not what between his teeth; as cursing love, which made him mercifull in despite of his own disposition. Out alas! Can one finde out a more spitefull hatred then in women against women, when jealousie hath laid hold of their brain? *Cypre*, an *Arabian* by nation, mother of *Herod*, and *Salome* his sister, seeing him so passionate, ceased not to blow the Coal with their tongues, and enkindled him with many Calumnies, which the Tyrant partly believed, yet could not suddenly resolve to give the blow. He was long time debating with himself, without power to conclude any thing. In the end, an unhappy day comes, in which, about Noon, being retired into his Chamber, he sendeth for *Mariamne*, who instantly came thither: but, Conjugal Rites being required of her, she stuck in the refusal saying, The Law of Nature forbad her to company with a man, who had murthered her Father, and Brother: speaking of her Father *Alexander*, who by the pursuit of *Herod*, had been oppressed by the *Romans*, and of her brother *Aristobulus* so cruelly smothered. Here *Josephus* the Historian, after he had highly praised *Mariamne*, as a most chaste Queen, and truly endowed with an admirable Faith (for such are his words) taxeth her with a little disdain, which was (as he said) ingraffed in her nature; for that she rejected the dalliances of her husband. But he that will wel consider, how *Herod* had used her nearest of kin, most unworthily massacring them, and how, holding the Sceptre from her house, he used her not in the quality of a Queen, nor a Wife, but of a poor Sacrifice; which he caused to be shut up, commanding to murder her as often as he fel into any danger of his own life, for fear some other should enjoy her after his death, shall finde the Lady had most just cause to make him this answer. *Herod* notwithstanding, who would not afford such liberty, was so moved with these words, as it was a great chance he had not laid violent hands upon her; shewing, by his eys sparkling with anger, his shrill voice, and hands lifted up, he would proceed to force. And, as he stamped up and down, transported with rage, acting his anger like a Fencer, without *Mariamne*'s reply to any one word, the perfidious *Salome*, thought it was now high time to strike her stroke. She sent a trusty Servant, whom she a long time had suborned, to cause him to depose a calumny as wicked, as ridiculous; to wit, that *Mariamne*, having a purpose to give *Herod* a love-drink, had addressed her self to him, who was Cup-bearer to the King, to corrupt him with many promises, to which he never had given ear. For the rest, he had such instruction given him; that, if perhaps *Herod* should ask, what this Potion was, he should answer without further difficulty, it was the Queen's invention: and that herein she only required the service of his hand.

Sottish love.

Strange mischief.

This wicked fellow entered into the Chamber in cold blood, and very seriously makes oath hereof: whereupon *Herod*, who was already enkindled, becoming more enflamed then ever; thought within himself he must no longer wonder, from whence these his impatiences of love proceeded. At that instant he caused an Eunuch to be laid hold on, one of the Queen's most truly servants; supposing nothing was done without his knowledge: he putteth him to the torture, causing him to be most cruelly tormented, of purpose, that his body, very feeble, not being able to endure the violence of tortures, and on the other side, having nothing to say against his good Lady, in whose conversation he had never perceived any thing, but Honour, and Virtue, should for a long time remain in very great perplexities. In the end, he let a word fall, saying, He had seen *Sohemus* talk a long while in secret with Queen *Mariamne*, as framing some Relation to her: and that after this very time he well perceived she was troubled. *Herod* had no sooner heard this word; It is enough, said he, take him from the torture, and let

Sohemus

Sohemus be called. *Sohemus* knew nothing what had passed, and lived in great contentment, having very lately obtained a good Government by the Queen's recommendations: he was wholly amazed, they laid hold upon him, and would enforce him to confess the discourse, which he had with *Mariamne* during this specious imprisonment. But he persisting in denial, is massacred in the place. *Herod* retired into his Cabinet, drinking in deep draughts the gall and poyson of his deadly choler, and contriving in his heart the fury, which he soon after was to shew in publick: for without giving any truce to his spirit, he assembled his Privy-Council, and sendeth for the Queen, who expected nothing less then such proceeding. This Monster, who always endeavoured to give colour of justice to his most exorbitant actions, beginneth a long speech, which he had prepared at leisure: and while every one was in horrour and silence, not knowing what would be the Catastrophe of the Tragedy, except the couragious *Mariamne*, who was armed with an invincible constancy against all Exigents, he speaketh unto them in such like words.

Death of *Sohemus*.

Oration of *Herod* against his Wife.

'SIRS, It seemeth God will counterpoize the 'prosperities of my state by the misfortunes of my 'house. I have found safety in winds and tempests, 'in so many painful Voyages as I have undertaken, so many thorny affairs which I have ended, to finde a storm in my own Palace. You are not ignorant how I have cherished the whole Family of *Hyrcanus* within my bosom, in a lamentable time, when it was in decay and confusion: for recompense whereof, as if I had hatched the eggs of a Serpent, I have got nothing but hisses and poyson. God knoweth how often I have dissembled, and how often I have cured my self by patience. Notwithstanding I cannot so harden my heart, but that it may be softened, and ever become penetrable to a new wound. Behold the Queen my wife, who following the steps of her Mother, is always ready to disquiet my repose. As soon as I was returned from the Voyage so full of danger, as you know, I brought her news of the happy success of my Affairs. She shewing the little account she made both of my state, and person; at that time heard me with so great disdain, that what endeavour of courtesie soever I used, never could I extort from her pride one good word. And afterward not contenting her self therewith, she proceeded to very bloody Injuries, which I love better to conceal, for the honour of your ears, and come to deeds. Behold one of my faithful servants, who testifieth, she would have suborned him to give me a love-potion, to wit, a poyson, of purpose to turn my brain, or take away the life which God reserveth for me to acknowledge the many good offices, which you all in general, and each one in particular have afforded me. Thus you see how I am returned, my head crowned with Laurel, honoured and courted by the prime men of the world, to serve as a sport for the malice, and a mark for the treachery of a woman, whom I cannot reclaim by the force of love, nor benefits, no more then if she were a Lioness. Consider what you ought to do, I deliver her into the hands of your justice, not willing to direct my self herein by my own advice, to the end Posterity may know, that my proper interests are ever seated beneath the truth

Herod speaking these words would seem less passionate, putting all tortures upon his natural disposition, pliable enough: but he notwithstanding so vehemently fretted, that all the Council knew well, he was in heat of choler, and that his purpose was no other but to ruine the poor Queen. She is summoned to answer at that instant, without an Advocate. The glorious *Amazon*, Grand-childe of the *Machabees*, and Inheritrix of their patience, being presented before this wicked Tribunal, 28 years before the coming of the Son of God, did then, what he afterward taught us most remarkably by his example. Never from her mouth was heard one syllable of impatience, never did she use one sole word of recrimination; and being able to declare to the Council a thousand and a thousand outrages, received by her self, and the persons of her neerest allies, she swalloweth all these bitternesses with a patience more then humane; only saith she, That as concerning the essential Article of this accusation, to wit;

Admirable modesty of the poor Queen.

'The love-potion which was objected against 'her, it was a thing in the judgment of all those, 'who would truly weigh it, very far from her 'thought: since she had always more feared King 'Herod's love then hatred. Lastly, That she made 'no reckoning of life, wherein she had suffered too 'much sorrow; yea, much less of the Court, from 'whence she never received any contentment: and 'that if they would oppress her by false testimonies, 'it was easie to gain Victory of one who made no 'resistance; more easie to take the Diadem from 'her head, and her head from her shoulders: but 'most hard to bereave her of the reputation of a 'Princess of honour, which she had of her Ancestours, and would carry to her Tomb.

The poor creature was like a silly sheep in the Lion's throat, or among the paws of many Wolves. They proceeded to sentence, all tended to baseness. It was supposed, the King was willing to be rid of her, and that sufficed. Never was any one to be found, who had the courage to plead the cause of this innocent Queen, or in any sort to mollifie the passion of *Herod*. All those consciences were oppressed either with crimes, or cowardise, from whence it came to pass, these false Judges did more for the Tyrant, then he desired: for they all resolved upon death. He himself was surprized with horrour, though he were wholly a bloody man, and commandeth she should be kept in a prison of the Palace, with delay of execution; thinking perhaps by that means to make her more pliant to his passion. But the enraged *Salome*, who had raised this storm, not willing to do any business to halves, approached to the King her brother, and shewed him such Birds were not to be kept in Cages; that his life and Crown thereby run into hazard: that already all tended to a revolt, and that if he delayed this execution, he hastened the ruine of himself and his whole state. Whereupon *Herod* let fall this word: *Let her be taken away.* And behold instantly an Officer dispatched to the good Queen, who brought her the news of the last hour of her life: saluting her with a low reverence, and saying, *Madam, The King commandeth you must presently die.* She without any disturbance said: *Let us then go (my friend) it cannot be so soon for King* Herod, *but it will be as late for me.* And speaking this word, she set forward, and went directly to the place of execution, without change of colour, having a sweet aspect, which drew tears from the whole world.

Invincible patience and very admirable.

To crown her patience, as she was ready to receive the stroke of death: *Alexandra*, her own Mother, the companion of her imprisonment, the Guardian of her thoughts, who had ever been one heart with her, betraying blood, Nature, and all

Piety, by a miſchievous trick of State, thereby avoiding the ſuſpicion of *Herod*, as conſenting to her Daughter's humour, came to charge her with moſt bloody injuries; and it was a great chance, ſhe had not taken this poor Lady by the hair, to drag her up and down the pavement: ſaying to her with the foam of boiling choler; *That ſhe was wicked, and extremely proud, and well deſerved to die in that manner, by ſhewing her ſelf refractory to ſo good an Husband.*

Barbarous act of Alexandra.

Behold verily the greateſt indignity, which could happen in ſuch an accident. There is no better honey, nor worſe ſting, then that of Bees: no better amities, nor greater injuries, then of Allies. The patient *Mariamne* only made her this anſwer: *Mother, Let my Soul paſs in peace, which alrtady is upon my lips, and trouble not the repoſe of my death.* And with a generous ſilence ſhutting her mouth up to further replies, and opening her heart to God, the only witneſs of her innocency, moſt unworthily uſed, ſtretched out her neck to the Executioner, to ſeal with her blood the laſt teſtimonies of her patience.

Heroick ſilence.

Joſephus ſpeaketh not expreſly enough of the puniſhment, ſhe doubtleſs being executed in the manner at that time ordinary, which was to behead Offenders of that quality. This day-break, which bare ſtill in the Rays thereof joy and refreſhment to the poor afflicted Souls, through the horrible confuſions of tyranny, was then extinct in her blood. Yea, the eys of all the ſtanders by, bathed in tears, beheld her in her Eclipſe, when that Forehead, full of Royal Majeſty, was ſeen couragiouſly to affront approaching death, which maketh the moſt confident to tremble; and when this Alabaſter Neck was ſtretched out, and bowed under the ſhining ſteel, to be ſeparated from this beautious body, a ſhivering horrour crept into the bones of all the Beholders, and there was no Rock ſo hard, which afforded not the water of tears, before ſhe poured out her blood. The head was ſeparated from the body, and the body from the ſoul: but the Soul never ſhall be divided from God, raiſing to death ſuch a Trophey of Patience. The limbs lay all cold and ſtiff extended on the place, and the voice of innocent blood, which already penetrated the Clouds to ask vengeance of God, was inſtantly heard, as you ſhall underſtand. Only I beſeech you ſtay to behold the Pourtraict and Elogy of the good Queen, by us here inſerted.

Moſt pitiful death.

What horrour.

MARIAMNE REGINA, MACCHABÆORUM STIRPE INCLYTA; HERODIS PESSIMI OMNIUM VIRI UXOR OPTIMA; FORMA CORPORIS SUPRA CÆTERAS EXIMIA, ANIMI ETIAM VIRTUTIBUS MAJOR, INTEGERRIMÆ PUDICITIÆ, ET INELUCTABILIS PATIENTIÆ FOEMINA, INIQUISSIMIS CALUMNIIS OPPRESSA, MARITI GLADIO REGIAS CERVICES DEDIT, ANNO ANTE CHRISTI NATALEM VIGESIMO OCTAVO.

Upon the PICTURE of *MARIAMNE.*

Fortune a heavenly Beauty did engage
To fell Husband, who, through boundleſs rage,
Practis'd fierce tyranny, and foul debate,
As well in Love, as in his Royal ſtate.

She

She liv'd on gall, upon the ſword ſhe dy'd,
Soon in the Lamb's blood to be purifi'd.
The Croſs ſo to prevent, in pains partake
With patient God, miſhaps thrice happy make:
Which after death immortalize her ſtory,
And from her body take leſs blood, then glory.

Thus from the world this holy Queen remov'd
Breaths forth affections to her God belov'd.
And her great Soul to Heav'n in ſilence rears,
Purg'd in her flame, and waſhed with her tears.
Who bravely ſo both lives, and leaveth breath,
Makes of a dying life a living death.

Fury of *Herod* after the death of *Mariamne.*

THe diſloyal Husband, who ſo inhumanely had treated a Lady worthy of all Honour: as ſoon as ſhe rendered up her Soul, as if he had been ſtrucken by ſome inviſible Dart, cried out with grief, and ſaid, He had done an act worthy the wrath of God: then dreadfully howling, he ceaſeleſly invoked the Memory, and Name of the poor dead creature, to whom he by his ſorrows could not again reſtore, what had been taken from her by the ſword of the Executioner. Whereſoever he went, he ſtill was accompanied with the image of his Crime, ſtill tormented and aſſailed with black Furies, Monſters, and hideous ſights. He tried all ſorts of Feſtival Entertainments, Dancings, and Delights, to divert this ill; but it ſtill augmented, in ſuch ſort, that he was enforced to abandon all the affairs of his Kingdom, though he had been very eager and ardent in this employment: and became in the beginning thereof doltiſh, and dull, not knowing what he did; for often, in the time of diner, he ſpake to his ſervants, and commanded them to call the Queen, as if ſhe had been yet living: they ſlipped aſide without making anſwer, and the whole Court was drenched in terrour and ſilence. In the end not being able any longer to endure the walls of his Palace, as if they had upbraided him with his cruelty, he ran into the Foreſts like a mad man, where he got a ſtrange malady of the minde, and ſo horrible a frenzy, that the Phyſicians were to ſeek, ſaying freely, it was a blow from Heaven. God, who yet reſerved him for greater calamities, would not at that time take away his life. The wicked Mother *Alexandra*, who ſo outragiouſly had complained of her daughter upon the Scaffold, inſtantly died, taſting the bitterneſs of death, and loſing her glory. Laſt of all, followeth a Plague, which took away even many of *Herod*'s Counſellours; and all that was nothing but the ſcourge of Heaven in avengement of this death ſo deplorable, and never ſufficiently lamented.

The Sons of *Mariamne* bred at *Rome.*

Mariamne of her chaſte Wedlock left two ſons to *Herod*, *Alexander*, and *Ariſtobulus*, who were very young, able to ſuffer much in time to come, but as then incapable of feeling their own miſeries. *Herod*, to take from them the ſenſe of this cruel Tragedy, and to raiſe them likewiſe, by the degrees of good Education, to the glory of his Sceptre, happily puts them aſide, and ſends them to *Rome*, to be bred in the Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, held at that time the Academy of Kings, and prime Schole of the world. Some years being paſſed, he had a deſire to make a Voyage into *Italy* to ſalute *Cæſar*, and by that opportunity ſee his Children, whom he found excellently trained, and ſo accompliſhed, that he purpoſed with the good leave of *Cæſar* to carry them back into *Judæa*, which he did. Theſe young Princes, returning into *Jeruſalem* with *Herod*, raviſhed all the people with admiration. They were of a gallant preſence, ſtraight, active, quick-ſpirited, couragious in the exerciſe of Arms, well-ſpoken, affable, as lovely, as the perſon of the Father was odious. Men looked on them, as one would upon the two Stars of *Caſtor*, and *Pollux*, after a ſtorm: they repleniſhed all with alacrity, and ſeemed already to win all hearts, to approve their Titles to the Crown. Thoſe notwithſtanding, who retained the memory of the uſage of poor *Mariamne* their Mother, could not abſtain from tears.

Calumny is plotted againſt them.

Pheroras brother of *Herod*, and *Salome* his ſiſter, who both had dipped their fingers in the blood of the innocent Queen, entered into affrightments and apprehenſions unſpeakable; ſeeing the blood they had ſhed ſhould one day ſway over their heads. Wherefore they began ſilently to calumniate them, and cauſed, by truſty inſtruments, many bruits to paſs into the ears of *Herod*; which intimated, That the Princes his ſons, in conſideration of their Mother's wrong, had a great averſion from the Father, and that they never ſeriouſly would affect him. *Herod*, who was yet in the heat of his affection, and could never be ſatisfied with beholding them, gave no credit to this calumny. But rather, ſeeing them now upon the confines of maturity, ſought to match them highly; plotting for *Alexander* the daughter of *Archelaus*, King of *Cappadocia*, named *Glaphyra*, which was aſſented unto: and for *Ariſtobulus*, he cauſed him to marry the daughter of *Salome* his Coſin-germain: ſo plaſtering over the domeſtick Enmities, which ever after found many Factions. *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* converſed together with great freedom, and uttered whatſoever they had upon their hearts; ſpeaking of the death of their Mother in ſuch manner, that they ſhewed a great reſentment thereof. *Pheroras*, and *Salome*, cloſe-biting, and watchful, ceaſed not to provoke them to ſpeech: and whatſoever they ſaid, either through vanity, or ſlight diſpoſition to anger, or in the liberty of ſecrecy, was inſtantly by a third perſon related to the ears of *Herod*. The ſubtile *Salome* holding ſtill a power upon her married daughter, who was a ſimple creature, put her upon the Rack, to tell her all, that her husband, and her brother-in-law had ſpoken in the privacy of their mutual converſation. She then recounted the words theſe poor Princes had through ſimplicity and bravery ſpoken, to wit, that *Ariſtobulus* vaunted himſelf, The Kingdom belonged to the children of *Mariamne*, as to the line of the true Queen: as for *Herod*'s other ſons, who were ſpread abroad in very great number (for he had nine or ten Wives) that he might make Regiſters of them in ſome petty Towns, and that they ſhould do well to learn to write, and read. She added, that *Alexander* ſaid in boaſting, He was a better man then his Father; notwithſtanding, that converſing with him, and ſeeing him of a jealous humour, he reſtrained himſelf as in a ſcabbard, and durſt not diſcover himſelf, for fear he ſhould give him ſome ſuſpicion of his power. That hunting, or walking with *Herod*, he did, as it were, bow, and contract himſelf together, that he might not appear taller then his Father: that, if he were to ſhoot in a Bow, he purpoſely made himſelf unskiful, thereby to take all occaſion of envie from him. It was a notable act of wiſdom to do it, but a great folly of youth to breath out many words, as innocently ſpoken, as treacherouſly interpreted: and above all, an infinite ſimplicity to commit their ſecrets to a woman, whoſe heart is as fit to keep what it ought to conceal, as a Sieve to hold water.

When *Pheroras* and *Salome* had a long time filled the ears of *Herod* with theſe triſling reports, ſeeing

the ſuſpicion began to take footing in his mind, and that the affection of a father cooled towards his children, they ſtruck the iron while it was hot, and wiſhed him ſeriouſly to take heed of his Sons, for they ſpake big, and had boldly ſaid, That all thoſe, who were embrewed in their mother's blood, ſhould not carry the puniſhment into the other world: for verily, as they were vexed upon the remembrance of the dead, ſuch like words had eſcaped them. *Herod* was much amazed at the liberty, and thought he muſt repreſs their boldneſs by ſome counterpoize. What doeth he? To humble the hearts of theſe Princes, he ſelecteth among his children one called *Antipater*, his Son by *Doris*, nothing noble, and who had ſhamefully been hunted out of the Court; he puteth this his Son, in the turning of an hand, upon the top of the wheel, not that he had a purpoſe to raiſe him, but to uſe him to counterbalance the children of *Mariamne*, reputing him an Inſtrument proper for this end. For certainly this *Antipater* was of a dark ſpirit, cloſe, and miſchievous, much of his Father *Herod*'s diſpoſition, as it was preſently to be ſeen. When he was advanced, he reſolved fully not to deſcend but with loſs of life, and to hold that Kingdom, as well as others, by ſome notable trick. Behold why he played the *Proteus*, and changed himſelf into all forms to gain credit with *Herod*, who then began to like him very well; and he, the more to fortify himſelf, ſpared not under hand to aggravate the calumny againſt the children of *Mariamne*, and, after he had thrown the ſtone, withdrew his arm ſo cunningly, that it ſeemed he had not touched it: for he always was converſant with *Alexander*, and *Ariſtobulus*, with much reſpect, as with his Maſters; yea, when he made falſe tales to tickle the ears of his Father, then feigned he by a counterfeit modeſty to take their cauſe in hand, and defend them ſo diſcreetly for his own advantage, that thereby he caſt them further into ſuſpicion. King *Herod* judged, that, to countenance him, it were to good purpoſe to ſend him to *Rome*, which he did, allotting him a flouriſhing retinue, & an infinite number of recommendations. There it was, that he much embroiled buſineſſes, writing to his Father, That he had diſcovered at *Rome* ſtrange plots, that he ſhould take heed of his brothers, *Alexander*, and *Ariſtobulus*, that they had practiſed ill diſpoſitions in every place, that their purpoſe had no other aim, but to ſhorten his days, and diſpoſſeſs him of his Empire. This had ſo much the more colour, for that theſe miſerable Princes, galled with their repulſe, could not diſſemble their diſcontent; they ever caſting forth ſome words, which, gathered by the Spies of *Pheroras*, and *Saleme*, never fell to the ground.

The young *Antipater*, Son of *Herod*, exalted.

Herod ſighed to ſee, that, he having pacified all abroad, the fire ſhould kindle in his own houſe, and thereupon had ſome deſire to arreſt his Sons, but he would attempt nothing upon their perſons without *Caſar*'s commmand, referring all to him, both for his ordinary complacence, and ſafegard of his own affairs. After he had revolved this affair with a thouſand anxieties in his heart, wherein he bare the chief extent of his counſels, he reſolved in his own perſon to carry his Sons to *Rome*, and accuſe them before *Caſar*. In the whole courſe of his long way from *Paleſtine* to *Italy*, he held himſelf cloſe, and reſerved, not making the leaſt diſguſt againſt his children appear, that he might not occaſion in them any ſuſpicion. Being arrived at *Rome*, he learned, *Auguſtus Caſar* was then in the City of *Aquilea*; without delay he went thither, conducting with him *Alexander*, and *Ariſtobulus*, who were received by the Emperour (who was as their Father) with all demonſtration of love. In the mean time this miſerable Father, ſpying his opportunity, demands day of *Caſar* for an audience, which he affirmed was of great conſequence; it was granted him, and he came at the time appointed, bringing theſe two poor delinquents, who doubted nothing, nor at that time ſought any thing but to laugh, and paſs their time with their antient acquaintance. When they were in the midſt of a brave aſſembly of Princes there preſent: *Herod* breathing out a great ſigh, ſaid:

Behold me, GREAT CÆSAR, *an happy King by your favour, and an unfortunate father through the diſgrace of my houſe. If Nature had denied me children, Fortune ſhould ſee me without miſeries: all my diſaſters proceed from my own progeny. It much troubleth me, to defile your ears (worthy* Cæſar*) with the recital of ſo great wickedneſs, but neceſſity, which hath no law, enforceth me, and your juſtice, which eſtabliſheth all laws, inviteth me. Behold my two unnatural ſons, who after they had received the honour to be bred at your feet, after they had obtained from me all the favours, which could be expected from a King, by your gracious Clemency ſufficiently powerful, and from a father of his own Nature moſt indulgent, betraying the glory of the education they had at your hands, and forgetting even the Nature and Blood they received from me, have attempted a crime, which I dare not name. I live too many years in their opinion, and too long enjoy a Kingdom, which with ſo much labour I purchaſed. I have opened to them the gate of Honour, that they may enter, after that natural death ſhall cloſe up mine eys: and they will paſs through by the portal of Parricide, preparing Ambuſhes for my life, to ſnatch away the ſpoil ſteeped in my blood. Behold I proſtrate them at your feet, not willing to retain any right in mine own diſpleaſure, neither of King, nor Father, but that which ſhall be decreed for me by your juſtice. Yet notwithſtanding (O Great* Cæſar*) I would beſeech you to beſtow upon my old age, which you have pleaſed ſo much to honour, ſome repoſe in my own houſe, and free me from the hands of theſe Parricides. So likewiſe I think it not expedient for children ſo ungrateful, who have trampled laws both Divine and Humane under foot, to live any longer, and ſtill to have the Sun in their eys, to ſerve as a witneſs and an upbraiding of their crime.*

Herod ſpake this with a marvellous vehemency, ſo that he put the whole aſſembly into an aſtoniſhment, and theſe poor young men, who had as much innocency, as ſimplicity, ſeeing themſelves charged on the ſudden with ſuch a tempeſt of words, made the apple of their eys to anſwer, and weep in good earneſt. They endeavoured to ſpeak, fearing, leſt their ſilence might make them culpable; but the more they ſtrove, ſo much the more the ſobs choaked up their words. *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who was a judicious and courteous Prince, ſaw well by this their aſpect, theſe young men had more miſhap then malice, and caſting a gracious eye upon them, *Courage, my children, be confident* (ſaith he:) *anſwer at your leiſure, and be not troubled.* All thoſe there preſent bare already much compaſſion towards them, and *Herod* ſhewed even by his countenance he was moved: ſo eloquent are the tears of Nature. *Alexander*, ſeeing the eys of the whole aſſembly very favourable, took heart, repreſſeth his ſighs, and being (as he was) eloquent ſpeaketh in theſe terms:

Apologie of *Herod*'s ſon before *Auguſtus*.

MY LORD AND FATHER, *Your Majeſty hath not brought us ſo far to the Altars of Mercy, to offer us up as a ſacrifice to Revenge: we are at the knees of* Cæſar, *as in the Temple of Clemency, whether being conducted by your Warrant, and command, it maketh us ſay, your words are ſharp, but proceedings moſt ſweet. If calumny had ſo altered your excellent Nature, as to make you take reſolution upon our lives, to the prejudice of our innocency, you might have done it in* Paleſtine *as a Father, and a King, the ſentence and execution were in your own hands. But God permit you to bring us to the Court of* Auguſtus, *not to leave the head, where the Crown was deſigned, but rather to return it back victorious, and free from ſlander. It is a very ſtrange thing to pretend the moſt enormous of crimes againſt perſons of our reputation, and quality, without ſaying wherefore, or how. Nothing is ſpoken of Letters, Poyſons, Complots,*

complots, Conſpiracies, Suborned ſervants: it is onely affirmed, we are Parricides, and proofs are pretermitted. If this be ſufficient, you ſhall have in the world no more innocency, but that, which calumny ſhall diſdain to fix her tooth in. Our enemies, who for many years have ſpun this web, never could alledg any other thing, but that we were old enough, and of ſufficient courage to do it, and that we might perform it in reveuge of the death of our mother Mariamne. *As for the firſt reaſon, who ſeeth not how weak it is? If nothing but Age and Valour be neceſſary to perpetrate a Parricide, it is to fill the whole world with blood, to put all fathers into jealouſie, and all ſons into crime. For the ſecond, which concerneth our dead mother, ſhe left us in an age, wherein neither could we as yet bewail, nor feel her miſery. After we came out of our Childhood, we have not been willing to ſearch into your Counſels, to ſift out your reſolutions, the iſſue of them ought to make us not more audacious to undertake to do evil, but more ſtayed and adviſed to do good. We onely have afforded tears to her, not to bemone her death, for ſuch were unprofitable, but to ſatisfy our paſſion, ſeeing our enemies ceaſed not to diſturb the aſhes of her, whoſe blood they had ſhed. Father, if our tears, which proceed from ſo juſt a reſentment of nature, be in your Court accompted criminal, where ſhall we any more finde ſafety, but in your juſtice? Never in the ſo ſenſible apprehenſions hath any word of bitterneſs eſcaped us againſt you, but rather againſt thoſe, who abuſe your authority to the ruin of yours. We have no cauſe at all to hate your life, but to love it by ſo much the more, as you have judged us capable above the reſt of our brothers, to ſucceed to your Crown. Yet have ſet all the marks of Regality upon us, all the bleſſings we could have for, and to ask more would be to require liberty to overthrow us. To what end ſhould we ſeek by Parricide a Kingdom, which is purchaſed for us by your favour, that ſo Heaven, Earth, and Seas, conſpiring with Cæſar, might ſhut the gate againſt us, for which we ſhould be deſirous to make a key ſteeped in the blood of our father? Your Majeſty hath begot us, perhaps more unfortunate then now would be expedient for your eſtate, but never ſhall we be ſo ſottiſh, nor impious, as to do a miſchief, irrecoverably to undo us. Moſt honoured Father, ſuppreſs the ſuſpicion, which you have conceived, or, if you be pleaſed ſtil to retain it, we both will leave this life, of which we are not ſo fondly affectionate, that we would be willing to preſerve it to the diſpleaſure of him, that gave it.*

This Oration, accompanied with the tears of this yong Prince, ſtruck all the ſtanders by with admiration, and as they were both beheld with lowly looks, expecting the Judge's ſentence, every one was enkindled with deſire to juſtifie them. *Cæſar* caſteth his eye on *Herod* to ſee his countenance, who ſhewed himſelf much moved with compaſſion, and could have been content never to have thought of ſuch an accuſation: for verily this action, in the apprehenſion of thoſe preſent, much hurt him, and cauſed his credulity to be condemned. *Auguſtus*, who would not confound them, pronounced, that undoubtedly his children had done ill to diſpleaſe him; but as for the pretended crime, he ſhould raze it out of his papers. Theſe young Princes were too well born and bred to proceed ſo far: there remained for them hereafter to live in good correſpondence, and renew this holy knot of Nature, which could not be diſſolved by ſo good a father, nor children ſo futurely hopeful. This ſaid, *Herod* embraced his ſons one after another, much weeping, which drew tears even from thoſe, who were not intereſſed in this affair. After all manner of complements were done, behold them upon return with their father and brother *Antipater*, who had cauſed all this goodly Tragedie to be played. Notwithſtanding, this wicked creature overwhelmed them with courteſies, and congratulation, as if he would make Bonefires of joy in his heart. Thus diſſimulation goeth along in Court, till ſuch time, that God taketh away the maſk.

Horrible malice.

Being return'd to *Jeruſalem*, one year was ſcarcely ſpent, but that calumny ſet new ſnares to entrap the innocency of theſe poor Princes. *Pheroras* reſolved to excite *Alexander* with jealouſie, telling him in great ſecret, *Herod* his father made too much of the beautious *Glaphyra* his wife, daughter of King *Archelaus*, ſuppoſing it was a powerful means to turmoil his ſpirit, and enkindle it with fury againſt the King his father, and this was to precipitate him into ruin. Theſe words upon the matter were moſt ſenſible to this generous heart, and then he began with a jealous eye to pry into *Herod*'s actions, who, it is true, familiarly converſed every day with this Princeſs, endow'd with incomparable beauty, but in concluſion he obſerved no other thing in ſuch converſation, but loving entertainments of a Father-in-law towards a Son's wife, worthy to be cheriſhed for many excellent parts. *Alexander* notwithſtanding, after this advertiſement of *Pheroras*, turned this Honey into Poyſon, interpreting all in ill ſenſe, and was ſo tranſported, that one day entering into his father's chamber he diſcovered the jealouſie, and ſuſpicion, he had conceived, with ſighs and tears of rage. *Herod* found himſelf much troubled with this accident, and thinking it a thing unworthy his perſon to juſtifie himſelf to his Son, with many words to excuſe that which was not, he onely ſaid: *My Son, who hath put this into thy head?* The other replieth, he knew much of it himſelf, and *Pheroras* had confirmed it. *Pheroras* was inſtantly ſent for, and *Herod*, who oft-times uſed him as a ſervant, caſting a furious glance of his eys upon him, "*Rake-hell* (ſaith he) What haſt "thou ſaid to this yong Prince? It is not a word "thou haſt put into his ear, but a ſword into his "hand againſt his Father; for verily he would no "more endure a companion of his bed, then I in my "Kingdom. Ingratefull creature, ſhouldſt thou not "rather teare out thine own heart, then entertain "ſuch a thought of thy brother? Such crimes as "this never were in our houſe, nor ever will be, un"leſs thou bring them hither. Get hence, and let me "ſee thee no more. I ordain tortures for other de"linquents; but for thee, ſince thou art ſo wicked, I "leave thee to thine own conſcience, not being "able to finde a fitter Executioner.

Pheroras, who was not much aſtoniſhed with this noiſe, anſwereth, he knew nothing, but what *Salome*, who was there preſent, had told him, as indeed this came from her. But the ſubtile woman caſting out at that inſtant a loud complaint, and tearing her hair, ſaith: It was a lamentable thing, that ſhe of all the world ſhould be perſecuted for being onely faithfull to her brother. *Herod* knew not what to think, and ſighed in his heart, beholding the diſſentions of his houſe, and in the mean time ſaw not, that his own ill example was the influence of all theſe maledictions. He did nothing elſe to *Pheroras*, but ſequeſter him for a time: for, although he ſeemed much moved with anger, he was not exaſperated againſt any in good earneſt, but thoſe, whom he thought would practiſe againſt his State; and ſuch *Pheroras* appeared not to be, for he was a Libertine, who had married his own ſervant, attracted by dalliances, refuſing the Daughter of a King, and all his deſigns aimed at nothing but ſenſuality. It was thought, this was not ſufficient ſatisfaction in *Pheroras* for ſuch a crime, and that this might ſtill feed a diſtruſt between the Father and Son. Behold the cauſe why the pernicious *Antipater*, who ever was gracious with *Herod*, making uſe of this opportunity, beginneth his battel more furiouſly then ever, and having perceived ſome familiarity between *Alexander* and three Eunuchs, the moſt intimate of *Herod*'s chamber, he underhand giveth notice, that the conſpiracy of *Alexander* againſt his father was now abſolutely contrived, and that the chief Eunuchs of the chamber, and

Antipater, Son of *Herod*, calumniateth his brothers.

privacy

privacy of *Herod*, had an hand therein. Behold them presently apprehended, and put to the torture: these bodies, corrupted with ease, and delicacy, feeling themselves so roughly racked, spake what they knew, and what they knew not, and in the end delivered nothing but boasts, and vain-glorious bravados of youth, which had escaped the mouth of *Alexander*, that is to say, "That those Eunuchs were "very fools to be so affected to this old man, who "caused his hair to be painted, like a spruce yonker. "He had done all well enough: his time was past, "theirs was coming, the Kingdom could not for-"sake them, having justice, force, and credit in their "hands, and so many valorous men, who would not "in time of necessity forsake them: and such like things, speaking nothing of that, which *Antipater* pretended, yet too much for a jealous spirit.

It was a pitifull thing to behold, how this miserable Court was dis-membered. It was nothing but calumniations, threatenings, summons, distrusts, examinations, tortures. All men looked upon one another, and every one supposed, there was no other security, but in preventing his companion. A thousand sottish things were daily deposed, that were of no effect. There were found not past one, or two, who, extremely racked upon the torture, to free themselves, said, *Alexander* had dishonoured his Father at *Rome*, as much more inclining to amity with the *Parthians* then with the *Romans*; and as torments were incessantly redoubled in favour of *Antipater*, they spake at random whatsoever they would have them, to wit, That *Alexander* and *Aristobulus* had conspired to kill *Herod* by poison, then to go to *Rome* to demand the Kingdom: which had no probability. And when it was asked where this poison was, it was replied, it was in the Castle of *Ascalon*: and the whole matter searched into, there was nothing to be found. *Alexander* notwithstanding is arrested. He, generous, and much offended to see so many tortures, said stoutly to *Herod*, bitterly scoffing: *To what end is it to make all these slaughters, seeing you will have it, that you are deceived? I have conspired, and if you desire to know with whom, with* Pheroras *your brother, and* Salome *your sister,* Ptolemy, *and* Saprinius *your Counsellour. Kill all the world, and you alone shall reign.*

He spake too much to be believed, and delivered it in an accent, which sounded nothing less. However, he was for certain days imprisoned, untill such time as *Archelaus* King of *Cappadocia*, his father-in-law, advertised of this disaster, came to the Court of *Herod*. He took great care not to affront him, nor tell him, that he wronged himself to be so credulous: this was not the maner to treat with a man, who extremely desired to justifie his actions. The *Cappadocian* striketh sail, seeming to have great compassion to finde him in such trouble, saying, *His children had done ill to disquiet him in that maner: that he came not to excuse his Son-in-law, but to chastise his Daughter, if she were found blame-worthy.* *Herod* was so comforted to hear him speak in this sort, that the tears stood in his eys, and *Archelaus*, seeing he had found the ready way of perswasion, began by little and little to declare unto him, that in truth the Princes his Sons had shewed a little too much insolence, but that their facility was much abused, and it would be good to take heed thereof. He did so well, that at the last he dissolved the calumny, and *Glaphyra* being there present, with her eloquence, and tears, obtained whatsoever she would for her husband; so that the poor prisoner was instantly released.

Herod in the mean time lived like a *Cyclops* in his Cave, perpetually in the obscurity of an infinite number of distrusts, still upon the point of acting new cruelties; and, being observed to be capable of all sort of suspicions, the wicked *Antipater* failed not to furnish him with matter enough to foment his jealousies, and by the same means advance his fortunes. A wicked *Grecian* came to the Court of *Judea*, named *Eurycles*, who took upon him to be a Prince, and gave Presents to *Herod*, to insinuate himself into his friendship. The unhappy King relished this man, and ranked him in the number of his intimate friends. He was lodged with *Antipater*, and observing, that he at that time bare the greatest sway in affairs, he endeavoured by all means to win his favour, which he did, familiarly conversing with *Alexander*, and undermining him, that afterward he might carry truth and falshood to the ears of *Herod*, who gave him much credit.

Three years were not fully past, but behold calumny casteth the rest of her venome. Two Souldiers of *Herod*'s Guard, cashiered for some slight offence, were afterward indiscretely entertained in the house of *Alexander*, who loved them, seeing them sufficient men, and capable of good employments. Behold them accused of conspiracy, immediately apprehended, and put to torture. The vehemency of torment made them say, that, at the solicitation of *Alexander* and *Aristobulus*, they had a plot upon the person of *Herod*, to kill him in hunting. At the same time the Governour of the Cittadel of *Alexandrina*, (which was one of the strongest Fortresses of the Kingdom) is accused to have been willing to deliver it into the hands of these young Princes; which he denied strongly and stoutly. But his son, provoked against the father for some disgrace, said, the disposition was true, and at the same time produced false letters of *Alexander*, which seemed to confirm the same, held notwithstanding to come from the hand of Secretary *Diaphantus*, a store-house of falsifications.

Herod would have no more proofs, he caused his two sons to be apprehended, resolving to ruin them: and verily every man at that time accompted them lost. When these things were in hand, *Melas*, a Counsellour of the King of *Cappadocia*, came into *Judea*, to understand the knot of the business: he found it much envenomed, and desperate of remedy. The wicked father caused his sons to be fetched out of Prison, to examine them before *Melas*, and to confront them with the Depositions. *Alexander* asketh, *Where the accusers were*: it was answered, *They were already dead.* He replieth: "It was an unjust "proceeding to put them to death in the guilt of a "lie, drawn out by force of torments, for ever to "shut up their mouth from verity. As for himself, "and his brother *Aristobulus*, they never had any "other purpose but to flie to *Cappadocia*, and from "thence to pass to *Rome*, to free themselves from "the unquietness of their father. When *Herod* heard speech of the voyage of *Cappadocia*, he entreated *Melas* to enquire particularly of *Glaphyra*, if she more clearly would utter any thing touching this design. *Glaphyra* then was sent for, and when at her approach she beheld her husband in fetters, it was a dreadful thing to see her afflictions. *Alas! my dear husband* (said she) *are these the favours of your father? Is this the Diadem he hath promised you?* And thereupon her heart, oppressed with grief, stopped up the rest of her words. Tears stood in the eys of the miserable *Alexander*, who passionately loved her, and all the company was so troubled with this spectacle of pitie, that those there present to examine looked one upon another, and forgat the formalities

Court of a *Cyclops*.

Alexander, Son of *Mariamne*, imprisoned.

He is delivered by *Archelaus*.

Last endeavour of calumny.

Alexander, and *Aristobulus*, sons of *Mariamne*, imprisoned.

malities of justice. *Herod* asketh *Alexander*, if his wife were not partaker of all his secrets. He answereth, Such was her desert, and discretion, that he concealed nothing from her. The poor Lady was a little amazed at this word. Notwithstanding, with great simplicity she said, she was ignorant of all that had passed, as the child not yet born, yet was very ready to tell a lie to save her Husband, and that she never would disavow it, although he should charge her with some crime. *Alexander*, touched to the quick with this terderness, said to her: "Madam, be not "astonished; you very well know, I never had any "other plot, but to carry you into *Cappadocia*, to "visit the King your Father. Behold all our offence.

This cured not *Herod*, but made him extend his suspicion upon King *Archelaus*, taking it ill, he should go about to withdraw his Son, without his privacy. He commanded the Prisoners to be set at liberty, and in the mean time sendeth new Ambassadours to *Rome*, to purge himself from some slanders wherewith he was charged, and to obtain of *Cæsar* full liberty to dispose of his children according as justice should require; which was assented unto. The young Princes are disgraced, and soiled with strange calumniations at *Rome*, so that no man durst undertake their defence. He very glad to have such dispatches, being (as he was) a man precisely formal, and ever giving colour of justice to his passion, assembleth the Council to frame an Indictment against his Sons, admitting all those, whom he saw mischievously bent to countenance his bad purpose, and sequestring others, who might cause some obstacle; amongst the rest *Archelaus*, expressly nominated by *Cæsar* to examine this business. Moreover, that which was an act of great injustice, he never would suffer his children to appear before the Judges, to be heard in their justification: but himself alone entereth into this Assembly, full of gall, and poison. Never was he seen to be so out of countenance, Passion having wholly transfigured him, in such sort, that he spake, and acted things little consonant to his gravity. His friends were to seek in him, and he seemed rather a savage Beast, then a King. Sometime he accused, and lamented within himself, sometime he stammered, and cut himself short. He produced Letters of his Son's, that had no value in them, as was those of their journey into *Cappadocia*, and yet, as if he had got a great victory, he cried out: *Sirs, What say you to this? Behold you not great malice? O that I had been dead before I had known any such thing!* Sometime he said he referred himself to Justice, and that through passion he would do nothing passionately. Sometime he published, he had not summoned this Assembly to judg, but to approve his opinion, to the end posterity might the more abhor Parricide. Then he cited *Deuteronomy*, which permitted Fathers to stone their rebellious children to death, and played the Scribe, or the Divine: then he shewed *Cæsar*'s Letters, of which he made more account then of his *Deuteronomy*, and insisted thereupon, as if the offenders had already been peremptorily condemned by the sentence of *Augustus*. When they came to voices, *Saturninus* the *Roman*, a Consular man of great authority, absolutely disswadeth this cruelty, saying, Himself was a father, that he knew the price of children, and that *Herod* would repent him of this precipitation. This good man had three of his Sons with him, all gallant Personages, and well entertained in good employments, who spake in favour of these poor Princes. But to no purpose. After them standeth up *Volumnius*, a rude man, who drew to his faction all those, which practised to serve *Herod*'s passion, who altogether most unjustly concluded upon their deaths. As soon as this Decree was published, on old Souldier of *Herod*'s, named *Tyron*, very passionate for the innocents, went directly to the Palace, demandeth to speak to the King alone by himself, which was granted him. This honest man, taking him aside, gave him a sharp admonition, even to the reproaching him, that he had lost his wits, in commanding his true heirs to be put to death, to advance a Viper, who in the end would secretly sting him. *Herod* hearkened to him in the beginning with great patience, but speaking over much, he asked him, Who are those, that take exception at this judgment? *My self* (saith the good old man) *first, and such, and such men of quality, whom he named.* *Herod* caused him to be cast into prison, laid hold of the rest, and condemneth them all to death. Afterwards causeth his Sons to be carried to *Sebaste*, and directeth the most cruel of his Guard to strangle them in prison.

Arraignment, and death of the innocent.

These unfortunate Princes, who expected nothing less then such a sentence, seeing the dreadfull faces of Executioners, and the fearfull Image of death before their eys, looked pale with horrour, and asked them, *Who brought you hither?* But they, pulling them aside as sacrifices, and discovering the instruments of their cruelty, soon shewed wherefore they came: for without making any other answer, they took them by the throat, and puting the fatal Cord about their necks, by main force strangled them, devoid of mercy.

The poor *Glaphyra*, who as yet lost not the hope of her husband's liberty, having at that time prepared a new battery to dispose her father-in-law to clemency, heard the tidings of the death of *Alexander*, and withall of her own widow-hood. She, a good space, remained in a trance, then mute as a statue, last of all a little recollecting her spirits, and casting out a sigh from the bottom of her heart, "Wo is me! "(saith she) I thought not *Herod* would have pro-"ceeded thus far. Tell him the sacrifice of his cruelty "is not finished, for behold, one part of the Victim "is yet alive. *Alexander*, my dear *Alexander*, who "for ever in my heart shall survive, needs must you "end your innocent life by this infamous punish-"ment? Must you have him for Executioner, whom "Nature allotted you for a Father? At the last, I "might have been called to receive the last groans "of thy pensive soul, to embosom thy final words, "and enchase them in my heart. Then turning her self to two little children, which she had by her sides: *Poor Orphans, what a Father have they snatched from you? Alass! you are timely taught the trade of misery.* The poor Lady, night and day, disconsolately afflicted her self, and being no longer able to endure the Court of *Judea*, no more then a Lion's den, she was sent back into *Cappadocia*, to the King her father. *Herod* kept with him the two Sons, under colour of their education, but in effect to establish himself, fearing lest their name should serve for a pretext of some revolt.

O the providence of God! It seemeth you much slacken to fall upon guilty heads. These young Princes, Sons of so virtuous a mother, so well bred, so well educated, accomplished with so many excellent parts, declared lawfull successours to the Crown; these Princes, who had been seen (not above five years before) to return in triumph from *Rome* to *Jerusalem*, like the two twin-stars, who gilded all *Palestine* with their rays, these Princes, that promised so many Tropheys, so many wonders, behold them in the sweetness of their years, in the flower of their hopes, at the gate of the Temple of Honour, for a

small

small liberty of speech unworthily massacred, in stead of a Diadem on their heads, an Halter about their necks, and caused to be strangled by two Sergeants, that so they might breath out their Royal souls under the hand of a Hangman. Behold the brave apprentiship, which *Herod* exercised three year together about the time of the birth of our Saviour, to prepare himself for actions much more enormous. It was said of *Sylla*, that if Mercy had come upon the earth in humane shape, he had slain her. But *Herod* did much worse. There remained nothing for him, after so many slaughters, but to embrew himself in the blood of fourteen thousand Innocents, and attempt upon the Son of God himself, which presently after happened, and of which every one by relation of the Scripture taketh notice.

Antipater, the Son of *Herod* from the top of the wheel.

It is time to behold the recompense those wicked souls received, for having dipped their fingers in so much blood, and so many tragedies, to the end we therein may observe the proceedings of the Divine Providence, which spareth not, first slightly to touch and assay by some visitation those, which it afterwards reserveth for the eternal pains of Hel. The detestable *Antipater*, who had directed all the passages of this wickedness, seeing the two Heirs of the Kingdom removed quite away by his practises, thought he had already a foot in the Throne. He continueth his cunning and malice, ever masking himself with the veil of piety, as if he had an unspeakable care of the life and state of his Father, while he in the mean time had no other aim, but quickly to make himself absolute Master of all, fearing lest the disposition of *Herod*, which was very fleeting, might alter; and for this cause he went up and down daily practising very great intelligences. But he was hated by the people like a Tiger, and the souldiers, who saw him embrewed in the blood of his brothers, so beloved by all the Nobility, could in no sort relish him. Above all, the people were extremely touched with compassion, when these little children of *Alexander*, and *Aristobulus* were led through the streets, who had been bred in *Herod*'s Court. All the world beheld these poor Orphans with a weeping eye, and with sorrow remembred the disasters of their fathers. *Antipater* well saw, it was fit for him to withdraw himself, and decline envie, and not sindge his wings in the candle, fearing his father in process of time (who in such matters was subtile enough) might discover his purposes. Notwithstanding, he was so secret, that he avoided to ask leave of *Herod* to sequester himself, for fear to minister matter of suspicion to him. But he caused letters closely to be written from *Rome* to his father, by friends whom he had wrought for that purpose, which imported all he desired, to wit, that it was necessary he should be sent to *Rome*, to break the enterprizes which the *Arabians* plotted against the State of *Judea*. *Herod* having received these letters instantly dispatched his Son *Antipater* with a goodly train, rich Presents, and above all the Will of *Herod*, which declared him King after the death of his Father. Behold all he could desire in the world. But as the eie of God never sleepeth, and supprizeth the crafty in their own policies; it happeneth the mischievous *Pheroras*, who had acted his part (as we have seen) in this lamentable tragedy, departed this life, by a sudden death, and poisoned (as it is thought) by the maid-servant whom he had married.

Conspiracy of *Antipater* discovered.

Herod being requested to come into the house of his brother, to take examinations upon the fact, unexpectedly learneth how his Son *Antipater* had given poison to the dead *Pheroras*, at such time as he was out of favour, to poison the King his Father, whilest he was at *Rome*, that he speedily might return into *Palestine* with a Crown on his head. This was deposed even by the Son of the Comptroller of *Antipater*'s house, and circumstanced with grounds and particulars so expres, that there was not any cause of doubt. *Herod* demanded where this poyson was. He answered, It was in the hands of the Widow of his brother *Pheroras*. She being examined upon the Fact, goeth up into a higher Chamber, feigning to fetch it: and being mounted to the top of the house, she, through despair, fell down headlong, with a purpose to kill her self. But God suffered not the fall to be mortal; they much heartned her, and promised all impunity, if she freely would deliver the truth. She telleth that true it was, her husband had received the poyson of *Antipater*, and had some inclination to give the blow: but that a little before his death, he repented himself, and detested such wickedness; and with these words, she drew out the poyson, which afterwards was known in the death of Delinquents to be very mortal. At the same time *Bathyllus*, set at liberty by *Antipater*, was taken coming from *Rome* to *Judea*, to advise *Pheroras* to hasten the business, and bearing with him a new poyson, if the first were not of force.

In the mean time, *Antipater* wrote to the King his Father, that he laboured earnestly at *Rome* to dissolve Obloquies, and accommodate his affairs with clearness: that he hoped to come to a period in them, and quickly return into *Judea*. *Herod* was desirous to lay hold upon him, and sendeth him this Letter.

'My Son, the frailty of my age, and debility of 'my body, daily instructeth me that I am mortal. 'One thing comforteth me, that having made 'choice of your person to succeed me in my Estate, 'I shall behold the decrepitness of my age flourish 'again in your youth, and, as it were, bury my 'death in your life; since I shall live in one part of 'my self, to me most pretious. I wish, you presently were with me, not so much for the assistance I 'expect from your piety, as for the prejudice your 'absence may impose on my Fortune. Fail not with 'the good leave of *Cæsar*, to return hither as soon 'as you can: delays nothing advance our Affairs.

Subtilty against Subtilty.

This bait was too tempting to defend him from the hook: upon this news he would, as it were, fly to *Jerusalem*; he dispatcheth his affairs, takes leave of *Augustus*, and hastily posteth to obey his Father's commandments. It was an admirable thing, that in the way he never had any notice of that which passed, so hated he was both of God and men. Yet so it was, that being in *Cilicia* he learned, his Mother was disgraced, which much astonished him, so that he resolved to retire back again, but one of his Council (perhaps wrought by *Herod*) shewed unto him, that, if nothing were plotted against him, he ought not to fear: and if any calumny were forged, he rather should hasten to strangle it; otherwise his absence would thrust him further into suspicion. This counsel he believed, and notwithstanding the remorse of his conscience, he took the way to *Judea*. When he was arrived in the Port of *Sebaste*, he began to enter into greater apprehensions of his own unhappiness then ever. For upon the same Haven, where he before had beheld so great confluence of people, which made many loud acclamations at his departure, not for the love they bare him, but for obedience to *Herod*, who so would have it, he perceived the chance of

Woful event of *Antipater*.

the

the Die to be now changed: he was entertained with respectless countenances, and that some beholding him scornfully muttered between their teeth, as cursing him for shedding the blood of his brothers. He was too far engaged to retire back, and the vengeance of God already had scored him out his lodging. He goeth directly from *Sebaste* to *Jerusalem*, and hasteneth to the Palace magnificently attired, and well attended. The Guard suffered him to enter, commanding all those, who accompanied him, in the King's name to withdraw. He was much amazed to see himself taken like a bird in a snare; notwithstanding he went forward, and entereth into the Hall, where his Father expected him, accompanied by *Quintilius Varus*, newly sent from *Rome* as Governour of *Syria*. After he had made an humble obeysance, according to the custome, he came to kiss his Father, but at that instant he heard the roaring of the Lion: for *Herod* retiring back, said unto him; 'Avant thou murderer 'of Brothers, and Father: the kiss of a Father was 'not instituted for thee. Behold *Quintilius* thy 'Judge. Advise with thy self, what thou art to 'morrow to answer upon crimes whereof thou art 'accused.

He strucken with this word, as with a thunderclap, withdrew, bearing terrour in his face, and the image of his crime in his thoughts. He in the next Chamber found his Mother and Wife weeping, with many laments already preparing his Funerals: amazement so seised him, he had not language to comfort them, nor so much as tears to bemone his own mishap. He spent the whole night in great afflictions, finding by experience, it was much more easie to commit a crime, then excuse it. The next morning he is sent for by the Council, where he found the King his Father with *Quintilius Varus*, and many Counsellours of state. Yea, Letters were then intercepted, very lately written by his Mother, which signified all was discovered, and that he should carefully beware not to return, and put himself into the hands of his Father, if willingly he would avoid the throat of the Lion. This was represented unto him at the entrance to the Council: he expected nothing but the instant of strangling, so much his conscience tormented him. Behold the cause, why, casting himself on his knees, he besought his father not to condemn him, before he was heard.

Antipater accused before his Father.

Herod replieth: 'Impious Villain, what hast thou 'to say? Hath God then preserved thee to be the 'last scourge of my old age? Thou knowest, I have 'extracted thee from the dregs, to place thee over 'thy brothers, above, and beyond all hope. I have 'given thee my Money, my Revenues, my Autho-'rity, my Favour, my Secrets, my Heart, and 'Crown into thy hands, in a Will signed with my 'own hand; and thou canst not a little stay, till thy 'Father's eie is closed by natural death, to enjoy it? 'It was thither thy purpose aimed, when with such 'heat thou didst pursue the death of thy Brothers: 'nothing have I done in their Indictments, but by 'thy information, and advice. Wicked creature, I 'fear, lest thou hast stained me with their blood; 'thy Crime now makes their Innocency appear.

At these words he bitterly wept, the memory of *Mariamne*, and his unfortunate Children coming into his mind. He was so oppressed at his heart, that he was enforced to entreat *Nicholas Damascene*, who was as his Chancellour, to pursue the rest. *Antipater* preventeth him, and speaketh in his own defence: 'That he was much wronged in giving credit to Slaves, and silly women to his prejudice, that 'he had received Letters from *Cæsar*, whom a man, 'could deceive no more then God himself; which 'gave a most ample testimony of all his demeanors, 'and of the satisfaction he had given to *Rome*. That 'he never had failed in duty towards his Father, 'and that it were a passage of extreme folly to put 'himself into an uncertain hazard for a Crown, 'which he had, as it were, already in his hands. 'Briefly, without any further discourse, he offered 'himself to be used like a Slave, and to be put to the 'torture for proof of his Innocency. And therewithal he dreadfully tormented himself in such sort, that he began to move all the company.

Nicholas Damascene, who was a rough Gamester, taketh the word out of his mouth; he confronteth the Witnesses, he interrogateth, urgeth, involveth, and puts him into confusion, and thundereth a very bloody Invective against him: which at large is couched in *Josephus*'s history, where like an Oratour he exagerateth all the circumstances of his Crime. 'Behold you not (saith he) a brutish stupidity to 'conspire against your Father, having as yet the 'blood of your Brothers before your eys, and all 'the assurances of the Sceptre in your hands? Needs 'must you perpetrate a Parricide, to make your 'self possessour of a Crown, which was acquired 'for you by so solemn and authentical a Testa-'ment? Look you after nothing, but the blood of 'your Father, to set a seal upon it? Yea, of a Fa-'ther, whose life is so dear to all honest men, and 'of nature so indulgent to love his Children, that 'have never so little merit. An ingratitude able to 'make Heaven blush, and Earth tremble under 'your feet. An ingratitude worthy, that all the E-'lements should conspire to punish it.

This man ceased not to discharge against him words of fire with a masculine eloquence, and the miserable *Antipater* prostrated himself on the ground, and prayed God to do a Miracle in favour of him, to make manifest his innocency, since he found himself so oppressed by the malice of men. It is wonder (saith the Historian) that those, who, during their life have believed no God, would yet acknowledge him at their death. This man lived as if there were neither Heaven, God, nor Angels; and now, seeing himself in the horrours of death, prayed the Divinity to excuse his Crime. *Varus* saith unto him; 'My friend, expect not extraordi-'nary signs from Heaven in your favour, but, if you 'have any good reasons, boldly produce them. The 'King your Father, desireth nothing more then 'your justification. Thereupon he stood confound-ed, like a lost man. *Varus* taking the poyson, that had been before represented to the Council, caused it to be given to an Offender already condemned. who instantly died, and all the Assembly arose (as it is said) with manifest condemnation of *Antipater*. His Father, esteeming him absolutely convicted, required of him his Complices: he only named *Antiphilus*, who brought the poyson, saying, This wicked man was cause of all his unhappiness.

It was a great chance, *Herod* at that time had not caused the sentence of death to be executed upon him; but, according to his ordinary proceeding, he resolved to inform *Cæsar* of all that had passed, and to send him the whole Process formally drawn, to order all at his pleasure. In the mean time *Antipater* is straightly imprisoned, expecting hourly, as a miserable Victim, the stroke of death.

Horrible state of *Herod* in his later daies.

Herod at that time was about seventy years of age; and already felt, through imbecility of body,

the approach of the laſt hour. It was a very hard morſel for him to digeſt. Never man better loved this preſent life: very freely would he have forſaken his part of the next world eternally, to enjoy this, though he in effect was therein moſt unhappy. Towards the end of his days he grew ſo harſh, ſo wayward, then ſo cholerick, and furious, that his houſhold-ſervants knew not how to come about him: they handled him in his Palace as an old Lion, chained with the Fetters of an incurable Malady. He perſwaded himſelf, he was hated of all the world, and was therein no whit deceived, as having given too great occaſion thereof. The people almoſt forgot their duty with impatience, and could no longer endure him.

The golden Eagle thrown down.

As ſoon as his ſickneſs was bruited abroad, *Judas* and *Matthias*, the principal Doctours of the *Jewiſh Law*, who had the youth at command, perſwaded the moſt valiant of their Sect to undergo a bold adventure; which was, that *Herod* having re-edified and adorned the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, and (as he had always ſhewed himſelf, for the accommodation of his own Eſtate, to be an Idolater of *Cæſar*'s Fortune) to ſet upon the principal Gate the *Romane* Eagle, all glittering in Gold. This much offended the ſight of the *Jews*, who could not endure any ſhould place Portraictures of men, or beaſts, or any other figures in their Temples; ſo much they abhorred ſuch Monſters, which their Fathers had ſeen adored in *Egypt*. Behold why this *Judas*, and *Matthias*, who were the chief, thinking the ſickneſs of *Herod* would help them, began earneſtly to exhort the moſt valiant of the young men, who every day frequented their houſes, to take in hand the quarrel of God, according to the ſpirit of their Anceſtours, and to beat down this abomination, which they had fixed upon their Temple. That the peril was not now ſo great, *Herod* having enough to do to wraſtle with his own pain: but, if it ſhould happen they loſt their lives, to die in ſo glorious an act was to be buried in the midſts of Palms and Triumphs.

There needed no more to encourage the youth. Behold! a troop of the moſt adventurous came forth about the midſt of the day, armed with Axes, and Hatchets, who climbed to the top of the Temple, and hewed in pieces the Eagles in the ſight of the whole world; *Judas*, and *Matthias* being there preſent, and ſerving for Trumpets in this Exploit. The noiſe hereof inſtantly came to the Palace, and the Captain of the Guard ran thither with the moſt reſolute Souldiers. He much feared ſome further Plot, and that this defacing of the Eagle might prove a preamble to ſome greater Sedition. But at the firſt, as he began to charge, the people retired, which the more encouraged him for purſuit. Fourty young men, of thoſe who had done the feat, were taken in the place; *Judas*, and *Matthias*, who accompanied them, deeming it a thing unworthy to fly away, and that at the leaſt they ought to follow them in peril, whom they had brought into danger. Being preſented to *Herod*, and demanded from whence this boldneſs proceeded, they freely anſwered, Their Plot had been fully agreed upon among themſelves, and if it were to do again, they would be in readineſs to put it in execution, in regard they were more bound to *Moſes*, then *Herod*. *Herod* amazed at this reſolution, and fearing greater commotions, cauſed them to be ſecretly conveyed to *Jericho*, whither himſelf after, though crazy, was carried, and, aſſembling the principal, ſpake to them out of his Litter, making a long Narration of the good Offices he had done in favour of the whole Nation; of the Temple he had built for them; of the Ornaments, with which he had enriched it: adding, He had done in few years, what their *Aſmonean* Kings could not perform in ſixſcore: and, for recompenſe of his piety, at Noon-day they had hewn down, with notable boldneſs, an holy Gift, which he had raiſed in the Temple, wherein God was more intereſſed then himſelf; for which he required a reaſon.

These now, fearing any further to incenſe him, declined the danger, and put him upon their Companions, leaving them to the pleaſure of the King. At that time the High-prieſthood is taken from *Matthias*, and another *Matthias*, who was held to have been the Authour of the Sedition, burned alive that night with his companions; at which time an eclipſe of the Moon was ſeen, that made this ſpectacle much more dreadful.

Fearful Malady of *Herod*.

Herod in few days, after he had tried in vain, and worn out all humane remedies, was reduced to that horrible ſtate of malady, which is rightly deſcribed by *Joſephus*, and *Euſebius* of *Cæſarea*. God would have him in this life taſt in long draughts the cup of his Juſtice, waſting that caitiff carkaſs with lingering torments. Behold the cauſe, why he was touched with a manifeſt wound from Heaven, and aſſaulted with a furious Squadron of remedileſs dolours. He, who from his young days had been enflamed with a deſperate ambition, felt at his death a fire, which devoured his marrow and entrails with a ſecret and ſubtile flame. He, who all his life-time had an enraged hunger to heap up treaſures, even to the opening of *David*'s, and *Solomon*'s Sepulchres, to extract booty from thence, was afflicted with dog-like hunger, both horrible, and ſhameful, which cauſed him day and night to cry out for meat, yet never was ſatisfied. He, who had made ſo many voyages, and gone ſo many paces to make himſelf great, ſaw then his feet ſwoln with bad and phlegmatick humours. He, who in his life had cauſed ſo many tortures to be inflicted, felt outragious and intolerable cholicks, which racked him. He, who had taken life away from ſo many men, was ſeiſed with an Aſthma, which hindered his breathing. He, who eſteemed Prudence and humane Policy for the ſinews of his Eſtate, felt in his body Cramps, and Convulſions of ſinews, which gave him many ſhakes. He, who ſhed the blood of the poor *Mariamne*, who ſlew her Sons, to make the Kids (as ſaith the Scripture) boil in the milk of their Dam; briefly, he who wallowed in the blood of about fourteen thouſand Innocents, of purpoſe to involve therein the Saviour of the World; died in his own blood, afflicted with a cruel Flux. He, who abuſed his body with prodigious Luxuries, had, dying, his ſecret parts filled with Lice, and Vermine, with an ignominious Priapiſm, a Malady not to be named.

Shall we then ſay, the Divine Providence of God hath no eys to be wakeful for the puniſhment of the wicked? This deſperate Wretch, inſtead of adoring the Juſtice of God at his death, and kiſſing the Rod, which had chaſtiſed him, dreameth of new Slaughters, publiſheth an Edict, by which he ſendeth for the principal of the *Jews* of every Province to *Jericho*, whither he cauſed himſelf to be carried, and, ſhutting them up in a Theatre, calleth his Siſter *Salome*, and her Husband *Alexas*, and then ſpeaketh to them in theſe words:

Notorious cruelty.

'It troubleth me not to die, and render the Tribute, which ſo many Kings have paid before me: but I am afflicted, that my death ſhall not be lamented as I deſire, if you aſſiſt not. Know then,

'for

'for this purpose I have sent for all the Nobility 'of *Judea*, whom you have in your hands. As soon 'as my eys are closed, put them all to the Sword, 'and let not my death be divulged, till first the for- 'tune of these same people be known to their 'friends: by this means I hope to fill *Judea* with 'tears, and sighs; which shall make my Soul leave 'my body with the more contentment.

The Wretch in saying this, with many scalding tears, besought his Sister by all that which she esteemed in the world most glorious, most sacred, as if he had asked Paradise of her, and that necessarily she must promise it to content him at that instant with oath, though afterward it were never executed. In this act alone he well declared, he had the spirit of a ravening Wolf in the skin of a man, and that the thirst of humane blood was become natural to him.

Death of *Antipater.*

As he was framing this notable Testament, Letters were brought him from *Rome*, written by *Cæsar*'s command; which certified him, that *Acme*, a *Jewish* Lady, of *Livia*'s Train, the Wife of *Augustus*, had been condemned for sinister intelligence with *Antipater*, and for that cause punished with death. As concerning his Son, he wholly left him to his disposition. This man in the very point of death still sucked vengeance with marvellous sweetness. Upon this news he taketh courage again, and calls for an Apple, and a Knife, busying himself in the paring of it. But in these employments, as his pains redoubled, he waxed weary of life, which he so much had loved; and at that instant, one of his Grand-children, named *Achiabus*, who stood near to the Bed, perceiving he rolled his eys full of rage, and made a shew as if he would have stabbed himself with the knife he had in his hand (which much affrighted the young Prince) held back his arm, as well as he could, and began to make a terrible out-cry, as if his Grand-father had yielded up the Ghost; whereupon the whole Palace was in an uproar. *Antipater*, who from the Prison heard all this tumult, supposing *Herod* was at the last cast, his feet irched in his Fetters, and did not as yet despair of the Crown, offering, as one would say, Mountains of Gold to his Keeper, to set him at liberty. But, O the judgment of God! his Goaler, in stead of giving ear to all his rewards, went directly to his Master, and relateth to him, how *Antipater* used all possible means to get out of prison, and take possession of the Kingdom. *Herod* howling, and knocking his head, *How* (saith he) *will the Parricide murther me in my bed? I have yet life enough left to take away his.* Then lifting himself up, and leaning on his Pillow, he calleth one of his Guard; *Go you immediately* (saith he) *to the Prison, and kill this Parricide, and let him be buried in* Hyrcanus's *Castle without Funeral pomp.* This was incontinently executed, and such was the end of this wicked Wretch, who had disturbed Earth, and Hell, to place himself in his Father's Throne, according as certain *Mathematicians* had foretold him.

Few days after his death, *Herod*, having declared *Archelaus* for Successour of the Kingdom, contrary to his first will, which was disposed in the behalf of *Antipater*, after he had accommodated his two other Sons with such shares, as seemed good to him, and given large Legacies to *Augustus Cæsar*, yielded up his wicked Soul in rage, and despair, in the L X X. year of his age, and X X X V I I. of his Reign. End of a Politician most disastrous.

A Prince (saith *Josephus*) who all his life desired to be Master of his Laws, and a Slave of his Passions; and who, notwithstanding all his great felicities, ought to be reputed the most miserable on the earth. Behold in what terms this Authour, a great Statist, speaketh it, to teach humane policy, there is no Prudence, Wisdom, Counsel, Greatness, nor Happiness, where God is not present. For laying aside eternal torments of the other life, wherewith this barbarous man, dying in punishments, was encompassed; I assure my self, there is neither Peasant, nor Handy-crafts-man, if he be not mad, would give one day of his life for the thirty seven years of *Herod*'s Reign, which he passed in continual apprehensions, thorny affairs, perilous voyages, sinister distrusts, frosty fears of death, barbarous cruelties, remorses of conscience, the fore-runners of Hell, leaving besides a short and unfortunate Posterity. Behold his Picture, and Elogy!

HERODES ASCALONITA, VULTU FERUS, ANIMO BARBARUS, LUTO ET SANGUINE MACERATUS, A QUO NIHIL AD SUMMAM CRUDELITATEM PRÆTER DEICIDIUM ABFUIT, DEICIDIO VOLUNTAS NON DEFUIT: VULPINA FRAUDE REGNUM JUDEÆ INVASIT, AN. MUNDI TER MILLESSIMO NONGENTESSIMO SEXAGESSIMO QUINTO. REGNAVIT IRÆ SERVUS, JURIS DOMINUS, FORTUNA FELIX, CYCLOPÆA VITA INFELICISSIMUS. DESIIT COELESTI PLAGA FERALIS MORBI, ANNO REGNI TRICESSIMO SEPTIMO, VITÆ FERME SEPTUAGESSIMO, CHRISTI OCTAVO.

Upon the PICTURE of *HEROD*.

A man no whit with civil Grace endu'd,
Of Viſage hideous, of Manners rude;
A Monſter, made of maſſacres and blood,
That boldly God, Heav'n, Nature's Laws with-
(ſtood:
Ill words within no certain limits fall,
But who once mentions Herod, *ſpeaketh all.*

BY the carriage of this Court one may ſee whither Vice tranſporteth great Fortunes. In the perſon of *Ariſtobulus*, and *Hyrcanus*, you behold that the Canker is to a body leſs dangerous, then the diſcord of Brothers to a State.

In the perſon of *Antipater*, a friend for advantage, who ſeeketh to fiſh in a troubled water, in the end fiſheth his fill, but is drowned in the act; to teach you, there is no policy ſo great, as to be an honeſt man, and that he, who prepareth ſnares for another, diggeth his own Grave.

In the perſon of *Pompey*, an Arbitratour, who worketh his own ends under the colour of juſtice, who buildeth his ambition on the ruines of ſtate, in the end, the Earth, which faileth him for his Conqueſts, denieth him a Sepulchre. He found no more Countries to conquer, and ſcarcely had he ſix foot of earth to make him a Tomb.

In that of *Hyrcanus*, too much credulity, too much facility to pleaſe others humours, too much puſillanimity in the government of Juſtice, which head-long threw him into a life as miſerable, as his death was cruel and bloody.

In that of *Anthony*, a paſſionate Judge, who turneth with all winds, and ſuffereth himſelf to be carried along by the ſtronger, without conſideration of Juſtice.

In that of *Joſeph*, and *Sohemus*, that it is perilous to treat with women, though free from ill purpoſe, and much more dangerous to reveal a ſecret, which who will ſafely keep, muſt make his heart a Sepulchre for it.

In that of young *Ariſtobulus*, how the moſt beautiful hopes are ſtorm-beaten in the bud, and that you muſt walk upon the proſperity of the world, as on Ice, that it muſt be handled like glaſs, fearing always they break not in the luſtre of their brightneſs.

In that of *Alexandra*, a boundleſs ambition, deſigns

ſigns without effect, afflictions devoid of conſolations, torments without patience, and a death without deſerts, and all this becauſe ſhe gave not a good temper of virtue to her ſoul.

In that of the ſons of *Mariamne*, innocency perſecuted, and a little vanity of tongue deſperately revenged.

In that of young *Antipater*, policy deceived, the cloud of humane hopes cracked, puniſhment and revenge ever attending an offender.

In the perſon of *Herod*, an enraged ambition, which giveth motion to all his crimes, a double ſoul, crafty, cautelous, politick, miſchievous bloudy, barbarous, ſavage, and withall in the beſt of his tricks benummed, doltiſh, and dull, thinking to make a fortune to the prejudice of Religion and Conſcience. A goodly fortune, to make himſelf great, and live in the hatred of all the world, in the remorſes of a Cyclopean conſcience, a thouſand times a day to call upon death, not being able to die, and in the end to die in a body Leaprous, Stinking, Lowſy, and death to teare his ſoul from him with Scabs, Stench, and Lice, to make it ſurvive its torments in an eternity of flames. See you not here fair fruits of humane Wiſdom, Impiety, and Atheiſm?

In that of *Mariamne*, a ſoul raiſed above the higheſt ſphere of true greatneſs, a ſoul truly royal, holy, religious, courteous, merciful, wiſe, affable, and endowed with an incomparable patience, who as an Eagle, ſtrong of wing and courage, ſoaring above the ſtorms of the world, maketh her ſelf Miſtreſs of Tempeſts and Thunders, which for that they had ſerved as an exerciſe of her conſtancy, and perpetual battels for her life, ſhall through all Ages attend the immortality of her glory.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

Fortunate Piety.

WE have hitherto beheld a Court, which rather reſembleth *Polyphemus* Cave, then a King's Palace, to teach Great-ones, there is no brutiſhneſs ſo ſavage, whereinto Ingratitude towards God, and Vice, doth not precipitate a forſaken ſoul. Let us now ſee, that as unbridled Paſſions are of power to make an hell of a Prince's Court, ſo the Practice of Piety and other virtues make it a true Paradiſe. Behold the Court of *Theodoſius* the Younger, a Prince, who ſeemed to be born for nothing elſe but to ally the Sceptre to virtues, and manifeſt what royal greatneſs can do, guided by the rules of Piety.

Ring of God.

It is no ſmall miracle to behold an holy King. If God affected the curioſity of wearing a Ring, as well in effect as the Scripture attributeth it to him in Allegory, the moſt agreeable characters he would engrave therein, were the names of good Kings, who are his moſt lively repreſentations, as thoſe, who wed together power and goodneſs, two inſeparable pieces of God, but very incompatible in the life of man, ſuch are the corruptions of this Age.

Four ſorts of life.

Some live in the world tranſported with the torrents thereof, and that is weakneſs. Others flie the world, and in flying oft-times carry it along with them, and this is an illuſion. Others ſeparate themſelves as well in body as affection: and this is prudence. But few are found, who bearing the world on their ſhoulders through neceſſity, do tread it under-foot by contempt of vanities. That is it, which this great Prince hath done, whoſe Court we here deſcribe: for being ſeated among people, he built a deſert in his heart, and in a vaſt Ocean of affairs he lived as fiſhes, which keep ſilence within the loud noiſe of Waves, and preſerve their plump ſubſtance freſh in the brackiſh waters. I go not about to place *Theodoſius* the Younger in the rank of the braveſt and moſt heroick ſpirits, you hereafter ſhall ſee others more couragious and warlike; but I purpoſely have ſelected this Hiſtory, drawn from the Chronicle of *Alexandria*, *Zonaras*, *Sozomen*, *Raderus*, and others, to teach certain vain-glorious people, who make no accompt but of thoſe trifling ſpirits, fierce, mutinous, and unquiet, ſtamped with the coyn of impiety, how much they miſs of their reckoning; ſeeing this Emperour, with the ſole arms of piety, and modeſty, carried himſelf in a very long and moſt proſperous Reign, amidſt horrible tempeſts, which ſeemed ready to rend the world; and other raſh Princes, who made ſhew to ſwallow earth and ſeas, were drowned in a glaſs of water.

Extraction of *Theodoſius*.

God made his birth and education ſingularly to contribute to the ſanctity of his life. He was deſcended from *Trajan*, called the good Emperour by ſupereminence of worth: his Grand-father was the great *Theodoſius*, a man, who in arms had no ſuperiour that preceded him, and in piety no better ſecond then his Grand-child. The Emperour *Arcadius* was his father, a moſt generous Prince, who in the very begining of the fifth Age, to wit, the year after the Nativity of our Saviour, four hundred and one, ſaw this infant riſe as a bright Star, at that time when he ended the courſe of his life: as the Poets feigned the Sun reareth himſelf from the bed of aged *Tython*, to illuſtrate the world. His Nativity was foretold by the mouth of Saints, his moſt tender infancy conſecrated by the deſtruction of Idols; God at one and the ſame time putting him in the number of the living, and in the rank of Protectours of the Church, by a moſt remarkable act, of which behold the narration.

His birth foretold.

Prophecie of S. *Procopius*.

Saint *Procopius*, an Hermit endowed with admirable ſanctity, illuminated with the ſpirit of Propheſie, lived in the iſle of *Rhodes*, praying daily for the deſtruction of ſome remnants of Idolatry, which reigned in the *Roman* Empire, when by good chance two holy Prelates, *Porphyrius* and *John*, the one Biſhop of *Gaza*, the other of *Caſarea* in *Paleſtine*, ſayling for that purpoſe to *Conſtantinople*, went to lodg in the Hermitage of this holy man. He having received them with all reſpect anſwerable to their qualities, and entertained them according to the poverty of the Cell, underſtanding they travelled to the capital City

City of the Eastern Empire, of purpose to obtain an Edict from the Emperour, absolutely to destroy the Temples of Idols, and bridle the insolencies of Pagans, who stirred with so much the more boldness, as the drouping faintness of the government of those times promised them impunity, he was infinitely comforted to see so great Personages undertake so worthy a work, and God then prompting him these words, he saith: *Courage, Fathers, the glory of this Conquest is due to your piety: Go stoutly to* Constantinople, *and acquaint the holy Bishop* John Chrysostom *with this design, resolving to execute what he shall think fit. For the rest, know the Empress is nine moneths gone with childe, and that, which is more, she beareth an Emperour in her Womb: upon the Mother, and the Son who is to be born, depends the expedition of this affair.* They, very glad of this prediction, left the good Hermit *Procopius*, and in ten days arrived at *Constantinople*, where presently they visited Saint *John Chrysostom*, who received them with much respect, and very great contentment.

The affair being put into deliberation, the Bishop of *Constantinople* saw well, that the Empress might therein much assist, and that God ordinarily useth the piety of women to advance the affairs of Religion. Notwithstanding, he durst not present these two Prelates to her, fearing his recommendation might be prejudicial: for he very lately had a sharp difference with the Empress. It was *Eudoxia* a woman of a great spirit, and who naturally loved virtue, as milk in her Infancy, but she had a heart extremely haughty, and quickly would be offended, if any thing of great consequence were undertaken against her authority. Behold wherefore St. *Chrysostom*, who was of no pleasing disposition, as one, who had a spirit alienated from ordinary complements, sometimes towards those of his own coat, reprehending her openly at many meetings in the point of glory, wherein she most desired to be soothed, raised her indignation to the clouds. She was as yet in the height of her passion against him, and therefore he, judging it to no purpose for him to sollicite her, caused the two Bishops to be presented by the means of one called *Amantius*, an attendant of *Eudoxia's* chamber, a very wise man, and of great credit with his Lady. She, who knew her childe-bed-time at hand, gave very free access to religious men, as hoping all good success by help of their devotions; and seeing these two Bishops were particularly recommended to her by *Amantius*, in quality of persons endowed with a very eminent sanctity, she was unsatisfied till she had seen them, and having most courteously saluted them, excusing her bigness with child to have hindred her passage to the door for their reception, according to the usual practice towards persons of their worth, she forbear not most affectionately to conjure them to employ their most fervent prayers to obtain of God a happy delivery for her. The holy Bishops, after they had wished her the childe-birth of *Sarah*, of *Rebecca*, and St. *Elizabeth*, began to declare the cause of their voyage, unfolding in very expres terms the indignity of this Idolatry, the insolency of Pagans, the contempt of things sacred, the oppression of people, the lamentable mischief it would be to behold the worshipping of Idols still to flourish, which to abolish, the Saviour of the world had so much sweat, so much wept, and shed so much blood; and to see it predominate, as it were, in the eys of a most magnificent Emperour, and a most religious Empress, who had all the means to extirpate it. That in such a field the palms of eternal glory should be gathered, and that better they could not secure their estate, then by destroying the work of Satan, to erect the Tropheys of *Jesus*.

Eudoxia, mother of Theodosius.

Her humour.

Bishops treat with the Empress.

Eudoxia taketh fire, being thereto otherwise well enough disposed, and promiseth to recommend the business to the Emperour, to obtain the dispatches they required for their better contentment. The Bishops retired, expecting the effect of this promise. The Lady faileth not to offer her requests, and strike the stroke with her best dexterity. But Court-affairs proceed not always on the same feet, which the desire of the zealous move upon: she findeth the Council engaged in these retardations, who think it to no purpose to roll such a stone, "That Idolatry "should be left to bury it self, and at leisure dress "its own funerals. That the means to ruine it, is "to remove the heads of the Sect from all kinde of "Honours, and publick Dignities: to forbid the exercise of Superstition, and Conventicles, which "they make in private houses, to subdue Idolaters, "and burn them, as it is said, with a soft fire: That "the demolishment, which should be made of those "great Temples of Idols which yet remained, "would make much noise, and yield little fruit: "That this might thrust rebellious spirits into manifest despair; and in a word, it was feared, it "might be a means to turn the coin of the Emperour's coffers another way, who drew a good "round revenue from the City of *Gaza*, which "even at that time was in hand.

Zeal of *Eudoxia.*

Judgment of *Arcadius* his Council.

The consideration of interest, which ever holdeth as it were the ascendent in the spirits of men, transported at that time the belief of the Empress, who would no further proceed in this pursuit. She caused the Bishops to be assembled, signifying to them, how having treated this business with much fidelity, and sollicitude, she could not finde the Council disposed to this resolution; that they must have patience, and suffer the fruit to ripen before it be gathered.

Porphyrius unfoldeth the Prophesie.

Thereupon *Porphyrius*, Bishop of *Gaza*, the principal Agent, as being the most interessed, well perceiving the Empress had not used the utmost of her credit, saith to her in a discrete, and effectual manner: "Madam, that your Majesty may not "fear seriously to employ your endeavours in the "business now in question, I promise you in recompense, that God will give you a Son, which you "bear in your body, and that quickly you shall "see it to sway the Scepter by your side. Women desire nothing more then to conceive male children: but, if it concerneth the establishment of houses, they passionately love their Sons. *Eudoxia*, who, notwithstanding all the forcible words of *Porphyrius*, had before not undertaken the affair but sleightly, upon this promise made to her of a male childe, and of a Son to be Emperour, protesteth to employ her self wholly therein, and in such maner, that she not onely would cause the Idols of *Gaza* to be thrown down to the ground, and absolutely raze the Temple, but (which was not to be expected from her zeal) she addeth, she would build in the place of the Temple (it being demolished) a most magnificent Church. *Porphyrius*, thanking her for so much favour, taketh leave to retire to his lodging, attending the effect of the good man's Prophesie. *Eudoxia* faileth not in few days to be delivered of a fair Son, who is our *Theodosius* the Younger. As soon as he beginneth to breath air, behold him covered with royal Purple, declared *Augustus*, with intention to associate him the year following to the Empire of his Father. All the world was poured into joy at the birth of this infant, there was nothing but sports, largesses, and publick

Birth of *Theodosius.*

lick alacrity; ſo much happineſs they promiſed themſelves from this little *Theodoſius*, in whoſe infancy already were ſeen all hopes of the publick to bud.

The Empreſs, ſeven days after her delivery, ſhewing her ſelf very gratefull to God, cauſed the Biſhops to be called, and received them at her chamber-door; then holding her little *Theodoſius* covered with a royal garment in her arms *Fathers*, (ſaith ſhe to them) *behold the fruits of your Prayers, bleſs the Mother, and her Infant.* Then bowing her royal head under the hands, and benediction of the Biſhops, ſhe preſenteth to them the fruit of her childe-bearing to be marked with the Sign of our Redemption, which they preſently did.

Dream of *Porphyrius.*

The good Empreſs having made them to ſit down, *Well then* (ſaith ſhe) *what ſhall we do for diſcharge of our promiſe? Porphyrius* taking the word relateth to her a dream he had the night before upon this ſubject, which was, that he ſeemed to be at *Gaza*, a City of his Biſhoprick, in the Temple of Idols, named the Temple of *Marna*, and that the Empreſs coming to him, offered him a book of the *Goſpels*, entreating him to open it, and read therein whatſoever he ſhould firſt encounter, and that, upon the opening thereof, he found theſe words couched in the Goſpel of St. *Matthew*: *Thou art* Peter, *and upon this Rock will I build my Church, and the gates of Hel ſhal have no power againſt it*: and that thereupon the Empreſs ſhould ſay: *Courage, in good time.* That (ſaith ſhe) very well accordeth with the deſign I have figured in my mind for the expedition of our affair. In few days, I hope the Son, whom God hath given me, ſhall be preſented at the holy Font of Baptiſm: in the mean time prepare ſome very ample requeſt, whatever you think good of, and upon return from the Chriſtening, juſt at your going out of the Church, preſent it confidently to my Son. I will inſtruct him, that ſhall carry him in his arms, to take it, and do what then ſhall be needfull. When he is returned to the houſe, I will do the reſt, and hope ſo much from the merciſull hand of God, that we ſhall have all we deſire. The Biſhops aſſembled fail not to preſent their requeſt, cauſing therein to be inſerted not onely the deſtruction of the Temple, but alſo many Privileges, and immunities in favour of their Churches.

Pious ſtratagems of a woman.

Baptiſm of *Theodoſius.*

The day of Baptiſm being come, all the City is adorned, and hanged, in ſuch ſort, that it ſeemed a little Heaven, where the Sun and Stars ſmiled out of their houſes. The Infant is carried in ſolemn pomp to the Font, waſhed, and regenerated with the water of Baptiſm, by the hands of St. *John Chryſoſtom*, who gave him the name of *Theodoſius* his Grand-father, and then adopted him for his ſpiritual childe. Baptiſm ended, they went out of the Church in very good order: the Princes, and Lords of the Court glittered in robes of their degrees, as Stars; the Court of Guard was in very good equipage, the number of thoſe, who attired in white bare burning Tapers in their hands, was ſo great, that they ſeemed to equal the lights of Heaven. The Emperour *Arcadius* was there in perſon, appearing that day with a moſt ſingular Majeſty, as he, who had given an Emperor to the world. Near to the father the little *Theodoſius* was carried, who drew tears of joy from all the people. The Biſhops, *Porphyrius*, and *John*, beheld this goodly Proceſſion to paſs along, and in the mean time ſpied their opportunity. They failed not to approach near, as the Empreſs had inſtructed them, and with a lowly obeyſance preſented their Petition to the Infant. The Gentleman, who bare him in his arms, received it, and opened it, as if he would make the little *Theodoſius* to read it, afterwards, skilfully guiding him with his hand, he made him bow his head, upon which he cried out aloud, ſpeaking to the Emperour, who was near: *Sacred Majeſty, our little Maſter agreeth unto all whatſoever theſe good Prelates have asked of him:* and in ſpeaking this held the Petition upon his breaſt. The people credulous, and deſirous to flatter the Emperour, thinking the Infant had made this inclination of his own motion, began at that inſtant to thunder with loud acclamations of joy, congratulating with the Emperour, that he had a Son, who, through forwardneſs of judgment, already received Petitions.

As ſoon as they were come to the Palace, the Mother, who had contrived all this buſineſs, made it to be read to her over and over, as a thing ſhe had never thought on before, and ſtraightways commandeth in the preſence of the Emperour to open the Petition once again. There was to be read the deſtruction of the Temple of *Marna*, and many immunities, which the Biſhops earneſtly demanded. The Emperour knew not which way to turn him, well knowing he had very lately rejected this ſuit at his Council-table, reſolving with himſelf to refuſe it the ſecond time. But the battery was too forcible. *Eudoxia* declared, it was an ill preſage not to ratifie the firſt grant her Son had made by a kinde of miracle, in ſuch an age, ſuch an habit, on ſuch a day, and among ſuch ſhouts of the people. I know not who could have reſiſted ſuch ſweet violences.

Marna deſtroyed by the Infant *Theodoſius.*

Arcadius, will he nill he, was conſtrained preſently to ſign the Petition, without reſtriction, or modification; and, which is more, to conſtitute expreſs Commiſſioners for the execution thereof, who failed not, upon the urgent ſollicitation made by the Empreſs, to raze the Temple of *Marna*, and build a moſt ſtately Church in the place.

Women ſtout to do good.

Behold how potent, and religiouſly cunning women are, when they addict themſelves to good. But God made all theſe paſſages conduce to the glory of his well-beloved *Theodoſius*, willing, that Hell ſhould howl, and tremble already under the feet of an Infant, who was no more then born, to make him one day dreadfull to all the powers of impiety.

Contentions between the Empreſs *Eudoxia*, and Saint *Chryſoſtom.*

The joy of the Parents conceived for the birth of *Theodoſius* was not long. I know not through what miſchance *Eudoxia* conteſted again with St. *Chryſoſtom*, upon a wilfulneſs, as forcible in the purſuit as unfortunate in the iſſue; for it ſteeped the remnant of this poor Princeſs days in bitter diſtaſts, and headlong threw her into a death diſavantageous to the reputation of her life: to teach Great-ones, and above all, Ladies, to bridle their paſſions, and never to oppoſe the authority of the Church. The Mitres of Prelates are as the Crowns of the Kings of *Egypt*, they carry aſpicks, which inſenſibly ſting thoſe, who too near approach with intention to offend them, having Juſtice on their ſide. It was a ſhameſull ſpectacle for Chriſtendom, to ſee, upon this great Theatre of the world, a woman conteſt with a Biſhop, and hazard her reputation againſt the moſt eloquent Tongue of the World. This Princeſs was ardent in any thing ſhe enterprized, and made all affairs dance to the tune of her intentions: ſhe ſo powerfully wrought the Biſhops, that they aſſembled a little Council of Prelates, paſſionate, and pliant to her will, who paſſed a ſentence of condemnation againſt *Chryſoſtom*, under pretext of a ſcroul, charged with a tedious contexture of calumnies, invented againſt this holy Prelate. *Eudoxia* would free her ſelf, and, to give contentment to the people, it behoved her to proceed therein with ſome colour of juſtice. Behold

A good document for Great-ones.

Saint *Chryſoſtom* baniſhed.

him

him banished into *Bithynia*. It was a bold act to tear out of the Throne of *Constantinople* a man, who, filling the sayls of Eloquence, as easily moved the people, as Winds do the sands of *Lybia*, which stir at their pleasure. The people of *Constantinople* spared not to murmur, as do the Waves of a mutinous Sea, and their mutterings were seconded with an Earthquake, which happened there at the same time; all tended to a revolt, if *Chrysostom* had not been repealed from this exile by the Emperour's authority.

Being returned to his See, he altered nothing of his former manner, crying out, thundering, and violently beating down the vice and corruptions of that Age. And as by chance *Eudoxia* caused a silver Statue to be dedicated to her self in a publick place, at the consecration whereof many sports, dances, and disorders were used; this gave new occasion to speak, which so vexed the Empress, that she resolved to ruin him, whatsoever it cost her. *Arcadius* shewed himself a little soft, and obsequious to the humour of his wife, who spared no wiles, inventions, credit, nor violence to bring her enterprize to pass. She came in the end (unhappy as she was) to be as prosperous, as she wished in this pursuit. S. *John Chrysostom* is exiled to *Cucusa*, a town in *Armenia*, which hath nothing more remarkable in it, then to have been honoured with the banishment of this worthy man. He swallowed so many toils and incommodities in this exile, that there he left his life, the more to illustrate the glory of his death. Divers prodigies happened at *Constantinople*, as messengers of the anger of Heaven armed for revenge of this injustice. Among others a violent storm of Hail, which much astonished all the City, and, four days after, *Eudoxia* died in travel, having long endured many bitter throws. It is held, her Sepulchre shook, until such time as the body of the Saint, carried in Triumph through *Constantinople*, seemed by the presence thereof to fix her tomb, who had furnished him with so many disturbances in his life.

Death of the Empress.

The emperour *Arcadius* made no long abode in this world after the death of the Empress his wife, and S. *John Chrysostom*; behold him surprized with a maladie, which he presently knew to be as it were a fore-runner of his death. After he had settled the affairs of his conscience, he ordered those of his Kingdom, and though he had his brother *Honorius* Emperour of the *West*, he would not rely upon him for the guardianship of his son; all great men are jealous, and many times diffident of their own blood: but he appointed as Tutour for his little *Theodosius* (who then was onely eight years of age) *Isdigerdes* King of *Persia*, his friend, who deputed a great Prince, named *Antiochus*, to establish an absolute peace with the Emperour, and offer him his aid against all pretenses, that might be raised against his state. *Artemius*, a Consular man, very wise and faithful, took the stern of affairs in hand, which most prosperously he managed in the great troubles and revolutions of the *Western* Empire.

Qualities of Pulcheria sister of Theodosius.

Theodosius was left an Orphan with four sisters, *Flaccilla*, *Pulcheria*, *Arcadia*, and *Marina*, but above all the rest *Pulcheria* possessed his heart from his infancy. She was the Pearl of Princesses, and one of the wisest women, which ever managed the affairs of a Kingdom. She had a strong and pleasing spirit, a solid piety, an awakened wisdom, an incomparable grace to gain hearts to her devotion. Her brother made such accompt of her rare virtues, that he associated her for a companion of his Empire, holding her in the quality of a Queen. She was onely two years elder then himself: the one was thirteen, the other fifteenth years old. In the fifteenth year of her age, behold her already so capable of government, that she was Regent of the Empire, and as it were a mother to her brother. *Artemius*, who had instructed her in state affairs, could not sufficiently admire the vivacity of her wit, the solidity of her judgment, the equity of her counsels, and the happiness, which ordinarily accompanied her resolutions. She then resolved to live in perpetual Virginity, not, as some have thought, to take away the jealousie of an husband towards a brother, and to hold the government always, wherein she so happily thrived; but for a mere inclination she had to the love of Chastity. She easily perswaded her sisters to the same, who took their flights to Christian virtues under the wings of this Eagle.

The holy Virgins, to make the offer of their Virginity the more solemn, gave an Altar of gold, garnished with Precious stones to the Church of S. *Sophia*; as presenting upon this monument the incomparable treasure of their Purity, and making humble prayer for the prosperity of their brother's Empire. This infinitely pleased *Theodosius*, and the more *Pulcheria* resigned her self to virtue, the more reputation she got with the yong Emperour. She then began seriously to make Religion, Justice, and Peace to flourish in the Empire. And seeing the person of her brother was it, which ought to speak by example to all the world, the good Lady embraced the care of his education, as the most important piece of her government. First, with an admirable wisdom she sequestred all those, who might cause any vices to slide into the soul of this young Prince, well knowing, no plague was so much to be feared in the Courts of Great-men, as to expose the ear of a childe to the Hisses and Venom of Serpents, which cast sin into the soul before they have eys open to behold it. She hated, as the shadows of Hell, all those subtile Artists of Fortune, who, to confirm themselves in authority, oftentimes thrust Great-ones into vice, and catch them by sensual pleasures, as Birds are with lime, to entangle and snare them all together. Secondly she procured worthy men to attend near the person of the Emperour, who royally might train him in the exercise of piety, wisdom, arms, and letters, as much as is necessary for a King. She herself, who was well versed in the *Latine* and *Greek* Tongues, and no whit ignorant of the Precepts of the Wise, often discoursed with her brother.

Altar of gold.

Education of *Theodosius*.

Plague of Great-ones.

That God who made Kings, had charged him with a Crown; the more to oblige him to be the best man in his Empire. That if he would gloriously reign, he must begin by the sway of himself. That by how much the more he acknowledged the dependance he had of God, to be united to him in the quality of an instrument, so much the more he should command over men. That our souls were as the mirrours of the Divinity, which, by how much the more pure, so much the more were they disposed to receive the rays of wisdom to their benefit. That vices in mean men were simply vices, but in the souls of Kings they were monsters. That, if he would reign happily, he must establish his Throne upon two columns of Diamond, Piety and Justice; the one would give him to God, and the other would give men to him. Moreover she exhorted him to make himself of an easie and open access to the necessities of all, who should prostrate themselves at his feet. To bear very much Reverence to persons Ecclesiastical, advancing the affairs of religion with all his endeavour. To be very merciful towards the poor, and sick. To gain the hearts of all his subjects by sweetness, therein imitating the Sun, who neither breaketh doors, nor windows to enter into houses, but penetrateth very peaceably with the benignity of his favourable beams. To conclude, she often represented the examples of good Princes, as of Constantine the Great, *and of his Grand-father* Theodosius, *who because they took an happie way, had on earth enjoyed a most blessed Kingdom, and immortalized themselves in the memory of men, with much advantage, reaping whilst they lived, the first fruits of*

of the glory, of which they now in Heaven have an ample fruition. On the contrary, those, who desired to have their passion reign, with, and above them, in their Thrones, were involved in a brutish life, and extreme calamities, pursued with the execration of posterity, and torments of eternitie.

The blessed *Pulcheria* with so much grace did make these good instructions distill into the soul of her brother, who was already naturally disposed to the pursuit of good, that he took therein unspeakable contentment, and resigned his heart to be handled as a soft piece of wax in the artful hand of such a wisdom. Notwithstanding, as it is a matter very difficult so to banish vice from Princes Courts, but that there always will be found some Wolf covered with the skin of a Sheep, so amongst these, who guided the youth of *Theodosius*, there was a certain man called *Chrysaphius*, a subtile and crafty spirit, with too far insinuating himself into the favour of the Prince, cast in the end some blemish upon this fair soul, and made work enough for *Pulcheria*, as we shall see hereafter. But at that time all was very peaceable: *Pulcheria* repleniſhed the heart of her brother with wisdom, the Court with good examples, the Altars with vows, and the world with benefits. And all so prospered in her hands, that it seemed, the golden Age, foretold to be under the government of a Virgin, was returned to the world.

The Emperour was now arrived near the limits of his twentieth year, and it was thought very expedient to tie him in the bonds of a chaste marriage, to which he should bring the innocency of an Age, bred either in the contempt, or ignorance of vice. *Pulcheria* cast her eys both within and without the Kingdom, to finde a wife suitable to his humour, at which time the providence of God, that guideth our lives and affairs, gave an admirable testimony of his authority, leading a Maiden, poor, unknown, needy, as by the hand, first to *Constantinople*, afterward to the Marriage-bed of the Emperour. So many Queens and Princesses affected this alliance, and every one promised it to themselves, flattering their hopes therein, when to the wonder of the world God caused the lot to fall upon a silly creature.

Admirable adventures of *Athenais*

Leontius, a Painim Philosopher, bred up in a poor Cottage, had one onely Daughter, which at that time was as a Diamond hidden in a dung-hill, no man knowing the worth thereof: God drew it from this darkness to make it glitter in the prime Court of the world. This is the admirable *Athenais*, who was singularly privileged from Heaven with beauty of body, but incomparably heightned with gifts of the mind. Her father instructed her from her tender years, and enabled her in Philosophie, Rhetorick, Poesie, and other arts, wherewith usually they are adorned, who are ingeniously bred. This Maid lived by learning as the Bee by the dew, and all her pleasure was to study, thereunto invited by two powerful motives; first, the fervour of her Spirit, sparkling like a flaming Wheel, and secondly, ambition of Sex, which made her desire to transcend men in their best faculties. That, which the Poets have feigned of *Pallas*, is a fable, but he that should behold *Athenais* might see a true *Pallas*. It seemed she was some Intelligence, who had left the Heavenly Orbs, to come to be enchased in this beautious body, and converse with men. It was said, her father, well read in the knowledg of Stars, foretold the good fortune which should happen to her, and that making his Will he left all his wealth to two sons he had, to wit, *Genas* and *Valerius*, making no mention of his daughter so much beloved, whereat she being sad, *Let Heaven alone* (saith he) *dear daughter, your fortune will be good; more shall you have then your brothers.* Thus man is often pleased to mix the verity of Histories with some Fables, to give reputation to predictions of *Mathematicians*, as if the Stars had some power upon that which absolutely dependeth on the pleasure of God, or as if one must study much in the book of the Planets, to say, that a Maid bright as a Star, and wise as *Minerva*, was to come to great fortune. Howsoever it be, as soon as her fathers eys was shut, the wicked brothers, greedy, as Griffons, used their sister most inhumanely. Interest had neither eys for the Beauty, nor ears for the Eloquence of *Athenais*: behold her despoiled and driven from her fathers dwelling, enforced to retire to the house of a poor Aunt she had in the City of *Athens*.

She must make this Ship-wrack to arrive to a good Haven: she were lost, had she not had such a loss. This Aunt gave her notice of another Kinsman in *Constantinople*. They both resolve to visit her, and mediate something by her means. Behold they are now in the capital City of the Empire, not well knowing who brought them thither: but God, who was their guid, secretly contrived this work. The good Kinswoman of *Constantinople* competently entertaineth, and lodgeth them, very glad she might exercise her charity on a creature so well deserving. The City was much pleased with the gracious acceptance *Pulcheria* gave to all afflicted persons, and the justice she rendered to those, who were oppressed by violence. The good women, Cousins of *Athenais*, thought they should not do amiss to complain to the Princess of the wrong she had received from her brothers, and espying their opportunity, they both took her along with them. It was not now needful to beg much the favour of admittance, the Maiden bare her letters of recommendation on her fore-head. *Pulcheria* at her entrance was dazled with the brightness of her aspect, and when she began to unlose her tongue, never was *Syren* so attractive with songs, as she with words. *Pulcheria* not onely heard with patience, but greediness, still fearing she would make an end of her discourse, such pleasure she took therein. Many questions she asked her, and above all very particularly enquired of her Kindred, how she had been bred, and whether she were a Virgin: which having judiciously found according to her desire, she put the business into suspense to hear it again another time, by the course of audience ordinarily given: and from that time she had a strange design in her heart, to make her wife of the Emperour her brother.

Politicians, who will measure all things by their own ell, and penetrate into the purposes of the whole world, judg this manner of proceeding was a great wisdom in *Pulcheria*, ever desirous to sway and possess the spirit of her brother. She foresaw, if he married some great Princess, she might bring with the titles and Crowns of her Ancestours, pride and disdain into the house, and that so many alliances as she might have, might divert *Theodosius* his mind on many objects: That she being of noble extraction would rule without a companion, and therefore it was better still to hold the highest place in government: that she should make choise of some virtuous and handsom Maid, though of mean parentage, to frame her as her creature, dispose of her where she best pleased, and then last of all conform her to her own will. Thus many judg of others intentions by their own dispositions.

But it is much more likely *Pulcheria*, a creature wholly celestial, guided herself by other motives, the

honour of God, piety, peace, and her brother's contentment. He already had signified to her, he would not captivate himself in an enforced and ceremonious Marriage, and that he desired no other portion with the woman he should marry, but Virtue, and Beauty; which was the cause the Princess supposed this Maiden was fitly sent from Heaven, in the time he was in the treaty of Marriage. She failed not to make relation to her brother concerning an *Athenian* Maid, who was presented to her upon a suit in Law, which she commenced against her brothers, who unworthily had used her, and was indeed the most Beautiful, Innocent, and best-spoken creature, which might be found throughout the whole Empire. She thereunto added no other thing at this time. It is enough to put matches to the fire without commanding them to burn. *Theodosius*, upon the report his sister made of this incomparable beauty, asked if there were no means to see her. *Pulcheria* answereth, she had given day to hear her cause. The Emperour, whether it were he used not to be present in such Audiences, or whether he would hear her speak to her own Sex with the more natural propriety, fearing he should give her too much respect, if he presented himself in judgment, made his sister to sit in the Tribunal, himself resolving to see all that should pass through a secret window prepared for this purpose. *Athenais* faileth not to come, on the day and hour assigned, to plead her cause. Then was plainly to be seen the Empire, which humane beauty and an eloquent tongue have over earthly powers. The confident maid, having before broken the Ice when first she spake to the Princess, speaks now to her with much liberty:

Athenais pleadeth her cause.

MADAM, *I shall have cause to love my shipwrack all my life-time, since it hath given me opportunity to arrive at your feet, as to the port, where all miseries are powred out, to be changed into felicities. Your Majesty may see the violence of my brothers great, since it hath constrained me to undertake this voyage with much toyl, and now presently to trouble your ears with my complaints, which the softness of my nature should cause me to smother, were it not they are extorted by a powerful hand, which is that of necessity. Had my brothers granted me so much of my father's goods (which was mean enough, yet for my enablement sufficient) but one sole silly Cottage, I patiently would have satisfied my self without pressing their fortunes. But they have not left me one inch of Land, and, which is more, have driven me from my father's house (where I ever have inhabited) with exceeding much incivility, which I had rather dissemble, it being not my intention to accuse my own blood, to which I have wished as much good as to my self. By their own saying, I have no other fault, for which I ought to be banished, and despoiled, but certain privileges of Nature. They alledge unto me for all reason, that I may hope for a good fortune, and that it was sufficient even in my father's judgment. If imaginary hopes are of power to dispose true and lawful heirs, what may we hereafter expect to be solid in the world? As for my own part, I have nothing to do with such fantasies as they form to themselves: I desire not great fortunes, but content my self with that mediocrity my birth hath allotted me. A little wealth shall suffice to put me in safeguard against the accidents of a necessitous life, and sweetly to manure the Sciences my father left me as a portion. Hereupon* Madam, *I most humbly beseech your Majestie will be pleased to be informed of this I affirm, and if you finde it, as it is, true, to do me justice, which I must seek in your Court, it being banished from all the world beside.*

She spake these words with so much grace, that all those there present were ravished therewith, persecuted beauty never wanting compassion throughout the world. Every one wished her well, each one became her Advocate, yet some were pleased to importune her with many curious questions in this affair, to put her upon replies, and make her exercise the vivacity of her excellent wit, wherein most happily she gave satisfaction.

Theodosius beheld all this with affectionate tenderness: the eye and tongue of this creature mutually divided his heart, at one and the same instant love surprized him by the eys and tears. *Pulcheria*, without making any other proposition, promiseth all favour to the suppliant, and having dismissed her, goeth to visit her brother, who had the arrow of chast love deeply fixed in his heart. Resolutely he saith to his good sister, that never would he have other wife then *Athenais*. They were now upon the point to proceed in the marriage: but it was found she was uncapable of that Sacrament, being not as yet baptized. Her Painim father had bred her in Paganism: better she knew the *Theogeny* of *Hesiodus*, then the Genealogie of *Jesus Christ*, better *Homer's* Iliads, then the Books of the Gospels, better the Apopthegms of *Pythagoras*, then the Commandments of God. All the Court, which had be rapt in admiration with her pleading, was much troubled to see so fair a soul drencht in infidelity: some seriously treated with her about her conversion. *Atticus* the Patriarch of *Constantinople* employed himself therein to the utmost of his power. *Paulinus*, a great favorite of *Theodosius*, who was now upon some terms of jealousie with him, by occasion of a late accident, made himself as it were a prime agent in this business, seeing his Master affected it so ardently. And being well read in divine and humane learning, beyond the profession of a Sword-man, and most eloquent to explicate himself, he marvellously by his conference advanced the conversion of *Athenais*. In the beginning she was obstinate in Pagan doctrine, and fortified her self upon all propositions with *Homer's Iliads*, which she alledged as her Gospel; and when the great indecencies were opened to her, which this Poet attributeth to these heathen gods, she sheltered her self with subtilties, as a Hedg-hog with his quils, evading by oblique interpretations, drawn from the allegorical sense, so that much ado there was to disarm her. In the end, God, who would have her to be his, unsealeth her eys, and maketh her behold, as in the glass of a bright mirrour, on the one side the impertinences of Idolatry, and on the other the greatness, majesty, verity, solidity of our faith. As soon as the first reflection began to fall directly upon her understanding, behold all the wild fancies of her opinions were scattered, to give place to the truth. Never any soul more savourly tasted its conversion, never any creature more affectionately resented the benefit of calling to Christianity. She bathed her self in the knowledge of our mysteries, as in a sea of delights, and in short time became so skilful in the law, that she wrote in *Homer's* verses the principal acts of *Jesus Christ*: and even as *Mary Magdalene* with the same hair, wherewith she had weaved nets for wanton love, made a towel to wipe the feet of our Saviour, so the devout *Athenais* consecrateth from henceforth all the graces of her wit and learning, which she had mis-used in vanities, to the Tropheys of *Jesus*.

Her conversion.

She was baptized at *Constantinople* with joy, and incredible magnificence, named *Eudoxia*, at the holy Font of Baptism, confirmed in Christianity, nourished with holy Sacraments, wherein she was entertained with most sensible devotion. The Ceremonies ended, *Pulcheria* caused her to be called, saying:

Eudoxia, *my sister, it is now time you forget the house of your father, and that you withdraw the suit against your brothers. God who hath granted you the life of the soul, and lights of faith, hath magnificently provided for the ornament of your person: for he hath chosen you to be the lawfull wife of the Emperour* Theodosius, *our most honoured Lord and brother. All is agreed on, and such is his resolution, nothing more remaineth but your consent.*

The holy maid astonished at such words, covered her forehead with the vermilion of shamefastness, and prostrating her self at the feet of *Pulcheria*, be-

beſought her, to entertain her onely in her Palace with her maids, in the quality of a ſervant, to waſh the feet of others, as *Abigail* ſpake. But the more ſhe ſhewed humility, the more ſhe ſeemed recommendable, and *Theodoſius*, to whom virtue ſerved as a powerfull motive, was after her converſion much more enflamed to love her. She muſt yield her ſelf to the will of God. Behold her, wife of the Emperour; the marriage was ſolemnized on the ſeventh of *June*, in the year 421. with all pomp correſpondent to the Majeſty of ſo great an Emperour, and the joy of ſuch a marriage.

Her brothers underſtanding the good fortune their ſiſter had, afflicted as they were with their own conſcience, fled like wilde men, no man purſuing them. But the good Queen, conſecrating the firſt acts of her Chriſtianity to forgetfulneſs of injuries, cauſed them to return, and obtained of the Emperour for the one, the government of *Sclavonia*, and for the other, a moſt honorable place in Court. God knows, the good women, who, with ſo much charity had aſſiſted her, were not forgotten. Nothing was changed in her but ſect, and condition, all the virtues of humility, modeſty, and affability, remained with her, and how much the higher ſhe was raiſed, ſo much the more ſhe under-valued her ſelf, as if ſhe had foreſeen the ſtorm which ſhould afterward aſſail her.

Sanctity of *Theodoſius* his Court.

Hither it is, I call all Noble and Great men, who flatter their ſenſuality by a falſe imagination of impoſſibility in the way of perfection, while they abide in Courts and greatneſs, in company, and affairs. The Court of young *Theodoſius* was at that time, the prime Court of the world; that of the *Roman* Emperour was fallen into eclipſe. Thither was the confluence of all Nations, the ebb, and flood of great affairs, a profound peace, an abſolute power to ſatisfie all ſorts of deſires with attractive objects, and delights, ever ready to be reaped; and in the mean time, what a life led the new couple? what a life *Pulcheria* and her ſiſter? what Monaſtery more regular then the Court of this Emperour? what virtue, what chaſtity, what ſanctity, what devotion, was ever found in Cloiſters, which hath not here been ſeen with ſo much the more luſtre, as it is more difficult to have all vices a power, and all virtues in will? If in Religion the firſt accompt be made of devotion, which is the maſter-wheel of all great actions, this Court was as the Tabernacle of the antient Law, which born amongſt Armies, environed with hoſts of men, briſtled round about with Pikes and Javelins, ever retained a ſweet ſilence, a chaſte Religion, a ſacred veneration, and perpetually had holy fire in centinel, victims, and prayers in ſacrifice.

So the Palace of *Theodoſius* amongſt all the clamours of affairs, all the rumours tumults, and accidents, which upon one ſide and other occur in a large Empire, never ſo much ſlackened as to loſe the ſweetneſs of prayer, which was as the Manna theſe Royal ſouls daily gathered in the deſert, which they had planted in the midſt of their hearts. *Pulcheria*, as the Abbeſs, governed the devotion of all the reſt, by her counſel and example. As ſoon as break of day drew the curtain of Heaven, to diſcover the works of God, they adored the work-man, and aſſembling in the houſhold Chappel, ſung the praiſes of God, following therein the courſe of the Church-prayers. The whole time was there circumvolved in compaſs: the divine office had the firſt fruits of affairs, and recreations had likewiſe their turn, nothing was exorbitant, where all was done by weight and meaſure. If in religious life ſo much eſteem be had of poverty, as of walls, and rampires of the City of God, where ſhall you find a more admirable poverty, then in this Court? Is it not a prodigious thing to be ſpoken, that this good Emperour, for whom Seas and Rivers ran, for whom the earth opened her boſom with ſo much prodigality, for whom ſhe kept ſo many magazines of Gold and Silver within her entrails, beholding himſelf among the revenues of a great Empire, ſo husbanded them for the entertainment of things neceſſary, wherein he was ever magnificent, that he ſuffered no exceſs in his own perſon? He uſed all his bleſſings as things borrowed, and ſometimes in his own particular, would not permit the expenſe of his diet exceed the value of the work of his own hands. He painted verly well, and took pleaſure, ſo much as affairs would give leave, to delineate the holy Scripture in moſt noble characters, ſaying to his familiars, It was reaſon, ſince all the world took pains in his Kingdom, himſelf ſhould have a Trade, and that as others, he ſhould learn to dip his bread in the ſweat of his brow, and his body being of the ſame compoſition which others are, it was fit to exerciſe the ſame labours.

Such innocency was very far from the profuſions which are made in Princes Courts, with the expenſe of the peoples blood, a matter, that beyond all other burthens would ſurcharge them at the Judgment-ſeat of God. The Emperour's ſiſters, to imitate him, had always their works in their hands, that they might leave no paſſage open to idleneſs. If in Religion chaſtity be eſteemed, here the conjugal ſupereminently flouriſhed between *Theodoſius*, and *Eudoxia*, virginity in *Pulcheria*, and her ſiſters, *Marina*, *Flaccilla*, *Arcadia*, was as redolent balm, which aſcended to Heaven in a perpetual ſacrifice. The very name onely of diſhoneſty, was not ſo much as known in this Palace, yet all things were therein learned, but vice and idleneſs. Glances of the eye were ſimple, and Dove-like, words pondered, ordinary diſcourſes of the imitation of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and virtues of Saints, carriage full of reſpect, Honour, and Majeſty. This chaſtity abode among the chief in Court, and was ſpread over all the reſt by the odour of good example, as do the rays of the Sun, which involve the whole world, without ever parting from the original Fountain of light. If in Religion obedience be eſteemed, this Court was the very model of well-obeying, and commanding. Thoſe holy ſouls had made a law to themſelves moſt exactly, to obſerve all the Commandments of God and the Church; to reverence the Prelates of the ſame, to cheriſh, aſſiſt, comfort the religious, and all Eccleſiaſtical Orders with moſt cordial affection, tempted with holy reverence in ſuch ſort, that the moſt auſtere Monks could not be more punctual in religious obedience, then all of this Court, were in the government of their conſciences. God for reward, imprinted on the Emperours forehead the rays of his Majeſty, which made him ſo much the more awfull, as he leſs of purpoſe ſought to make himſelf ſuch.

Excellent chaſtity and modeſty.

Note here O Noblemen, an holy Court

If in religious Orders, they live in perpetual exerciſe of mortification, what life more mortified, then to behold ſo much humility in ſovereign Greatneſs, ſo much chaſtity in vigorous youth; in an abſolute power to do all, ſo much retention? In ſo much ſcience, ſo much conſcience? ſo much temperance, among ſo many occaſions of delights? Beſides the Faſts of the Church, which were there exactly kept, abſtinence was obſerved on the Wedneſday, and Friday in every Week. The Emperour gave the example, his wife, and ſiſters imitated it, their table was rather a perpetual liſt of temperance, then a proviſion of dainties.

Mortification.

A worthy Act.

It was obſerved, the good Prince travelling one day through the heats of Summer, full of duſt, and ſweat, his Court being in great ſcarcity of water, behold a Peaſant cometh, who preſenteth him with a draught of cool water in a fair cryſtal glaſs: he was in his paſſions ſo mortified, that as another *David*, after he magnificently had recompenſed the good man's Preſent, he gave it back again to beſtow where he pleaſed, without once touching it, thinking it unreaſonable he ſhould flatter his own taſte, during the thirſt of his followers.

He ſometimes ſtole away in hunting, and went to Dine with ſome Hermit, where he fed on a little ſlice of mouldy bread, and drank the clear water of the Fountain, proteſting afterward, it was one of the beſt repaſts he had made, for commonly it was ſeaſoned with ſacred diſcourſe, and wholſome counſel. In his apparel, although he appeared full of Majeſty, according to his quality, yet he oftentimes hid under his royal Purple the old frock, or hair-ſhirt of ſome holy Anchoret. In publick Shews he alſo abſtained from gazing, that ſeeing, one would have thought him blinde. His virtues were ſo much the more, as they had the leſs of affectation. He was in converſation among men, as a man, and yet therein preſerved himſelf pure as an Angel.

If Religion be the Hive, wherein the hony of good doctrine is made, *Theodoſius* was moſt ſtudious, and well verſed in divine and humane Learning: he oft ſpent one part of the night in ſtudy, that he might employ the day in his affairs; and that which is an admirable note of infinite ſweetneſs, and facility, this good Emperour, for whom a thouſand, and a thouſand, would have thought themſelves moſt happy to paſs the night in watching, he, for fear of interrupting the ſleep of any the meaneſt ſervant, cauſed by art a marvellous Lamp to be made, which perpetually flamed, Oil running thereinto by certain little paſſages, or conduits, which eaſily were turned. There was no Prelate ſo learned, who admired not his great promptneſs to repeat by heart all the Texts of the Bible: and as for the Civil Law, he was ſo converſant therein, that he cauſed, by his direction, that notable Book of *Imperial Conſtitutions* to be compiled, which to this day beareth his Name.

Admirable lamp.

Briefly, to ſhew that *Theodoſius* in his Court yielded nothing at all in perfection to the moſt auſtere Hermits, *Glycas* recounteh, that an holy Anchoret, who had paſſed fourty years in the horrour of a dreadfull Penance, as he one day was touched with ſome ſleight imaginations of his own merit, God revealed unto him, that in thoſe fourty years he had done nothing in the deſert in matter of perfection, which the Emperour *Theodoſius* had not performed in his Court. This put into his heart ſo ſharp a ſpur to know the conſcience of the Emperour, that he went directly to the Court, where he was very courteouſly received: and conſidering with himſelf how the Prince was clothed, uſed, ſerved, honored, he had much ado to underſtand where this perfection was. In the end, one day ſpeaking to him apart, he conjured him for God's ſake, to recount ſome good works he did. *Theodoſius* felt a marvellous ſtrife in his ſoul, in the contention between his humility and obedience: humility ſought to hide it ſelf, but the obedience he ought to yield to a man, who conjured him with ſo many ſigns, to tell him in the name of God what he did, and to teſtifie a truth, prevailed with him. After he had bewailed his imperfections, he recounted with much modeſty his prayers, abſtinencies, alms, mortifications of hair-cloth, and ſuch like, and then added, that being ſometimes enforced to be preſent in the Theatres, to wit, in ſports, and paſtimes, wherein the wiſeſt were ſpectatours with much liberty, he at that time in ſuch maner withdrew his ſight, that none of thoſe levities entered into his eyes: ſo that amongſt ſo many Horſe-races, ſhews, oſtents, pomps, and noiſe, he was ever in a perpetual tranquillity. The Hermit was ſo amazed, to hear of ſuch mortification of ſenſe and appetite, in occaſions ſo moving, that away he went, no further preſuming of himſelf, but ſingularly edified by the life of the Emperour.

Arrival of an holy Hermit, and his diſcourſe with *Theodoſius*.

If then in his retired life onely he equalled the perfection of Anchorites, who now may ſufficiently value the virtues of a King, which neceſſarily muſt be ſhewed in publick, after they have been watered with the tears of his prayers, and ſweetly manured in the ſolitude of his heart? He was ſo wiſe, and diſcrete, that all his actions and words remained perpetually in as juſt an equality, as do the nights and days under the Equinoctial; ſo milde, that he not onely deſired to ſave the living, but alſo to raiſe the dead; ſo mercifull, that all the miſeries of the poor which came to him went no further then himſelf; ſo juſt, that he made a golden Age of his Kingdom; ſo much he obliged the Church, that it ſeemed his hands were fatal to overthrow all the Monſters of Hereſie, as were the *Eunomians*, *Encratites*, *Macedonians*, *Novatians*, *Donatiſts*, *Neſtorians*, and other ſuch like: and how much the more he endeavoured to advance the Kingdom of God, in ſtopping all impiety with incomparable zeal, ſo much the more God, who maketh Kings to reign, eſtabliſhed his Sceptre, cauſing the heavenly powers to fight for him, and holding the winds and tempeſts at command in his favour. Witneſs the notable victory he obtained againſt *Roylas*, who having paſſed *Dannubius*, with all the forces of *Scythia*, and *Ruſſia*, came pouring like a furious torrent upon *Conſtantinople*. God ſo ſtayed this *Barbarian*, in favour of his well-beloved *Theodoſius*, that he turned him into aſhes with a thunder-ſtroke, and blaſted his whole Army by the violence of horrible tempeſts. On the other ſide, *Baravanes*, King of *Perſia*, breaking the treaty of peace, came into the field with innumerable forces, to ſwallow the *Eaſtern* Empire, aſſociated with *Alamondar* the *Saracen* King, who drew along with him no leſs then an hundred thouſand men: and all this was ſcattered in an inſtant, a Panick terrour being crept into the diſorder of this vaſt Army. This is to teach thoſe, who make no account of Princes, if they be not hot-ſpurs, raſh, and many times impious, what a devout Emperour can do.

Great Virtues.

Notable victory.

But ſince there is no beauty in creatures ſo perfect, which it not ſoiled with ſome blemiſh, it cannot be denied, but that this excellent Prince had (as others) his defects. Among the reſt, he is blamed not to have uſed ſufficient induſtry in affairs, but to ſuffer himſelf, through too much facility, to fall into the complacence of others humours. He ſometimes ſigned diſpatches without well-examining them, through over-much confidence in thoſe, who were much converſant about him, and being of a ſingular integrity meaſured all others by himſelf.

Defects of the Emperour.

Pulcheria his ſiſter, to correct his negligence, reſolved one day to draw a transaction in formal, and expreſs terms, by which *Theodoſius* gave, and conſigned into her hands his Wife *Eudoxia*, to uſe and handle her at her pleaſure. He, without reading the contents of the Writing preſented unto him, according to his cuſtom, let his Pen run, and ſigned it. *Pulcheria* wiſely made uſe of this her grant: for gently leading the Empreſs into her chamber, ſhe there held her

Rare act of *Pulcheria*, to correct the haſty precipitation of her brother.

her as a priſoner. The other demanding the reaſon, this tranſaction was produced, ſigned by the hand of her Husband. The good Queen knew not what to think, and ſhewed rather a diſpoſition of offence then laughter. Notwithſtanding her complaints, ſhe was held in captivity, and *Theodoſius* asking where the Empreſs his Wife was, it was anſwered, ſhe was in the Princeſs his ſiſter's chamber. She is in good company (ſaith he) but I wonder what tedious buſineſs can keep them ſo long together: Go, bid her come hither. He was ſo paſſionately affected, that the hours he ſpent without beholding her ſeemed years unto him. A Gentleman deputed thereto bare this meſſage to *Pulcheria*. She perſiſting in her game, with a ſerious countenance, ſendeth word to the Emperour, he ſhould not expect her, and that ſhe was not at his command. *Theodoſius* was amazed at theſe words, and could not imagine what game his ſiſter meant to play, having never hitherto known any ſuch levity in her. He preſently haſteneth into *Pulcheria*'s chamber, *And what device* (ſaith he) *is this? Where is my Wife?* The poor Priſoner ſtretched out her hand to him; *Pulcheria* oppoſed it, and ſheweth ſhe was hers, to buy, and ſell, and diſpoſe of at her pleaſure. And as the Emperour admired much theſe ſo extraordinary proceedings, in a Perſon of his ſiſters humour, ſhe cauſed him to read the Writing, ſigned with his own hand; then adding good counſel, *Behold*, (ſaith ſhe) *moſt Sacred Majeſty, the good y order, precipitation, and negligence bring to affairs.* The holy Emperour took this advertiſement in good part, and promiſeth he never more would ſign diſpatches at this rate. But *Eudoxia* was vexed at this ſport in good earneſt. She was in an eſtate wherein ſhe would no longer be overawed; ſhe knew the power ſhe held over her husband's heart, having already given him pledges of her fruitfulneſs, to wit, a daughter named *Eudoxia*, who was afterward married to the Emperour *Valentinian*. It much troubled her, that *Pulcheria* ſtill retained ſome ſmall predominance over her, and ſhewed a ſpirit of command: ſhe reſolved with ſelf, that her perſon at this time required another conſideration; that ſuch tricks had heretofore been well enough accepted in that eſtate ſhe was in, but not as now ſhe is: it is too great a game to play upon Diadems. Theſe petty reſentments of the point of honour eaſily creep even into the pureſt ſouls, and who ſeaſonably ſtops them not, findeth his heart drencht in the gall of certain averſions, which weaken charity. I know not what cooling-card this goodly game caſt between the two Princeſſes, but from that time the one would no longer be commanded, and the other purſued her ordinary courſe, which was to command. Theſe hearts formerly united were now upon breach, which notwithſtanding never outwarly appeared, ſo retentive they were on both ſides. God would exerciſe both, and put them into the furnace of tribulation to purifie them, and take away ſome droſs, which by long proſperities is eaſily contracted. He firſt began with the Empreſs *Eudoxia*, to whom he ſuffered a moſt ſenſible accident to happen, the nature whereof behold, which verily is pitifull. But who will think it ſtrange to ſee *Eudoxia* fallen into the ſiniſter opinion of *Theodoſius*, ſeeing the ſame hath chanced to many Saints, yea, to her, who hath born the Standard of all ſanctity, the moſt Bleſſed Virgin.

Honours change Manners.

Athenais, a poor Maid preferred by *Pulcheria*, could not brook her.

Upon the day of *Epiphany*, as the Emperour returned from Church, with great pomp, and magnificence, a certain countrey-man, a ſtranger, and unknown, brake through the preſs, accoſteth *Theodoſius*, who was of moſt eaſie acceſs, and preſenteth him with an Apple of an extraordinary ſize, eſteemed at that time as a rare fruit. The Emperour receiveth it gratefully, and commandeth to give the good man preſently about the value of one hundred and fifty crowns. As ſoon as he was returned to the Palace, he goes to viſit the Empreſs, and, full of joy, giveth her this fair preſent, which he had taken of the Peaſant for a great rarity. Out alaſs! this verily was the Apple of diſcord, infected with the breath of the Serpent, which horribly rent aſunder this poor Court. The good Empreſs, having underſtood that *Paulinus*, a great favorite of *Theodoſius*, was in bed ſick of the Gout, to pleaſe and comfort him, ſent him the Apple, not mentioning from whom ſhe had received it. *Paulinus* was ſeized with ſo great joy, ſeeing ſuch a courteſie from a perſon ſo eminent uſed towards him, that the contentment he received at that time charmed the pain of his Gout. He ſo admireth this goodly fruit, that he judgeth it worthy of Imperial hands, and without delaying reſolved to ſend it to the Emperour, excuſing himſelf through indiſpoſition of health, that he himſelf was not the meſſenger. *Theodoſius* knew the Apple, which he had very lately put into the Empreſs hand, he turned it on every ſide, and judged it to be the ſame: thereupon a furious jealouſie, as if it had been breathed from Hell, began to lay hold on this gentle ſpirit, all the objects of what was paſt returned to thicken this black vapour, to frame a cloud thereof, and reſolve it into a ſtorm. It is true, the Empreſs loved *Paulinus* with a moſt chaſte and innocent love; one muſt have had the heart of a Tiger not to love him. He was a Lord very much affected by her husband: it was he, who partly had drawn her from the obſcurity of Gentiliſm by his learned and friendly conferences; he, that had procured her Baptiſm; he, that had wrought her marriage; he, that yielded the moſt faithfull ſervice to their Majeſties in the chiefeſt charge of the Empire, wherein he had been moſt nobly emploied: all which made him worthy of great reſpects, beſides that, he was of a very royal converſation, which had great power over all thoſe, who treated with him. The good Lady, who ever had her Pen in hand to work ſome piece of her invention to the glory of Altars, which ſhe affected, was pleaſed to communicate her labours to *Paulinus*, and diſcourſe with him of holy things. All theſe conferences, which ever had been for the honour of an entire reputation, and which before yielded nothing but Honey, were all turned into gall in the heart of *Theodoſius*, by this lamentable jealouſie, wherewith he was poſſeſſed.

Apple of diſcord.

He inſtantly ſendeth for *Eudoxia*, the more deeply to ſound her heart, demanding what was become of the fair Apple he had given her. The poor Princeſs was overtaken, and ſeeing her ſelf between the Hammer and the Anvile, I know not what geſture appeared on the brow of her husband, but ſhe well perceived this fair ſoul was not in its ordinary ſituation. She therefore declining ſuppliant intreaty thought to under-prop her innocency with a Lie, and ſaid, ſhe had eaten the Apple. Virtue hath nothing to do with the veil of untruths to cover it ſelf, it is not her cuſtom. Had ſhe freely told what ſhe did with the Apple, as her intention was moſt ſincere, all the malignity of ſuſpicion would have been diverted. But this ſudden ſurprizal a little altered her judgment, and all ſhe did was to remedy the paſſion ſhe ſaw to be enkindled in the heart of *Theodoſius*, by the eys, which are as the mirrours of our Soul. The Emperour urged her upon this anſwer. She, who already was involved, tumbled her ſelf further into the ſnare, and, that ſhe might not ſeem a Liar,

The evil of a ſleight Lie.

Siniſter accidents.

a Liar, ſware by the life and health of her Husband, ſhe had eaten the Apple. He to convince her of this impudence, drew this fatal fruit out of his Cabinet; it is then flown from your ſtomach into my Chamber without corruption: behold I have found a wonder. The Empreſs at the ſight of this fruit, endured the ſame ſymptoms in innocency, ſhe had done in crime; for ſhe becometh very pale, and was ſo confounded, that ſhe had not courage enough to ſpeak one only word. *Theodoſius* in an inſtant retireth like lightening, and withdraweth into his Cabinet, having his heart wholly drench'd in gall and bitterneſs. The poor *Eudoxia* on the other part poureth her ſelf into tears without comfort, as her miſery ſeemed devoid of remedy.

Here was a rough tryal which God ſent to theſe innocent Souls, and yet we need not wonder, ſince Saint *Joſeph* (as I have ſaid) one of the moſt perfect husbands which the earth ever bare, gave too much ſcope to his ſuſpicion, upon the chaſtity of her, who was more pure then Angels. Love, jealouſie, anger, and ſorrow divided the heart of the Prince in the ſad retirement of his Cabinet, and drew ſtrange ſighs from him.

A ſilly Maid (ſaid he) come of nothing, who was toſſed in a ſtorm as the Tennis-ball of Fortune, without ſupport, without means, without favour, to have been preferred before ſuch, and ſo many Princeſſes, who ſought my alliance, raiſed even to my bed by lawful marriage, to plant d ſhonour there; to have been enobled wi h a Diadem, and negligently to pollute it by her ingratitude, and Paulinus *whom I truſted as my ſelf, that he might ſatisfie his deſires with all the greatneſs and beauties of my Empire, (for all was in his hands) to proceed ſo far as to attempt the bed of his Maſter! Where ſhall we hereafter finde fidelity? We muſt ſearch for it among* Tartars *and* Scythians, *for it is baniſhed from Chriſtianity.*

It is not well known, who in theſe confuſions ſuggeſted to the Emperour this wicked counſel, to deſtroy Prince *Paulinus*. The Soul of *Theodoſius* was too ſweet to reſolve on an act ſo tragical, without others motion: ſo likewiſe, it is not credible it ſhould proceed from *Pulcheria*, who was in affairs more reſerved, and ever guided by the rule of conſcience. However it was, the hiſtory ſaith, the poor *Paulinus*, who knew nothing of that which paſſed, was cured of the Gout the ſame night, by a very rough and moſt bloody Phlebotomy, for he was put to death without any form of proceſs. Others have written, he was firſt baniſhed into *Cappadocia*, and there oppreſſed by the faction of his enemies. O God, what may not depraved Love do, ſince ſincere amity cannot avoid ſuſpicion, attended by an accident ſo ſtrange! Some have ſaid, nothing elſe followed, but the ſequeſtration of *Paulinus*, and that ſhould more pleaſingly run from my Pen, which abhorreth blood. But as the Scripture, ſpeaking of *David*, and other holy Kings, hath not diſſembled their faults, I will not ſo paint *Theodoſius* exteriourly, that I cover this aſpertion of too much credulity, precipitation, and revenge in this matter, which proceeded even to blood; as the Chronicle of *Alexandria* aſſureth us.

It is a fearful example, to ſee a Soul ſo milde, by the diſturbance of a paſſion, and ſome pernicious counſel, tranſported ſo far, to teach Great-ones they cannot maturely enough conſult in the like occaſions. The Father of this *Paulinus* had been High-Steward in the Court of the Emperour: *Paulinus* himſelf from his infancy had been bred with *Theodoſius*, participating in all his counſels and pleaſures of youth: he was grown ſo high, that nothing but the hand of his Maſter could ruine him. He lived in the reputation of a great man, and his words were heard in Court like Oracles: yet notwithſtanding, behold him, to ſatisfie jealouſie, miſerably maſſacred, and the glorious Services he had done to the Crown, recompenced with a direful Cataſtrophe. It is unknown why the Divine Providence permitted the ſame. It often-times holdeth the affairs of the world under the Veil and Silence: but we muſt preſume, all which it permitteth, is done with juſtice. When the afflicted Empreſs underſtood the death of *Paulinus*, ſo ſudden and unexpected, ſhe well ſaw the Emperour was tainted with the venome of moſt cruel jealouſie, and that all her Apologies would be fruitleſs. The poor Lady ſaw nothing about her but darkneſs, fantaſies, and affrightments. The clock which ſtruck, ever ſeemed to her the laſt moment of life, yea, and that in her opinion, over-ſlow to end her miſeries. When her Soul was able to ſurmount the ſtorm, ſhe ſaid to God with an affectionate heart;

Strange affliction of *Eudoxia*, and her words.

Alas! God of juſtice (for I dare not implore thy mercies) thou haſt well touched me on that part which was moſt ſenſible in me. Although I had ſeen my Diadem, thunder ſtricken by thy hand, fall into duſt at my feet, though thou hadſt taken this creature from my ſide, which thou haſt afforded me as a pledge of our Marriage, though all infirmities and maunes of death had conſpired againſt me, I doubted not always to have had courage enough to bear my ſelf above wind and tempeſt. But what light of ſpirit would not be eclipſed, what temper of heart would not be loſt in theſe dolorous affictions? Thou haſt lifted me up, as they do little children to the branch s of a Tree, to make me fall down head-long, and cruſh me with a ruine, as ignominious, as my fortune was eminent. Were I now under the poor roof of the houſe, from whence thou dr weſt me, I ſhould be too happy. You have expoſed me to th mid day light, that I might not be unfortunate without making all the world witneſs of my wretchedneſs and diſgrace. And yet (my God) thou knoweſt my eys have ever been chaſte, and that never any other love entered into my heart, but that of a lawful husband. It is better to ſuffer in Innocency then Crime: but it always is a thing worthy of compaſſion, to behold Chaſtity unworthily perſecuted. That poor innocent hath gone before me into the other world, and hath ſerved as a Sacrifice for his Maſters jealouſie: his ſervices ought not to have been crowned with ſuch a recompence. It is my friendſhip, as chaſte, as unhappy, that hath betrayed him: my ſins are ſo great, that I cannot do good, but by doing ill. My God, expiate them by death, and only deliver me from the hands of diſhonour.

Vanity and inconſtancy of worldly affairs.

Thus went the afflicted Turtle mourning in the ſolitary retirement of her heart: the nights were irkſom to her, ſo much was her ſleep clogged with dreams and fantaſies, which with the more horrour repreſented her calamity; and when the Sun aroſe to bring comfort in his rays to all creatures, he found the eie lids of this poor Princeſs all watered with tears, which he could not dry up.

In the mean time, the Court of *Theodoſius* was in a ſad ſilence. It was not well known what Tragedy was played. The Emperour ſhewed a melancholy diſtracted ſpirit; the Empreſs bare the image of her ſorrow in her dejected countenance: *Pulcheria* abode in a prudent diſſimulation, and an admirable adviſedneſs. The ſudden death of *Paulinus* made it to be ſuſpected there was ſome ſtrange accident. Every one diſcourſed according to his opinion. At that inſtant, *Eudoxia* was ſeen to be removed from Council, and manage of affairs, deprived of the Imperial Bed, abandoned by all thoſe who before adored her: ſhe was dead to the evil life, and only ſurvived to ſee her own Funerals. It was thought *Pulcheria*, who was deſirous to make a ſequeſtration, (fearing leſt her preſence might again enkindle the fire covered under aſhes in the Emperours heart, to poſſeſs it to the prejudice of affairs) cauſed the counſel of undertaking the voyage of the Holy Land, to be ſuggeſted to her under-hand. But it is more credible far, the good Empreſs took this reſolution upon her own motion, for the reaſon I will deliver.

Departure of *Eudoxia*.

A devout *Roman* Lady of a noble houſe, named *Melania*, who filled the Deſerts, Cities, Provinces, and Empires, with her fame, paſſing into *Paleſtine*, there

there to weir out the reſt of her days in peace, went by *Conſtantinople*, and was received at the Emperour's Court; where ſeeing *Eudoxia* endowed with an admirable ſpirit, but yet untrained to the ſweetneſs of things ſpiritual, ſhe endeavoured to give her a taſt. The Empreſs, who at that time was in the proſperities & delights of a flouriſhing Court, thought ſhe ſhould handle devotion, as a Captain Philoſophy, and it was enough to taſt it outwardly. But when this ſad accident, like the ſteel, began to ſtrike on the flint, it made the ſparkles fly out in good earneſt. She was on fire to forſake the Court, where ſhe no longer was what ſhe had been: ſhe ſighed after thoſe places of the Holy Land, as the thirſty Hart for the ſtreams of a Fountain. I well believe ſhe took counſel at that time of *Chryſaphius*, a powerful Eunuch, who had governed *Theodoſius* from his infancy, and was much reputed in Court, cloſely countermining the over-much authority, which *Pulcheria* had, according to his opinion, in affairs; but he took good heed openly to affront her, ſatisfying himſelf to act his part by *Eudoxia*, according to the directions ſhe gave him. This man, very underſtanding in buſineſſes, found it was to good purpoſe to retire back, to come on the better, that it was neceſſary the Empreſs ſhould give way for a time, and that her abſence would make her the more deſired; and that he in the mean ſpace would do all good offices for her with the Emperour, and act his part in time and place. Concluſions of the voyage are made, leave was not hard to be obtained of the Emperour, ſeeing his Inſtrument *Pulcheria* was thereunto wholly diſpoſed. When it came to a ſeparation, which was a thing very ſenſible in mindes ſo long time, and with ſuch ardour, mutually loving: the good *Eudoxia* could not refrain to ſay to her Husband with tears in her eys;

SACRED MAJESTY, *I am upon terms to ſee you no more in this world; for which cauſe it is fit I diſcharge my Conſcience. Behold me ready to depart, not only from the Court, but this life, if you ſo ordain. I ſorrow not for greatneſs, nor delights. I have ever thought the proſperity of the world was a current of freſh water, which looke h not back on any thing, and haſteneth to pour it ſelf into the ſalt Sea. I only grieve, that having brought to your Court two ineſtimable Jewels, Virginity, and the reputation of a Childe of Honour; the one, which I ought rather to have given to God, I dedicated to your Bed, and the other is taken from me by your ſuſpicion, grounded upon a ſudden ſurprizal of a word ſpoken from a heart perplexed to ſee you troubled. You have cauſed the Prince* Paulinus *to be put to death, and in doing this, you have not bereft me of a Lover, but your ſelf of a good and faithful Servant, and God grant the voice of blood accuſe you not before the Tribunal of the Sovereign Judge. I hope God, who is the Protector of Innocents, will one day take my cauſe in hand, and when Truth ſhall give light through your ſuſpicions, you at leaſt will render me the honour, which I ever only have ſought, to be conveyed into the aſhes of my Tomb.*

Theodoſius knew not how to anſwer her but with the moiſt dew of his eys, which began to do the office of his lips: a few ſuch words were enough to turn his Soul topſie-turvy. *Pulcheria* readily made the ſtop, ſaying, That which was paſt could not be recalled, over which God giveth us no other power but of forgetfulneſs. That the Empreſs might in good time go to ſatisfie her devotion; and that, were ſhe her ſelf free from the bondage of affairs, it would be one of her greateſt contentments to bear her company.

Voyage of *Eudoxia* into *Paleſtine.*

Thus *Eudoxia* departed, travelling directly to *Jeruſalem*, and with her the grace and alacrity of Court. All *Conſtantinople* was filled with ſadneſs, at which time the Plains of *Paleſtine* were already comforted with the firſt rays of this bright day-break. Whereſoever ſhe paſſed, the people ran thither by heaps to behold her, ſhe was received with much applauſe, with eloquent Orations, and all demonſtrations of hearts affections; and particularly her approach was much celebrated in the City of *Antioch*. For it is ſaid, the Senate going out to receive her, ſhe replied at an inſtant, as ſhe was ſitting in her golden Caroch, to the Oration pronounced before her, and undertook to praiſe this famous City with ſo much grace and judgment, that the principal and moſt eminent of the City, raviſhed with ſuch courteſie, dedicated two Statues to her, the one of Gold in the Senate-houſe, as to the Empreſs, the other of braſs in their Library, as to the tenth Muſe. Entering into *Jeruſalem*, ſhe was received as an Angel from Heaven: but above all, the Clergy rejoyced at the abode ſhe meant to make there, well knowing the Church ſhould thence derive great ſuccours in its neceſſities. Some perſwaded her *David* had propheſied ſhe ſhould re-edifie the Walls of *Jeruſalem*, becauſe in the Fifteenth *Pſalm*, where theſe words are read, *In bona voluntate tua ædificentur muri Jeruſalem*: the *Septuagint* have tranſlated, in Εὐδοκίᾳ. The interpretation was not amiſs; although it were not literal, it had the effect. For the pious Empreſs in proceſs of time made many moſt worthy reparations. There ſhe began to live as in another world: ſhe ſeemed to her ſelf to have caſt from her ſhoulders the burthen of a huge Mountain, ſhe now breathed a far other air then that of Court, ſhe had another taſte of things divine. All her ſtudy was to pray, meditate, and hear exhortations and ſpiritual conferences, to read and learn holy Scripture, to ſow Charities, that ſhe might reap Merits, to viſit the Cells of Anchorets, to ſee how their Garments and Girdles were made, to obſerve their manner of living, to multiply Monaſteries, to cloath Virgins, to heap up Reliques together, and ſuch like things.

Chryſaphius laboureth the return of the Empreſs; in the mean time ſeeking his own ends.

Theodoſius underſtanding her carriage, and the good entertainment ſhe had every where, thought it was the work of God, who favoured her innocency, and at that time the flames of his chaſte love began to burn more forcible then ever. He loved her with a love mingled with reſpect of her merit, and compaſſion of perſecuted innocency. He was pleaſed to have her ſpoken of in private, and hear the life deſcribed ſhe led in this new world. *Chryſaphius* perceiving him to take fire in good earneſt, followed his opportunity according to promiſe, and one day ſeeing the Emperour well diſpoſed, adventured to ſay:

SACRED MAJESTY, *How long will you deprive us of this Saint? Muſt needs the Deſerts of* Paleſtine *ſo long time poſſeſs her to our prejudice? It is a wonder your Palace hath not been able to endure a Vertue, which maketh it ſelf to be ſeen, heard, and adored in the ſavage Wilderneſſes. The poor Lady hath well paid for a little ſudden ſurprizal of ſpeech. Know beſides, ſhe never hath failed in fidelity to your Bed, and hereon I would ſwear upon the holy Evangiſts, and expoſe my hand to the fire: but God hath already ſufficiently declared it by the ſequel of her deportments. What is done, is done; we cannot reſtore life to the dead, but we ought to yield honour to the living which hath unjuſtly been taken from them. It is an obligation of conſcience. Who hinders how we cannot ſuddenly ſee her by your ſides?* Theodoſius anſwereth; *It would be my deſire, but thou ſeeſt the impediment. I fear my ſiſter will not like it.* Chryſaphius replieth; *Truly, my Lady, your ſiſter ought to be ſatisfied with the abſolute command your Majeſty giveth her in all the affairs of your Kingdom, without attempting on the contentments of your marriage, or the honour of this good Princeſs, whoſe faults ſhe ſhould rather cover with her royal purple, if any ſuch had eſcaped her, but of neceſſity ſhe ought to honour her merits. Let me alone, and I will give her ſatisfaction.*

Theodoſius giveth him abſolute commiſſion, and thereupon, as it is moſt probable, he adviſeth the

Empreſs

Empreſs to return to *Conſtantinople*, with ſmall noiſe, and much haſte, and ſo plotteth, that the Emperour, under colour of going a hunting, ſaw her, ſpake to her, treateth with her of her return, which preſently was publiſhed, and all the City, which paſſionately affected her, uſhered her in. Behold her arrived, as if ſhe had flown in the air, and received with much honour and magnificence into the Palace. *Pulcheria*, amazed at this accident, ſetteth a good face upon it, entertaineth her with ſtrict embraces, congratulateth her pilgrimage, ſpeaketh to her of nothing but Monaſteries, Croſſes, Reliques. In the mean time very cloſely ſheweth, ſhe did not well like him, who had contrived this. *Chryſaphius* imagining he had to do with an imperious Maid, ſeaſoned from her youth in government, who never would forgive him this fault, reſolveth to play at faſt and looſe, thinking he had credit enough to do this by the means of *Eudoxia*. For the love, which *Theodoſius* bare to her upon her return, was a torrent, which after it hath a long time been reſtrained, breaketh the forced damms, and with vigorous impetuouſneſs drowneth the fields. He was ſo ardent and paſſionate, that he ſeemed unable to deny her any thing. This was the cauſe why *Chryſaphius*, whoſe name is, as much as to ſay, *a Seamſter of Gold*, having already made a ſeam of his Trade, ſtitched another together more ſtrong then the former. He boardeth the Emperour under the wings of *Eudoxia*, in the heat of his affections moſt ardent; both joyning to make the battery more forcible, declare to him, That MADAM *his Siſter daily deſired to gain repoſe, as ſhe had often ſaid, and that it was a thing lawfully due for the long ſervices ſhe had yielded to the Crown. That it was a wonder, how ſhe, having dedicated her ſelf to the Church by the vow of Virginity, could perſevere ſo long in Court. That becauſe* Theodoſius *had one, who held with him the firſt place in all favours, on whom he might repoſe himſelf, and was thereunto obliged by reaſon, which was his wife. That the ſpirit of* Pulcheria *was not ſuitable to the humour of* Eudoxia; *when one ſtar riſeth, the oppoſite muſt fall.*

Chryſaphius, an hereſical Eunuch, projecteth to ruine *Theodoſius* his Coſin.

Theodoſius apprehended this buſineſs as the moſt ſlippery path he had ever trod: but what cannot love and the ſoft inticements of a woman do? Wearied out with ceaſeleſs importunities, he yieldeth; he ſendeth for *Flavian* the Patriarch, and entreateth him to put his Siſter *Pulcheria* in the rank of Virgins, who are dedicated to the ſervice of the Church, were ſhe willing, or unwilling. *Flavian*, much amazed at this manner of proceeding, telleth him, he ſhould take good heed of this reſolution, that he undertook one of the greateſt paſſages of State he had ever done in his life, and that the danger thereof was much to be feared. The Emperour replieth, He hath well pondered it, that ſuch was his will, and he muſt ſpeedily ſee it executed. The Patriarch (*Pulcheria* being exceedingly affected by all the Clergy) adviſeth her to withdraw without further reſiſtance, otherwiſe he ſhould be forced to do that, which would much trouble him. The good Lady underſtood well what he would ſay, ſhe had already ſmelt the plot, and was unwilling to do any thing unworthy of her virtue: for ſeeing her fortune altered by the change of the Emperour her brother's will, ſhe freely deſpoiled her ſelf of the manage of affairs, as from a ſhirt, which one hath long worn; and retiring from the Palace, went to lodge in a houſe ſomewhat diſtant from *Conſtantinople*, where ſhe lived in marvellous Sanctity. Virtue is as the Geometrical Cube, on what ſide ſoever it be caſt, it always findeth its baſis.

Virtue of *Pulcheria*.

Behold then a new face of government, which beginneth under *Chryſaphius* and *Eudoxia*; but the miſchief was, an old Dotard, called *Eutyches*, came into the field to ſow an hereſie, holding the body of our Lord, after the union with the Word, was no more of the ſame nature that ours are, but that the Humanity was wholly diſſolved into the Divinity. The hypocrite ſo covered his opinion, that he ſhewed not to teach this doctrine, but for the reverence he bare to the Son of God. This became a ſtumbling-block to many good Souls. As he advanced this propoſition, the Biſhops oppoſed to ſuppreſs it, and he for ſhelter caſt himſelf into the arms of *Chryſaphius*, who not contented to embrace this buſineſs with all fervour, embarqueth likewiſe therein the Emperour *Theodoſius*, and *Eudoxia* his wife, firſt through great ſimplicity, afterward by a ſtrange unhappineſs, which almoſt brought them to deſtruction, if the Divine goodneſs had not otherwiſe diſpoſed. *Theodoſius*, the holy and pious Emperour, perſecuted the Religious, and Saints. He wrote to Pope *Leo*, in favour of *Eutyches*, he cauſed falſe Councils to be held, and covered the ſeditious under the protection of his arms, even to the authorizing the attempt committed on the perſon of the good Patriarch *Flavianus* by expreſs Letters. What doth not a plaiſtered ſanctity for the ſubverſion of the ſimple? What doth not a bad ſervant, when once he poſſeſſeth the eaſie nature of his Maſter?

Chryſaphius entangleth the Emperour, and his wife, in the Hereſie of *Eutyches*

Pulcheria, who ſome years before had ſeen the hereſie of *Neſtorius* to ariſe, and had partly ſtifled it, when ſhe was in the manage of affairs, by her excellent direction, never was deceived in the choice of a ſide, but moſt conſtantly tied her ſelf to the doctrine of the *See* Apoſtolick. That gave a particular benediction to all her enterprizes, and made her ſway in the peoples hearts, as ſhe cauſed true Religion to flouriſh on Altars. All the Eaſtern and Weſtern Clergy eſteemed her, and lent their aſſiſtance to maintain her authority, which was no little ſupport. All thoſe, who have ſought to ſtrike theſe Powers, have therein loſt their endeavours. And very well *Ariſtobulus* King of the *Jews*, one of the greateſt States-men, who had governed that Kingdom, being upon his death-bed, freely confeſſed, the fouleſt fault he had ever committed in matter of policy, was, to have oppoſed the Phariſees; who then had lawful authority over affairs of Religion; and gave his wife *Alexandra*, counſel to practice and hold good intelligence with them by all poſſible means. The very ſame, which he adviſed out of reaſon of State, *Pulcheria* practiſed by conſideration of piety, and ever held her ſelf firm on the Rock of S. *Peter*; as it is ſaid, The Mothers of Pearl fix themſelves to Rocks during the tempeſt. If the wicked *Eutyches* had appeared in her time, ſhe had conſumed his hereſie, as the Ice of one night under the rays of the Sun; but it was then in the kingdom of darkneſs. *Chryſaphius* perpetually beſieged the ears and heart of the Emperour *Theodoſius*, diſguiſing all affairs to him, according to the ſway of his own paſſion. He drew along with him the good *Eudoxia*, who became too curiouſly intelligent in matter of Religion, and loſt her ſelf to follow rather the aims of her pregnant wit, then the tracts of holy humility, more agreeing to her Sex.

Great prudence to ſtick to Altars, and the true Church.

Pulcheria, who underſtood all this goodly buſineſs, was much perplexed to ſee her brother and ſiſter-in-law, after they had ſhaken off the yoke of her good precepts, to fall into a little apoſtaſie: and not being able to get acceſs to talk with them, ſhe made the apple of her weeping eys ſpeak to God in continual prayers. She wrote to *Rome*, ſometime to the Emperour *Valentinian* her Coſin, ſometime to *Eudoxia* the younger, his wife, daughter of our

Eudoxia,

Endoxia, sometime to Pope *Leo* himself, soliciting them for the reduction of these poor wandering sheep: she every where disposed squadrons of religious persons, to force God with the arms of prayers. All the powers of Heaven and earth conspired at that time; the battery was strong enough to move a heart that never yet was obdurate.

Theodosius awakened. In the end, *Theodosius* awakened, as out of a long sleep, opened his eys, and with horrour saw the precipice, whereinto he was ready to fall. He detesteth the disasterous *Eutyches*, and leaveth him to the censures of the Church. *Pulcheria* four years after her banishment returned in triumph to the Court, with the general applause of all sorts. Her first care was to seise on the person of *Chrysaphius*, and by form of justice, to send him into the other world, that he might no longer trouble this; wherein she shewed, that living otherwise as a Bee in the delights of Virginity, she had not so much honey, but withall a sting.

The poor *Endoxia* well perceived her Mistress was returned, and her heart bled to behold this change. She no longer remembered the condition of *Athenais*, and she, who before would not be but under the feet of *Pulcheria*, could not endure her now by her sides. It is a strange thing, how the air of the Court doth, as it were, necessarily breath ambition. These two pure Souls, which seemed in the beginning (as an Antient hath said) able to abide together in the eie of a Needle, when they were in concord, found the whole world in their discord too little for their separation. *Eudoxia*, tired with the many revolutions of Court, returneth to *Jerusalem*, as a Pilgrim, with a great oath never to set foot again in *Constantinople*: and verily, she had her Tomb in *Palestine*, as we shall see anon.

Theodorus in the collection of his History insinuateth to us, that she never undertook this voyage till the death of the Emperour *Theodosius* her Husband, which happened shortly after. You would have said, that his good sister was come of purpose to dispose his Soul for this passage. He was about fifty years of age, and had already ruled fourty three years, with a most happy Reign, had not this apple of discord been, which outragiously disturbed the peace of his Court, and steeped his life in many acerbities. That which is read most probable of his death, is, that riding a hunting at full speed, and falling from his horse, he hurt the reins of his back, so that of necessity he must be carried back to his Palace in a Litter; at which time, he plainly saw his last hour approached, and signed his innocent life with the seal of a death truly Christian. A Prince in all things else of a most sincere life, religious, learned, milde, courteous, patient; in whom nothing could be blamed but the over-much facility of his nature, which many times made his heart of wax to be moulded in the hands of those, who were neerest unto him, and this was in a manner the cause of his ruine. But it was well for him he betook himself firmly to the good counsels of his sister, who dearly loved his good, and aimed at nothing but the glory and repose of his Empire. We have here inserted his Portraicture, and Elogy.

His death.

FLAV. THEODOSIUS JUNIOR, ARCADII ET EUDOXIÆ FILIUS, OCTO ANNORUM PUER ORIENTALE CEPIT IMPERIUM, ET PER ANNOS QUADRAGINTA TRES PULCHERIÆ SORORIS AUSPICIIS, ARMIS ET LEGIBUS FELICITER ADMINISTRAVIT: PRINCEPS DE MELIORI NOTA, CHRISTIANUS, VITÆ INTEGERRIMÆ, DIVINIS LECTIONIBUS INTENTUS, PATIENTIA ET CLEMENTIA SUPRA CÆTEROS CLARUS, OBIIT CONSTANTINOPOLI ANNO CHRISTI CDLII. ÆTATIS XLIX.

Upon the PICTURE of *THEODOSIUS.*

A Sceptre free from pride, a goodneſs ſweet,
A life not feign'd, but where true graces meet.
As zeal, he for ſole favour did advance,
So Heav'n his Shield became, the Croſs his Lance.

Marriage of *Pulcheria*, and new Government.

HE had no Male Iſſue by his Wife *Eudoxia*, and the Empire might not fall to the Diſtaff, which ſeemed to invite theſe two Princeſſes, who till this day had ſwaied in Government, to ſound the retreat. But *Pulcheria* was become very neceſſary for the State, and as yet had not loſt the appetite of rule. *Theodoſius* having caſt his eys by the advice of his Council upon *Martianus*, to declare him Succeſſour in his Empire: *Pulcheria* married him, only under the title of Wedlock, with mutual conſent of both parties to keep Virginity. This woman was made to govern men, and Empires. She was already fifty years old, and had managed the State about thirty ſeven. Behold ſhe beginneth a new Reign, with the beſt man of the world, who only had the name of a husband, and in effect ſerved and reſpected her with as much regard and humility, as if he had been her own Son. She could not in the world have made a better choice. This great man was naturally enclined to Piety, Juſtice, compaſſion towards the neceſſities of man-kind. He was very valiant, for he had all his life-time been bred among Arms, and, during his Empire, no barbarous Nation durſt ſtir, ſo much was he feared. It was a wonder by what byaſs God led him directly to the height of worldly honours. He was of baſe extraction, a *Thracian* born, of a good wit, and a body very robuſtious, which made him finde a ſweetneſs in War. He going to *Philippolis* to be enrolled in the liſt of Souldiers, by chance it happened he found a dead body upon the way, newly maſſacred. This good man, who was very compaſſionate, had pity thereon, and approached to give it burial: but this charity was like to have coſt him his life; for being buſily employed to enterr this body, one laid hold on his throat, as if he had been the murtherer, and that he made this grave for no other intention, but to bury his own guilt. The poor man defendeth himſelf in his innocency as well as he could; but conjectures prevail beyond his defence. He was now under the Sword of the Executioner, when by good hap the Homicide was produced, who had done the deed, convicted by his own confeſſion. This man thruſt his head into the place of the innocent, and *Martianus* brought his away to behold it one day glitter under the Rubies and Diamonds of the Imperial Crown. This was not without long trials of [illegible]ility, which transferred him from degree to degree, through all the hazards of a long and painful warfare. He was then mature in years, in account one of the greateſt Captains of the Empire. Behold why *Pulcheria* could not be deceived in her choice. This good husband, who held his wife as a Saint, was wholly directed by her counſels, and ſhe daily purified his Soul in religion and policy. He became in ſhort time ſo brave & perfect in this Schole, that he was accounted one of the moſt accompliſhed Emperours, who had born the Sceptre ſince *Conſtantine*. God well ſhewed his love and faithful protection towards *Martianus*, when, in the ſecond year of his Empire, he diverted the furious *Attila* from the Eaſt, who even now roared over the City of *Conſtantinople*, as a thunder-ſtroke before it brake in ſhivers.

Marvellous accident of *Martianus*.

Good ſucceſs of *Martianus*.

This *Attila* was a *Scythian*, a great Captain, who promiſed to himſelf the Empire of the World, and for that cauſe had taken the field with an Army of 700000 men, compoſed of ſtrange and hideous Nations, who had gone out of their Country like a ſcum of the earth, ranging themſelves under the conduct of *Attila*, for the great experience he had in the manage of Arms. He, notwithſtanding was a little man, harſh, violent, his breaſt large, his head great, the eie of a Piſmire, his noſe flat, his beard cloſe-ſhaved, beginning already to wax griſled. He walked with ſo much ſtate, as if he thought the earth had been unworthy to bear him; and, though meerly barbarous, the deſire of honour ſo poſſeſſed him, that being one day at *Milan*, and ſeeing Pictures, where the *Roman* Emperours were repreſented, who had *Scythians*, his Country-men, caſt at their feet, was ſo enraged, that inſtantly he ſent for a Painter, and cauſed himſelf to be drawn, in a very eminent golden Throne, and clothed in royal Robes, and the Emperours of *Rome* and *Conſtantinople* bearing Bags on their ſhoulders filled with Crowns; then made them to be poured at his feet, alluding hereby to the vaſt ſumms of money he in good earneſt extorted from the Empire, and which *Theodoſius* gave him afterwards to divert the courſe of his Arms,: thinking that ſpeedily to diſpatch ſuch an enemy out of his Territories, it was only fit to make for him a bridg of ſilver. This man ſeemed created to ſhake the pillars of the earth, and for that cauſe made himſelf to be called *The ſcourge of God*. There was no Infant ſo little, in the arms of the Nurſe, who hearing *Attilas* named, did not think he ſaw a Wolf. He conſidering, that *Martianus*, a moſt valiant man, at that time ſwayed the Eaſtern Empire, durſt not come near, but haſtened to fall upon the Weſt, where *Valentinian* the younger reigned, Son of *Honorius*, Coſin of *Theodoſius*, and *Pulcheria*, a wanton and diſſolute Prince, as you ſhall underſtand in the courſe of this Hiſtory, loſing his life and Empire by his ſenſuality. So it was, that *Attila*, attempting firſt upon the *Gauls*, found work enough; for the *Romans*, *French*, and *Goths* (not unlike dogs, who, after they have worried one another, rally themſelves together to reſiſt the Wolf) by a common conſent, heartened each other under the conduct of *Ætius*, *Moroneus*, and *Thyerry*, againſt this Barbarian, and having given him battel, defeated one part of his Army in the *Catalonian* Plains: but he failed not to pack away, creeping along like a great Serpent, which, loaden with redoubled blows given by Peaſants, hath received a maim in his body, and notwithſtanding ſaved his head.

God, who derideth the proud, and in his Amphitheatre is pleaſed to make, not Lions to fight with Bulls, but the weakneſs of the earth againſt the moſt inſolent greatneſs, reſerved the conqueſt of this Monſter to religious perſons and women. It is a wonder, he coming to *Rome*, as to the period and butt of his ambitions, all enflamed with great deſires, in this clattering of harneſs, and loud noiſe of Armies, all the world trembling under the ſcourge: the brave Pope S. *Leo* went out to ſeek him, and preached ſo well unto him, that being come thither as a Lion, he returned as a Lamb: for *Attila* entertained

tained him with marvellous respect. So had he done before to S. *Lupus*, Bishop of *Troys*, granting him whatsoever he could desire. All his Chaplains were much amazed; for, among other Titles, this *Hun* had the name of being inexorable to Suppliants: and it then being curiously asked of him, who made him at that time lose his fury, he confessed he saw a venerable person by *Leo's* side (it was the great Saint *Peter*) who threatened him with death, if he condescended not to what the good Pope desired of him.

Attila then leaving *Italy*, and passeth into *Sclavonia*, without being wished for again, but by one sole woman. Alas! who would believe it? *Honoria*, sister of the Emperour, Cosin-german to *Pulcheria*, fell in love with this Monster. I know not what she had seen in this Picture, which commonly was painted with the horn of a Bull on his forehead. It was not in my opinion his fair eys, nor goodly nose, which made him sought after, for he was one of the most deformed creatures of the world: yet he notwithstanding was reputed a great Captain, and a puissant King. This blind Princess so breathed the air of ambition, that, though he were wholly Pagan and hideous, she no whit was affrighted: for verily her passion was so much enkindled, that she secretly dispatched one of her Eunuchs with express Letters, beseeching *Attila* he would demand her in marriage of the Emperour her brother, and she should account it a great honour to be his wife. This *Scythian* entered into a much greater estimation of his own worth then ever, beholding himself sued unto by a *Roman* Lady of noble extraction, and thereupon grew so eager, that he immediately addresseth an Ambassadour to the Emperour *Valentinian*, to require his sister of him in marriage, and the moiety of his Kingdom; otherwise he was not gone back so far, but he would return with his Army to enforce his obedience.

All the World was now strucken with terrour, when by good chance he saw himself, for some pressing occasions, engaged to return into his Country, where all these lightenings were quickly turned into a shower of blood. After he had sweat under harnes, like another *Hannibal*, who, in the end of his conquest was brutishly besotted in the bosom of a *Capuan* Lady: this haughty King of *Huns*, as soon as he came into his Countrey, wholly engulphed himself in Wine, and Love. Besides a great rabble of creatures, which he had to satisfie his lust, he became in his old days passionately enamoured of a Gentlewoman, named *Hildecon*, whom he married with Sports, Feasts, and excessive alacrity. That evening, after he had freely drunk, according to his custom, he retired into his Nuptial Chamber with his new Spouse, and the next morning was found dead in his bed, floating in a river of blood, who had drawn blood from all the veins of the world.

Death of *Attila.* Some said, it was an eruption of blood, which choaked him, but others thought *Hildecon*, lead thereunto, one knoweth not by what spirit, nor by whom solicited, handled her pretended husband as *Judith* did *Holofernes*. Behold how God punisheth the proud. A despicable Dwarf, who commanded over 700000 men, who forraged every where, environed as with a brazen wall, who boasted in the lightenings of his puissant Arms, who razed Cities all smoaking in blood and flames, who wasted Provinces, who destroyed Empires, who would not tread but on Crowns and Sceptres, behold him the very night of his Nuptials, full of drink, massacred by a woman, having not so much as the honour to die by the hand of a man.

The same night that *Attila* yielded up the ghost in his own blood, our Saviour appeared in a dream to the good Emperour *Martianus*, and shewing him a great Bow all shivered in pieces, saith; Martianus, *behold the Bow of* Attila, *which I have broken: thou hast no further cause to fear thy Empire.* Thus you see, how God fighteth for the pious even while they sleep.

This scourge being so fortunately diverted, *Martianus*, and *Pulcheria*, attended with all their power, to the consolation and ornament of the universal Church, under the direction of the great Pope Saint *Leo*, whom their Majesties most punctually obeyed. At that time were seen the Reliques to march in triumph into *Constantinople* of the good Patriarch *Flavianus*, massacred by the practises of Hereticks: at that time the exiled Bishops were with honour re-established in their seats. At that time the Council of *Chalcedon* was celebrated, where the Emperour *Martianus*, though wholly a Souldier, made an Oration, first in Latine, for the honour of the *Roman* Church, then in Greek his natural language. At that time Heresie was fully condemned, and impudence surcharged with confusion. At that time an infinite number of godly Canons were confirmed by the Council, and strongly maintained by the authority of the Emperour. At that time Justice was fixed in the height of perfection. Briefly at that time the whole world was infinitely comforted by the good order and liberalities of this Holy Court.

It was an admirable Empire, and a happy Marriage, and nothing could be desired more in this match but immortality. But the holy Virgin *Pulcheria* being about fifty years of age, not so much loaden with years, as merits, wearied out with continual travel and care, which she had endured almost fourty years, in the manage of affairs, found her repose in exchange of the Court of *Constantinople* for that of *Paradise*. She died in a most pure virginity, which she carefully had preserved all her life-time, leaving the poor for her heirs, who were her delight, after she had built in her own life time five Churches, and among the rest, one to the honour of the most blessed Virgin *Mary*, which surpasseth all the other in magnificence, besides many Hospitals, and Sepulchres for Pilgrims. Torches made of Aromatick wood cast out their odoriferous exhalations when they are almost wasted: and the virtuous *Pulcheria* made all the good odours of her life evaporate in the last instant of her death. She, who had lived as the Bee in the tastful sweetnes of purity, died as the Phœnix in the Palms, not of *Arabia*, but of conquests, which she had obtained over the enemies of our nature. We have here annexed her Picture, and Elegy.

PULCHERIA FLA. THEODOSII JUNIORIS SOROR, AUGUSTA, VIRGO ET CONJUX, AUGUSTORUM FILIA, SOROR, NEPTIS, UXOR: PROPUGNATRIX PONTIFICUM, MAGISTRA IMPERATORUM, CUSTOS FIDEI, MUNIMEN ORTHODOXORUM, ECCLESIÆ ET IMPERII DECUS, NOVA HELENA, NOVUM ORBIS MIRACULUM, ANNO CHRISTI CLIII. ÆTATIS LV. IMPERII XXXIX. AD COELESTEM AULAM PROFICISCITUR.

Upon the PICTURE of *PULCHERIA.*

A golden Virgin in an Iron Age,
Who trampled under foot infernal Rage:
A barren Wife, a fruitful Maid, unstain'd;
That all the World within her heart contain'd.
Mother of People, Mistress over Kings, (brings.
And who 'twixt Church, and Law, firm union
She in her self bright Sceptres did behold
Joyn'd to the Cross, Altars to Crowns of Gold,
The married life unto Virginity,
And glorious greatness to Humility.
If Virtue were a substance to be seen,
Well might we here suppose this happy Queen
Should lend her body, that it outward may
Resplendent lustre to the World display.

GReat Ones may here behold, the shortest way to the Temple of Honour is to pass by that of Virtue. Never Woman was more honoured in her life, never Woman more glorious in her death. That great Pope, S. *Leo*, S. *Cyrill*, and all the excellent men both of the East, and West, have employed their Pens in her honour. So magnificent and noble Acclamations were made to her in Councils, that nothing would be wished more glorious. A little before her death in the Council of *Chalcedon*, they cried out, *Long live the Empress most Sacred; Long live* PULCHERIA, *Long live the Second S.* Helena: *God preserve the Saint, preserve the Orthodox, preserve her, who is the Guardian of Faith.*

What Trophеys of *Alexanders*, and *Cæsars*, are comparable to such Honour? *Raderus*, who hath learnedly written her Life, maketh a Collection of her Titles, and calleth her the holy *Pulcheria*, ever a Virgin, always sacred, a Virgin out of Marriage, a Virgin in Marriage, Daughter of an Emperour, Mistress of Emperours, Protectress of Popes, Guardian of Faith, Bulwark of the Faithful, Honour of the Church, Glory of the Empire, the new *Helena*, the new Miracle of the World, the new Example for Posterity. The Titles, which Saints have given her, and her Name in the quality of a Saint, have been couched in the Menologe of the *Grecians*, and the *Roman* Martyrologe, the Tenth of *September*, a Month wherein she passed from this World, to the glory of Saints, in the year of our Lord 453. And *Martianus* her Husband, being not able to live without this Celestial Soul, fled quickly hence after her, to enjoy the recompense of his Piety. Of whom behold here the Picture, and Elogy.

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FL. VALERIUS MARTIANUS, SOLA VIRTUTUM COMMENDATIONE AD IMPERIUM EVECTUS, PULCHERIÆ CONJUGIS INTEGER CONJUX, MODERATUS DOMI PRINCEPS, FORIS ATTILÆ FURORI MODUM IMPOSUIT: QUASSATUM IMPERIUM CONTRA PARTHOS ET VANDALOS CONFIRMAVIT PRUDENTIA, ET ORTHODOXAM FIDEM ADVERSUS EUTYCHEN TUTATUS EST FIDE: VIXIT ÆTATI SATIS, IMPERIO PARUM, SIBI SEMPER VICTURUS, OBIIT ANNO CHRISTI CDLII. IMPERIO VI. MENS. VI.

Upon the PICTURE of *MARTIANUS.*

A Man without Eſtate, Souldier untrain'd,
Husband not wiv'd, an Emperour unſtain'd:
Whoſe ſtrength, triumphāt acts, & virtues bright,
We may his proper children call aright.
What did he not, ſince in himſelf he made
No change, but to a Sceptre from the Spade?

Eudoxia lived in the holy Land in the *Eutychian* Hereſie.

LEt us return now to our Pilgrim, *Eudoxia*, who lived in the holy Land, not being in the way of ſanctity. A woman, endowed with a goodly body, and a fair ſpirit, hath the charge of a veſſel very hard to be ſteered; more of ſuch ſuffer ſhipwrack then reach the Haven. The good Princeſs departed from *Conſtantinople* in grief, gall, and anxiety, which proceeded from the change of her fortune, and, that which is more, ſeduced alſo with the hereſie of the wicked *Eutyches*. *Theodoſius* her huſband yielded at the firſt encounter, and ſubmitted under the obedience of the Church: *Eudoxia* ſtill perſiſted, ſo apt the nature of women is to maintain an errour with obſtinacy. She had but too much wit to be deceived, and yet not prudence enough to diſcover the deceit. A Wolf clothed in the skin of a Sheep, that is to ſay, one *Theodoſius*, a falſe Monk, who had gained her under appearance of ſanctity, and much wrought upon her, during her abode in *Paleſtine*, wholly plunged her in the mire of hereſie, which ſhe ſupported in his favour, and endeavoured to illuſtrate by the ſubtilty of her wit.

How was it poſſible, but this hereſie of *Eutyches*, maſked with the falſe zeal of reverence towards the Perſon of the Son of God, might not enſnare a woman, very eaſie to take impreſſions, which had ſemblance of devotion, ſince even divers holy Hermits, who numbred many years in auſterities, and penance, before they were well informed, ſuffered themſelves to be tranſported with this novelty? Among others, the great *Geraſimus* was ſeen to fall, that Angel of the deſert, who tamed Lions, and uſed them as Mules, was beheld involved in the ſnares of this infamous Apoſtata, from whom he afterward freed himſelf by the mercy of God. It was a lamentable thing to ſee this poor Empreſs, who had forſaken all the greatneſs of Court, to live in retired ſolitarineſs, thus caught in the nets of her own judgment. She thought daily to amaſs infinite heaps of good works in the exerciſes of piety, which ſhe inceſſantly practiſed, and it was but duſt ſhe bare in her hands, blown away by the wind of preſumption. God would not loſe this fair ſoul, which he had enchaſed in a beautious body, to make her in the end of her days, an exact miracle of virtue, and as ſhe kicked ſomewhat too eagerly againſt ſo many teſtimonies of verity, he reſolved to break this feminine pride with the iron rod of another very ſenſible affliction. She was then, in her own opinion, out of the danger of inconſtancy, but had ſtill one part of her ſelf upon the Imperial Throne, who received all the violence of the ſtorm, to make the effects thereof

Eudoxia's affliction in her daughter.

paſs

pass into her heart, by the painfull counterbuff of a love, which could not be renounced without a petty apostacy in nature.

Strange disorder in the Roman Empire.

Eudoxia her onely daughter, inheritrix of the name and beauty of her mother, was admired to *Valentinian*, Emperour of *Rome*, to be the subject of a wofull tragedy, and to make posterity behold, that too eminent greatness is often ruined with thunder. This *Valentinian*, sister's Son of the Emperour *Honorius*, cosin of *Theodosius*, not being able to content himself with the springs of his own house (according to the Proverb) and repose himself in the beauty of a Princess so accomplished, as he in lawfull wedlock had espoused, daily went an hunting after change in the infinity of forbidden loves. The sensuality of this Prince so much displeased God, that for this vice he ruined in his person this great *Roman* Empire, which so many times had caused her victorious Charriots, loaden with Palms, and Laurels, to pass over the heads of the Kings and Monarchs of the world, so often had it been shaken, and so many times established by concussion, needs must a wicked sin of luxury interpose irrecoverably to entomb it.

Lust ruineth Empires.

The Emperour then beholdeth with a wanton eye the wife of an eminent Senatour, named *Maximus*, and seeing this Lady was honest, and loyal to her husband, he thought her a bird not easily caught. Behold, he resolveth to try all the priviledges of his power, and break all the bands of equity to give vent to his passion. What doeth he? Behold, he inviteth *Maximus* to a sumptuous, and royal banquet, which he had prepared, miserable man! who knew not this feast was a snare to entrap the honour of his wife. After supper, *Valentinian* inviteth him to play, under the colour of passing away the time, which he most willingly did, and so beateth him in game, that, after he had lost all, he gaged down the Ring off his finger, wherewith he used to seal his Letters. *Valentinian* wan it, greatly rejoycing, not so much for the value of the Gem in it, which was of great price, as to have found a passage to his treacherous design. He presently dispatcheth a Gentleman with this Ring, who bare news to the Lady, that her husband sent for her to the Palace to salute the Emperour. This was a very well-coloured pretext. Notwithstanding, it cast most strong apprehensions into the soul of his Lady, who too well knew the deportments of this Prince. But considering this precious pledge of her husband, held for an undoubted earnest-peny of his command; she goeth, and consecrateth all the difficulties, which she conceived, to the obedience towards her Lord. The poor Lady was no sooner arrived, but was ravished, and violated, to satisfie the brutish lust of a man, more drunk with love then wine.

The Palace of a Christian Emperour, which should be a Sanctuary for the chastity of Ladies, is by an act black, and villanous defiled. The chaste Turtle, who would not survive her honour, as soon as she returneth to her lodging, exclameth against her husband with outragious words, thinking he had consented to this disaster. *Go* (saith she to him) *ingratefull, and unnatural man as thou art, to prostitute the honour of thy wife to the brutishness of a Prince, abandoned by God and men: dost thou not yet feel the Executioners of thy conscience, which reproach thee with thy crime? Maximus* much amazed at such words, *What is the matter, or where have you been, foolish woman?* saith he. She shewing the Ring, *Dost thou not yet acknowledge thy disloyalty, filly, and perfidious man? behold that; which will accuse thee before God.* He, as she began to unfold her self, too soon found his own shame, enjoyneth her to silence, and dissimulation, and hath no vein in him, which tendeth not to vengeance.

Valentinian had a brave and valiant Captain, who supported the whole Empire: this was *Aetius*, very lately adorned with the spoils of *Attila*, whom he in a pitch'd battel had vanquished. *Maximus* thought he must ruinate this pillar to make the whole house to fall, & therein was not deceived. But, being a man full of craft, so dissembleth what was past concerning his wife, as if it had never come to his knowledge, onely he endeavoureth to gain the good opinion of a powerfull Eunuch, named *Heraclius*, who was the Emperour's instrument, and having already gotten him at his devotion, suggesteth to him in great secret, he had learned from a good hand, that *Aetius*, Lieutenant General of the Emperour, was much puffed up with the victory he obtained against *Attila*, & that he on all sides practised confederacies both without the Kingdom, to make himself absolute Master of all: that under the shadow of entertaining the *French* and *Goths* in good correspendence with the Empire, he purchased them for his own service with the Emperour's revenues, and that nothing remained for him, but to set the Diadem upon his own head, which quickly he would do, were he not with all speed prevented. *Heraclius* faileth not roundly to relate all this to his Master, who was already stirred with jealousie towards *Aetius*, seeing his fortune took so high a flight, that it seemed to mount above wind and tempest. *Valentinian*, an hair-brain'd Prince, perpetually drunk with lust and choller, without any further inquisition, sendeth for *Aetius* to the Palace, and with enraged passion, *How* (saith he) *Traitour, Is it thou, who undertakest to bereave me of the Crown?* and saying that, taketh out a poinyard which he had in his bosom, and killed him with his own hand. An act both bold and barbarous.

The poor *Aetius*, who had born the brunt of an Army of seven hundred thousand men, who first confronted a man, that shoke the pillars of all Empires, who returned from the *Gauls* amply loaden with victorious Palms, one of the most glorious Captains that ever was, at that time shewed at *Rome* as a prodigie of valour, fell dead as a sacrifice at the feet of his Master, receiving by the just judgment of God that entertainment he before had given to *Bonifatius* the great Governour of *Africk*. *Valentinian*, as if he had acted a Master-piece, went presently to one of the wisest Counsellours to boast thereof, asking of him, if he had not well played his prize. The other replieth: *Sacred Majesty, if you had taken an Hatchet with your right hand, and cut off your left arm instead of giving this accursed blow, you had not done so ill. And I believe you too soon will feel the loss you have received.* These words were not without effect, for the death of *Aetius* being presently after divulged, it put the souldiers into fury, who loved him as a brave and valiant Captain, under whose standard they had given so ample testimonies of their worth. Two of the most hardy of them, *Ostias*, and *Transtilas*, after they had massacred the Eunuch *Heraclius*, assailed the person of the Emperour, who was at that time in the field of *Mars*, and desperately murthered him, it being impossible to free himself from their hand, God permitting this in revenge of the murther lately committed, and so many adulteries, wherewith this miserable Prince, degenerating from the blood of *Theodosius*, was polluted.

Maximus, who cast the Stone, and afterward withdrew his arm, causing all this tragedy to be acted

to

to his own advantage, after the death of *Valentinian*, as being moſt eminent, obtained the Empire with little reſiſtance, and his wife, during theſe enterprizes being dead (perhaps through diſcontent for her own diſaſter) ſeeketh the marriage of the Empreſs *Eudoxia*, wife of *Valentinian*, and daughter of our *Athenais*. The poor Princeſs drenched in a deluge of ſorrow for the death of the Emperour her husband, ſhewed in the beginning to be deaf in this motion of marriage: but as the ſpirits of women are mutable, and ſoothed with glory, in few days, forgetting death, ſhe reſolveth to live among the living, and, for accomodation of her affairs, weddeth *Maximus*. Behold him in a ſhort time in the Throne, and bed of his Maſter, revenging himſelf of one wickedneſs by another much more execrable. But vice in greatneſs hath ever a ſtaggering foot. *Maximus* was no ſooner entered into the Palace, but his head aked, and the remorſe of conſcience diſtracted him. His moſt truſty friends heard him ſighing ſay, he eſteemed that antient *Damocles* happy, who was a King but the ſpace of a diner-while; ſo much already was he diſquieted with the Empire, as if he had foreſeen his own cataſtrophe. It chanced one day this unhappy man, familiarly diſcourſing with his new ſpouſe, let a word eſcape him, which coſt him his life: for, to give her a great token of his affection, he confeſſed himſef to have intermedled in the deſign of *Valentinian* his death, not ſo much for the deſire of the Empire, as of her beauty. *Eudoxia* was ſtrucken with ſtrang horrour at theſe words, not ſuppoſing her firſt husband had been deprived of life and Sceptre by his practices, and therefore reſolving to be revenged, ſhe covereth her plot with diſſimulation, & bendeth all her powers to content his humor. She ſaw how her mother had been uſed at *Conſtantinople*, ſo that from thence probably ſhe could expect no ſuccor. The fury of revenge tranſported her to an act very hazardous, which was to call *Genſericus* King of the *Vandals*, in ſect an *Arian*, reigning in *Africk*, to make a voyage into *Italy*, which he did with an huge Army, by means whereof he eaſily poſſeſſed himſelf of *Rome*, where all was in diſorder. And as he came thither, rather led by his unquenchable avarice then any motive of juſtice, or piety, he rifled all that which was rich and excellent, even to the treaſures of the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, whereof ſome had ſtill been preſerved at *Rome*, ever ſince *Veſpaſian*. *Maximus*, after he had reigned two moneths, is knocked down, and rent like a ſacrifice. He, who in all charges had well thrived with honeſty, when he began to practiſe treachery, found that, which a great Prelate had ſaid in his Hiſtory, *That great mens fortunes, like Scorpion, carry their venom in their tails.*

Wicked revenge of a woman.

Sidon. Apol. *lib.* 3. *Ep.* 13. *Ut ſcorpius ultimâ parte pereutit.*

The Empreſs *Eudoxia*, who, to ſatisfy her ſeminine Paſſion, had made all this goodly innovation, in the ſight of the great Pope S. *Leo*, who was ſpectatour of all theſe calamities, mended not her market: for ſhe, with her two daughters, were by this Barbarian carried into *Africk*, one of which bare her name, and was married to the Son of *Genſericus*, who afterward poſſeſſed the Sceptre: and the other was *Placidia*, ſent in the end with her mother to *Conſtantinople*, after the death of *Martianus*. Behold terrible accidents.

Converſion of *Eudoxia*.

Eudoxia our Pilgrime, after recital made to her of all this tragedy, began ſeriouſly to open her eys, and laying her hand juſt upon the wound, acknowledged ſo many diſaſters had befallen her, for that ſhe had ſtrayed from the true faith. Thereupon, to ſettle her wavering ſpirit, ſhe deputeth an Embaſſadour to holy *Simeon Stilites*, near the City of *Antioch*.

This *Simeon* was a prodigie of man, who lived in a body as if he had been but a ſpirit. For figure to your ſelf a Pillar fourty foot high, and on this Pillar ſome little ſhroud fixed there as a Bird's neſt, open, and expoſed on all ſides to the injuries of weather; there this great man, to raiſe his body to God as well as his heart, placed his abode. It was a ſtrong lodging, where he could neither lie nor ſit in any faſhion, but ever ſtood bolt upright, without roof, without coverture, his hair being ſome-what whitened with Snow, and his beard full of Ycicles, ſome time roaſted with the boiling heats of the Sun, and in the midſt of all this he paſſed the days and nights in contemplation, eating but once a week, and that very ſparingly. *Stilites.*

To this famous Hermit then, who was the Oracle of Chriſtendom, *Eudoxia* ſendeth *Anaſtaſius*, a truſty Biſhop, who in much ſecrecy laboured her converſion, to conſult with him upon doubts of faith. *Simeon* anſwereth in theſe terms:

"Poor Princeſs, the malice of the evil ſpirit, who "ſaw the great treaſures of thy rare virtues, would "needs winnow and ſift thee. *Theodoſius* the falſe "Monk, a Miniſter of Satan, hath corrupted thy "fair and glorious ſoul. But courage, my daughter, "thou ſhalt die in the faith, conſult no more with "me, thou ſeekeſt waters far off, having the Foun"tain near at hand. It behoveth to addreſs thee to "*Euthymius*, who will ſerve as thy directour in an "happy way.

This anſwer being related to *Eudoxia*, ſhe cauſed this *Euthymius* to be ſought out on all ſides, who ſhould undertake this buſineſs. He was a venerable Hermit, having become hoary in the exerciſe of a long penance, and one who was hard to be found out, ſo much he avoided light and the converſation of men. Notwithſtanding God permitted him to be found, and brought, as it were by force, to the place where the good Empreſs was. She ſeeing this bleſſed old man, proſtrated herſelf at his feet, ſaying: "Fa"ther, I have lived long enough, ſince I have the ho"nour to behold you, it is from your hand I expect "the remedie of all my evils. *The holy man raiſing "her with much ſweetneſs*, Daughter (*ſaith he*) the "evil ſpirit hath too much abuſed your credulity: "it is time you open your eys to ſee the ſcourges "of God. All your ills have proceeded of nothing "but Infidelity. And if now you deſire to be cured, "there is but one word: ſtand no longer upon diſputation, but follow the Councels of *Nice* and "*Conſtantinople*. Behold the rule of your faith, which "you ſhall learn of *John* Biſhop of *Jeruſalem*.

Euthymius, after he had thus ſpoken to her, returned to his Cell, and ſhe goeth directly to the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, attended by an infinite number of Religious, lifting their hands to Heaven in thanksgiving for this converſion. She abjureth the hereſie of *Eutyches*, between the hands of the Biſhop, and abſolutely reconcileth her ſelf to the Catholick Church, with ſo much fervour and zeal, that ſhe ceaſed not all the reſt of her days to extirpate impiety, and amplifie the Church in all parts of the *Eaſt* where her power extended.

Worthy life, and glorious death of *Eudoxia*.

The good Empreſs then led a life wholy celeſtial, her ſoul being purged in the Furnace of painful tribulation, afterward purified more and more in the love of God, held not of the body but by a ſlender thread. Her heart was an incenſe, daily diſſolved into the flames of her charity, ſending to Heaven its fragrant exhalations. Her two eys were the Conduits, by which penance with a powerful expreſſion diſtilled tears, which are as the nectar of the love of God;

God, her hands like those of the Spouse, true globes of gold, repleniſh'd with an ocean of bounty, poured through the Cities, and deſerts of *Paleſtine*. In every place nothing was to be ſeen but Churches and Hoſpitals, but houſes for the poor built at her coſt; ſo that an Authour named *Cyrillus*, who lived in her time, aſſureth us, it was a thing impoſſible to number them, God being willing to diſpoſe her paſſage out of this life by the exerciſe of ſo many good works. And being upon the confines of her laſt year, ſhe went to viſit a magnificent Church of St. *Peter*, which ſhe had founded, and one day repoſing near to a Ceſtern, where ſhe laboured for the good of the ſaid Church, ſhe began to caſt her eys upon a great number of Monaſteries, all near one to another, which were in the charge of her good father *Euthymius*, then fetching a deep affectionate ſigh, ſhe ſpake theſe words of the 24. Numeri: *O Jacob, how fair are thy pavillions! O Iſrael, how excellent thy tabernacles!* Then turning her ſelf to a Gentleman of her train, "Go (*ſaith ſhe*) ſeek out *Euthymius*, and "intreat him to do me the honor, that I once again "may ſpeak to him. If he ſhall ſay, he ſpeaketh not "with women, tell him I no longer know what ſex "is, and that I converſe onely with Angels. *Euthymius* in his Cell had by revelation, that this Saint ſhould quickly paſs to a better life, and he came directly to bring her the news thereof. The Empreſs ſaluted him very courteouſly, and diſpoſed her heart to ſpeak to him touching a certain ſumm of money, ſhe deſired to give for the entertainment of his Monks: but the good man divining the thoughts of her heart, ſaith to her: "Madam, trouble not "your ſelf for this money, there are other affairs "which more concern you: know, you very ſhortly muſt depart out of this world, and now you "ought to have but one care, which is to entertain "your ſoul in that ſtate you deſire it ſhould part "out of this life. *Eudoxia* at the firſt was amazed at this diſcourſe. It ſeemeth ſouls (as *Plato* ſaith) go not but with grief out of fair bodies, but this was too much diſengaged to do in the end of thoſe days any unreſigned act. After ſhe had a long time talked to *Euthymius*, as one would with Angels, ſhe gave him the laſt adieu, full of hope to ſee him at the Rendez-vous of all good men. Returning into *Jeruſalem*, ſhe had no other care, but to ſet a ſeal upon all her good works, then diſtributing whatſoever ſhe had to the poor, ſhe expected the ſtroke of death freely, and reſignedly: her ſoul was taken out of her body throughly ripened for Heaven, as fruit which onely expects the hand of the Maſter to gather it. She was about threeſcore years of age, having ſurvived *Theodoſius* her husband, and *Pulcheria*, *Flaccilla*, *Marina*, *Arcadia*; for all of them went before her into the other world: ſhe was married at twenty years of age, ſhe ſpent twenty nine in Court, and as it were eleven in *Jeruſalem*: ſhe deceaſed in the year of our Lord 459. the one and twentieth year of Pope *Leo*, and the fourth of the Emperour *Leo*, Succeſſour of *Martianus*. A woman very miraculous among women, who ſeemeth ſo much to have tranſcended the ordinary of her ſex, as men ſurpaſs Beaſts. More then an Age is required, ere Nature can produce ſuch creatures. They are born as the Phenix, from five hundred to five hundred years, yea, much more rare. A great beauty, great wit, great fortune, a great virtue, great combats, great victories; to be born in a poor cottage, as a Snail in his ſhell, and iſſue out to ſhew it ſelf upon the Throne of an Empire, and die in an hermitage! all is great, all is admirable in this Princeſs: but nothing more great, nothing more admirable, then to behold a golden veſſel, with ſails of linen, and cordage of ſilk, counterbuffed by ſo many ſtorms, overwhelmed, and even accounted as loſt, in the end happily to arrive at the haven. Behold her Portraicture and Elogie.

Numb. 24. *Quàm pulchra ſunt tentoria tua, O Jacob habitationes tua, O Iſrael!*

EUDOXIA

EUDOXIA AUGUSTA, THEODOSII JUNIORIS CONJUX, EX HUMILI FORTUNA IN MAGNUM IMPERIUM TRANSCRIPTA SCEPTRUM VIRTUTIBUS SUPERAVIT, COELESTIS INSTAR PRODIGII FOEMINA, INGENIO, FORMA, VITA, SCRIPTIS, ET RELIGIONE CLARISSIMA: CUM VICENIS NUPTA ANNOS XXIX. EGISSET IN IMPERIO, ET UNDECIM FERME IN PALÆSTINA, HIEROSOLYMIS RELIGIOSISSIMO EXITU VITAM CLAUSIT ANNO CHRISTI CDLX, ÆTATIS LIX.

Upon the PICTURE of *EUDOXIA.*

Fortun'd unparallel'd, Beauty her own,
A ſpirit that admits no Paragon.
Divine, immenſe, although it ſeem to be,
'Twas but the Temple of the Deity.

HER example drew an infinite number of great Ladies, to contempt of pleaſures and vanities of Court, to ſeek the Temple of repoſe in the deſerts of the Holy Land. Among others, Queen *Eudoxia* her Grand-childe, who, as we have ſaid, was married into *Africk*, treading the world under foot with a generous reſolution, came with her Crown to do homage at the Tomb of her Grand-mother, kiſſed her aſhes, as of an holy Empreſs, and was ſo raviſhed with the many monuments of Virtue ſhe had erected in the Holy Land, that there ſhe would paſs the reſidue of her days, and chooſe her Tomb at the foot of that from whence ſhe derived her blood, and name.

It is a great loſs to us, that the learned books written by this Royal hand have been ſcattered; for thoſe varieties of *Homer*, which are extant, are not *Eudoxia*'s. *Photius*, much more ſubtile then *Zonaras*, to judge of the works of antiquity, maketh no mention thereof in the recital of the writings of this divine ſpirit, but of her Octoteuch, which he witneſſeth to be a worthy, heroick, aad admirable Piece. Behold that which is moſt remarkable in the Court of *Theodoſius*.

And verily for as much as concerneth the perſon of the Emperour, he did enough to make himſelf a Saint, by living ſo mortified in his paſſions, in the delights of a flouriſhing Court. It is a meer brutiſhneſs, a very plague of man's ſoul, to make no account of Princes, but of certain braggards, vain, brain-ſick, and turbulent ſpirits, who fill Hiſtories with vain-glorious bravadoes, whoredoms, murthers, and treacheries: theſe are they of whom the ſpirit of fleſh (an enemy of God) proclaimeth falſe praiſes, and ſuch an one ſeemeth to himſelf ſufficiently great, when there appeareth a power in him to do ill. A calm ſpirit, united, docible, temperate, though he have not ſo many gifts of nature, is a thouſand times to be preferred before theſe vain-glorious and audacious, who are only wiſe in their own opinion, valiant in raſhneſs, happy in vice, and great in the imagination of fools. It is good to have the Piety of *Theodoſius*, and to ſet over-much facility work in praying, and pray in working: to have the beak and plumage of an Eagle, and the mildneſs of a Dove; to lay the Hide of a Lion at the feet of the Statue of Piety.

As for *Pulcheria*, ſhe was the mirrour of perfection among the great Princeſſes of the earth, yet not without her ſpots, but ſtill giving water to waſh them away. And for *Eudoxia*, you finde in her what to take, what to leave, many things to imitate, few to reject, but an infinite number to admire. Behold in the end the *Fortunate Piety*, which I have ſet before your eys as a golden Statue, not only to behold it in paſſing by, but to gild your manners with the rays, and adorn your greatneſs with the glory thereof.

Who will not admire the proſperity of the Empire of *Conſtantinople*, in the manage of *Theodoſius*, of *Pulcheria*, of *Martianus*, under the rule of piety, and not ſay, Behold the world, which trembleth in all the parts thereof under the prodigious armies of Barbarians, who ſeemed deſirous to rend the earth, and wholly carry it away in fire, and blood from the centre? Behold the *Roman* Empire, which hath troden under foot all Sceptres and Crowns of the earth, ruined, diſ-membered, torn in a thouſand pieces, in the hands of a vitious Emperour, who buried it under the ſhivers of his Sceptre: and behold, on the other ſide, God, who preſerveth his *Theodoſius*, his *Pulcheria*, his *Martianus*, among theſe formidable inundations, which caſt all the world into a deluge, as heretofore he did *Noe* in the revengeful waters, which poured down from Heaven to drown the impurities of the earth. What Nurſe was ever ſo careful to drive a fly from the face of her little Infant while it ſlept, as the Providence of God ſhewed it ſelf affectionate in the conſervation of theſe elevated Souls?

Obſerve the perſons preciſely, and conſider each in particular. What happineſs in the Empreſs *Eudoxia*, whileſt ſhe laboureth for the glory of Altars: God gave the heart of her husband into her hands, the World in honour at her feet, and a little *Theodoſius* by her ſide, who in his infancy maketh all the hopes of his Mother to bud. But as ſoon as this poor Princeſs, forgetting her duty and ſelf, contended with S. *John Chryſoſtom*, behold her cut down with the Sithe of death, carried away in her flowre, deprived of the contentment and glory which ſhe poſſeſſed. Behold ſhe received a breach in her reputation, which cannot in the memory of all ages be repaired. Her bones are in horrour and dread, till ſuch time as S. *Chryſoſtom*, baniſhed by her commandment, and returning dead to *Conſtantinople*, came to ſerve as an Anchor for the floating aſhes of this unfortunate Empreſs.

Conſider this little *Theodoſius*, who even at his birth maketh the Idols to fall, the Pagan Temples to ſinck, and Hell to houl under his feet. What glory was it to bury the remainders of Idolatry, what a Trophey to extirpate under his Reign ſo many Monſters of Hereſies? What celeſtial comfort, to ſee in his time ſo many learned writings to be laid at his feet? to ſee ſo many worthy men flouriſh, ſo many Saints; as *Leos*, *Cyrils*, *Chryſoſtoms*, *Simeons Stilites*? to ſee the Church all garniſhed with ſtars and lights? to ſway a Sceptre more then fourty years in a peaceful Kingdom, among ſo many tempeſts? and, which is more, to fall into ſome defects by ſudden ſurprizal, and expiate them by a happy repentance? to ſee himſelf drawn by a powerful hand from the brink of a Precipice, and in the end to yield up his ſoul in the midſt of Palms and good odours of a glorious life? See you not a *Fortunate Piety*.

Behold *Pulcheria*, as an Eagle on the top of a Py-

ramide, which ever hath her eie on the Sun, and ſeeth all ſtorms broken and confounded under her feet. Was there ever a more Fortunate Piety? To ſay, that a Maid at fifteen years of age, ſwaying Emperours, and Empires, enchaining all hearts of the world, to make her ſelf on earth a Crown, might boaſt to have had the Univerſal Church for trumpet of her praiſes, and from the government on Earth, to mount to Heaven by ſo happy death, born as on a Chariot of Liberality, and Magnificence! Where may one more manifeſtly ſee the happineſs of true and ſolid piety?

Behold *Athenais*, a ſilly Maid, who had not ſo much as a poor Cottage for ſhelter, as ſoon as ſhe embraceth Piety, and offereth the faculties of her Soul to the honour of Altars; behold her raiſed upon the Throne of the prime Empire of the world: afterward, as ſhe came a little to forget God, he ſent her a very ſharp affliction, but as ſoon as ſhe hath again recourſe to the arms of Devotion, the cloud of calumny caſt on her forehead diſſevereth, the ſtorm paſſeth away, and her face all glittereth in glory; and, which is moſt admirable, God layeth hold of her even in the gulph of errour, whereinto a wicked hypocrite had caſt her, re-conducteth her to Altars, receiveth her ſoul in peace, and cauſeth her to reign both in her ſelf and blood in all the three parts of the world: for ſhe held in perſon the Sceptre of *Aſia*, her daughter *Eudoxia* was married to the Emperour of *Rome*, the Capital City of *Europe*, and her Grand-childe was Queen of *Africk*, miraculouſly finding a Kingdom in her own captivity. Is not this a *Fortunate Piety?*

Add alſo hereunto *Martianus*, a poor Peaſant, who now had his neck under the Sword of the Executioner, falſly accuſed of a crime, whereof he was innocent; and God taketh him by one hair of the head, delivereth him from ſhame and peril, marvellouſly guiding him to the government of a great Empire, giveth him innumerable proſperities, and indeed maketh him another *Conſtantine*. Ought not impiety to burſt with rage, and confeſs, that happineſs, greatneſs, benedictions, and favours of Heaven are for piety?

Here it may be, you will alſo have ſome remembrance of the Court of *Herod*, where you have ſeen the poor *Mariamne* in virtue ſo ill-entreated, and will think that piety in this creature was unfortunate. But if this thought occur, would it not condemn all the Martyrs, and all the Saints, whoſe lives notwithſtanding we ought to judge moſt happy, ſince that vanquiſhing the petty misfortunes of the world, ſhe hath fallen into the boſom of felicity? Tell me, one hour of life in patience and tranquillity of ſoul, which this good Queen had among ſo many ſtrange accidents, is it not more worth then the thirty ſeven years of her husband, all clouded with crimes, diſturbances, and fury? Tell me, is it not a happineſs and an incomparable glory, that God would partake in perſecutions with this good Princeſs, ſuffering himſelf by this ſelf-ſame man to be purſued, who had been the hammer of all her afflictions? Is it nothing to die in the Amphitheatre of Patience, in the Theatre of Honour by the ſame Sword, which was afterward unſheathed againſt *Jeſus Chriſt?* Is it nothing to give up the life of a Piſmire in exchange of an immortal glory on earth, and an happy repoſe in Heaven.

And if you beſides deſire to ſee her fortunate piety according to the world, is it not a blow from Heaven, to ſay, That all the race of *Herod* iſſued from his other wives was unlucky, miſerable, execrable, deprived of their Father's Sceptre, chaſed away, exiled, ſcourged with whips from Heaven, and the Grand-children of *Mariamne*, remained laſt in royal Thrones? *Tigranes* her Grand-childe deſcended from *Alexander*, was King of *Armenia*, crowned by the hands of the *Roman* Emperours. *Agrippa* the Great, iſſued from *Ariſtobulus*, who having been fettered with an iron chain, through the cruelty of *Tiberius*, was ſent back to his Kingdom by *Caius Cæſar*, and honoured with a golden chain of like weight, with the ſame of iron, wherewith he had been fettered.

Agrippa the youngeſt, under whom S. *Paul* pleaded his cauſe, was preſerved from the horrible ſack of *Jeruſalem*, as *Lot* from the flames of *Sodom*, and reigned in *Tyberiade*, and *Juliade*, even to decrepit age.

Berenice, Grand-childe of *Mariamne*, was extremely courted by the Emperour *Titus*, entituled The world's Darling. Another called *Druſilla*, was married to *Felix* Governour of *Judea*, of whom is ſpoken in the *Acts*, God likewiſe recompenſing the virtue of the Mother in the Children by ſome temporal favours: and all thoſe, who diſpoſed themſelves to virtue, were fortunate, to make it appear by evident teſtimonies, that unhappineſs ariſeth from nothing but impiety.

Theſe two Courts, the Hiſtories of which we have here repreſented, in my opinion ſufficiently ſhew the unhappineſs of impiety, and fortunate ſucceſs in the lives of Great-ones, when they are guided according to the Laws of Heaven.

If I hereafter ſhall continue this work, I will unfold, according to the ſucceſſion of Ages, the Elogies of great men, who in the practice of the world flouriſhed in all piety, to caſt confuſion upon the foreheads of ſuch, who, being heirs of their blood and fortunes, alienate themſelves ſo far from their merit. Yet cannot I abſolutely promiſe any thing: firſt, Becauſe the exerciſe of preaching and other miniſteries, afford me little leiſure to write; and although I might have ſome time for this purpoſe, yet have I ſome other labours upon the holy Scripture of a longer task, which would require their ſeaſon. Secondly, I ſee many worthy men, who much more ably can perform it, then my ſelf; my Talent is ſmall, and my Pen is ſlow, it can haſten nothing, I muſt ponder my works before I publiſh them, though very imperfect. They ever ſeem to me too ſoon to take flight and light: I would, as it were, perpetually hold them by the wings. Briefly, it is no ſmall labour to finde ſo many Saints in Courts. You know the Philoſopher, who ſearched for men with a Candle at Noon-tide, and had much ado to finde any: how much more difficult think you is it to meet with Saints, eſpecially in the decrepitneſs of this age, wherein there is little vigour, and many maladies? If you require books of me, I ſay, give me Saints, although verily I rather ſhould endeavour to engrave ſanctity in my manners, then writings. The time will come when books ſhall be gnawn by Moths on Earth, and works in Heaven eſteemed.

LAUS DEO.

THE HOLY COURT.

THE SECOND TOME.

Treating of the
- PRELATE.
- SOULDIER.
- STATES-MAN.
- LADY.

Written in FRENCH by *NICHOLAS CAUSIN*, of the S. of JESUS.

Tranſlated into Engliſh by S^r. *T. H.*

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD D'SACKVILE,

Earl of DORSET, Baron of BUCKHURST, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen's Majeſtie, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and of his Majeſties moſt Honourable PRIVIE COUNCEL.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE eminent, and well deſerved place, your Honour holds in the Court of her Majeſty, to whoſe gracious favour the firſt part of my Work was heretofore humbly conſecrated, emboldens me in the adventure of this preſent addreſs to your Honour; nor ſhall there, I hope, any notable diſproportion appear to the eys of the judicious, that I thus purpoſely ſelect your Honour to wait on her HIGHNESS in a printed Dedication, who at Court in ſo near a degree daily attend on her Sacred perſon.

The great and general applauſe, with which *France* hath entertained the whole Work in the original, gave encouragement to my pen to continue that firſt labour in the tranſlation of this Second piece. Here may be ſeen the Court of a great and glorious Prince ſtanding conſpicuous to all eys, like a goodly Fabrick raiſed on four fundamental columns; two of which, the Souldier and the States-man, may not improperly ſeem to reflect on your Honour.

The firſt, when in the fair occaſions of his Majeſties fit employments, his juſt reaſon ſhall at any time call you forth into action: the ſecond, in the preſent and frequent uſe he hath of your well matured counſels: both which, by maſculine courage and ſober wiſdom, aptly perſonated in *Conſtantine* and *Boetius*, are here preſented to the life, as ſtrong patterns for imitation. It is your honours patronage, that thus brings them with the reſt into the fruition of *Engliſh* air, and me by this opportunity, into the grateful acknowledgment of many favours received from your Honour, which ſince I cannot make known by more real demonſtrations, I offer this poor endeavour to ſupply the plentiful deſires of him, who reſolves to perſiſt,

The humble devoted ſervant of your Honour,

T. H.

TO THE
WISDOM of GOD INCARNATE.

ETernal WISDOM, Supream INTELLIGENCE, behold me proſtrate before the Abyſs of your great and Divine lights, to offer up the homage of my perſon and book, acknowledging the nothing both of the one and other; and proteſting to have neither ſpirit nor pen, which is not of You and for You, who are the ſource of good thoughts, and accompliſhment of all praiſe-worthy diſcourſes.

The Deſign and Order of this Book.

WE have, to ſpeak properly, but two great Books, Heaven and the Bible, which ſhall never periſh: The reſt bear ſome ſway, and have ſome laſting among men, yet in concluſion we finde their ends; but the moſt part of thoſe which are written in theſe days, fall into the world as drops of Rain into the Sea, of which the Ocean neither feeleth the approach nor departure. I expoſed my firſt Tome of the *HOLY COURT*, amidſt ſuch a throng of Writers, as it were with this conceit, thinking I carried a little dew into a great River, and that when I had ſpoken ſome truths, as it were paſſing along, I ſhould in my birth, bury my ſelf in the Tomb of ſo many Volumns; which is excuſable by the law of neceſſity, and honourable for the multitude and quality of thoſe, which are there to be found.

Notwithſtanding I ſee that God, who guideth our lives and pens, hath been pleaſed this work ſhould gain ſome eſtimation, and that, as it hath exceeded the merits of its Authour, ſo hath it ſurmounted his hope, expoſing it ſelf with ſome fruit and comfort, by an endeavour which I ſhall never think ill employed.

This hath again put the pen into my hand, to continue what I had begun, whereunto ſuch Honourable perſonages have perſwaded me, with motives ſo reaſonable, that having ſmall ability to undertake a ſecond labour, I had likewiſe leſs power to refuſe it.

Such as complain, my pen hath not ſoon enough ſatisfied their deſires, muſt remember, that though tardineſs be a mother ſomewhat unpleaſing, yet are not the children therefore deformed. The production of good Books ſhould not reſemble that of certain Birds, which according to the ſaying of an Antient, iſſue from their mothers before they are born; but we muſt a long time form and foment them in our minds, that they may appear in publick: for it is a very poor buſineſs, by precipitation to be able to hope no other thing, but through haſte to fail, that you may repent at leiſure. I rather fear the reproach of raſhneſs then delay, becauſe in this mortal ſtate wherein we live, all our perfecteſt actions are no other then groſs eſſays of perfection. *Sympſius.*

This may be ſpoken without extenuating the worth of ſome celeſtial wits, who make expedition, and goodneſs walk hand in hand; it being abſurd, that thoſe who are unable to imitate them, ſhould boaſt infirmities oppoſite to their abilities. For my part, I content my ſelf to afford good liking and admiration to the Works of others, reſerving nothing elſe but labour for mine own. And although, notwithſtanding my endeavour, I never finde ſufficient ſatisfaction in this Book, to pleaſe thoſe Readers whom I have found ſo propitious, yet doubt not but I have in ſome ſort anſwered their deſires.

For in this ſecond Volumn I treat of the Courts of *Conſtantine the Great*, the two *Valentinians*, *Gratian*, *Theodoſius* the Elder, *Theodorick* in *Boetius* his cauſe, *Clodoveus*, *Clotilda*, *Levigildus*, *Hermingildus*, and *Indegondis*, in ſuch ſort, that I have ſelected the principal ſanctities of Great-ones in the firſt ſix Ages of Chriſtianity, which will not be ſleightly valued by thoſe, who better love to finiſh a Work then unboundedly diſtend it.

Moreover alſo, to be better then my promiſe, in my firſt Volumn having taken the Court in general, I here deſcend into particulars; and there being four ſorts of perſons, which compoſe the life of Great-ones, that is to ſay, the *Prelate*, the *Souldier*, the *States-man*, and the *Court-Ladie*, I have made a brief Table of the conditions neceſſary in every ſtate, couched in four Diſcourſes, purſued with as many Books of Hiſtories, which contain excellent Models of virtues, proper to all orders and ſtates of life, in perſons moſt eminent.

I can aſſure my Reader, theſe Summaries of Precepts, which I have ſo contracted in ſo few words (it being in my power to enlarge them in divers Volumns) are not unprofitable; and the Hiſtories are ſo choſen, that beſides their majeſty, which unfoldeth the goodlieſt affairs and paſſages of Empires in the beginning of their Chriſtianity, they have alſo a certain ſweetneſs, which ſolid ſpirits ſhall finde as much to tranſcend fables and modern eloquence, as the ſatisfaction of truth ſurpaſſeth the illuſions of Sorcerers.

You ſhall perpetually therein obſerve a large Theatre of the Divine providence, wherein, God himſelf knoweth, I have no other aim, but to digniſie Virtue, and depreſs Vice, without any reflection upon the perſons of theſe times, no more then if I wrote in the Reign of *Charlemain* or Saint *Lewis*. I heartily entreat all thoſe ſpirits of application, who cannot hold their noſe over a piece of work, unleſs they finde it to ſuit with their own fantaſies, imagining that all literature is the eccho of their own thoughts, that if they have any Commentary to produce, they would rather make gloſſes upon their own dreams, then my Books. We are not as yet, God be thanked, in ſo miſerable an Age, that we dare not offer ſacrifice to truth without a diſguiſe, ſince it is the glory of Great-ones, openly to wage War againſt Vices, as their greateſt Enemies.

For to ſpeak truly, after I had preſented my Firſt Tome at the feet of the ſacred perſon of our great King, I likewiſe conſidered in his Court rich and reſplendent lights, in all orders, which might ſerve as Models for my Treatiſes,: but to avoid affectation of all worldly complacence, I have purpoſely declined it; my nature and habit having already ſo alienated me from all worldly pretences, that it would prove painful to me to court any man, if he had not Heaven and the Stars to give me for reward.

For

For ſo much as concerneth the form of writing, obſerved by me in this Second Volumn, I will truly confeſs to my Reader, that I have therein proceeded, rather guided by my proper Genius, then art, or cunning. And although I heretofore have been curious enough to read and obſerve all, what ever *Greek* or *Roman* eloquence hath produced of worth, yet I confeſs there is a certain ray of God, which encountering with our ſpirit, and mixing with nature, is more knowing then all precepts; and I may affirm this for the inſtruction of Youth, which hath asked my opinion concerning the qualities and conditions of ſtile. True it is, I have handled many books, written in all Ages, and have found the wiſeſt of them to be elevated in conceits and words, above the ordinary ſtrain, but always free from affectation. Others are ſo paſſionately enamoured of certain petty Courtſhips of language (which are capital enemies of perſwaſion, and which we moſt eſpecially ought to avoid in diſcourſes of Piety, the nerves whereof they weaken, and blemiſh the luſtre, ſince even thoſe who ſpeak to us out of Chairs, by word or writing, although in terms deſcreetly modeſt, make the leſs impreſſions on our hearts) and many times ſo ſeek after their own reputations, as they forget how much they are engaged to truth. We ſee ſome, who through over-much wit ſearch out ſtrange ways, conceptions different from common underſtanding, words extravagant, and in all things ſo vehemently adore their own imaginations, that they cannot endure any but themſelves in paper (which is the cauſe they very ſeldom meet with the habit of humane underſtanding, as being true Citizens of *Plato*'s Common-wealth) of ability to controle all, and to do nothing. Some glory in barreneſs, and would willingly be diſpleaſed with God, that he hath more plentifully ſown Stars in ſome parts of the Heaven then in others: they can brook nothing that is generous, without ſnarling at it, and taxing it, ſuppoſing beauties and ſplendours are defects, becauſe they ſurpaſs their capacities. Finally, there are ſome, who ſo furniſh themſelves, with the worth of others ceaſeleſs allegations, that they frame diſcourſes like to thoſe *Helenas* all of gold, where we can finde nothing but Drapery; not being able to diſtinguiſh the hand from the foot, nor the eye from the face. I enter not into the conſideration of our times, having learned rather to regard the Works of the meaneſt Writers then cenſure them. But, to ſpeak ſincerely, I never thought it fit to adviſe or purſue ſuch courſes: and as in this Work I have not wholly declined Learning, nor ornament of Language, which I ſuppoſed apt for the purpoſe, endeavouring many times to enchaſe them with ſeemly accommodation; ſo have I been unwilling to repleniſh my leaves with Authours and Foreign tongues, this being undertaken rather to perſwade virtue among men eminent, then to fill the common places of young Students.

I likewiſe have ſo intermingled my ſtyle, that not deſcending into a petty language of complement, which had been below my ſubject, I thought to make it intelligible, yea even unto thoſe who make no profeſſion of arts or ſtudy. My onely aim is to ſpeak, and to be underſtood, perſwaded thereunto by the ſaying of *Philo*, that Speech and Thought are two ſiſters, the youngeſt whereof is created, that the eldeſt may be known. I have more laboured upon the weight of ſentences then ornaments of words, not at all pretending to the honour of earthly pens, which we daily behold to grow in ſo many Authours of this Age, who would be much more abſolute, did they apply themſelves to graver ſubjects, and in ſome ſort imitate the Sun, who affording admiration to the world, hath none himſelf.

Notwithſtanding it often happeneth, not with the moſt eminent Writers, who ordinarily are endowed with much modeſty, but certain extremely profane wits, to idolatrize their own inventions, to condemn all treatiſes of worth and value; that it is impoſſible to be eloquent in our language, but in the expreſſion of vanities and impurities. Truly, if queſtion were made to judg of *French* eloquence, the riches of *Babylon* are not ſo exquiſite, as to be compared with the beauties of *Sion*.

Whileſt there are letters and men, there ſhall ever be praiſes for the excellent Books, which come from the pens of ſo many worthy Prelates, and other perſons of quality; yea, even from the Laity, who have exerciſed their ſtyle upon arguments, Chaſte, Honourable, and well-worthy of all recommendation. I ſpeak this as it were by the way, having at this time no purpoſe to enlarge upon recital of an infinite number of able men, who ſtand ready with pen in hand; nor likewiſe to commend thoſe of my habit, who have expoſed their excellent labours to publick view, and which I know might be well waited on by a large number of choice wits of the ſame Society.

But for as much as concerneth my ſelf, I have already diſcharged my promiſe, and doubt not, but that in theſe four Models, I have ſufficiently comprized the whole ſcope of my deſign. For the reſt, I think the Books of devotion that are publiſhed, ought to be rare and extraordinarily well digeſted: becauſe ſuch is the quantity of them, that the number of Authours will quickly exceed the proportion of Readers. Diſtaſt is a worm, which ſticketh on the moſt reſplendent beauties; and although a thing may be excellent, we muſt not therefore glut any man with ſuperfluity, leſt good offices turn into contempt, and charity make it ſelf tireſom. Yet ſo it is, that we muſt confeſs, pieces well ſelected and curiouſly handled can never ſo ſuperabound in number, as to offend thoſe, who can diſtinguiſh of merit.

For if it be true, as I have heard, that there are many good and learned Religious men of divers Orders, who prepare themſelves to write upon this ſame ſubject, I am very glad, and proteſt it ſhall be acceptable to me, becauſe ſo they may perfect what I have begun, with more profit then my ſelf.

Note here the cauſe why I ſtay my pen, and if there be ought good in this Volumn, I look upon it as that Mirrour, which was fixed on the wall of the *Arcadian* Temple, where thoſe who beheld themſelves, ſaw in ſtead of their faces, the repreſentation of the Divinity they adored. So in all this, which here may profit my Reader, I ſee nothing of mine own, but in it acknowledg the Father of Light, who is the ſource and end of all, which is in us eſteemed laudable, and whom I humbly beſeech, if there be any thing attractive in this Diſcourſe, he would be pleaſed to draw it upward, as the Adamant, tranſporting ſuch as ſhall read it to the love of their CREATOUR, to whom is due the tribute of all honour, as to Him who is the beginning of all perfections. This is the onely comfort of our labour: for, not to diſſemble a truth, he that more regardeth to write then to live, courting his pen, and neglecting his own conſcience, ſhall always have trouble enough to defend himſelf from Moths, Rats, and Oblivion. And though he ſhould be laden with the applauſes of the whole world, in a paſſionate life, it were but to gain a ſilly ſacrifice of ſmoak without him, to harbour fire and tempeſts within his own houſe.

It is ſaid, the Stars by contribution of their rays, ſtrengthen the activity of Hell-fire; and I may ſay, all the lights of underſtanding and reputation will ſerve but to encreaſe the torments of a reprobate ſoul, who ſhuts his eys againſt God, not to open them to other object then vanity.

Pauſan. in Arcadicis.

Centrum terra validius accenditur, ex limpiditate flamma cæleſtis. Vienna ex Ptolomæi Almageſto.

TO

TO THE

NOBILITY,

Dedicated to the

CHURCH.

SRIS,

THe Benefits you have received from God, and Examples the Weal-publick expecteth from you, are so essential obligations of duty, that when we speak of the Piety of Great-ones, you instantly are selected out to hold the first rank therein, and to be the cause, that Virtues, which ever are voluntary, may turn, as it were, into title of necessity. For, to joyn the Clergy to Nobility, is to connect two things together, which are both in Nature, and the Gospel, very eminent. It is to profess one's self an honest man by Birth, and Dignity, to stand on a Pinnacle, and serve as a Torch, to change your Word into Law, and Life into Example.

The Bishops of all Ages have been esteemed amongst men, as the Stars in the Firmament, whereof the Prophet Daniel speaketh; as the Senatours of Heaven, the Fathers of the Common-wealth, the Interpreters of God, the Mediatours of the Marriage contracted between the Lamb and the heavenly Jerusalem. Daniel 12. 3. Dionys. ἀφιερωσαι, De Ecclesiastica Hierarchia.

This is the cause why we ever think it is to desire a good work, to desire a Bishoprick, taking the words of the Apostle in a sense, which flattereth sensuality, informeth not the Conscience: but now, that the passage to Offices, and secular Dignities, is closed up from many with bars of Gold and Silver, whom birth seemeth to invite thereunto; they hope to repair themselves on the spoils of the Church, where such as proceed by sensual and worldly ways, often-times finde poyson and death hidden under a seeming sweetness.

For, Sirs, we must tell you, your Dignities, how eminent soever they be, are like the roof of the Temple in Jerusalem, which had Flowers among gilded Prickles; in my opinion to teach Bishops, that Mitres bordered with gold, and diversified with stones, have notwithstanding their points and prickings. Villalpandus upon Ezechiel, out of Josephus de bello Judaico lib. 6. c. 6.

Had we as many eys open towards Heaven, as Heaven openeth to behold here below the most secret actions of men, we should be strucken with horrour to see an Ecclesiastical Dignity fall to the lot of a depraved Soul, which changeth all the abilities thereof to incentives for sin, and to make of his proper honours the true snares of his Soul.

But it is a common disaster, that the smoak, which in the book of Toby driveth away the Devils, doth here daily surprise men. We stick on apparences, and if we retain some Maxims of Verity, we use them as Letters written with the juice of a Lemon, which can hardly be read but by the help of fire.

So, that when the day of Judgment shall manifest it self by fire, and, that at the departure of the Soul, flames shall be presented to enlighten it, even to the bottom of the Conscience, then shall it be, when all the knowledge of virtue, which we here on earth retain so poor and languishing, shall appear with enflamed characters for our condemnation. Hermanus Hugo de prima scribendi origine.

It is an admirable thing, which the good Cardinal Hugo, who flourished about four hundred years ago, as he lay on his death-bed, where, with much advantage the vanities of the world are discovered, and, when perhaps some too indiscreetly flattered him upon the splendour of his dignity, spake in the voice of an Oracle; Take away these vanities; for I protest, if it were to do again, I had rather die in a Monastery covered with leprosie, then with the scarlet Robe of a Cardinal. The life of Hugo.

Yet notwithstanding this man had been so little idle, that besides the Concordances of the Bible, which he composed, and the Commentaries he made upon the whole Corps of holy Scripture, he so courageously employed himself in the exercise of good works, that being drawn out of the excellent Order of S. Dominick, he retained all his former virtues, which found no change in him, but that they added to their native beauty the lustre of authority. I speak this, not to inform Prelates, from whom I should receive instruction, but to represent to so many of the young Nobility, as we now daily behold advanced to Ecclesiastical charges, the peril there is in Prelacies, which are not guided by the paths of a good Conscience.

It is a monstrous thing (said holy S. Bernard) to hold the higheſt place, and have the loweſt Courage, the firſt Chair, and the laſt Life, a Tongue magnificent, and an Hand ſlothful; much noiſe about you, and little fruit, the countenance grave, and actions light; great authority, and no more conſtancy then a Weather-cock. It were a better ſight to behold an Ape on the houſe-top, and ſmoak in a Candle-ſtick, then a man dignified without merit. Bern. de conſid. lib. 1. cap. 7.

On the contrary part, when Science and Virtue agree with Nobility, to make up a good Church-man, it is so glorious a spectacle, that it may be said, God, to produce it on earth, hath taken a pattern from himself in Heaven. I wish no more faithful witnesses then this Prelate, which I shall present unto you in this first Treatise, after I have made a brief Summary of Precepts, which I have purposely comprised in very few Pages, to render them the readier for the understanding; well knowing, there are store of Books largely enough dilating on this Subject, the length of which I have avoided to attend the matter.

I wish it may have an effect in your hearts worthy of your courage, that honouring your Dignity for Virtue, Virtue may enoble you with Titles of true Glory.

THE

THE HOLY COURT.

SECOND TOME.

THE PRELATE.

The First SECTION.

That it is convenient the Nobility ſhould govern the Church.

Æterhitas mundi ex obedientiâ ad intelligentiam matricem. Apud. *Matthiam* de Vienna, qui liber impreſſus anno 1462.

I Begin by the Altar to meaſure the Temple of the Holy Court, and ſet a Prelate before your eys, who bare Nobility into the houſe of God, and there furniſhed himſelf with all the virtues, which made him ſpeak like an Oracle, and live as a true Image of Divinity. the *Platoniſts ſay*, the whole order of the world dependeth on Intelligences, which bear ſway in the motion of the firſt Heaven; and we in imitation of them may ſay, all the good of Chriſtendom proceeds from the examples of Eccleſiaſtical men, to whom the Son of God hath conſigned his authority on their brows, his word in their mouths, his blood and Church into their hands. For if Bees, ingendred of the body of a Bull, carry in their entrails the very form of that Bull from whence they are derived; by a much more juſt Title the people will bear the marks of thoſe, whom God hath given them for Doctours, and Fathers, whether it be by correſpondence of nature, through cuſtom, or by imitation, which ever hold a very great predominance over ſpirits diſpoſed to receive their impreſſions. Behold the cauſe why a Prelate, who liveth conform to his profeſſion, imprinteth the ſeal of the Son of God on all thoſe ſouls he governeth, and produceth himſelf in as many objects as he hath imitatours of his virtues. As on the contrary part, he who liveth ill in great Nobility, and Dignity, is a Seraphin in appearance, but a Seraphin without eys, without heart, without hands, which hath wings of a profane fire, able to burn the Propitiatory, if God afford not his helping hand.

Vyſſes Aldrovan. *de apibus.*

And for as much as we at this day ſee the Nobility aſpire to Eccleſiaſtical charges, and many fathers to diſpoſe their children thereunto, ſometimes with more fervor then conſideration, it hath cauſed me to undertake this Treatiſe for the Nobility, which dedicate themſelves to the Church, as well to ſhew the purity of intention they ought to exerciſe therein, as to give them a fair diſcovery of the goodly and glorious actions they ought to purſue in the practice thereof. I here will firſt offer you a ſimple draught, which I afterward intend to adorn with the greatneſs of St. *Ambroſe*, as with more lively colours.

Plato rejoyced to behold Princes and Governours of Common-wealths to become Philoſophers, and we have cauſe to praiſe God, when we ſee the children of Noble Houſes to diſpoſe themſelves to Prieſthood, not by oblique and ſiniſter ways, but with all the conditions which their blood requireth, and ſacred dignity exacteth in ſo noble a ſubject.

Why ſhould we deny them Mitres, Croſiers, and eminency in the Church? ſo far is their birth from miniſtring any occaſions of the contrary, that it rather affordeth them favour both to undertake ſuch charges with courage, and diſcharge their conſcience with all fidelity.

The reaſons hereof are evident. For firſt, we muſt aver, that by how much the more honourable the charges are, ſo much the rather they are proper for ſuch as make profeſſion of honour; provided always on the other ſide, they have qualities ſuitable to thoſe miniſteries they pretend to exerciſe. And are there any in the world more ambitious of honour then Noblemen? Oſtentation is the laſt ſhirt they put off, and where can you find a more ſolid, and eminent honour, then that which is derived from the lawfull adminiſtration of Eccleſiaſtical functions?

Ariſtotle ſaith, *Truths, which tranſmit themſelves through the common ſenſe of every man, get into credit as it were by the degree of nature.* Now ſuch hath been the eſteem of all Nations, that Kingdoms, and Common-wealths being eſtabliſhed upon Religion, and temporal juriſdiction, as on two columns; Religion ſo much the more excelleth politick government, as things divine tranſcendently ſurmount humane. And for this cauſe, favours, priviledges, & preheminences, have ever been given to Prieſts in the greateſt and moſt flouriſhing Monarchies and Common-wealths of the world, as we may ſee in Hiſtories, & as the policy of the *Ægyptians*, *Aſſyrians*, *Chaldeans*, *Medes*, *Perſians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, *Gauls*, and other nations.

Ariſt. l. 1. περὶ ἑρμηνείας *Xenophon.* l. 4. de factis & dictis *Socratis*, tribuit etiam *Socrati. Strabo* Geograph. *lib.* 14. *Ælian.* lib. 14. cap. 14. Var. *Euſ.* in Chron. Agathias Hiſtor. *lib.* 2, &c.

The honour of Prieſthood gained ſo much on the hearts of all people that the Monarchs of the earth ſeemed not to rule but with one arm, if they made not in one and the ſame perſon the alliance of Prieſthood and Royalty: ſo that oftentimes they ſhewed themſelves as depraved in their proceedings, as greedy in matter of honour.

The *Roman* Emperours, who ſtretched their authority as far as the point of their Lance could be extended, and who needs would be Commanders of arms,

Arms, to become thereby Masters of Laws, failed not to joyn the Mitre with the Diadem, and as soon to make themselves great Prelates, as great Emperours; thinking by this means to have the more power over the hearts of the people, and the less opposition for resistance, when they had depressed the forces, which might give some remarkable counterpoize to their greatness. And it is an admirable thing, that the first Christian Emperours, as *Constantine* and his children, still retained the titles of the *Great Pontifices* of Gentilism, as a Maxim of State, lest, foregoing this fantasie of dignity, they should behold themselves bereaved of some Jewel of their Crowns.

Baron. ad annum Christi. 382. num. 6. Gratianus primus nomen Pontificis respuit.

This is to authorize my proposition, which saith, True Honour belongeth to Ecclesiastical charges, when they are well administred: since the Monarchs of the world, from the very abuse of these Dignities, have derived glory: but to desire them for honour, is to dishonour the dignity by the unworthyness of your desire. So many *Ixions* now adays cast themselves athwart the smoak to court a cloud, that there is almost no love left, but for false Deities. That which maketh Ecclesiastical men honourable is, well to use their titles, and embellish their charges with the ornament of their lives. Otherwise all this petty gaudery, which we see sparkling round about them, is very little. It is not the Mitre, which maketh the Bishop, but to be esteemed worthy of the Mitre by transcendency in virtue, is to be more then a Bishop without merit.

Superiora non habent coronas, quia nè ventos quidem. Senec. natural. l. 1. c. 1.

Sometimes we beholding the Meteors of the air imagine to see Crowns about the Sun and Stars, which really are nothing but vapours, composed of gross air, which illusion coloureth, our imagination figureth, and the wind scattereth. This is to make fools believe there are Crowns encompassing this mighty Star. The Sun is adorned sufficiently with his proper rays, should he borrow his brightness from the vapours of the earth, he would no longer be the Sun. Even so is it, when with a terrestrial and impure eie we consider some exteriour marks of Ecclesiastical dignity: we think such things make Prelates, and we therein are deceived, for they are vapours of the earth, which the wind sooner or later will dissipate. He that will be truly resplendent, must within himself bear the source of his own light.

Herein consisteth the most excellent form of honour, when a Prelate allieth sincerity of life to the dignity of his place, and that to serve as an example for all noble spirits, who make election to be of the Church, he advanceth his extraction by the lustre of virtues, which are as rays reflecting from the Divine greatness.

I say for a second reason, That when Noble-men hold Ecclesiastical Offices, and therein employ their whole extent of duty, we may hope from their ministeries not only more radiance, but succour also, as from such as command with greater authority, and make themselves to be obeyd with more advantage.

It is undoubtedly true, that God sufficiently maketh it appear, he hath no need of men, when purposing to stretch out his arm to some extraordinary actions, he oftentimes extracteth creatures from dregs and dust, to set them in Thrones, and establish them with such authority, that he causeth the powers of the earth to bow under their commands, who bear the decrees of Heaven; which hath been seen in the infancy of the Church, and in the sequel thereof, through all ages: yet must we say, that, as our Saviour, although he had a science increate as God, a science infused as a Prophet, a science of beatitude, as he, who was possessour thereof from the first moment of his life: notwithstanding to accommodate himself to the laws of that nature, which he had assumed, spared not to work by humane science, which Divines call experimental. So in the government of the Church, though he sometimes operates without any regard had to dependance on the ordinary course, which himself hath established, as when he took simple fisher-men, to make them Masters over the Sages, and Instructers of Monarchs; yet at other times proceeding in a common strain, and more usual to nature, he chose men of note and authority, to employ them in the large confines of his Empire and jurisdiction.

S. Thom. 3. part. q. 30.

So drew he *Moses* from *Pharaoh's* Court, to make him the God of *Pharaoh*: so for Princes among the Gentiles, which he meant to enrole under his standard, he elected Kings and Sages; so, after he had constituted his Church under the government of a poor fisher-man of *Galilee*, he took one derived from the blood of Emperours, whom he made his Successour, to wit, S. *Clement*; so he caused in divers occasions *Ambroses*, *Gregories*, *Leos*, *Calixtuses*, to arise, and so many others of most honorable extraction, that they might bear Nobility as a dowry into the bosom of the Church, which they had so happily governed.

This Nobility was to their dignity as a gilded case to a rich tablet, as gold to the diamond, beauty of body to the soul, habiliments to the grace and garb of body. They had more lustre, more splendour, more resolution; and the subjects, who have not always intentions so pure in rendering honour to Ecclesiasticks, as not to regard the exteriour ornament of their qualities, and conditions, became more obsequious to their commands, having not boldness enough to contradict even those, who by right of their birth had as soon entered into Empire, as life.

How many times had secular powers been seen to transgress their limits, to usurp on the Church, and what disorder had we beheld to arise from the prosecution of this confusion, had not the hand of God raised Ecclesiasticks of noble houses, of great authority, of much courage, to sustain the shock, to tie the hands of the factious, and punish the boldness of the most daring; to call back (as *Job* saith) the prey out of the teeth of iniquity, and make a Diadem to himself wholly composed of actions of justice, magnanimity, religion, in this manner more resplendent then if he had possessed all the pearls of the Orient?

What a fair field of Battle, what goodly Palms, what bright glory hath a noble soul, to make it self a brazen wall for the defence of the Church, and obtain of God the blessing pronounced by the Prophet *Isaiah*, in favour of the High-Priest *Eliachim*? What a glorious honour is it, to be set in a place of trust, to be planted by the hand of God to serve as a prop for the house of God, to be the seat of glory for the Lord of Hosts, to carry the movables, riches, and greatness of the Church on his shoulders?

Isaiah 22. *Figam illum paxillum in loco fideli, & erit solium gloriæ domui patris sui, & suspendent super eum omnem gloriam domûs patris ejus.*

Finally, For a third reason, to conduct the Nobility to Ecclesiastical Dignities is to bring it into its house. All things willingly return to their source: The waters cease not to glide along, to render themselves to the Ocean. The rays of the Sun touch the earth, not forsaking their star; the branches of the Tree offer the homage of their verdure, leaves, and fruits, to the root: he goeth well, that hasteneth to his beginning.

Now so it is, that the greatest part of the Church endowments came from the Nobility, who then despoiled themselves to cover the Altars, and now many unveil the Altars to cloath themselves. If you (O Noble-men) desire to enjoy the patrimony, which

your Anceſtours have left to the Church, you ought not to ſeek it by unlawful, miſchievous, and tyrannical ways, but by means proportionable to the intentions of thoſe, who laid thoſe rich foundations. And what intentions had they, but to cut the Trees of *Baſan* to make Oars for the Veſſel of S. *Peter*, but to lay their wealth at the feet of God, who, according to the Prophet, made himſelf a foot-ſtep of Sapphires, to ſerve as a Ladder for glory; but to entertain on earth an image of the heavenly *Jeruſalem*, to grant to the Church men of ſcience and conſcience, men of courage and fidelity, for the ornament, ſupport, and maintenance thereof?

Ezech. 27. *Quercus Baſan dolata in remos navis Tyri, divites ſeculi Eccleſia appliciti.* Hieron. ſuper Ezech.

If you approach thither with ſuch an intention, I am of opinion, the gates ought to be opened unto you, and that you ſhould enter into your ſelf to govern the houſe of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and not deſtroy it. We have, thanks be given to God, a great King, all whoſe inclinations diſpoſe him to goodneſs, as lines to the centre: as much love as he hath for juſtice, ſo much zeal hath he for the glory of Altars. As God is pleaſed to ſow the ſtars on the azure of the firmament, ſo hath he a ſenſible delight to furniſh the Church with good Prelates, becauſe they are the ſtars of the earth. Merit under him is in poſſeſſion of good hopes, and hope is not far diſtant to be conſummate in fruition. He is pleaſed to gratifie the Nobility with the goods of the Church, but he will, his intention be ſeconded by the merit of thoſe, that ſhall enjoy them. Take the waies of wiſdom and virtue to enter into your inheritance, which ever are moſt aſſured and the moſt honourable. The time hath been, when one muſt, as it were, have done evil to receive good; if now good be offered to thoſe who do it, who would willingly be vitious, and ſow crimes to reap miſeries.

The ſecond SECTION.

That the Nobility ſhould not aſpire to Eccleſiaſtical Offices, but by lawful ways.

Lucian. In Jov. Trag.

PRophane *Lucian* ſpake truer then he thought, when he feigned Gentiliſm was filled with gods, whereof ſome were made of wood and ſtone, ſubſiſting by the prerogative of antiquity, which age and time gave them: the other much more lately formed, were of gold and ſilver, repreſenting the profuſe prodigality of the later ages. This cauſed a divorce in the Temples; the Gods of earth were ſtill willing to hold their ranks, ſhewing beſides the antiquity of their original, that they were framed by the confident hands of admirable work-men, and had lineaments excellently poliſhed. The gods of gold and ſilver, dignified by the riches of the ſtuff of which they were compoſed, ſpake proudly, & needs would have priority, ſince the metal, whereof they were made, tranſcended much in the eſtimation of men. The matter was put into deliberation in the great Parliament of *Olympus*, & the golden gods carried it, not by merit, but by authority of their riches.

Should this ſcoffing ſpirit be raiſed again in theſe our days, to make a Satyre on the manners of theſe times, he could not be better fitted. For to ſpeak, not univerſally of all Eccleſiaſtical Nobles, ſince, thanks be to God, there are many, who moſt happily have linked to Nobility all the other qualities requiſite to their condition: but conſidering in groſs the diſorder & corruption, we may well ſay, the gods of gold at this day have the upper-hand. We heretofore ſaw divers ſpiritual men, extracted from low condition, who arrived to dignities by the degrees of labour, integrity, knowledge, and were finally crozier'd and mitered by the ſtrength of much merit. Theſe men appeared in the Church of God, as thoſe antient ſtatues made by the hand of *Polycletes*, *Phidias*, and *Syſippus*, there was not a lineament in them which ſpake not. But when gold and ſilver began to ſway more then ever, the rich, allured with the wealth of the Church, brake a way through by the help of contentions, authority, & command, which ſilver gave them over the courſes of humane things: they maugre induſtry and virtue, have made golden gods, which baniſh, as it were, all the gods of earth, notwithſtanding the excellent forms, and all the gifts of nature, and grace they could poſſibly acquire. It ſeemeth for theſe men the Church is at this day become a great Oak overturned, where men haſtily on every ſide run for prey: there is not a hand ſo little, that wil not become outragious to bear away ſome ſpoil thereof.

But you, noble and generous ſpirits, who in your minorities dedicate your ſelves to the miniſteries of the Church, behold the firſt ſtep you muſt tread. Be careful herein, as your lives and ſalvation are dear unto you; aim wel your carrier, enter by the gate of honor, to free your ſelf from the diſturbances of life and troubles of death. Be you aſſured it is the abomination of the deſolation, foretold by the Prophet *Daniel*, the gall of bitterneſs, and perplexity of ſin, declared by the Apoſtle S. *Peter*, to enter into an Eccleſiaſtical benefice by unlawful and ſtrained ways, without vocation. The reaſons hereof are evident.

Dan. 9. 27. Act. 8. 23.

Firſt, The Saints have called this vice, the iniquity of *Libanus*, alluding to theſe words of the Prophet *Habacuck*; *The iniquity of* Libanus *ſhall cover thee.* Where the Text ſpake to thoſe, who deſpoiled the Holy-land, becauſe the Mount *Libanus* is a holy hill of *Paleſtine*, all covered over with fair Cedars, much renowned in the Scripture, from whence it cometh, it myſtically ſignifieth the Church: and thoſe are truly covered with the iniquity of *Libanus*, who ſurcharge themſelves with the weight of inexorable juſtice, for attempting on the higheſt pieces of the patrimony of God, wch are the offerings of the faithful, left for the maintenance of Eccleſiaſtical ſtate.

Habac. 1. *Iniquitas Libani operiet te.*

This iniquity of *Libanus* is the ſin of *Zeb*, *Zebeus*, and *Salmana*, who are branded with perpetual infamy for plotting againſt the Tabernacle of God. The Prophet ſaid, that encouraging one another they caſt out theſe inconſiderate words: *Let us go, and poſſeſs the Sanctuary of God, as our proper inheritance.* And what, I pray, do ſuch like now adays? Hold they not the goods of the Church, as one would a Tenement, to paſs it from hand to hand from Nephew to Nephew? although they often-times in their conſcience judge them moſt uncapable, yet needs muſt they take good heed how they forgo any thing: the chairs muſt be filled with honour, with fleſh, and hay, and rather will they ſet ſhadows on a Pinacle, then render to God what is due to him. And what will happen to theſe *Salmanas*, or *Salmoneans*? even that, which the ſame King and Prophet ſaid, *They ſhall turn about as the wheel of the Potter*: inceſſantly wandering from purpoſe to purpoſe, from ambition to ambition, from bargain to bargain, in a thouſand embroilments of ſpirit till death come, *who ſhall bruiſe them* (as ſaith the Wiſe-man) *on the Ciſtern, and ſhall ſcatter them for ever from the face of God.*

Pſal. 82. 12. *Hereditate poſſideamus Sanctuarium Dei.*

Pone illos ut rotam.

Confringes rotam ſuper ciſternam. Eccleſ. 12.

It is no ſmall matter to invade the treaſure of Kings, ſince it is the blood of the people, the ſinew of war, the knot of peace; and the blood-ſuckers of State, which abuſe it, ſooner or later ſhall pour their lives out in the duſt. And what do you think is it, to abuſe the patrimony of God (whereunto ſo many good ſouls have oft-times contributed their blood and ſweat) and to enter therin as a Fox, a Lion, without

out any other intention but to ſlay and devour the flock, which they ought not ſo much as to ſhear?

The crimes, which do affront the Divinity, ever bear their puniſhments behind them. *Craſſus* felt among the *Parthians* the Religion of the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, which he had deſpoiled; the fortune of the *Romans* was made a prey, the Army routed, the Treaſures forſaken, the lives of ſo many mortals expoſed to the dint of Sword, to chaſtiſe the avarice of one man, who durſt invade the goods conſecrated to the Divine Majeſty. Whileſt he ſtretched out his Harpie's hands on the goods of men, God ſuffered him: ſo ſoon as he ſet his Tallons on the moveables of the Temple, he felt the ſteel of Barbarians, as revengers of his Sacrilege.

Plutarch. in Craſſo.

An hand from Heaven before, for the ſame cauſe, charactered the dreadful decree of a *Babylonian* King, which hath ſerved as a Tragedy for all poſterity: and afterward *Heliodorus* in the *Macchabees* was prodigiouſly puniſhed by exterminating Angels, who in the mid-day ſcourged him in the ſight of all the world, employing the heavenly Whips on his body for the ſame crime, as he had beſtowed his hardineſs and hand to ſteal a Jewel from Heaven.

Daniel 5. 15. 2 Machab. 3.

If you ſay there is much difference between the ſacrilegious, who ſteal the Treaſures of the Church, and thoſe, who by ways unlawful ſeize on benefices, which they unworthily hold, to the confuſion of Chriſtianity. I anſwer, there may be the difference that would be between a publick Robber, and a private Thief; the one proceeding with open force, the other more cautelouſly, cauſing his venom to creep, is by ſo much the more pernicious, as under the skin of a Sheep he bears the heart of a Wolf.

Add hereunto for a ſecond reaſon, that the *Balthazars*, *Craſſuſes*, and *Heliodoruſes*, and the Hereticks of our time, who have made open war againſt the Treaſures of the Temple, having nothing at all hurt the reputation of the Church, which as the Pole-ſtar is ever in motion, and never ſetteth: but the unjuſt Uſurpers of Prieſt-hood, who ſometimes enter into charge with extreme defect of Science, and Conſcience; beſides, that they unprofitably devour the Patrimony of the Son of God, do burthen his Spouſe with eternal reproach.

It is obſervable, that in theſe deplorable times, where all ſeemeth to tend to the ſubverſion of Laws, ſtill ſome new Monſters have appeared, who by their birth have declared the diſaſters that ſhould happen to the world.

The tenth Age, which was the true Iron-age, wherein all vices were in force, all ſciences in eclipſe, all abuſe in credit, and, as it were, all crimes in impunity, afforded neither Satyres, Chimeraes, Centaurs, nor other monſters againſt nature. But, for a certain preſage of great evils, which we afterward ſaw to over-flow all Chriſtendom, children of great men were ſeen, who had nothing great in them but vice, as being ſuch, who were born for diſgrace, bred in diſorder, naturalized in ſin, to enter, during their minority, into Eccleſiaſtical charges, to debaſe authority, and aboliſh merit. A Pope *John* the Eleventh, enormouſly vitious, having the malice of a man moſt debauched, and the age of a child unexperienced, to ſit in the chair of S. *Peter*! A *Theophylact*, ſon of the Emperour, by the abſolute power of his Father, to ſeize on the See of *Conſtantinople*, to become afterwards a Merchant of Horſes, which he ſo violently affected; that beſides the prodigious race of two thouſand, which he ordinarily bred, he many times left the Altar, where he ſacrificed to the living God, to haſten to ſee ſome Mare of his, that had foled in the ſtable! Our *France* hath not been exempt from this unhappineſs; for, in the ſame age, *Hugo*, a childe of five years old, was conſtituted Archbiſhop of *Rhemes* to poſſeſs the ſeat of the great S. *Remigius*, which was to parallel the foot of *Hercules* to the leg of a fly.

Baron. ad annum Chriſti 931 Joannes 11. Miſcria ſi lius, matre ariam tum amoribus florente. Curopalates & Baron. ad annum 926.

Frodeardus Hiſtor. Rhemen. lib. 4 cap. 17. Monſtrum, inquit, unquam hactenus in orbe Chriſtiano viſum.

All Chriſtendom was amazed to behold ſuch promotions, & held them in the rank of Comets, which make terrour to march before them, and after them ſterility, maſſacres, & diſaſters. Were there no other conſideration but the intereſts of the Church, this ever ought to touch a heart, which as yet retaineth ſome vein of Chriſtianity, nor ſhould it ever give conſent to any preferment, which might appear ſo diſadvantagious to her, whom *Jeſus Chriſt* hath by his blood made his lawful Spouſe. But beſides the detriment of Religion, for a third inſtance, the manifeſt loſs of young men is incurred, who are engaged in Eccleſiaſtical Dignities, not being accommodated with conditions neceſſary to undergo ſuch a burden: much better were you to ſend them directly to the houſe of fools, then to expoſe them upon the pinacle of the Temple with ſo little diſcretion: for in this priſon of mad-men they ſhould finde thoſe, that would tie them, thereby to ſtay their folly; and in theſe falſe dignities they meet with liberty, which freeth them, to precipitate them into all ſorts of vices Fathers and Mothers, God pardon you, what a Torch do you ſet on fire, to burn and conſume the houſe of God, when blind with affection, and benummed in judgment, you ſo embrace your young Apes, that you ſtrangle them with exceſs of indulgence? To enkindle ambition in the veins of theſe yong ſots, almoſt at their coming out of the Cradle, to ſet them on the top of the houſe, over mens heads with an arm and ſling of ſilver, be they vitious, be they impious and diſſolute, be they ſtupid and heavy as earth, ſo that they have the breath of favour, and oars of ſilver (as had the Rowers of Queen *Cleopatra*) needs muſt they be placed on the top of the Turret, to be ſeen the further off. Many times charges of great importance, and ſuperintendence over the heads of ſo many mortals, are given to men, to whom a ſilly Farmer's wife would not have committed the keeping of a Cow. The *Idumeans* enterprize upon the Sanctuary, and theſe Owls endeavour to drink up the Lamp-oyl of Churches, by an ambition of ſo ſtrong a flight, that it will admit no limits, but infinity. Have you no commiſeration of the publick? The Common-wealth is at this day an old ſong (ſay you) whereof little care is to be had, we deſire to know more then an air, which is that of our own proper intereſt, ſince it is an act of prudence well to accommodate one's affairs. Yet are you no whit aſhamed of your ſelves? though ſilver furniſh you with a brow of metal to regard no man, yet is it a ſhameful thing to be deſirous to erect in the world the tree of *Nebuchadnezzar* turned topſie-turvy, where four-footed beaſts are above, and little birds beneath? Were it not a goodly thing to ſee Horſes, Aſſes, and Bulls to neigh, bray, and bellow upon the branches of trees, while the ſmall birds of Heaven, ſo many celeſtial ſpirits, thruſt from the rank, which wiſdom and virtue giveth, go mourning up and down among the thorns of a neceſſitous life? But we muſt prefer our children, anſwer you. Who ſays the contrary? Raiſe them on the ſteps of actions Chriſtian, ſolid, and illuſtrious, cauſe them to paſs through the Temple of Virtue, before they go to that of Honour: examine their talents, their capacity, their ability, otherwiſe you do not advance, but precipitate them into publick ſcorn, into loſs of reputation, and danger of ſoul.

This benefice is not a benefice, but a malefice, but a golden snare, a carcanet of *Medea*, a *Trojan* horse, which will produce arms. You, in procuring such an honour, resemble those Idolatrous Parents, who sacrificed their children to the God *Moloch* (that is to say, the Sun) and caused them to be burnt alive in the hollow Statue of the Sun, not caring to forego their lives, so they might lose them in those flames, and lights, which were the Hieroglyphicks of honour. O mere madness! for the life of a Flie, which we daily share with death, to be willing to dam your self and posterity, to stand on the brink of the abyss, and not deign so much as onely to open your eys to behold the precipice?

Seldenus de Diis Syris. pag. 78.

The third SECTION.

Of Vocation, and Calling.

IF you desire to know how you should proceed in the preferment of your children to Ecclesiastical degrees, first, understand it is true, *Mercury* is not made of all wood. If question be concerning an Husband-man, Merchant, Artificer, or Sheepherd, we try the nature of the children, and endeavour to accommodate each one of them according to their dispositions, and natural inclinations.

Suppose you it is onely fit for the Church to expose them at adventure, without election, or discretion? What exorbitancy is it to think it lawfull to take the simplest, and weakest for Priests, and Religious? What tyranny to divert some with all sorts of cunning, and violence, and thrust others on as it were with a fork? To have in all your proceeding no other aim, but the benefit of your family, to force the Laws of Heaven to bow under the interests of your house, to give that to God, which you cannot settle else-where, and if any accident happen, to take that from God, which you have given him? Hereby it cometh to pass, that after many years we behold Birds, which change both their plumage, and kinde upon some very slight cause (not speaking of those, who do so by way of counsel, & conscience) the scarlet-Cloak succeeding the Church-Cassock, and the Sword the Breviary: wherein they do much worse then the wooers in the house of *Ulysses*, who being not able to gain access to the Mistress, made their address to the servants. But these forsake the Lady, whom they have espoused, to court the chamber-maids; professing all their life-time the infidelity of their promises by the exchange of their habits.

Vocation is most necessary for admittance into to the Church, which appeareth in two points: the one ordinary, the other extraordinary. Extraordinary calling hath marks and signs, that draw near to a miracle. So we see those, who have been great and eminent in the Church, have had some Genius, which hath even in their infancy made the first glimmers of their greatness to appear, drawing the whole world after them with astonishment.

Joseph. Antiq. lib. 2. cap. 5.

So *Moses*, though he were a little child, tossed *Pharaoh*'s Diadem like a shuttle-cock, which gave a very ill presage to the *Egyptians* of their approaching ruin. So *Elias* seemed from his mother to suck fire with milk, which was a prediction his mouth should one day be (as indeed it was) the Arcenal of the God of hosts. So the cradle of S. *Epiphanius* (as *Ennodius* relateth) was seen all on fire: a vine in a vision issued out of the mouth of little S. *Ephraem*: a flaming pillar environed the head of S. *Modestus*: and it is written, that *Gregory* the Seventh, who from a base extraction, was born to the Throne of S. *Peter*, heaping together the chips he found in his father's shop, who was a Joyner, and arranging them in divers figures, innocently wrote, without thinking thereon, as a child in sport, *Dominabor à mari usque ad mare.*

Epiph. de Prophetis. Ennodius. Anonymus in ejus vita. Raderus. Crantzius lib. 2.

All these callings, and many other of the like kind, are known by extraordinary signs; the rest take the ordinary way, and are observed to be in the good nature of children fit to be dedicated to the Church, which is a matter very considerable. If you ask wherein this good nature consisteth: I answer, It is not in the influence of Stars, nor in the Genius, as Pagans have placed it, nor simply in the beauty of minde, in the goodness of constitution, health, strength, vigour of body, though these may much contribute thereunto; but it appeareth in two principal rays, of which the one is tranquillity from passions, by making a reposed calm in a soul, fit to entertain the Spirit of God; the other, which ariseth from the first, is the docibleness of a mind tractable, with ease to dispose it self to inclinations of honesty. Behold these two principal heads, whereon this excellent nature of an inestimable price is established.

And first, for as much as concerneth the tranquillity of passions, it is undoubted, that every man, being composed of four elements, by consequence draweth along four roots of all the motions thereof, which are, Love, Fear, Pleasure, Sorrow. There is not a man, which feeleth not some touch. But as every Sea hath his winds, though Mariners observe that some are more tossed then others, so, though every soul have its passions, we must confess there be some of them mildely disposed, and others more roughly distempered. You see men, who from their most tender age taste of strange extravagancies, choler, harshness, rage, despight, which maketh them to be of a spirit fantastical, uncivil, and obstinate, against which you must ever fight with an armed hand. Others from their cradles are endued with a peaceable soul, as a Sea in the time, that Halcyons build their nests on the trembling agitation of waters; they have inclinations to virtue wholly Angelical, in such sort, that they seem to be as it were conveyed therein, as Fishes in their element. From this repose from passions ariseth the second condition of good nature, that is, docibleness of spirit, the beginning of education, and happiness of life. For as Divines require in those, who receive faith, a certain Religious affection to Divine things, discharged, and purified from all spirit of contradiction; so in matter of moral virtue and piety we stand in need of a tractable soul, which fixeth it self on good instructions, as the Ivie cleaveth to trees and pillars. Go not then about, when you make choice of an Ecclesiastical man, to tender some *Esau*, some spirit of the field, who is onely pleased with arms, and slaughter of beasts: take rather a *Jacob* under the pavilions, a sweet and temperate spirit, that is wholly disposed to the sound of virtues.

But you, Noble Spirits, who have met with this excellent nature, I may speak the words of the Prophet unto you: God hath given you a soul wholly covered with precious stones, enriched with gifts, and admirable talents; he hath enriched it in a body endowed with a singular temperature, as a Diamond set in the head of a Ring. Much hath he given you, and therefore much requireth at your hands.

Ezech. 28. Omnia lapis pretiosus operimentum tuum, & foramina in die quâ condita es præparata sunt.

The fourth SECTION.

Of Virtues requisite in the carriage of a Prelate. The first is Wisdom.

DO you demand what God requireth from you? I answer, five principal virtues; which were

were very well represented in the Ephod of the High-Priest, of the old Law, as S. *Gregory* the great (*a*) hath well observed. This Ephod was a certain mantle that covered the shoulders, composed of four colours, of *hyacinth*, *purple*, *white*, and *scarlet*, the whole wrought all over with threds of gold, enterlaced with curious work-manship. Why this dressing? why these colours? to teach you seasonably to bear on your shoulders the conditions requisite to your profession. The *hyacinth*, or sky-colour, signifieth, the first thing you ought to do is to fly, as the plague of virtues, from these travantly and unworthy spirits, who have no other object in the possession of the goods of the Church, but flesh-pots, and play: you are to frame for your selves a soul totally noble, wholly elate, merely celestial, which conceiveth strong resolutions one day to dedicate it self to God, not in a mercinary manner, but with the utmost endeavour of its power. Think not (*b*) saith S. *Ambrose*) that being called to an Ecclesiastical state, you have a slight commission from God. Wisdom requireth, you consider the mysteries of Heaven, and that you be highly raised above the ordinary strain. Justice willeth you to stand Centinel for the people, who expect aid from your prayers. Strength desireth you to defend the Tabernacle and Camp of the God of Hosts. Temperance ordaineth, you live with singular sobriety and continency. You are (saith (*c*) S. *Isidore* of *Damieta*) placed between divine and humane nature, to honour the one with your Sacrifices, and edifie the other by your examples. A Priest (*d*) ought to be as a young childe, issued out of the schole and bosom of the son of God, even as an Angel, to govern the Church, not to despoil it, to treat with God in prayer, not to handle a sword. He should be entire in his judgments, just in his resolutions, devout in the Quire, firm in the Church, sober at Table, prudent in recreations, pure in conscience, serious in prayer, patient in adversity, affable in prosperity, rich in virtues, sage in words, upright in preaching, and free in all good actions. Great S. *Denis* the *Areopagite* (*e*) addeth a notable sentence, saying; *That he, who most especially seeketh to transcend others in holy Orders, ought most nearly approach to God in all sorts of virtue.*

For which cause your education should not be in the ordinary way. If you have brothers that are to be bred for the world, let them live in the practice and fashions of the world. O, how unworthy are you of the hopes to which God calleth you, if you envy them the favour of the house, and of those I known not what kinde of petty trifles of their own profession! Your condition is much other, if you follow that spirit which guideth you.

(*f*) Heretofore Monasteries were the chief scholes of Kings, and the Great-ones of the earth, to cause them to suck in virtue with the milk: your abode should be in places, where you have engaged your heart, and your faith, which best can prepare and manure you for the life you have chosen.

It is truly a scandal to your profession, if you be ashamed to wear a habit proper for an Ecclesiastical man, and blush at the standard of your warfare. A shame likewise, if you must be terrified by way of menaces to make you say your Breviary; or if it be needful to allure you thereunto by I know not what kinde of worldly allurements: these verily relish of the unworthiness of a childish spirit. (*g*) See you not that Benefice draweth an Office after it? that no man should enlarge your conscience by soothing your neglect, and extenuating the obligations you ought to have? If you observe not therein that which you shall be advised by a sage and exact spiritual Father, you may very well most dangerously wander. We are in the Church (saith S. *Bernard*) (*h*) to sow joy and good example: joy for Angels by our devotions, and the secret aspirations of our prayers; example for men by our good works. The mind in the judgment of *Philo* (*i*) should hold a little household Consistory, where discharged from sense, and the mass of sensible things, it may study the knowledge of it self, and the search of truth.

You should love your condition even from your tender age, and live in the Sanctuary like a young *Samuel*. The toil of affairs and secular recreations is not for you. Leave the Onions of *Egypt* to sensual souls; your entertainments are in the society of Angels. (*k*) Priestly dignity, to which you aspire, requireth a sober gravity, alienated from the ordinary way, a serious life, weight, and maturity. How would you have the people honour you, if you have nothing above them? How should they admire you, beholding vices and imperfections in your manners?

(a) *Greg. de Pastor. p. 2. cap. 5.*

(b) *Mediocre nè putes quod tibi commissum est: Primum, ut alta Dei videas, quod est sapientia: deinde ut excubias pro populo Dei deferas, quod est justitia: castra defendas, tabernacula tueatis, quod est fortitudinis: Dei ipsum continentem ac sobrium præstes, quod est temperantia.* Amb. de Offic. lib. 1.

(c) *Isiod. Pelusiota* lib 3. ep 2.

(d) *Sacerdos debet esse Christi alumnus, à peccatis segregatus reator, non raptor; speculator, non spiculator; dispensator, non dissipator; pius in judicio, justus in consilio, devotus in Choro, stabilis in Ecclesia, sobrius in mensa, prudens in latitia, purus in conscientia, assiduus in oratione, patiens in adversitate, lenis in proximitate, dives in virtutibus, expeditus in actibus, sapiens in sermone, verax in prædicatione.* Alphons. Torrez.

(e) *Dionys.* ep. 3. ad *Demophilum.*

(f) *Bern. l. 4 de consid. c. 6. Ubi de comitatu Episcopi inter mitratos discurrere calamistratos non decet.*

(g) *Onus personale sacrificium laudis & fructus laborum.* Suarez. de orat. l. 4. c. 12 ex Clement. 1.

(h) *Seminemus hominibus lorum exemplum per aperta opera: Seminemus Angelis gaudium magnum, per occulta suspiria.* Bern. serm. 30.

(i) *Occidente sole anima, in totum exonerata sensibus mole rerum sensibilium, veritatem videbit in Consistorio domestico.* Philo de vita supplicum.

(k) *Sobrietas à turbis gravitatem, seriam vitam, singulare pondus, dignitas sibi vendicat Sacerdotalis. Quomodo potest observari à populo, qui nihil habet secretum à populo? Quid in te mireatur, si sua in te recognoscit?* Ambr. ep. ad *Iren.*

The fifth SECTION.

The second virtue of a Prelate, which is Fortitude of spirit against Avarice and Riot.

THe second livery of your colours is the *Purple*, which adviseth you to have a strong and truly noble soul. When there is occasion to defend the glory of God, you must have the arm of God (*a*) and the thundering voice of God, not to gain respect by austere looks, and affectations of severity, which many times proceed from much infirmity of spirit.

The Council of *Aix* saith, (*b*) the Church is a dove, which teareth no man with her tallons, but is pleased sweetly to strike with her wings. The true gravity of a Priest consisteth in manners, not countenance. (*c*) It ought to be a seal of diamond, firmly to preserve the characters of virtue, and sign others by example. This fortitude will come upon you, by accustoming not to comply with any vice whatsoever. There is not a worse slavery then to put your liberty into the hands of sin. It is a long chain, and hath many gordian knots: cut them resolutely as did *Alexander*, and conquer the Kingdom of your passions, which is of more worth then the *Persian*, or *Indians*. Above all, if you desire to rule, avoid two rocks most dangerous for a Church-man; whereof the one is the thirst ever to get a new, the other lazyness and profuseness in a living already acquired.

Think not to advance your state, and encrease the number of your benefices, otherwise it were to seek out God for bread, not for miracles: it were for living to lose well-living, so to become a bad Merchant, not a good Pastour. What cause have you of disturbance? A reasonable benefice is enough for you. If you desire to have a shoe over-wide, and not fit for your foot, you deceive your self. Say not you are poor, there can be no poverty where you have God for inheritance, and he, whom God all-rich sufficeth not, deserves to be perpetually poor. This desire, which men without ceasing have to be ever on increase, much vilifieth Ecclesiasticks. It affords them as many dependences as they have pretensions. It makes them servilely sooth the passions and vices of those Great-ones, from whom they expect a recompense. It robbeth them of the Kingdom of God, to tie them to the chain of men, who many times are more enthralled then Galley-slaves.

(a) *Si habes brachium sicut Deus, & simili voce tonas, circunda tibi decorem, & in sublime erigere.* Job 40.

(b) *Meminisse oportet, quia columba est in divinis Scripturis Ecclesia appellata, quæ non unguibus lacerat, sed alis piè persuasit.* Con. Aquisgran. Con. 124.

(c) *In constantia Sacerdos sit adamantinum signatorium: Mens nostra figuram sui semper cudiens characteris, universa quæ occurrunt sibi ad quæ litatem sui status figuret, atque transformet, ipse verò insigniri nullius incursibus possit.* Cassian. Coll. 6. c. 12.

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It is a great ſhame to intrude wickedly hereinto, to ſurprize an honour by the way of a diſhonour. Saints have obtained Benefices by flying them, and now we muſt run over the heads of a man, and beaſt, to overtake them. That brave Architect *Vitruvius* thought it very ſtrange, that an Artiſan preſented himſelf to a great man, to be employed in his own faculty, and profeſſion, and thereupon ſpake a moſt remarkable ſentence: (d) *I ſee Architects, who beg, and underhand ſue to be employed: as for my ſelf, I have learned of my Maſters, that we ſhould not ask of any man, but rather be intreated by others to uſe care and endeavour. He muſt be blameleſs, who bluſheth not to require that, which may be denied him.* What would this noble ſpirit have ſaid, had he ſeen Church-men to debaſe themſelves, not onely to ſupplications, but to ſervices moſt unworthy their quality, to obtain cure of ſouls, which others in ſolitary wilderneſſes have fled from, through Briars, and Thorns, among ſavage beaſts?

You ſhould imitate that worthy *Grecian* wraſtler, of whom *Clemens Alexandrinus* (e) ſpeaketh, who after long preparation going to combat ſtaied himſelf on the way, and looking on a Statue of his God ſaid unto it: *I have done my duty, do you yours.* Become a good man, and a deſerving, and believe God will not fail to give you what ſhall be moſt behooffull.

Our great King *Robert* made one day upon this occaſion an Obſervation for ever to be remembred, noted by *Glaber*, an antient Authour. He ſaith, that a certain Abbot having preſented the King with a goodly Horſe, in imitation of thoſe, who fiſh in giving, and caſt out one gift as an book to draw another, hoped this Horſe would run ſo well for his Maſter, as to bring him home a Biſhoprick. But the good King ſeeing the ſiniſter intention of this man ſent him to the Church, commanding him to return with his Crozier, which he quickly did, propoſing to himſelf in his minde an augmentation of Livings, as his avarice had repreſented to him. But as ſoon as the King eſpied him afar off: "Hold down that "Crozier (*ſaith he*) you are unworthy of it, ſince "you think to have it from a man: to the which he obeyed, though much aſhamed, and was as one dropped out of the clouds. Our *Robert*, endowed with a natural goodneſs, was not willing he ſhould too long ſuffer this diſgrace, but commanded the Crozier to be put into the right hand of the Image of our Saviour, which ſtood directly upon the Altar, then turning himſelf to the Abbot: "Take "(*ſaith he*) your Crozier, and learn, that it is he "there that gives it you. I would not have you ſo "much as give thanks to a mortal man, but that you "freely uſe it, as the honour of your charge re-"quireth. What a King? What a Leſſon?

As for the other rock, which concerneth the uſe of goods, God forbid, when you come to maturity of age, that you employ the Patrimony of *Jeſus*, the ſweat and blood of the faithfull, in good chear, exceſs, and play to fatten beaſts, or men worſe then beaſts, who live but on the ſins of others, to raiſe unto your ſelf an heap of anger in the day of judgments. God forbid, the buildings of an Abbey ſhould fall to decay, the Altars become naked, the Images of Saints ſhivered in pieces, the Lamps, and Lights be eclipſed, the Walls weep, and Spiders there ſpin their webs, Rats run up and down, and Religious men famiſh: that Prieſts there ſhould preſent themſelves before the Altar with ridiculous habits, which taſte of a Tavern, whileſt I know not what little neece drags Silk at her heels, at the charge of the Crucifix.

My God! who will bring back to us a *Guy* the *Groſs*, that flouriſhed in the time of St. *Lewis*? I would kiſs his aſhes, and put them, were it poſſible, over Mitres and Crowns. (g) This great Perſonage, firſt a Proctour, married, and father of two Daughters, his wife dying, was made Prieſt; from a Prieſt, Biſhop of *Puy*, from thence Arch-Biſhop of *Narbone*, afterward Cardinal, and laſtly Pope. It was expected that his two Daughters, which he left to the world, ſhould become great Princeſſes: but the good Pope made one Religious, with a penſion of thirty pounds, and married the other, giving her for full dower three hundred pounds in marriage to a nephew-Prieſt, who promiſed himſelf many Titles, Mitres, and Croziers, of three Prebends he poſſeſſed he took two away, commanding him to content himſelf with one alone, and by his Letters ſignifying, it was not reaſon his advancement to the Papacy, which gave him cauſe of terrour, and tears, ſhould ſhould miniſter matter unto his of pride, and riot. This act of ſimplicity is a thouſand times more admirable, then if he had made his Daughters Queens of *Antioch*, and turned all his houſe into Gold.

Behold the prudence of St. *Auguſtine*, of whom *Poſſidius* (h) writeth: He uſed his own kindred as the reſt of the faithfull, giving to them, if the caſe ſo required, not to enrich them, but to free them from neceſſity, or at leaſt to make them live in the leſs penury.

To what purpoſe ſhould you be prodigal of an eſtate, whereof you are but a Steward (i)? One part thereof is due to the Miniſters of the Altar, another part to the poor, (k) and a third part to the Fabrick. If there be any magnificence in the Church, it belongs to the publick, particulars ſhould be ſatified with modeſty. Why ſhould you paſs into the other world, charged with crimes, and debts, drawing the malediction of heaven and earth on your heads.

The fifth SECTION.

The third quality of a good Prelate, which is purity of life.

YOur third attire is of *white Linen*, which ſignifieth the Angelical purity you ſhould obſerve from your moſt tender years, to carry it with you to the Altar. The Prophet *Iſaiah* (a) telleth, they ſhould have their veſſels very clean, who are choſen to bear the veſſels of God. And for this purpoſe all the Saints adviſe us to avoid the daily and familiar converſation of women, who are manifeſt ſnares of chaſtity. (b) Believe me, it is one of the moſt important points of your carriage. A Prelate abiding within the limits of this purity would appear in his commerce with men, as if he came from a Quire of Angels. But as ſoon as he falleth into a licentious life, he forſaketh the dignity of his character, and goeth out from the Throne of Majeſty, as the unfortunate *Babylonian* King, to feed on Hay among beaſts. The night diſcovereth not more Stars in the Heavens, then it openeth eys on the earth to obſerve his moſt ſecret pleaſures, ears to hearken to his deportment, and mouths to divulge them through all Provinces. He is looked on as a ſtrange bird, that is newly gone out of his element; and God permits, that, having ſold his ſoul for Hogs-draff, he ſhould ſtill reſt unſatisfied, finding eachwhere a long web of perplexities, and a rolling wheel of immortal puniſhments. To ſome he ſerves for matter of mirth, to others as a ſhuttle-cock, he giveth occaſion of tears to few, of indignation to all.

Men

(d) *Vitruvius* in præfat. l. 6. *Cæteri Architecti rogant, & ambiunt, ut architectentur: mihi à præceptoribus eſt traditum, rogatum non rogantem oportere ſuſcipere curam; quòd ingenuus color movetur pudore, petendorum ſuſpicioſus.*

(e) *Clem. Alexand. Strom. l. 7.* ἀνὴρ δίκαιος τὴν νίκην ἐμοί. An excellent paſſage of King *Robert*. *Glab. Rudolphus*, lib. 5. c. 1. Idem refert *Juret.* ad Ep. 157. *Yvonis Carn.* Quidam tribuunt *Henrico* Imper.

(g) *Vita Clemen. 4. apud Alphonſum Ciacconium.*

(h) *Nec ſuos conſanguineos in ſua vita ac morte more vulgi tractavit; quibus, dum adhuc ſupereſſet, id, ſi opus fuit, quod & cæteris erogavit, non ut divitias haberent, ſed ut non egerent, aut minus egerent.* Poſſidius de S. Aug.

(i) *Non cui propria ſunt, ſed communes Eccleſiæ facultates.* Proſper. lib. 1. de vita contemplativa cap. 6. *Sacerdotes bonorum Eccleſiæ non poſſeſſores, ſed diſpenſatores ſunt.* Aug. ep. 50.

(k) *Mendici Dei ſumus: ut cognoſcat ille mendicos ſuos, cognoſcamus nos noſtros.* Aug. ſer. 5. de verbo Domini.

(a) *Mundamini qui fertis vaſa Domini.* Iſaiah 52.

(b) *Verè continentes aſſiduas mulierum etiam probarum familiaritates fugit.* S. Ephrem. de temperantia. *Non poteſt cum Deo toto corde habitare, qui fœminarum acceſſibus copulatur. Fœmina conſcientiam ſicum pariter habitantis exurit.* Hier. ad Nepotianum.

Men for him are wounded with jealouſie, and women, have they never ſo little honeſty, abhor him. There are none but certain Harpies, which (as ſaith Cardinal *Petrus Damianus*) flie round about Altars to pillage them, who bear him the like good will, as Ravens do to carrion. He lives in a kinde of ſtupidity of ſpirit, in continual indiſpoſition of body, diſgrace in his temporal fortunes, the fable of the world, the object of Heaven's anger, and earth's execration. Finally, he reſembleth an old Sepulchre, that hath nothing in it but ſtench, and Titles. Happily then ponder in your heart, what the life of a Prieſt ought to be, who is the houſe God, of the cabinet, and as it were of the boſom of God. To think a wickedneſs, is a crime; to commit it, a ſacrilege; to bear it to the Altar, is a ſin which hath no proper name: there are Titles, and Offices of all vices. Oh how pure ſhould that mouth be, which approacheth to kiſs the Son of God! Oh how clean ſhould thoſe hands be, which are choſen to purge away the world's ordures! Oh how chaſte ought that heart to be, which is bedewed with the blood of the Word Eternal!

What an horrour, when a faithleſs ſoul from the bed of Wolves goeth out to find the Lamb, and carrieth the pollutions of the earth to the Sanctuary of the living God: like to that beaſtly Empreſs *Meſſalina*, ſpoken of by the Satyriſt(c) who bare to the Imperial bed of *Claudius* her husband, the infamy, and noiſomneſs of places, which ſhould not be ſo much as named in the Palace of a *Roman* Emperour.

St. *Peter* (d) ſaid, we muſt break all ill thoughts by the exerciſe of the preſence of *Jeſus Chriſt*, as the waves are daſhed againſt the rocks. And S. *Chryſoſtom* (e) adviſed Prieſts to be pure, as if they were in Heaven amidſt the Angels.

Chaſtity, faith holy *Zeno*, is happy in virgins, ſtrong in widows, faithfull in the married, but with Prieſts it ought to be wholly Seraphical. It is fit, he ſhould have little of the body, who is made to manage and handle the body of the Son of God. It is fit, he ſhould have ſmall commerce with the fleſh, who knoweth how to incarnate the living God in his hands. A carnal ſoul, ready to ſell his Patrimony for a meſs of Pottage, as the unworthy *Eſau*, is more fit for Hogs, then the Sanctuary. They heretofore ſacrificed to the Sun without effuſion of wine, and thoſe, who ſacrifice to the Maſter of the Sun, ought to entermarry ſobriety with chaſtity, which are ever mutually linked together. The banquets of rich ſeculars (ſaid S. *Jerome* f) are not ſo proper for Church-men. It is much fitter to comfort them in afflictions, then to accompany them in their feaſts. A Prieſt, who is ſtill preſent at weddings, is never well eſteemed of. He that would behold the modeſty which is to be obſerved at the tables of Eccleſiaſtical men, let him at the leaſt take a model upon that which *Tertullian* writeth in his Apologetick of the Primitive Chriſtians. Our table, ſaith he, hath nothing in it, which taſteth of ſordidneſs, ſenſuality, or immodeſty; we eat there in proportion, we drink according to the rules of temperance, ſo much we ſatiate our ſelves as is neceſſary for men, that muſt riſe in the night to offer their Prayers to God. We there ſpeak, and converſe as in the preſence of God, our hands waſhed, and Candles lighted, every one reciteth what he knows of holy Scripture, and of his own conceit, all to the praiſe of God. Prayer endeth the banquet, as it gave beginning thereunto. From the table we go to the exerciſe of modeſty, and honeſty: you would ſay, if you ſaw us, it were not a Supper we had in hand, but a Leſſon of Piety.

(c) *Fada lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar Neronem.*

(d) *Inſtruebat* Petrus *diſcipulos actus vitæ ſuæ omni horâ cuſtodire, & in omni loco Deum reſpicere, firmiter cogitationes malas cordi ſuo advenientes non ad Chriſtum allidere.* S. Clem. Ep. 1.

(e) *Neceſſe eſt ſacerdotē ſic eſſe purum, ut in cœlo collocatus inter ipſas cœli virtutes medius ſtaret.* Chryſ. de ſacerdotio.

(f) *Convivia vitanda ſunt ſecularium, maximè eorum qui honoribus tument. Conſolatores nos potiùs mœroribus ſuis, quàm convivas proſperis noverint. Facilè contemnitur Clericus, qui ſæpe vocatus ad prandium nec non recuſat.* Hieron. Ep. 2. Nepotian.

The ſeventh SECTION.

The fourth perfection of a Prelate, which is obſerved in zeal, and charity.

YOur fourth mark is *ſcarlet*, the ſign of the ardent charity and zeal you ought to retain towards the houſe of God. The buckler of brave Champions of the God of Hoſts ſhould be a buckler of fire, and all his ſouldiers muſt appear in crimſon caſſocks. You muſt early learn to bay the Hares skin in the hall, that you may afterward go into the field for the hunting of ſouls. You muſt become a wall of fire, to ſerve as a rampart in the houſe of God. You muſt be a Star, to run over, and enlighten the little world recommended to your charge. You muſt oppoſe the power of great-ones, the ſtrength of the ſturdy, the wiles of the crafty, the cloſe practices of the wicked, to divert ill actions, advance good, leave unprofitable, deſtroy vice, plant virtue, chaſtiſe delinquents, recompenſe men of merit, protect the poor, juſtify the innocent. You muſt be an eye to the blind, a foot to the lame, arm & hand to the maimed, a Sanctuary to all the world. You muſt have as many chains to oblige men to you, as God hath given you means of wel-doing. Let the miſeries, which in a right line would haſten to you, if it be poſſible, may paſs no further then you: let your houſe be a ſhop, where from ſtones the Sons of *Abraham* may be raiſed.

Num. 2. *Clypeus fortium ejus ignitus virî exercitus in coccinis.*

The High-Prieſt heretofore bare the whole world on his habit, of which he was, as it were, the Advocate; and you muſt think, when you are in office, all the world is on your ſhoulders, and that both the living and dead ſhall have a ſhare in the duty, which you ſhall render thereunto. It ſhall be your act to carry the Torch of example before the people, to inſtruct men, to cure and comfort their infirmity, to pray and ſacrifice, both for the World of the living, and thoſe, whom death already hath divided from our converſation.

What charity think you can you have to be diſcharged from theſe obligations? You muſt learn to love ſouls, as the moſt precious moveables you have in the world, to pleaſe your ſelf with the places, where the objects of your zeal are, and the knots of your charge, rather then the Courts of Princes, when you ſhall have untamed ſpirits to govern, let them ſerve as an arreſt for your heart, a ſubject for your induſtry, an exerciſe for your virtues. *Satan* in *Job* went round about the earth to entrap man. Do you think you do too much, in your opinon, if you advance ſome ſteps to ſave men? *Noe* was ſhut up in the Ark with about three hundred kinds of beaſts, peaceable among the waves, and deſtruction of the world, becauſe ſuch was the will of God: and you cannot reſt among ſouls created according to the Image of the Divinity, whereunto you are by duty engaged under the peril of your ſoul. What a ſhame is it for a Church-man, if he cannot live, unleſs perpetually among Horſes, Dogs, and Apes, when God ſummons him to the charge of ſouls? *Julius Cæſar* wondred to ſee men, who dandled Apes, having children in their houſes; and who cannot but admire, if God allotting you ſo many ſpiritual children, you perpetually kiſs Monkeys, play with little Dogs, and carry Hawks?

Nullum omnipotenti Deo tale ſacrificium, quale eſt zelus animarum. Greg. ſuper Ezech. Hom. 12.

The eighth SECTION.

The fifth excellency of a Prelate, which is Science, and Prudence.

FInally, for concluſion, you muſt ſprinkle *gold* over your Hyacinth, purple, and crimſon. Theſe

are

are the rays and lights of knowledge and prudence, which are as necessary for a Prelate, as the eie for a beautiful body. Discretion (saith S. *Bernard*) is not a simple virtue, but the Governess of all Virtues, the Guide of Passions, and the Mistress of Manners, which if you take away, Virtue becometh Vice (*a*). Prelates (as Pope *Zosimus* assureth us) are the eies of the Church, and if these eies be eclipsed, what darkness may we expect over the other parts of the body?

(a) *Discretio non est tam virtus quàm quædam moderatrix & auriga virtutum, ordinatrixque affectuum, & morum doctrix. Tolle hanc; & virtus vitium erit.* Bonav. Pharet. l. 2. c. 27. Bern. super Cantic.

We must not tell a noble Spirit, how shameful a thing it is to be in high degree of dignity, and play the golden beast. You cannot brook this affront, the very Infants and the dumb world speak, and with a finger shew it you, as did the Ass, of which *Ammianus* (*b*) writeth, who in the City *Pistoia* mounted at mid-day into the Tribunal of a Judge, and began with much earnestness to bray, as if he had done well to the purpose.

(b) *Tribunali ascenso asinus dissonat. Hinnitus rugiens.* Ammian. l. 27. c. 1.

It is a lamentable thing, if for your sake we be enforced to say, that Fortune is a daughter of a good house, but that she prostitutes her self to servants: that the Church is absolutely wise, but becomes the share of the ignorant. It were a ridiculous thing, if on you the fable of the Owl should be verified, which telleth, That the small birds had found a Rose on the way, and preparing to sing for mastery, they appointed Judges to give it to the victorious, under title of recompense for his song, as the prize of his conquest. But as they were disposing themselves for trial, came a mischievous Owl in the night, and carried away the flower without singing. Can a noble heart well endure this application should be justly made upon him, and to be held an infamous bird, which hath stollen away the flower due to the little Nightingals? Glass will not present the figure objected, if it be not leaded; whatsoever you may have either of lustre, or talents, will have no subsistence, if you lead not your head with the strength of endeavour.

Should you have the Pomegranate, which is the fruit of Kings, and were you of the blood-royal, if you have not little Bels on the border of your Garments, as had the High-priest of the old Law, to make the doctrine of the word of God to resound, you would be despised. Why then do you intermeddle with so many toys and petty trifles of children? You should be an *Alexander*, who better loveth the Launce of *Achilles*, then the Lyre of *Paris*. You must in these Scholes be fed with the marrow of Lions, as that young Prince, and not entertain your self with catching of flies. When you grow aged, you should not be in a Bishoprick, like a blinde *Cyclops* in an hollow Cave.

The ninth SECTION.

The Motives, which noble Prelates have to the duty of their Profession.

IN the Name of God, permit you may be rectified in these five virtues, which I have before alledged. The obligations which you have hereunto, if you well consider them, are very great. First, You see that such, as are of the same blood with you, endeavour to make good what they profess. Those who manage Arms will part with nothing of the glory of Arms. The most timerous would be flayed, and torn piece-meal, for a poor punctilio of honour, which is oft-times merely imaginary. They fly among naked Swords, Flames, and Musket-shots, to purchase a little reputation, which hath not ever the reward it expecteth. And you, O Noble-men, that are in the pay of the Sovereign King, whose liberality cannot deceive you, in a most honourable profession, and which should not be blemished with remissness, would you spare your endeavour to do something worthy your birth? Do you not behold a flourishing Nobility round about you, which being consecrated to the Church discovereth marvellous hopes unto us? Some do as the vines of *Smyrna*, that, whilest they were in blossom, bear their fruit. There is nothing now every where but study, and fervour. There are those, who win *Troy* the magnificent, now wholly enflamed, and will you under hatches lie snoring in the Ship.

In the second place, see who you are. You are destined to treat the cause of men with God; (*a*) would you betray it? You are selected to be the Oracles of God; would you make your self a Weather-cock? You are chosen to be the Ark of the Testament; would you become a vessel of reprobation? You are an Angel, and in hope a little God; would you be an Angel of darkness, and a god of straw? Apply your self wholly to God, to whom you owe all. It is not a matter of discretion for you to do well, it is a point of necessity. Angels hover over your heads, and men are on every side to observe your actions. Those, who are blinde as Moles in their own errours, have the eys of a Lynx to espy your imperfections (*b*).

(a) *Omnis Pontifex ex hominibus assumptus pro hominibus constituitur in ea quæ sunt ad Deum.* Hebr. 5.

(b) *Aristoteles* lib. 4. Politic. c. 15. *vocat Magistratus* ὀξυωπας, *lumina obliscu præfixa, quod sacerdotibus proprium.* S. Hier. Epist. 3. *In te oculi omnium diriguntur: domus tua, & conversatio, quasi in speculo constituta, magistra est publica disciplina.*

Do you not enjoy a goodly honour, when it shall be said of you, that you have a Dignity, which becomes you, as a ring of gold the snout of a hog (as speaketh the Scripture (*c*), and when the King, who is pleased to take the pains to look into the deportments of men Ecclesiastical, who are of eminent extraction, shall perceive you are in the Church as an unprofitable burthen, (*d*) to disgrace the charge which honoureth you, and that all those that name you, when you happen to be mentioned in honourable assemblies, will wish a cloud of darkness at noon-day to cover the shame of their foreheads?

(c) Prov. 12. *Circulus aureus in naribus suis.*

(d) *Principatus sine meritorum sublimitate, bonorum titulus sine homine, dignitas in indigno, ornamentum in luto.* Salvian l. 1. ad Eccles. Cath.

Add, that the Church stretched out her arms and entreateth you would not suffer her Laurels to wither in your hands, to defile her victories, nor eclipse her lights. She hath seen many miseries, many hath she born, many vanquished; but never felt any wounds more dolorous then those, which fell upon her by vice (*e*), ignorance, and the negligence of her Prelates. That is it, which hath opened the gate to heresies, which hath fomented infidelities, enlarged impiety, disposed the brows of the wicked to impudence, the tongue to slander, the hands to rapine, which hath darkened the present times with horrible confusions, and which vomiteth upon the times and ages of posterity. Will you encrease these calamities, and with your corruptions make a bridg for the faithless to ruine Christianity? For that perhaps shall be the last scourge, which God will use to punish the abuses of ill Prelates, and the sins of the people in general.

(e) *Nescio criminum an numinum tur-bam.* Tert. adverf. *Valentinianos de eorum Disc. cap. 3.*

For conclusion I demand, what will become of you in the end at the last judgment of God, under which the Angels tremble, who govern the world? What will become of you, when you shall be accused to have been a Viper in the Church, a scandal to the simple, an ill example to the most corrupt, a fiery Torch, that would enflame the house of God? Where may one finde punishments sufficient to inflict on you, and were can you get members enough to furnish out so many punishments, when the stones and marbles of those places you have possessed will crack into pieces to fly into your eys? On the contrary, if you take the right way, which I propose,

propose, you shall lead a peaceable life in the security of a good conscience, rich in honour and ability, honourable in reputation, terrible to the wicked, reverenced by honest men, fertile in good actions, abundant in infinity of fruits, fruitful in recompenses, prosperous in successes, glorious to posterity, attended on earth with the odour of virtues, and crowned in Heaven by Eternity.

The tenth SECTION.

The examples of great Prelates are very lively spurs to Virtue.

TO come to this effect, often represent before your eys the lively images of so many worthy Prelates, who have flourished through all Ages, and behold them as Stars, which God with his own hand hath planted in this great firmament of the Church, as well that he there might make his glory shine, as here to prepare a way for our direction. Think sometime within your self what a spirit one S. *Nilamon* had, who died with terrour, as they bare him to the Throne of a Bishop, for which so many other pine away with ambition, he foregoing life with apprehension he should lose his innocency? What humility in S. *Peter* of *Alexandria*, who being the lawful Successor of S. *Mark*, would never mount to his Chair, but contented himself to sit the residue of his days on the foot-stool, until, after his death, the people, having attired him with his Pontifical habit, did carry his body to the sear, which he never had possessed? A man truly humble, whose death must be expected to honour his merit, as if honour were incompatible with his life. What zeal in *Eustathius* Bishop of *Epiphanium*, whose heart was so surprized with only notice of the profanation of a Church, that he fell down dead in the place, making himself a Tomb, furnished with the triumphs of his own piety, a thousand times more pretious then gold and richest Diamonds? What liberality in S. *Exuperius* Bishop of *Tholouse*, to give away the gold and silver of his Church, for the necessities of the poor, yea, even to the carrying of the blessed Sacrament in a little basket of Osier? What charity in Saint *Paulinus*, who after he had in alms spent his whole Patrimony, which was both very rich and abundant, sold himself, and voluntarily became a slave, to redeem the sons of poor Widows? What faith in Saint *Gregory Thaumaturgus*, to remove mountains, and command over Elements, with as much liberty as a Master over his servants? What power in S. *Leo*, and S. *Lupus*, to stay *Attila*, and make head against an Army composed of seven hundred thousand men, drawn from the most dreadful Nations of the earth? What confidence in S. *Martin*, to submit his shoulders to receive the fall of a huge tree, on condition he might thereby banish the Idols? Let us lay aside all other actions, which are miraculous: behold the lives of those, who have traced a more ordinary way. Imitate the contemplation of a S. *Denis*, the fervour of a S. *Ignatius*, the constancy of a S. *Athanasius*, the contempt of the world of a S. *Hilary*, the generosity of a S. *Cyprian*, the austerity of a S. *Basil*, the mildness of a S. *Augustine*, the majesty of a S. *Ambrose*, the vigilancy of a S. *Gregory*, the vigour of a S. *Cyril*, the wisdom of a S. *Remigius*. Propose to your self the acts of S. *Vedastus*, *Herculanus*, *Eleutherius*, *Medardus*, *Lucipinus*, *Nicerius*, *Romanus*, *Sulpitius*, *Pretextatus*, *Germanus*, *Amandus*, *Claudius*, *Lambertus*, *Wolphraus*, *Swibertus*, and many such like. Consider the deportments of S. *Thomas* of *Canterbury*, S. *Lewis* of *Tholouse*, and, above all, let not your eie pass over S. *Charles Borromæus*, whom God hath made resplendent in our days, to teach us, that no Age is secluded from Sanctity.

Martyrol. Rom. ad 6. Januar.

Baronius.

Chron. Alexandr.

A man is powerful to perswade virtue, when in one and the same instant he alledgeth threescore thousand reasons, each of which weigh a Crown of gold (hath one of the best Writers of this Age said:) and so did S. *Charles*, forsaking threescore thousand crowns of yearly rent for one mornings Mass.

He was a Bishop, who often fasted with bread and water, even in the time of feasts; who every day said his Breviary on his knees, and moistened it with his tears: who celebrated Mass every day with a majesty more then humane, who had two retirements in the year to attend to Spiritual exercises; who read the Bible on his knees, shedding brinish tears, who gave alms above his ability, who in person waited on the infectious, who wore hair-cloth under his scarlet habit, who slept on the bare boards, who stirred not out of his Dioces, who visited it on foot, who in his charge made himself indefatigable, who ever was the foremost in good works, in the Church, in the Hospital, with the sick, at a Sermon, who was most exact in not giving Orders, nor Benefices, but to persons very capable, and of good life; who never did any matter important, without communicating it to the Pope, and his Cardinals, whom he as an Oracle honoured. These are the words of this fore-mentioned Authour, which seem to have very little bulk, but much weight. Is it not sufficient to make you undertake by necessity that, which you cannot refuse without crime? No longer think upon piety as a thing impossible, and do not like ill Physicians, who make the sick despair of health, because they cannot cure them.

The Reverend Father Binet.

These later Ages are not so barren of good men, who are most excellent Plants in the Orchard of Almighty God, but that it hath born, and doth still produce plenty of good Prelates, who honour their profession by the merit of their virtues. If you cast your eie upon those, whom the nearnes of time doth make us, as it were, almost to touch, you shall behold a Cardinal *George* of *Amboyse*, who was marvellously potent, but employed all his power to the maintenance of the Church, and State, and never sought to be great, but to oblige inferiours, nor approach to the Court, but there most gloriously to serve his Prince.

A *Zimenes*, Arch-bishop of *Toledo*, who amidst the magnificence of Court retained the austerity of a religious man, who was such an enemy of pomp, and ostentation, that he hath been seen to visit his Dioces on foot, without train, or attendance, who employed his ample revenues, to make war against *Sarazens*, build Monasteries, found Universities, imprint those admirable Bibles in many Languages, which are the treasures of all the Libraries in the world. A *Pool*, who was not only free from the ambitions and avarice of the world, but made as small an account of his body, as of his shirt, since he being violently persecuted by King *Henry* the Eighth, plainly said, that for defence of the faith he would as willingly dis-array himself of life, as of his habit, and would ever be as ready to enter into his Tomb, as into his bed to sleep. You shall there behold the four Cardinals of *Bourbon*, who have equalled their virtues to the blood of Kings, and the Purple of their sacred College. The great Cardinal of *Lorrain*, who hath had the honor to anoint three of our Kings with his own hands, to assist in their Councils, to enlighten them with the rays of his spirit, to

fend them by his fidelity, fortifying his hand from his tendreſt youth, for the conſervation of the State. In all theſe pomps he wore auſterity under ſcarlet, he preached, and ardently catechiſed the moſt ſimple of his Dioceſs, he ſupported, as an adamantine pillar, the faith, which was both in *France* and *Germany* ſo ſhaken by the unſpeakable diſorder of the times: he received the remnants of the *Engliſh* ſhipwrack with moſt pious liberality, he inſtituted Religious Orders, he raiſed Seminaries, he, on every ſide armed againſt impiety.

A Cardinal of *Tournon*, who ſerved four Kings, to wit, *Francis* the Firſt, *Henry* the Second, *Francis* the Second, *Charles* the Ninth; and that in *France* and *Rome*, in all the moſt important affairs: being likewiſe Arbitratour of the great Potentates of the earth, with a moſt remarkable loyalty, a prudence ineſtimable, a courage invincible. A *Baronius*, who hath eternized himſelf by the endeavour of his hands, a thouſand times more honourable then all the Monarchs of *Egypt* in their rich Marbles, Pyramids, and Obeliſks. But from whence think you have the large bleſſings of his labours proceeded, but from a moſt innocent life, which was as the Sun without blemiſh? but from a moſt ardent charity, which cauſed him for the ſpace of nine whole years, to viſit Hoſpitals morning and evening, to help the neceſſities of the poor? but from a moſt ſingular piety, which waſting his life in the fervour of his prayers, conſumed alſo his revenues with good works in moſt ſacred liberalities?

A *Tolet*, a Religious man out of Order, who, raiſed to the dignity of a Cardinal, employed the moſt part of the hours of day and night in prayer; living on nothing almoſt but herbs and pulſe, faſting the Saturdays with bread and water, and adding a particular *Lent* beſides the ordinary, to the honour of the moſt glorious Virgin *Mary*, as the reverend Father *Hilarian de Coſta*, obſerveth in the Treatiſe of his life. Cardinal *D'Oſſat*, writing to *Monſieur Villeroy*, affordeth him the titles of ſanctity, learning, prudence, integrity, worth, fidelity; and ſaith, it is an admirable thing, to ſee the handy-work of God in raiſing this great man for advancement of the affairs of *France*, and abſolution of the late King of moſt famous memory. And the great Cardinal *Peron*, in a letter he wrote to this triumphant Monarch, dated the ſecond of September, in the year 1595. ſaith, among other things, ſpeaking of the negotiation of *Tolet* upon this affair. 'Beſides, that he hath 'renounced all worldly reſpects, to embrace the e-'quity and juſtice of your cauſe, that he hath ſhut 'up his eys from the natural obligation of his 'Prince, Country, Parents, that he hath trampled 'under foot all ſorts of menaces, promiſes, and tem-'ptations: he hath alſo taken ſo much pain both of 'body and minde upon this treaty, that we much 'wonder he ſhrunk not under the burthen; com-'bating ſometimes by writing, ſometime by confe-'rence with thoſe who were oppoſite, removing and 'animating ſuch as were ſtupid, and in ſum, carrying 'this buſineſs with ſuch zeal and conſtancy, that 'your Majeſty could not hope for ſo many trials, 'not to ſay, ſo many maſter-pieces, yea miracles, 'from the moſt affectionate and couragious of all 'your ſervants. Behold the teſtimony of a moſt untainted Prelate.

I ſay nothing of the excellent *Bellarmine*, nor of that prime man among the Learned, the moſt illuſtrious *Peron*, nor of the great light of ſanctity, my Lord Biſhop of *Geneva*, whoſe lives are printed. I likewiſe behold moſt eminent perſonages on the Theatre of *France*, who as celeſtial bodies, have ſufficient height and luſtre, and are of ability to exerciſe a pen more powerful then mine: but ſince I have put my ſelf upon limits, not to ſpeak here of any man now living, I better love to reſemble thoſe, who being not of ſtature able to affix Crowns on the head of the Suns ſtatue, burnt flowers to it, to make their odour mount to the Heavens. So ſince I cannot crown their merit with humane praiſe, I will offer up prayers and vows for their proſperities, with all ſubmiſſion due to their eminent qualities. As it is not my humour profuſely to enlarge upon the panegyricks of the living; ſo is it not my intention to inſert all the dead in this little Treatiſe. If you ſeek for thoſe, who ſpeak and write purpoſely, you will be overwhelmed with a main cloud of witneſſes, which will ſhew you men who have been greater then Kingdoms, who have parallel'd the paſſed Ages, edified the preſent, enlightened the future, and upheld great fortunes by a much greater ſanctity. All theſe will tell you, we have nothing immortal in us, but the riches of the minde, and all this exteriour luſtre of the world, which charmeth the eys of men, is but a cloud in painting, a petty vapour of water, a fable of time, a Dial, which we then only behold, when the Sun of honour reflecteth on it, and, which muſt in the end be buried in an eternal night of oblivion. Let us now ſee the great S. *Ambroſe*, whom we among thouſands have ſelected to ſerve as a model for this firſt diſcourſe. You therein ſhall obſerve a man of a moſt noble extraction, endowed with admirable parts, and, who by neceſſity of duty, and conſiderations of charity, was converſant in the Courts of Emperours, and in the infinite perplexity of many affairs, which he with all manner of prudence and courage handled, ſhewing in his deportments a vigorous ſanctity, choſen by the Divine Providence, to make, as it were, the whole ſtate of Chriſtendom moſt eminent.

Greg. Paſtoral curæ lib. c. 4.

St.

S^r. AMBROSE.

The first SECTION.

His Calling.

THE first mark of perfection, which we require in a good Prelate, to wit, Divine calling, is in great S. *Ambroſe* ſo manifeſt, that, were it written with the rays of the Sun, it could not be made more perſpicuous. We may in ſome ſort ſpeak of him, what he ſaid (*a*) of S. *John Baptiſt*, That it ſeemeth God began to prepare him from his Mother's womb, to exerciſe his virtue one day in main battles. Firſt, It is a thing remarkable, that ſeeing reſolution was taken in Heaven, to make this Prelate one of the moſt couragious and eloquent men of the world, he ſhould be extracted from the Nobility, which is ordinarily full of generoſity; being derived from a Father, honoured with one of the chief charges of the Empire, which was the Lieutenancy over the *Gauls*. Beſides, he came into the world firſt breathing *French* air, which hath been eſteemed (according to S. *Hierom* (*b*) the Countrey of the moſt noble and learned ſpirits of the earth: and *Sidonius* (*c*) another Prelate hath ſaid, The valour of a *French*-man extendeth further then his life; for he liveth even then, when the ſoul and body are divided. Secondly, As we have obſerved before, God many times declared the calling of Infants by ſundry preſages. It was a great ſign of the eloquence of Saint *Ambroſe*, to behold a ſwarm of Bees (*d*) all together ſettle on his Cradle, which was at that time brought out into a Court of his Father's Palace, that the Childe might thereby take a little freſh air. The Nurſe ſeeing theſe little honey-creatures buzz about him, much nearer then ſhe could have wiſhed, coming, and going to his lips, was affrighted, and thought to drive them away, but the Father, who walking in the ſame place with his wife and daughter beheld this pretty ſport, made a ſign ſhe ſhould hold her hands, leſt by exaſperating theſe little creatures, ſhe might provoke their ſtings. In the end, they peaceably forſook the place and ſoared away ſo high, that they loſt ſight of them. At that time *Ambroſe*, Father of our great Prelate, ſpake aloud as with the ſpirit of propheſie; *This Infant ſhall be great.* And verily, theſe Bees much better alluded to S. *Ambroſe*, then to *Plato*, who is ſaid to have had the like hap in his infancy. For we muſt affirm, the eloquence of *Plato* had hony in it, and no ſting: but this of S. *Ambroſe*, beſides the exceeding ſweetneſs thereof in peaceable arguments, had, when there was occaſion of combate, ſtings that pierced to the quick.

We may well ſay, he was the moſt elaborate in his ſtyle, of all the Doctours of the Church, eſpecially if we ſpeak of the *Latines*. For many, as S. *Hierom*, and S. *Auguſtine*, often-times dictated with much vehemency of ſpirit what came to their minde: but S. *Ambroſe* did not ſo much accuſtome himſelf to dictate to a writer, for he in compoſing ever had his pen in hand, (*e*) to poliſh his works at leiſure, and as we ſay, Lick his own Bear.

Add hereunto another ſign of his vocation, in the childiſh ſports he exerciſed without conſideration, as did heretofore Saint *Athanaſius*, being then, as he, an Infant, which was, to cauſe his ſiſter, and the children which attended her, to kiſs his hand, as the hand of a Biſhop, he therein taking much pleaſure. It ſeemeth, God ſometimes ſheweth children as with his finger the way they ſhould purſue. It is an admirable thing, that there was in *Paris* found a young beggar, called *Mauritius*, ſo far tranſport-

(*a*) Ambl. 1. Comment. in Lucam, cap. 1. *Ungebatur & quaſi bonus athleta exercebatur in utero matris: ampliſſimum virtus certamini parabatur.*

(*b*) Hieron. adverſus Vigilantium. *Sola Gallia monſtra non habuit, ſed viris ſemper fortiſſimis & eloquentiſſimis abundavit.*

(*c*) Sidonius Apol. carm. 1. *Invicti per-ſtant animique ſuperſunt. Jam prope poſt animam.*

(*d*) The Cradle of S. *Ambroſe.*

(*e*) Ambroſ. Epiſt. 65. ad Sabinum. *Nobis autem, quibus cura eſt ſimilem ſermonem familiari oſui ad unguem diſtingere, & lento quodam ſuo gradu, aptius videtur proprium manere noſtra eſſe, &c.*

ed in his own fancy, that he one day might become Bishop of *Paris*, that many offers being jestingly made unto him in his infinite necessity, to move him to renounce the right he pretended to the Bishoprick of this ample City, it proved merely impossible: which a wealthy man perceiving, he so furthered him in study, as in the end he came to the degree, which to himself he had prefigured. What shall we say? God unlooseth even the tongues of Mothers, to speak prophetically touching the state of their children. Witness a most honourable Lady, named *Ida*, Mother of three Sons, *Baldwin*, *Godfrey*, *Eustace*, who one day sporting with her, and hiding themselves under her Gown, and many times shewing their heads with divers pretty childish dalliances; the Father casually coming thither in the midst of their play, as they were all covered with their Mother's garment, demanded, *Who have we there?* The Lady readily answered, not knowing what she should say, *It is a King, a Duke, and a Count.* So it proved; *Baldwin* was King of *Jerusalem*, *Godfrey* succeeded in the Dutchy of *Lorrain* to his Father the great *Godfrey* of *Bouillon*, and *Eustace* was Earl of *Boloigne*. God made use of this woman's tongue, as of the hand of a Dial, which pointeth out the hours, as the great wheel guides it, leaving no memory where it touched. *Ambrose* did the like at that time, directed by the spirit of God. He made himself Bishop in his own imagination; but when he pursued the way of his proper reason, and natural judgment, he therein used all resistance, not thinking he was called thereunto.

In the third place, his calling was altogether extraordinary and miraculous, in that being sent into the Territory of *Milan*, in the quality of a Governour: *Probus*, who substituted him, merrily said; Go, rule like a Bishop, rather then a President: recommending mildness unto him, that he might apply a lenitive to the great rigours that were used in matter of justice. This fell out much otherwise then *Probus* and *Ambrose* had projected; for, as the History telleth, *Auxentius*, an Arrian Bishop, who had much longer lived then was fit for a man so wicked, some little time before deceased at *Milan*, the Metropolitan place of his Diocess, & when there was question to proceed to election, there were many difficulties between the Catholicks and Arrians, every one coveting to create a Bishop of his own party. The emulation, which was much enkindled, threatened to draw blood from the veins of both sides, before it could be quenched. *Ambrose*, as a Magistrate, went thither to redress it. And behold at the same instant a little childe, as if it had been an Angel descended from Heaven, cried out in the midst of the Assembly, *Ambrose must be created Bishop*. This loud voice was seconded by all men, as a voice sent from the mouth of God. The fire of dissention was quenched in an instant, the most outragious courages forsook their Arms, and thought on nothing but to raise *Ambrose*, who was not as yet baptized, to bear him by ordinary degrees to the Episcopal Chair.

There were some obstacles herein on every side. For first, it was against the Laws of the Church to choose a Bishop, since the Council of *Nice* condemneth those Prelates, who give Orders to Priests presently after baptism. Secondly, There was an Edict of the Emperour, which forbad the advancement of his Officers and civil Magistrates, without his express consent. In the third place, *Ambrose*, who was wholly dedicated to a secular life, had neither vein nor artery, which enclined to election. But who can resist the spirit of God, when he is pleased to strike a stroke with his own hand beyond the imagination and judgments of men? All difficulties one after another were taken away: and this election was approved, not only by the holy See, but of all the Eastern, and Western Bishops, who much rejoyced and congratulated with S. *Ambrose*, by their Letters. The Emperor *Valentinian* gave his assent thereunto, boasting, he had sent such good Governours to Provinces, that they were thought capable of Bishopricks. There was no body but *Ambrose* to subdue, who used all sorts of engines and practices to divert this purpose. He, who ever of his own nature was exceeding milde, feigned himself bloody, causing racks and tortures to be publickly exercised on offenders, yet needs would they have him for Bishop. He, who was most chaste, made men and women of ill life haunt his house, and descended even to the shadow of sin, to flee the light of glory, yet ceased they not to pursue him. He fled, and after he had for a whole night travelled hard, thinking he was far off, found himself at the gates of *Milan*, from whence he departed. In the end he was forced to yield to the spirit of Almighty God, who gave him such evident tokens of his calling. Needs must he undergo the charge he so constantly had refused, and where humane prudence loseth its sight, we must suffer it to attend the direction of Eternal Providence.

Vade, age, non ut Judex, sed ut Episcopus.

The election of St. Ambrose. Concil. Nicenum. Can. 1. Miserum est eum fieri magistrum, qui necdum didicit esse discipulus. Innocentius primus ep. 12. ad Aurelium Hieron. Ne milles antequam Tyro, ne prius magister sis, quam discipulus.

The second SECTION.

A short Elogie of the Life, and Manners of S. Ambrose.

I Will do as Geographers, who put the whole World into a little Map. I intend to comprize in few words that which deserveth a Volume, and give you a brief table of the life, and manners of this great Saint.

S. *Ambrose* was a man, in whom it seemed virtue was incorporated, to make it self visible to mortal eys. Goodness, which cometh to others by study, seemed his by nature, since he had consecrated his infancy by the ignorance of vice, and whiteness of innocency. Others think it ill to commit a sin, and with him it was a great vice to omit a virtue. When he lived in the house of his father, with his good sister *Marcellina*, he attended to the practice of virtuous actions: they both were as flint-stones, which by proximity make the sparkles fly. So the holy emulation they used in the pursuit of good enkindled the sensible apprehension of God in their hearts, by a mutual reverberation. He went from this Schole, as *Samuel* from the Tabernacle, to bear innocency to the Episcopal Throne, and there to receive dignity. His life served as a Rule, his example as a Torch, his Learning as an Ornament, and his very silence, as an admonition.

Rare endowments of a Prelate.

If you regard the virtues, which ordinarily lay the foundations of spiritual building, such as are sobriety and continency; *Ambrose* undertook fasts for delight, commonly eating but once a day, and that with moderation: he tied himself to the one, for the love of the Cross, and admitted the other by way of necessity. This exercise much served him to conserve his purity, which most inviolably he kept even in the very course of secular life, as it was found in his private papers, where he very ardently begged of Almighty God, that he would give him grace to maintain in his Episcopal dignity the gift of chastity, which he had offered him in a secular life. He daily rose from his bed, as the Phœnix from her nest, having no other flames, but those of that great Sun, which scorcheth Angels in Heaven, and the most

Angelical

Angelical hearts on earth. From this temperance proceeded his admirable converſation, which gained all hearts; and who ſo well knew how to joyn the wiſdom of the Serpent with the ſimplicity of the Dove. He was prudent with good men, ſharp againſt the practices of the wicked, yet crafty never. His diſcourſe came from him with ſuch an Oeconomy, that the ignorant found inſtruction therein; the curious light, the learned ſolidity, the eloquent grace, the vitious terrour, the virtuous edification, the timorous confidence, the afflicted conſolation, and the whole world admiration. There was nothing idle in this man, all ſpake in him, all tended to praiſe-worthy actions: his ſtudy was holy Letters, his care to expreſs in his manners what he had read in books; he was prompt in all which he did, and had but one hinderance in the world, and that was prayer, which he would never have left, if diſcretion had not taught him to forſake God, to finde God. His intentions were moſt ſincere, his negotiations honourable, his ſilence diſcrete, his words ever profitable, his heart full of compaſſion; and although the eminency of his life raiſed him above all men, yet the ſweetneſs of his nature made him familiar with all ſuch as ſtood in need of his aſſiſtance. As much as his zeal made him terrible to thoſe, who durſt contend with his Maſter; ſo much his mildneſs rendered him communicable to all the world: his exteriour imployments nothing diminiſhed his interiour, nor did retirement for contemplation hinder the manage of affairs.

Never was he imperious, but to ſupport the Empire of the Saviour of the World. As he elevated himſelf towards Heaven, when there was occaſion to defend the Church; ſo he humbled himſelf to loweſt degrees, when he was to condeſcend to humane infirmities. Honour always ſeemed to him the tribute of God, and whileſt he lived, he conſtantly yielded it to his Maſter, without keeping ought elſe for himſelf, but the burthen of his miniſtery. His continual exerciſe was to inſtruct Monarchs, exhort people, convince Hereticks, comfort the afflicted, feed the hungry, cloath the naked, redeem priſoners, entertain pilgrims, ſhew the way of ſalvation to the erring, ſave the deſperate from ſhipwrack, enflame the luke-warm, cheriſh the fervent, provide for all thoſe who were under his charge, and punctually to act all the duties of his profeſſion.

Expreſſa ab *Hilar. Arel.*

He thought all the miſeries in the world were properly his, and bewailed them as his own. He likewiſe accounted the good hap, commodity, and advancements of his Neighbour, were his own riches and enablements, as if in one ſole heart all the hearts of the world were included. There was neither need of Porter, nor Page in his houſe, to give him notice of ſuch as would ſpeak with him, for he was ever expoſed to commerce, as writeth S. *Auguſtine*. Every one ran to him, nor did any man think the time long in his company; ſuch pleaſure they took in his converſation. The needy who arrived at his houſe went not away without relief. From the time he entered into office, he conſecrated his whole patrimony to the poor, giving, as it were, all he had, without reſerving ſo much as himſelf. Although tranſitory goods are conſumed, faith never is waſted. Faith ſerveth for alms, and alms fail not to faith. Theſe temporal aſſiſtances gave paſſage to grace and ſpiritual viſits; by which he endeavoured to ſweeten, as with oyl, the yoke of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and adorn with virtue the ſouls of all his ſubjects, as his own heart, which was a true receptacle of charity. Never was man more beloved, or feared then he; ſo well did he know to diſpence theſe two different affections. Every man reverenced him as his Lord, and obſerved him as his father; each man thought he found his country, kindred, and accommodations, where S. *Ambroſe* was.

The ſecond SECTION.

His Government.

THe Eccleſiaſtical Government of S. *Ambroſe* is the rule of all the noble actions of the Clergy, as heretofore the Sicle of the Sanctuary was the model of other coins. This great man hath left ſuch an Idea her eof in his writings and manners, that the ſenſual finde therein how to conſider their end, the luke-warm wherewith to be enflamed, the imperfect to be corrected, and the moſt perfect what they may daily learn. His fair ſoul was as the *Ibis*, a bird of *Egypt*, which buildeth her neſt in the Palms. It was perpetually converſant in great contemplations, and had no more impreſſions of the earth, then the ſupreme ſphere of celeſtial bodies.

The principal Maxim, on which he eſtabliſhed the perfection of his Eccleſiaſtical life, was that which he afterward digeſted in writing, in the Epiſtle to *Irenæus*, whereof I have ſpoken heretofore: 'Go 'to, *Ambroſe* (ſaith he within himſelf) behold thy 'ſelf a Prieſt, and, which is more, a Biſhop. This 'dition requireth a ſober gravity, alienated from 'the manners of ordinary men; a life wholly ſeri- 'ous, weighty, and ſolid, in degree of ſingularity. It 'is a folly to think the dignity of a Biſhop conſiſteth 'in the exerciſe of ceremonies, or exteriour ge- 'ſtures in publick. How ſhall he be regarded by the 'people, who hath nothing in his manners different 'from the people? What wouldſt thou have the 'world admire in thee, if it behold nothing in thee 'above it ſelf, if it findes its imperfections there, if 'after it hath bluſhed at one vice to which it is ſub- 'ject, it obſerve thou haſt placed it in the throne 'of dignity with thee? Since needs I muſt be a Bi- 'ſhop (*a*) let me ſeek out a life free from the 'tongues of the moſt inſolent, and which hath ne- 'thing common with the works of weak ones.

Epiſt. ad *Irenæum*, quæ eſt ſecunda libri tertii in ordine vigeſima. The foundation of an Epiſcopal life.

(a) *Quærat meus nobis vitam inacceſſam ſeremonibus inſolentium, inviam operibus impiorum.*

Following this rule, he in his heart deteſted the practice of thoſe, who enter into charge by ſiniſter ways, and ſeek after nothing therein but exteriour luſtre, or temporal commodities: in ſuch ſort, that ſpeaking of ſuch a Prelate in the book which he compoſed of Epiſcopal dignity, he ſaith; (*b*) We behold him with carnal eys as a great Biſhop, and God with his eys, which cannot be deceived, ſees him as a foul Leper. Fleſh took the dignity, and the ſoul hath loſt honeſty. Fleſh predominateth over people, and the ſoul is a ſlave to Devils.

(b) *Lib. de dignitate Sacerdot. c. 5. Oculis quidem carnalibus videtur quaſi Epiſcopus magnus, & divinis obtutibus inſpicitur quaſi lepra ſua magnus. Caro ſuſcepit dignitatem, & anima perdidit honeſtatem. Caro dominatur populis, & anima ſervit damonii.*

It is no hard matter to perſwade a man to virtue, who believes it to be his principal buſineſs. This ſage Prelate, having laid the foundations of good and ſincere intentions, applied himſelf ſo to his charge, that day and night he admitted no other thought. For, leaving the manage of houſhold-affairs to his brother *Satyrus*, he addreſt himſelf wholly to Epiſcopal functions, which he exerciſed with ſo much perfection, induſtry, and readineſs, that *Paulinus*, an eie-witneſs of his actions, ſaid, He did as much alone, as five other Biſhops.

First, Seeing he ſucceeded a man, who had ſown diſſention, he found it was very neceſſary often to preach Catholick verities, which he performed with much fruit, but labour indefatigable. For, coming from the order of Magiſtracy to Epiſcopal dignity, he muſt learn that, which his firſt profeſſion never had taught him; and although he might in ſuch neceſſity

ceſſity have made uſe of others labours, notwithſtanding he, who prudently thought fit, that the doctrine we teach ſhould bud in our hearts, and take beginning in our inventions, to produce it with the more utility, put himſelf ſeriouſly to the reading of Scriptures and holy Fathers that were of his time, to bring forth afterward in his ſoul what he ſhould ſpeak and obſerve; for it was the counſel, which he afterward gave to Biſhop *Conſtantinus*. *You* (c) *muſt* (ſaith he) *gather together the water, which diſtilleth from the Prophets, as the clouds from many places, to the end, your land may be moiſtened and watered with their familiar fountains.* His preachings were ſolid, pure, gently flowing, and full of good inſtructions; and although his diſcourſe had much ſweetneſs in it, yet had he not ſo ſuck'd honey from thoſe Bees, which courted him in his cradle, that he retained not their ſtings. A nature too flexible reſembleth the air, which as ſoon giveth place to beggars, as *Cæſars*: as there is nothing more inſupportable in a charge then a ſpirit opinionative, ſo nothing is more fruitleſs then a weather-cock, who turneth with every wind, and hath no other direction, but the paſſions of all thoſe, that neareſt approach him. S. *Ambroſe* endeavoured to cure all the world, as much as he might poſſible with ſweetneſs, mixing oft-times his own tears with thoſe of his penitents: but if he met with obdurate and rebellious hearts, he took upon him a marvellous predominancy both of authority and eloquence, to tame vice, and diſarm inſolence. *Conſtantine* (d) a great Phyſician obſerveth, that it is not good to feed thoſe with hony, or milk, who are dangerouſly wounded, for ſeldom by this courſe is death eſcaped. Our great Biſhop made the like judgment upon the maladies of the ſoul, and never bent himſelf to cheriſh by ſupple indulgences thoſe hearts, which he ſaw to be ulcered with any malice. His admonitions were not upon idle diſcourſes, for they were ſeen to be waited on with good effects, and, as it were, a general reformation in all orders.

(c) *Colligit de pluribus locis aquam, quam effundunt nubes prophetica, ut terra tua humeſcat, & domeſticis irrigetur fontibus.* Lib. 3. Ep. 1

(d) *Conſtantinus Medicus* De liquidis.

(e) Reformation of the Clergy

(e) He began to meaſure the Temple by the Sanctuary: for eſteeming that the ſinews of words are laudable examples, he endeavoured to make a good Clergy to ſerve as a mirrour for the Laity. The waters of *Jordan* heretofore offered homage to the feet of Prieſts, becauſe they bare the Ark on their ſhoulders. There is not any thing that gives not way to a good Eccleſiaſtick, who carrieth ſanctity in his heart; his words are thunder-claps, when his life is the lightening. Behold why this great Saint deſired nothing ſo much, as to ſee the houſe, not of *Cæſar*, but of *Jeſus*, free both from crime and ſuſpicion of it. Above all, he ſtrove to extirpate two plagues fatal, & oppoſite enemies of all ſanctity, avarice, and luſt; not only deſiring the Prieſts of his Dioceſs ſhould have chaſte bodies, but innocent hands alſo, and not covetous to draw ſuperfluities to their condition of life. He voluntarily bred them in poverty and frugality, as in the firſt manſion, from whence the glory of the primitive Church proceeded, well knowing, the augmentation of riches doth not equally encreaſe piety.

One would not believe what choice he made in Eccleſiaſtical preferments, even to the refuſing many times of ſome, who had been very much recommended unto him, and had nothing to give occaſion of rejection, but ſome petty uncomelineſs in geſture or exteriour parts, that alone offended the eys of Saint *Ambroſe*, who was not willing to ſee any thing but luſtre in his Clergy. And although ſuch things ſeemed idle to many, yet was he no whit in his judgment deceived; for having one day diſmiſſed two for one ſole levity in their gate, he found they afterward made ſhip-wrack of faith, and already diſcovered the unconſtant perfidiouſneſs of their minde in this wanton action of their carriage.

Where reaſons could not avail, he employed a ſevere cenſure, having no regard to exteriour ſemblances, when there was occaſions to chaſtiſe a crime. Witneſs one *Gerontius*, who lived in *Milan*, under his rule, a man of a ſpirit moſt pregnant and curious, beyond his profeſſion, who was not contented to ſeek into the ſecrets of Phyſick, and exceſsively endeavour to poliſh his tongue, which was very pregnant, but he deſcended to ſome folly of Negromancy. Now this man having an itch of ſpeech, and eſpecially of all that, which he thought might make for his advantage, vaunted in ſome company, that he one night had taken one *Onoſcelides*, that is to ſay, a Devil, who appeared to him with the legs of an Aſs, and that he had ſhaved him, and led him to the Mill: whether it were that he in effect had ſeen ſuch a ſpectre, his brain being already much diſpoſed to illuſions; or whether it were, through vanity and impoſture, that he boaſted himſelf of what he had not done, as it often-times happeneth to ſuch kinde of men, who make tropheys of great crimes, whileſt it raiſeth them in the opinion of the world above the ordinary ſort. Theſe words being related to Saint *Ambroſe*, he very ſharply reprehended him, and impriſoned him in his own houſe, enjoyning ſundry penances for expiation of this fault, moſt unworthy of a Deacon of the Church of *Milan*, ſuch as he was. He, who was not capable of ſuch a remedy, fled, and went to *Conſtantinople*, with intention to diſgrace S. *Ambroſe*, which he did as much as poſſibly he might. There, by the ſoft inſinuation of his wit, joyned to an incredible vain tattle, in ſtead of ſeeking out a wholeſom plaiſter for his ulcers, he covered them with cloath of gold, in ſuch ſort, that through the favour of Great-ones, whom he had gained, he was preferred to the Biſhoprick of *Nicomedia*. S. *Ambroſe* effectually wrote to *Nectarius*, diſcovering the impoſtures of this man, and beſeeching him for the honour of the Church, and his own proper intereſt, he would not ſuffer that Epiſcopal See to be defiled with ordures, that aſtoniſhed heaven and earth. *Nectarius* employed all his power in this affair, deſiring both to diſcharge his own conſcience, and oblige the Biſhop of *Milan*: but he found this Impoſtour had by his charms got ſo much favour, that to remove him was very difficult. The glory hereof was reſerved for S. *John Chryſoſtom*, who afterward removed him, as ſoon as he was preferred to the Dignity of Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*.

Behold the ſeverity this great Paſtour uſed in the inſtitution of his Clergy; and as he ſaw that good Religious men and women ſerved for a great ornament of the Church, ſo he took a moſt particular care to entertain them, and manure them as worthy plants of the garden of the Church. Never could he reſt till he ſaw a Monaſtery erected in the ſuburbs of *Milan*, where many holy perſonages dedicated themſelves to a ſolitary life, to perform on earth what the Angels do in Heaven. As for Virgins, who took the Veil irrevocably to conſecrate their Virginity to *Jeſus Chriſt*, he trained them up in the Church, with ſo much ſtudy, fervour, and zeal, that we cannot imagine more. For he dedicated to them the firſt fruits of his labours, writing in their favour the books of Virginity, which he compoſed in the firſt year of his charge, in a moſt flouriſhing and elaborate ſtyle; where, to ſhew the reſpect he bare to this profeſſion, he ſpake theſe words unto them:

Religious cheriſhed by S. *Ambroſe*.

My

Excellent ſpeeches to Virgins.

My holy daughters, it is not yet three years ſince I undertook this charge, and you know from whence I was drawn, and the ſmall time given to diſpoſe me to ſo weighty a burthen: notwithſtanding, I afford you the fruits of my tongue, ſince I have learned more in your manners then in Books. The flowers which grow in my diſcourſes, come from your garden. It is not precepts for Virgins but examples drawn from the life of Virgins. Your manners have breathed a certain grace into my ſoul, and I may ſay, that all that, which my endeavour hath of good odour in it, is derived from your prayers. For who am I but a barren thorn? But God, who heretofore ſpake to Moſes *among Thorns, will now to day ſpeak by my mouth.*

His Sermons and books had ſo much effect, that Virgins came from the utmoſt limits of Chriſtendom to be veiled at *Milan*; which S. *Ambroſe* ſeeing, he could not wonder enough that he perſwaded Virginity where he was not, it not being in his power ſufficiently to multiply it according to his deſire, in places where he reſided (*f*).

(f) *Hic tracto, alibi perſuadeo: ſi ita eſt, alibi tractemus ut vobis perſuadeamus.* l. 1. de virginibus.

He cauſed the Biſhop of *Bologna* to come unto him, led on by the ſame ſpirit as himſelf, to aſſiſt in this deſign, of whom he one day ſaid in full aſſembly: (g) *Behold the fiſher of the Church of* Bologna, *fit for this ſort of fiſh*; *Lord afford fiſh, ſince you have given us coadjutours.* And conſidering that ſome murmured at theſe his proceedings, as if the world ſhould inſtantly fail by this means, he ſhewed in a moſt eloquent Sermon, that no one had cauſe of complaint either married or unmarried; the married, becauſe they had wives, not virgins: the unmarried, becauſe they ſhould find ſufficient; and that the carnal, who oppoſed virginity under pretext of multiplication, reſiſted by this means the chaſtity of marriages, where continency is often-times exerciſed, even by neceſſity: as for the reſt, we are not to believe the world will be ruined through virginity: for, admit it ſhould fail, it would ever be a matter more honourable for it to decay by virtue then concupiſcence. But it is ſo much otherwiſe, ſaid he, that we ſhould lay hold of that, which we ſee by experience in the Churches of *Africa* and *Alexandria*, where there are moſt Virgins, they have the greateſt number of men.

(g) *Adeſt piſcator Bononienſis, aptus ad hoc piſcandi genus: Da Domine piſces qui dediſti adjutores.*

This employment nothing leſſened the aſſiſtances, which he afforded for the inſtruction of thoſe who lived in an ordinary courſe.

(*h*) Above all, he endeavoured to root hereſies out of their hearts, and certain cuſtoms of Gentiliſm, which eaſily ſtole in by contagion into the houſes of the faithful. Among other things, there was a Pagan-guiſe much practiſed at *Milan* and other places of Chriſtendom, which was, to celebrate the firſt day of the year with riots and diſorders: a matter much reſenting the *Bacchanals*. He ſo cut off this abuſe by his great authority, that of a day prophaned with ſo much ſenſuality, he in few years made it among Chriſtians a day of penance and faſting: which for ſome ſpace afterward was obſerved in the Church, until ſuch time as the memory of the ſuperſtitions of Gentiliſm was wholy extinct. Others entertained this fooliſh belief, that when the Moon was Eclipſed, ſhe ſuffered much through the perſecution of ill Angels, who then endeavoured to exile her; and therefore they went out of their houſes, with many Pans and Cauldrons, making a loud noiſe to diſſolve, as they ſaid, the deſign, which evil Spirits had againſt the Moon. The ſage Paſtour made an expreſs homily againſt this ſuperſtition, wherein he much confounded thoſe who were infected herewithal. Moreover, it being a cuſtom very antient, and introduc'd by the Apoſtles, to make in Churches, which then were the houſes of the faithful, *Agapes*, that is to ſay, bankets of charity in favour of the poor, this by little and little was changed into liberties unworthy of Chriſtianity. For ſenſuality had got ſuch ground, that faſhing charity in this action, it rather ſeemed a ſacrifice to the belly, then an act of piety. S. *Ambroſe* aboliſhed all theſe rites, and cut off ſuch abuſes even in the leaſt root, that it was never ſeen again to ſprout in the Church. S. *Auguſtine* incited by his example, practis'd the like in *Africa*, and afterward cauſed the decree to be inſerted in the third *Council* of *Carthage*.

(h) Superſtitions and exceſſes taken away.

In the proportion that he exterpated vice, he planted ſolid virtues in the hearts of the faithful, whom he ordinarily entertained, with theſe inſuing inſtructions, counſelling other Biſhops to do the like. (*i*) Firſt he ſought in all places to form in minds a ſtrong imagination of the preſence of God, unwilling that Chriſtian virtues ſhould be petty Hipocriſies, guided by the natural extent of humane reſpect, but rather intentions wholly celeſtial; and for that cauſe he ſaid (k) *If any man be alone, let him regard himſelf more then any other in the world.*

(*i*) Purity of intention.

(k) *Si quis ſolus eſt, ſe ipſum præ cæteris erubeſcat.*

(*l*) Secondly, ſeeing the inordinate deſire of riches was a petty apoſtacy of faith, and root of all diſorders, he very often did beat on this anvile, labouring by all ſort of good endeavours to withdraw hearts from the love of earth, that he might raiſe them to Heaven. Among other things, you have theſe excellent words in the Epiſtle to *Conſtantius*: (m) *To enjoy much, is to have a great burthen: great riches are a vain oſtentation; the indifferent, for uſe. We are all Pilgrims in this life; all the buſineſs is not in going, perfection conſiſteth in a ready paſſage. To what purpoſe do you ſo torment your ſelf with the deſire of hoarding? Be wiſe, and you ſhall have ſufficient. A virtuous man thinks nothing is without him but ſin. Whereſoever he ſets his foot he finds a kingdom. All the world belongeth to him, becauſe he uſeth all the world as his own.*

(*l*) Cove-touſneſs oppoſed.

(m) *Multa oneri, moderata uſui. Viatores ſumus vitæ hujus: multi ambulant, ſed opus eſt, ut quis bene tranſeat. Sapientis nihil alienum, niſi quod virtuti incongruum. Quæcunque acceſſerint ſua omnia. Totus mundus poſſeſſio ejus eſt, quoniam eo toto quaſi ſuo utitur.* Epiſt. ad Conſtantium.

In the third inſtance he made ſharp war againſt the ambitions and vanities of the time, diſpoſing minds as much as he could to Chriſtian humility by this Maxim: (n) *The greateſt knowledg in the world is well to act your part: It importeth not in what condition of life we are, ſo that we diſcharge our conſcience, and the duties of our places. We muſt ſo uſe the matter, that our manners may recommend our condition, and not derive their worth from our dignities.*

(n) Ambition. *Nihil intereſſe in quo ſtatu quis ſe probabilem præſtaret, ſed illum eſſe ſtatum bonorum, ut quocunque quis ſtatu probaretur. Illud præcipuum, ut magis mores commendarent ſtatum, quam ſtatus mores.*

In the fourth place, he uſed infinite care to maintain conjugal chaſtity in the lives of the married, oftentimes ſhewing by pregnant reaſons, that luſt (a) was a fire, which burnt the garment of the ſoul, and waſted mountains even to the bottom. And becauſe bravery is ordinarily the neſt where diſhoneſty hatcheth, he couragiouſly oppoſed profuſeneſs in that kind, uſing ſharp reprehenſions againſt women, vain and diſſolute in attires. One day amongſt the reſt, he proved they were as in a perpetual priſon, loaden with puniſhments and condemned by their own ſentence (p) *It is pity* (ſaith he) *to ſee a woman, that hath upon the one part a great chain about her neck, and on the other gyves about her feet. What matter is it whether the body be charged with gold or iron, if the neck be alike bowed under the yoak, and a gate hindred? The price of your bands ſerves for no uſe, but to give you cauſe to fear your torments. Miſerable that you are, who condemn your ſelves by your own proper ſentence; yea, more miſerable then criminals, for theſe do ſee nothing but their own Liberty, and you love your captivity.*

(o) Luxurie.

(p) Exceſs in apparel. *Hinc calliſ cattenâ conſtringis, inde pedes compes includit. Nihil refert, auro corpus onereturne, an ferro, ſi cervix premitur, ſi gravatur inceſſus, nihil tritium juvat, niſi quod vos mulieris, ni pereat vobis pœna, trepidatis. Quid intereſt alienâ ſententiâ an veſtra vos damnet? Hinc vos etiam miſerabliores, quàm qui publico jure damnatur, quòd illi optant exuti, vos ligari.* Lib. 1. De Virginibus.

In the end, he much recommended charity, juſtice, government of the tongue, flight from ill company, and modeſty in all deportments; whence it came to paſs; that he wrote thoſe admirable Books of Offices, which ſet out all Chriſtian virtues with an eminent luſtre. The good Prelate was in his Biſhoprick, as the Pilot in the ſhip, the ſoul in the body, the ſun in the world, labouring in all kinds, and having no other repoſe, but the viciſſitude of travails.

The

The fourth SECTION.

His combates, and firſt againſt Gentiliſm.

Evident danger of Chriſtendom.

IT is time now that we behold our ſtrong Giant enter into the liſt againſt Monſters; for armed with weapons of light, he enterpriſed ſundry battails againſt Sects, vices, and the powers of darkneſs, which ſought to prevail. I will begin his proweſs by the encounter he had with *Symmachus*, Governour of the City of *Rome*, who endeavoured by his eloquence, and credit, to re-advance the prophane ſuperſtitions of Gentiliſm. This combat was not ſmall, nor leſs glorious for the memory of S. *Ambroſe*, with him that will well conſider it, the danger was very great, for the name and deſign of *Julian* the Apoſtata as yet lived in the minds of many men of quality, and of malign ſpirits, who had conſpired with time to ſtifle Chriſtianity, making corrupt and imaginary Deities to re-enter into the poſſeſſion of the world. This *Symmachus* was the Enſign-bearer, a ſubtile man, well ſpoken, and of great authority; to whom the Emperours had cauſed a golden Statue to be erected with the title of *The Prime man of the Empire, both in reputation, wiſdom, and eloquence:* and for that cauſe he promiſed himſelf he had power enough to ſet God and the Devil upon one and the ſame Altar. He practiſed to diſguiſe *Pagan* Religion by his artifices, drawing it from the ordures and brutiſhneſs thereof chanted by Poets, to give it a quite other face, and repreſent it with a maſk, which he had framed out of ſundry Philoſophers under the reign of *Julian*, to render it the leſs odious. And ſeeing the times favoured him, by reaſon that after the death of *Gratian* a moſt Chriſtian Prince, *Valentinian*, who was an infant under the guardianſhip of an *Arrian* mother, held the ſtern of the Empire, he reſolved therefore to fiſh in a troubled water, and by ſurreption obtained certain Edicts in favour of *Paganiſm*, againſt which St. *Ambroſe* framed moſt powerful oppoſitions. I will render you here the two pleadings in thoſe terms they were pronounced, to confront the babble of a Politician with the eloquence of a Saint.

The underſtanding Reader ſhall here obſerve two moſt rich pieces of Eloquence, which I have rendred rather as an Oratour then a Tranſlatour, to give them the luſtre they deſerve. I am deſirous you may ſee in the Oration of *Symmachus*, what a bad conſcience can do, which hath eloquence to diſguiſe truth, and how we muſt ever judg of men rather by their works, then their words.

The Oration of *Symmachus* to *Theodoſius* and *Valentinian* the Younger, for the Altar of Victory, exerciſe of *Pagan* Religion, and revenue of Veſtals.

SACRED MAJESTIES,

Note, that he feigneth *Theodoſius* as preſent, who knew nothing what had paſſed.

SO ſoon as this ſovereign Court, wholly poſſeſſed by you, hath ſeen vice ſubdued by laws, and that you through your Piety have razed out the memory of paſſed troubles, it hath taken upon it the authority, which the favour of this happy Age hath afforded, and diſcharging the acerbities long time retained upon the heart thereof, hath once again commanded me to bring you its complaints in a ſolemn Embaſſage.

Thoſe, that wiſh us not well, have hitherto bereaved us of the honour of your audience, thereby to deprive us of the effect of your juſtice. But I now come to acquit me of two obligations; the one as Governour of the City, the other as Embaſſadour: as Governour I do a work, which concerneth the Weal-publick, and as Embaſſadour I preſent you the ſupplications of your moſt humble ſubjects.

Diſſentions we have no more amongſt us, for the opinion is ceaſed, that one, to become a great States-man, muſt be particular in his opinions. All the Pagan Senatours agreed not before upon this Embaſſage

The greateſt Empire, which Monarchs may enjoy, is to reign in the love and eſtimation of their ſubjects: ſo is it alſo a matter intolerable in thoſe that govern the State, to nourish their diviſions to the hurt of the publick, and eſtabliſh their credit upon the loſs of the Prince's reputation.

We are far diſtant from thoſe imaginations; for all our care perpetually watcheth for your intereſt, and for that cauſe we defend the Decrees of our Anceſtours, the Rites of our Country, and fatal happineſs thereof, as a thing, which concerneth the glory of your age, to which you gave a new luſtre, when you publickly proteſted never to enterpriſe any thing upon Cuſtoms eſtabliſhed by our Anceſtours.

Behold! wherefore we moſt humbly beſeech you to reſtore the Religion, which ſo long hath preſerved this Empire. If we will remember thoſe Princes, under whom we have lived, though divided in Sects and Opinions, we ſhall finde ſome have retained the Religion of their Anceſtours, the other not rejected it. And if authority of the dead ſuffice not to give us example of what we ſhould do, at the leaſt let us take it from the diſſimulation of the living, who in tolerating antient Ceremonies have diſcovered they had no purpoſe to condemn them.

We at this preſent require the Altar of the Goddeſs Victory *may be reſtored to us, thereon to offer our ſacrifices. Is there any man in the world ſuch a friend to the* Barbarians *our enemies, who will oppoſe this deſign? The experience of paſſed times teacheth us wiſdom for the future. It is time we avoid ſo many dreadful prodigies, which menace us, and at laſt yield the honour to the name of* Victory, *which we have denied to its Divinity.* Victory, *o Sacred Majeſties, hath already powerfully tied you, and will yet much more oblige you. It is a work for the wicked, who never have had experience of its benefits, to hate the honours thereof: but your worth cannot chooſe but adore that, which ſerves as a favourable ſupport for your triumphs.* A ſubtile inſinuation of *Symmachus*.

Victory *is a Divinitie, that hath her Altars charged with vows of the whole world. The man is moſt ungrateful, who will diſhonour that, which he profeſſeth to deſire: and were it not an action of juſtice to afford veneration where it is due, yet ought we not to be deprived of the ornaments of our Senate.*

Suffer our old age, moſt ſacred Majeſties, to leave to poſteritie the Religion received from our Anceſtours, when we were as yet in our infancie. The love of antient Rites is a marvellous tie. The Emperour Conſtans, *who would have cut it off, therein loſt his labour, leaving an example to others to decline ſeverity, which nothing availed him. We, who are much affected to the eternity of your Name and Dignity, muſt ſo uſe the matter, that the ſucceeding Ages may finde nothing, which requires alteration in your actions.* *Conſtans* the ſon of *Conſtantine* the Great.

Where ſhall we hereafter ſwear to your laws and commands, when we ſhall finde all the Altars demoliſhed? Who ſhall ſerve as a terrour to the perfidious to arreſt their falſhood, if they no longer apprehend the Divinities, which they in foregoing time reverenced? We are not ignorant, that all this great Univerſe is filled with the preſence of God, and that there is no place of ſafeguard for Perjuries: yet it is a matter moſt important to repreſs the liberty of crimes by the viſible preſence, and marks of an antient Religion. This Altar of Victory *is the knot of our Concord, and the manſion of publick Faith. All that, which giveth authority to our Decrees, is, that we pronounce them after we have ſworn fidelitie upon Altars: and ſhall we then without difference prophane an Altar ſo Religious, where we at other times have taken Oath, and prophane it under the reign of Princes, who more entruſt the ſecurity of their perſons on the faith of their Subjects, then force of their Arms? But the Emperour* Conſtans *is ſaid to have ſhewed the way thereof. Why do we imitate in a Prince, who hath ſo many other perfections, that, which hath worſt ſucceeded with him, and which he never had done, if good fortune had made him ſee another to miſcarrie before him? The faults of a predeceſſour are not unprofitable to a ſucceſſour, who from them will derive profit: and oft-times a man lays the firſt ground of his Virtues on the Vices of another. It happened, that this good Emperour foreſaw not the diſcontent, which would ariſe from this action, the matter being as yet new, and without preſident: we, who now have other knowledges then he, cannot have the like excuſes for our errours. Your Majeſties ſhall finde in this Prince actions enough worthy of imitation, which you may purſue with more glory, and leſs envie. Neither did he cut away any thing of the privileges of* Veſtal *Virgins; he repleniſhed the Temples and Miniſteries of the Gods immortal with Nobility, and was willing Coin ſhould be taken from his Coffers, to defray the charges of antient ceremonies. Coming to* Rome, *he marched through all the ſtreets of this eternal City, accompanied with his Senate, moſt glad to behold him: with a favourable eye he ſaw* *Conſtans* was allied to the Emperour, for which cauſe he ſpeaketh warily.

saw the Temples, which bare the titles of our Gods on their fore-heads; he enquired the original of their goodly buildings, and applauded the founders. And though he were of a Religion different from ours, yet was he not desirous to make his piety triumph in the extinguishment of that of our Ancestours. He preserved for the Empire its antient customs, well knowing, that in matter of Religion each man hath his opinion, his rites, and ceremonies; all which require freedom.

Maxims of a Pagan.

The spirit of God, which governeth this great world, hath distributed its Protectours to every Cities; and as Heaven hath given us souls, so it every where decreeth certain Geniusses, and fatal powers for the government of mortals, which oblige us to regard them more by the profit we derive from them, then any other consideration. All the reasons which we here below have of the Divinity are obscure, and we cannot know God better then in his benefits, in the memory, and experience of prosperities from him derived.

He speaketh as a man ignorant of faith.

If antiquity be of power to give any weight to a Religion, why shall we not maintain a Faith established by so many Ages? Why shall not we follow the steps of our fathers, who have so happily succeeded their grandfathers? Propose to your selves, that Rome at this time presents it self before your eys, and in these terms speaketh to you.

Subtile discourses.

O most excellent and just Princes, who are the true Fathers of the Country, have regard to the old Age, whereunto I am arrived, in pursuing the piety of my founders: give me leave to exercise the antient ceremonies, since they are not such as I ought to repent my self of, and to practise my ordinary guises, since liberty is the inheritance of my birth. The Religion, of which you would bereave me, is that which hath vanquished the world, that which hath chased Hannibal far from my walls, and driven the Gauls from my Capitol. Have I then been preserved among so many Armies and perils, to be now at this day dishonoured, by my children? Have I then given Law to the whole world, to receive it in my elder days from simple Fisher-men? I yet do not know what they will teach me, but I well understand, the correction of old Age must needs be heavie, and in much danger also to become the more ignominious. I honour the Gods of my Fathers, the Gods of my Birth; I beg peace of them, will any man teach me ought else? I think after we have well disputed, we shall finde we have all but one and the same God, but that we honour him under sundry titles. We all live subject to the same Stars, we all are covered with the same Heaven, involved all in the same World; let us suffer every one to seek out truth according to his poor industrie. God is a great secret: it is no wonder, if we endeavour to finde him by so many divers ways.

Dangerous Maxims used afterward by Hereticks.

But I leave the disputation hereof to those, who have more leisure then I: I come not to give a battle, but to present you with our humble prayers. I would willingly know whether your Majesties Coffers have been throughly filled, since the small revenews have been taken from these poor Vestals, which before they enjoyed? They see themselves frustrated of the recompenses, which the most avaricious Emperours have decreed them, and in so great a liberality of your Majesties, which enricheth all the world, they alone have cause to complain of necessitie.

Philastrius de hæresibus.

Vestal Virgins.

Moving words.

It is not gain, which leadeth them, but the honour to receive the wages due to their Chastity. It is to violate the holy veils, which attire their heads, to deprive them the ordinary privileges of their profession. The poor maids ask nought else of you but a bare title of prerogative, as their great poverty hath freed them from surprize of their enemies: for nakedness is that alone, which violence cannot disarray. The more you have cut off from their privileges, so much the more have you robbed them of the honour of their charges, since their Virginity, which is vowed to publick safety, hath so much the more merit, as it findeth the less recompense. God forbid your treasures, which are most innocent, should be defiled with prey drawn from the Vestals. The revenues of good Princes still encrease, rather from the spoil of Enemies, then loss of Priests. There is no gain can recompense the wrong done them by this decree. The further off your dispositions are estranged from all manner of avarice, so much the more is their condition miserable, since they behold themselves so tormented under such great clemency, and frustrated of an happiness, which they cannot lose but with honour. For were they despoiled by Harpyes, we should deplore their miserie in the compassion we take of their innocency: but the world, which seeth them deprived of their fortunes under Emperours so reserved, & moderate, will say, needs must there be crime on their part, since on yours they behold nought else but sanctity.

Possessions bequeathed to Virgins by the last Will of those, who deceased in the Devotion they bare to their Temples, are still withheld: I humbly beseech you, O sacred Pontifes, who sit in the place of justice, why would you make void the publick Religion of your Empire with the succession of a particular? Let dying men make their Wills with all security; suffer them to depart with this belief, that they have Princes not covetous, who will maintain what they shall bequeath in leaving the world, of their abilities. It is your honour, and contentment, to see such an happiness in the state, which you manage, and likewise to deliver dying men from the disturbances they may have upon the nullitie of their Testaments. Is there any thing in the world, that more concerneth the Roman right, then the Roman Religion? How would you have the change of pertie to be called, made upon moneys, which their Nature, nor the Laws have not put into the condition of unclaimed and perishable goods? Legacies are permitted to freed men, slaves are not denied the petty profits given them by Wills. Is there none but Virgins and those Virgins so noble, yea Virgins vowed to the exercise of Ceremonies, fatal for preservation of this Empire, must be deprived the possessions, which come to them by lawful ways of inheritance?

Symmachus magnifieth the Vestals.

What availeth them to consecrate the Chastity of their bodies to publick safety, to lay the foundation of an eternity for this Empire, on the ayd of their prayers, to tie to your Standards, your arms, and your Eagles, the favour of heavenly assistances, to present vows powerful for th whole world, and be bereaved the rights, that are denied to no man? It will hereafter be better to serve men then Gods, since we, desirous to make our Empire religious, make it ungrateful.

It is not the sole cause of the Vestals which I plead, it is that of all humane kind, for the dishonour of their profession is the source of all our evils. The law of our fore-fathers hath honoured these holy maids, and all those that are vowed to Altars, with some small revenew, and some very just privileges. This hath ever been for them maintained, until new ordinances were made by some Bankers, who degenerating from the care of their Ancestours, have employed the revenews dedicated to Virginity on the entertainment of certain Porters. From thence consequently came that great Dearth, the effect whereof the whole world hath felt, where lean Harvests have deceived the hopes of every Province. Let us not accuse the earth of this disaster, for it is innocent. Let us not quarrel against heaven, for it is just. Let us not complain, the worm hath gnawa the ear of Corn, or wilde Oats have choaked the Fruits of the earth: our sacrileges have made the year drouthy, and good reason it were, the whole world should be frustrated of a benefit it hath taken from Religion. Were there any example of our unhappiness in former times, we might say this Famin happened by a certain revolution of years, fatal in such accidents. But where shall we finde any thing like to this in the passed Ages? Where shall we finde a sterilitie so knotted together by the malignity of the ayr? Where shall we finde, that the people hath been enforced to have recourse to wild Plants and Acborns of the forest Dodonia, to satisfy their hunger?

Famin.

When did our Fathers ever behold a spectacle so cruel, whilest they cherished the Ministers of Religion at the charge of the publick? When did they ever shake Oaks, but for Hogs? When did they ever pull Herbs up by the roots to feed men? When did the Fields, which for the most part accustomed enterchangeably to rest, as it were on purpose, fail in one and the same year? Hath this been, when the people shared their provisions with the Vestal Virgins? Liberalitie used towards Priests graced the years revenews, and it rather seemed a remedie against barrenness, then a largess of piety. Now God in the necessitie of each one avengeth the detention of a benefit, which he would have common for all the world.

Some one will say, It is no wonder, if we refuse to entertain a strange Religion at the charge of the publick. God forbid, your Majesties should think the revenews, which were heretofore ordained for the Vestals by the Common-Wealth, should at this present be summed up as the coyn of the Weal publick.

As the Common-wealth is composed of particulars, so hath it no more right over Donatives, then it hath on particular persons. Your selves, who govern all, preserve for each one what appertains to him, and would have justice extend it self further then your power. Consult, if you please, with your magnificence, and it will tell you, that what you hitherto have given to so many particulars, is no more a publick good, for the gifts are no longer theirs, who bestowed them, and that which was in the beginning a benefit, by custom and succession of time, becomes an obligation. It is to affright the consciences of your Majesties with Panick fears, to think to make you believe you give to our religion that, which you cannot take from it without injustice.

I pray God the secret assistances of all Sects may favour your Clemencie, and that this same, which hath so long time ayded your Ancestours, if it can no longer stand in credit with you, may at least keep you in its protection. We will on your Majestie's behalf afford it all rights, and it towards you shall continue ordinary favours. We demand nothing new in requiring the exercise of a Religion, which hath preserved the Empire for your father (now with the Gods) and which hath blessed his bed with lawful heirs of his Crown. This good Prince, being entered into the condition of the Gods immortal, beholdeth

He speaketh of Valentinian.

from Heaven the tears of these poor Vestals, *and well sees customs cannot be violated, which be with so much affection maintained, but by the diminution of his authority. Afford at least this contentment to your good brother, received into this celestial company, as to see a Decree corrected, that was not his own. Cover an Act under oblivion, which he had never suffered to pass, had he foreseen the discontent of the Senate, and for which the deputies were diverted, which we sent unto him when he was alive, for the fear his enemies had of his equitie. It much importeth the publick to take away a foul blame from the ashes of a good Prince, and justifie the passed-by abolishment of the present.*

The fifth SECTION.

The Oration of S. *Ambrose* against *Symmachus*

MOST SACRED MAJESTY,

It is drawn from his reasons, conceptions, and as it were from all his own words.

ALthough your Minority gave us undoubted signs of the strength of your spirit, and constancie of your faith, yet the rank I hold near to your person obligeth me to prevent the surprizes of a crafty Discourse, which creepeth amongst so many golden words as the serpent amongst the flowers.

It is ill, the Governour Symmachus *hath employed so fair a tongue on so foul a subject. The deceit of his eloquence makes us suspect the weaknes of his Gods: for ever a bad cause seeketh that support in words, which in truth it cannot finde. Such are the ordinary proceedings of* Pagans, *when they speak of their superstitions.*

Their Orations resemble those ancient Temples of Egypt, *wherein under golden Tents lodged Idols of Rats and Crocodiles. But the Scripture teacheth us rather to live then talk, and recommendeth the contempt of language to oblige us to solliditie of vertues. That is the cause, why (most sacred Majestie) after I have entreated you to take my discourse rather in the weight of reasons, then number of words, I will answer to three points, which the Governour seemeth to comprize in his speech. The first toucheth the Religion of* Pagans. *The second the revenews of* Vestals. *And the third the cause of the Famin we have felt.*

A singular resolution of *Symmachus* his strongest argument.

I understand in the first Article, it is Rome, *which speaketh with her eys ful of tears, and sighs at her heart, demanding the exercise of* Pagan *superstitions, because they are such (saith the Governour) which drave* Hannibal *from the walls, and the* Gauls *from the Capitol.*

It is to publish the infamitie of false Gods to defend them in this manner; and better we cannot refute Symmachus, *then by shewing him armed against himself. For I ask, if those Gods are the Protectours of this Empire, why they so long time suffered* Hannibal *to triumph in the ruins of* Italie? *Were their hands so short they could stretch them no further then their Wals and Temples? As for the* Gauls, *what shall I say? I much wonder how the Governour doth mention it, since it is in effect a thing most ridiculous, to say, that the enemies being in the heart of the Citie, all those protecting Gods should stand idle in their Temples, in such sort, that all Histories have published, the people of* Rome *owed their preservation, not to the Gods, or sacrifices, which nothing availed them, but to the gagling of a Goose, which by good hap awaked the drowsie Centinels, if it be not, that* Symmachus, *as he is inventive enough, will say, that* Jupiter *had then forsaken his burning Chariots and Thunder-bolts, to shut himself up in the throat of this Gosling. But as a lie is ever industrious to hurt it self, did not* Hannibal *adore the* Roman *Gods? If it be true, that they always bear victory in their hands, why did not* Hannibal *surprize* Rome *with the assistance of those Gods? Or why did not the* Romans *vanquish* Hannibal *in all their Battels? Why had both one and the other oftentimes the worst? On what side soever you turn, you must see Gods conquered, who cannot denie their impotencie, if they avow not their nullitie.*

It is not Rome *then, that speaketh in this manner as* Symmachus *makes it, never gave she him his commission: but she says by the mouths of her brave Captains:*

Rome speaketh with Majestie.

Romans, *what have I done to become a butcherie, and to be imbrewed with the blood of so many creatures? Victories abide not in the entrails of beasts, but the arms of Souldiers. It is not the death of Oxen hath made me subdue Monarchs, but the valour of men.* Camillus *by force of arms displayed my Standards on the Capitol, which your ceremonies suffered to be taken away.* Attilius *exposed his life for the trial of his fidelity and safety of the Weal publick.* Scipio Africanus *found triumph, not among the Altars of the Capitol, but in the field of battel. If you desire to see the goodly effects of your superstitions, behold* Nero, *who was the first that drew the sword of the Cæsar's against the Christians, behold Emperours monethly made, and unmade like the Moon; behold those, who were the most zealous in your ceremonies, whereof some having shamefully enthralled the worlds Empire to foreigners, and the other promising themselves great victories under the favour of their Gods, have found servitude. was not there then an Altar of* Victory *in the Capitol? From whence, I pray, proceeded so many sinister accidents, if good hap be divinely destined to those who obey it? I much repent me of these barbarous ceremonies, though too too late. You, that have made me so many times become red with blood, suffer me once to become ruddy with shame, that I so lightly have been deceived, to the end I may not blush to see my self converted with all the world. And tell me not, I pray, that I am old. Decrepitness is not in years, but in manners. It is never too late to learn one's Salvation, and it is ever seasonable to do good. Shame is but for those, who have neither power, nor will to correct their vices.*

Notable answers to the liberty of *Symmachus*.

Come and learn a new warfare of Christians with me, which in Earth beareth arms, and in Heaven its conquests. From whom should I learn the mysteries of Heaven, but from him that made it, and not from man, who doth not so much as know all that passeth in his own house? Whom would you have me confide in the matter of belief we ought to have of God, but God himself? How shall I take you for a Master, since in the seeking to teach me, you confess your own ignorance? You say, God is a great secret, and must be sought by many ways: but he, who once hath hit on the ready way, why should he amuse himself with crooked turnings? You seek him blindfold, and we finde him in the light. You enquire him with suspicions, and minds disturbance, and we finde him in the revelation of the wisdom and veritie of God himself. It is a malicious stupiditie to think we can serve this sovereign Master in all sorts of Sects. As there is but one Sun in the world, so is there but one truth. It is a straight line, which is to be made but one way. All other superstitions are crooked lines, that have as many semblances as defects. How can we reconcile our Religions, you admire the works of your hands, and we accompting it an injurie done to God to worship the works of men? How shall we have one and the same God, if you adore Stocks and Stones, which our God instructeth us to trample under-foot? To whom shall we entrust this verity in such a great diversitie of opinions, but to a Man-God, whose words were no other, then the prophesies, wisdoms, and verities; his life innocencie, sanctitie, and virtue; his actions, power, wonders, and miracles in all parts of the world? What secret spirit set the Cross on the top of your Capitol? You demand proofs of the Divinity, and I shew you the conquest of a world, under the feet of one Crucified: the less this action hath of man, the more you behold therein the work of God.

Grave words for the Emperour.

Then Symmachus, *you redemand the altars of Idols, of whom? Of a Christian Emperour, whose heart is in the hands of God, and arms are for the protection of Faith. Would you have him employ his chast and innocent hands, which he never lifted up but to the living God, to repair the monuments of a false Deity? In what Historie finde you, that the Pagan Emperours have built Chapels and Temples for us? And think you, our great Prince hath less Zeal for truth, then his Predecessours for falshood? They have made all the parts of the world ruddie with our blood for defence of their Idols: but God hath blasted their purposes, and overthrown by his power, what they would have raised by their injustice. Would you that a Christian Emperour should from the ruins of your Gods, restore for you, in contempt of his own Religion, objects of sin on the Altars?*

A pertinent reply to the act of *Vestalis*.

But let us a little further see the sequel hereof. They demand revenues for the Vestals, *for they cannot otherwise serve their God. Behold how courageous the Gentiles are. We have imbraced and maintained our faith in povertie, injuries, and persecutions, and they cry out their ceremonies cannot subsist without their own interest. It is a shameful thing to sell Virginity, and to fix themselves on profit through the despair of vertues. What armies have these Maids to maintain, who have such care of their revenews? Their number exceedeth not seven, which they have chosen amongst so many thousands to guard a mercenary virginity, that still reserves a night to make experience of Marriage. Is it for this they must be Mitred? For this scarletted? For this endowed with a thousand privileges, and entertained in magnificent Caroches, with a train of Princesses to brave it through the streets of a Citie? Behold the holy Virgins, and poor Maidens of* Symmachus. *By my consent let him reflect the eye of his understanding and body on the state of our Religious women: he shall see companies replenished with honour, integritie, shamefacedness, who know how to use the gift of Virginity as it ought to be. They wear no attires, nor pompeous Mitres on their heads, but a poor veil, which borroweth its lustre of their chastity. They know not what belongs to attractives of beauty, for they have renounced all curiosities in the world. Purple and Superfluitie never dwels in their house; but rather Fasts and Austerities. It is not their custom to flatter, or sell at the price of honour and privileges the puritie of their bodies, but much otherwise, they do all as if their sufferings were to be the recompense of their vertues. Never will they learn the trade of setting their flesh to sale to the best bidder, and sell the abstinence from pleasures to them that offer most: well knowing the first victory of chastity is to triumph over greedines of riches, which are the most dangerous baits of sin.*

If

If we should give great revenues to all the Maids, which are now ready to receive the veil, what treasures would furnish out such an expense? And if they dare affirm, that none is due but to Vestals, is it not an impudence to be desirous to deprive Christian Virgins from goods given in favour of virginity, as if to be Christians were to be the less chaste, or as if the Religion they profess, were on their fore-heads a mark of infamy? Who can endure under the reign of most Christian Emperours, customs, which are onely tolerable in the Empire of Nero's? Symmachus demandeth monies of the Common-Wealth for entertainment of his Vestals, and we by certain modern Laws have been bereft the successions, which we might expect from particulars, without making complaints; so temperate we are in our proceedings. Some Ecclesiasticks likewise have been made to renounce their patrimony, to be freed from Court-obligations, and enjoy the privileges of the Church. Were this done to the Pagans, they would cast flames from their mouthes, for how could it be but very troublesome to purchase the vacancy of a holy ministry with the prejudice of his means, and in consecrating himself to the safety of the whole world, to have necessity for recompense in his house? Wils are valid in favour of the Ministers of Idols: be they never so profane in superstition, so abject in condition, so prodigal of their honour, they are not frustrated of what appertains to them by this article. There be none but the Priests of the living God, who are deprived of common right, because they are vowed to service of the publick. Their manners most innocent are not punished, but their degree; as if it held the rank of crime: that which a superstitious Widow bequeatheth to sacrifices of Idols, shall remain inviolable; and what a Religious Widow leaves by Will to a Priest of the eternal Religion shall be condemned as a nullity.

I speak not this now by way of expostulation, but to shew how I suppress lawful complaints by strength of patience. They answer, they touch not legacies given to the Church in general: and I require of them, who ever hath robbed the riches of their Temples? Christians have heretofore been bereaved their substance, which is the marrow of men; of ayr, which is common to all living creatures; of earth, which none ever have denied to the dead, since even the enraged Sea hath oft-times sent back the bodies of our Martyrs to the haven, as it were to give them burial. Notwithstanding say not a word, nor do I now accuse any man of cruelty, the condemnation whereof the victory of the Cross hath gained of the whole world. But if a piece of land be seized from a South-sayer, who contrary to all Religion holdeth wealth given in favour of Religion, all the world must be summoned with an alarm. If they will possess lands by our examples, let them imitate the charity we practice for the publick. Where are the Prisoners they have redeemed? the Poor they have fed? the Banish'd they have succoured? Of all our wealth we nought retain but faith, the rest is spent in the necessities of men, and they think it reasonable to employ it in massacre of beasts, to see if they have not the death of Princes in their intrails. Is not this insupportable?

An answer concerning the dearth.

Yet notwithstanding their Gods, saith he, have revenged on our heads the injurie done to their Priests, by a general Famin. That is it, which hath caused us to eat roots and barks of trees, which hath made us shake Oaks to eat Acorns, and envy Hogs their food, since we unjustly detain the sustenance of men. Behold great prodegies, and which never happened to the Gentiles. To whom doth Symmachus think he tells these Fables? To us, who know the Pagans were heretofore so accustomed to eate Acorns, that for this onely cause deified their Oaks? It is possible their Gods should appoint that for punishment, which these have so oft bought with price of Incense and blood of Beasts? And then, what injustice were it that for a small handful of sacrificers and South-sayers, who pretend to be interessed herein, these cruel Divinities should take revenge by a general desolation of all Provinces? How should they so long stand with arms across in the ruins of so many Temples, fallen on their Idols, to come to contest with us, upon a just retention of the superfluities of a silly Sacrificer? Behold now already how many years the Pagan Sect hath been declining, hath any one seen for all this the River Nilus overflow to revenge what hath passed at Rome, since the conquest of Egypt hath been tolerated under the arms of the Cross? And if these Gods have this last year avenged their injuries, enforcing us to feed on Acorns: why this present year, when the contempt of their name is much greater then ever, have they not made us eat Thorns? The living God be praised, who husbandeth good and evil for us with a most wise œconomie; we have seen the hillocks smile under the beauty of Vines, we have beheld the earth curled with ears of Corn, and to yield us so plentiful harvests, that they have given joy to some, admiration to others, and satisfaction to the whole world. Yea, we can say, the last year hath not been so barren, but that it hath left in many Provinces marks of the fruitfulness thereof. The Gauls have been more enriched then ever, the Sclavons have sold Corn, which they never sowed. The Grisons have had such store that they have given to their neighbours, more cause of envie then compassion, and those who were friends in a great scarcitie, are made enemies in large fertility. Genova and Venice have tasted the commodities of the fruits of Autumn, and in a word, the year hath not been every where so prodigious as the eloquence of the Governour.

Nay, these objections are more tolerable, but that, which we cannot endure nor dissemble with your Christian Majesties, is, that the Gentiles out of braverie dare affirm, they offer Sacrifices to their Gods in your names, and they protect you. Who hath given them this commission? Who makes them account your commands so criminal, as to take them for commandments? Let them guard their defenders whom they have hitherto ill protected, and let them not presume their Gods, being so feeble for preservation of those who yield them such honour, should be able to shield others who handle them with such contempt.

A reply concerning the antiquity of Paganism.

Yet must we (saith the Governour) defend the ancient Religion. Nothing is elder then the truth, which hath seen the world in its cradle; but a false Religion, the more ancient, the more dangerous it is, since it is an antiquity of errours, the presumption whereof time doth augment. Virtues are not measured by the ell of times, but the greatness of perfections. If we in like manner will consider the works of nature, we shall find the last to be the best.

The world, as you say, was nought else in the beginning, but an assembly of little atomies, which flying in the ayr, wove one with another the web of this great work: afterward it became a confused mass, full of horrour and darkness, till such time, as the great work-man came to separate the elements, adorn the heavens with lamps, and dispend light over the face of this universe. Then the earth disarraying it self, as from a robe of sorrow, seemed to admire the Sun it had never seen. Consider you not how the day at its birth disperseth darkness, with a little dawning of brightness, which insensibly increaseth till the time it discovereth it self in the glittering light and fervours of the mid-day? Behold you not how the Moon, which monethly waxeth and waneth, now seemeth lost to us, then shows her self as it were a little thred, streight she becomes a well-formed Crescent, afterward in the proportion that she looketh on the Sun she is augmented, and lastly composeth for us a great Globe of light? Know you not how the earth was before rude, not having felt the iron Coulter, but so soon as the husbandly labourer began to exercise a power upon it, and cultivate the barren Plains, they took upon them a much other aspect? For mollifying in this tillage all which was wild, they spred out unto us Grapes and Harvests, where we before had seen nought else but Nettles and Briers. See you not also how at the point of the first season the earth is wholly bare, then in the Springs progress it beginneth to produce certain small Flowers, which are as the eys of the Meadows; but eys, which spring and Eclipse in one and the self-same day; and the best of all is kept for the latter season? And we our selves, when we are born, are nothing else but a little lump of flesh, which is polished with time, and changed into a more lively infancy, but still ignorant, until our soul be perfected by time, for then we leave the rudiments of minority to become perfect men. Behold the course which Religions have held in the world: all that which is gone afore, hath been either in part gross and carnal, or deceitful and lying, by the cunning of the Devil. Grace in latter times hath put a seal on the work it began from the birth of the world. If things the less antient be the less perfect, we must prefer the Chaos before the Sun, Acorns before Harvests, March-Violets before Grapes, and say we have done ill to cover the earth with silver, and change Shepherds cottages into the gilded Marble of the Capitol.

But they are industrious to wound themselves, crying up the antient ceremonies. If this antiquity be so recommendable, why did Rome yearly change her Religion, as certain birds do their feathers, introducing daily some innovations in matter of superstitions, derived from the same Nations they by their arms had captivated? Shall it be said she will open her Temples to all the Idols of the earth, and onely shut them up from heavenly verities? He now here speaketh to us of a victory, which is a gift of God, and not a Goddess: a gift, which is oftentimes granted to the strength of legions, and never allotted to the impiety of superstitions. They will set up their Altar in the midst of a sovereign Court, and say, that maugre our opposition we must swallow the smoak of their sacrifices, hear their goodly, musick, and receive the ashes of their prophane victims on our forehead, where we bear the character of the living God. Is it not absolutely to out-brave Christianity under most Christian Emperours? What shall now presently be done at Court by the better part of the Senate, which is Christian? It will be necessary that they either in refusing untruth oppose your edicts (if the unhappiness of the time should make them favour a request so uncivil) or by connivency confess their sacrilege. I will speak freely, it is not an Altar they desire to plant in the Capitol, but rather faith, which they now would tear from our hearts. If you command such a sin, you commit it.

The Emperour Constans, *of most worthy memory, being as yet but a Catechumen, would not so much as behold this Altar, for fear that by the sole sight thereof his conscience might be polluted: he caused it presently to be taken away, and will you restore it, to make them hereafter sweare to your lawes before false Gods? What need have we of such an oath? The Senate is assembled by your commands, and for you. To you they owe their fidelity and conscience, not to Gods who are of no accompt. It preferreth you before their own children, but not before their Religion; then is it a charity much greater then your Empire, to preserve that piety which safeguards your Empire. All here below in the affairs of men is most uncertain, all therein is transitory; and great fortunes, which have the Sun in their face, have Ice under-foot: we possess nothing immortal but true Religion, which raiseth us above Monarchs to equal us with Angels. Pompey after he had measured three parts of the world, more by his triumphs then travels, is defeated, repelled, banished, and dead on the frontiers of the Empire, by the hand of a half man; and the earth, which seemed too scanty for his conquests, was seen to fail him for a Tomb. Cyrus, after he had overcome so many potent Enemies, after he had equalled his victories to his clemency, is vanquished by Tamaris, and his head, crowned with so many Lawrels, served as a matter of sport for a woman, who drenched it in a Leathern Sack filled with humane blood, saying unto him,* Satiate thee with that thou so much hast desired. Hamilcar, *Captain of the Carthaginians, one of the most superstitious Princes, that ever the earth bare, after so many Trophees, threw himself through despair into the Fire, which he had caused to be kindled for the Sacrifice of his Gods, seeing it had no whit availed him. I will not say Christian Emperours shall ever be fortunate in temporal affairs: but I dare affirm, that if we must needs be afflicted as men, although we should loose all, yet never ought we to forsake Religion, as Julian that unhappy Monarch hath done, who joyned the ship-wrack of his faith to the loss of his Empire.*

Most sacred Majestie, remember that all the men of the world fight for you, and that you should combat for the true Religion, without which, there is neither protection in the Empire, nor safety in the world. If there be occasion to resolve a matter of arms, make address to your Council of War; but if a point of Religion be handled, you neither ought nor may determine it without the advise of your Bishops. You should see them all here assembled, if the practice of our Enemies had not prevented them. I answer for all, and in the name of all I implore the piety and justice of your Majestie, that no man here may pretend to abuse your Minority to the prejudice of your soul. Take heed how you precipitate any thing in this affair, without imparting it to the Emperour Theodosius, *whom you have hetherto honoured as a Father.*

If you do otherwise, I will not conceal that from you which my profession commandeth, and conscience obligeth me to tell you: You will come to the Church, but you will finde no Bishop there; or if you do, it will be but to resist you. What would you answer him, when he should tell you, The Church hath nothing to do with your liberalities; since you have adorned the Temples of Gentilisme, you shall never build the houses of Sion; *the Altar of* Jesus Christ *cannot endure your offerings, since you have erected Altars for Idols. Your word, your letter, your Signet, is the work of your heart, of which our enemies make a Trophey, and which you cannot deny. Your service can no longer be pleasing to the Saviour of the world, since you are ingaged to false Divinities. Think you to serve two Masters? Think you it will be lawful to entertain* Vestals *to the contempt of Religious women of your name and belief? You have no more to do with Bishops, since you have preferred Sacrificers to the Devil before them. What answer you to this? That you have committed a fault pardonable in a child? Every age is perfect for* Jesus Christ, *and there is no infancy, but is replenished with God, if it render it self not unworthy thereof.*

Little Infants heretofore have confronted Executioners, and born away the Crown of Martyrdom, and will you betray our Altars? What will you answer to your good brother the Emperour Gratian *of holy and glorious memory, when he shall say, My brother, I never thought my self vanquished by mine Enemies, whilst I left the Diadem on your head. It hath not grieved me to die, since my place was replenished with so good a Successour, I freely have forsaken the Empire, being perswaded the ordinances I made in favour of Religion would remain inviolable to posterity. Brother, these are the spoils I gained over devils: these are my titles and Trophys; these be pledges of my piety and monuments of my faith, which you have since taken away from me by your Edicts. What may an Enemy do more? You have violated what I so piously ordained for the glory of Altars. It is a thing which he, who so unworthily bare arms against me, never did. The Sword which transfixed my body did me less hurt then your Edicts: more sensible am I of the wound you impressed on my cinders, then that which the Tyrant fixed on my members. The one took from me the life of body; but this bereaves me the life of memory and virtues. On this day it is that I loose an Empire, since I see my self deprived of that I always preferred before Empires, and that it is taken from me after my death, yea by the hand of a man, whom I infinitely loved. Brother if you have done this of your own accord, you have condemned my faith; and if by constraint, you have betrayed your own: and being wholly dead as I am, you make me die in you, who am of my self the better part. On the other side, think you not but that the Emperour* Valentinian *your father, whose name you bear, will say unto you, Son, you have done me much injurie, so to condemn my conscience, and to believe I ever had any purpose to tolerate superstitions so prejudicial to Christianity. I punished all crimes that came to my knowledg: but never have I heard of an Altar of* Victory *nor prophane Sacrifices to be made in a Sovereign Court before the eys of all Christendom. Dear son, you greatly dishonour the respect, which is due to the memory of your father, if you think he oweth his Empire to superstition, and not to his Religion.*

I heartily beseech God, most Sacred Majestie, if this affair be so important, as you see, to your conscience, to the memory of your father, the ashes of your brother, your own reputation, to the judgment which posterity shall give upon you, and that which transcendeth all other considerations, to the universal Church, you now do what you will one day wish to have done, when we shall appear before the eys of the whole Church Triumphant, to the end your actions may be free from reproof, as my counsels are of Repentance.

Ambros. epist. 11. ad Valent.

Who could resist these Thunder-bolts? *Symmachus* reputed at that time, as we have said, the prime States-man in the *Roman* Empire, both for eloquence and authority, was ashamed of his superstition, and in pleading for *Victory* lost it, well shewing it was nothing, since it had so little countenanced a man, who ascribed so much unto it, which made *Ennodius* say, *Symmachus* in pleading for *Victory*, hath lost the Victory, left by him in the hands of S. *Ambrose*, plainly discovering, the Goddess was very unreasonable to forsake those that served her, and gratifie such as offended her.

Dicendi palmam Victoria tollit amico, Transit ad Ambrosium plus favet ira Deo. Ennodius.

The triumph of S. Ambrose
in the conversion of S. *Augustine.*

The sixth Section.

Of the Nature, and Condition of this great man.

The greatness of *S. Ambrose* in this conversion.

I Come to one of the most remarkable actions of S. *Ambrose*, resplendent in the conversion of great S. *Augustine*, the benefit whereof Heaven and earth have divided, since this incomparable man serves as a support for the Church Militant in the revolution of so many Ages, and an ornament to the Church Triumphant through all eternity. It is none of the least gifts from Heaven, that our *Ambrose* was selected for an affair of so great importance, that the whole world might finde its interest therein, and for a victory so eminent, that were the Angels as capable of envy, as they are repleat with charity, as they have loved the Conquest, they would envy the glory thereof. Happy voice of thunder, which made this Hind to bring forth her young, after the throws and agitations of twelve years. Happy the *Beseleel*, who so well hath laboured in the Tabernacle of the living God: Happy the *David*, who hath subdued this *Rabbath*, so many times shaken by the arms of great Captains. Happy the *Alexander*, who with the sword of the word hath cut so many *Gordian* knots, as held this great Spirit in disturbance. I here defie all the Amphitheaters which have been in the world, and so often mixed the blood of men with that of Lions and Elephants: I call those spectacles, which so many times have attracted the eys of *Cæsars:*

Exod. 31.

2 Kings 12.

ſars: I deſire the jouſts, turneys, races, chariots, triumphs, and thoſe magnificences may be propoſed, which have drawn blood from all the veins of the world, to eſtabliſh ſuperfluity; and that it may be conſidered whether there were ever combate comparable to this which I preſent; where a holy Biſhop entred into the liſt againſt the prime Spirit of the world, where God ſits enthroned, where the Angels ranged before the gates of Heaven, contemplate, where three parts of the world expect the iſſue of this Duel, where Heaven applaudeth, the earth trembleth, where Hell frowneth, the Devils houl to ſee themſelves deceived of their prey: Where the victorious *Ambroſe* triumpeth, where the unvanquiſhable *Auguſtine* yieldeth, to be confirmed by his fall, to be raiſed by his abaſing, fortified by his weakneſs.

Gentle Reader, I entreat you, as my purpoſe is no other, but to enchaſe in this Hiſtory of S. *Ambroſe*, the acts of Eccleſiaſticks, who to him are ſo particularly tied, that you think it not ſtrange if I more at large diſtend my ſelf upon a Narration ſo proper for the ſubject which I treat of: I doubt not but the manner wherein I ſhall unfold it, will render it wholly new, as the greatneſs thereof made it honourable, and the utility ſtill ſeaſoneth it with ſome particular delight.

Impediments in the converſion of S. *Auguſtine.*

That we may here well obſerve the ways of the Divine Providence in the direction of man's ſalvation, and the ſtrength of S. *Ambroſe* quickened with the ſpirit of God: it is neceſſary to conſider the powerful oppoſitions, that ſo long time hindred this converſion, which I reduce to three principal heads, Curioſity, Preſumption, and Carnal Love.

It is a dangerous peſtilence in matter of Religion to take the wind of Curioſity, which ordinarily fixeth it ſelf on the faireſt ſpirits, as it is ſaid Cantharides reſt on the beautifulleſt Roſes. A great train of vices is ever waited on by a great curioſity, and he that can well know them, ſhall finde, that to be curious is to forſake innocency, to draw near to ſin,

...rioſitas rerum efficit, non peritum. S. *Zeno* 2. de æterna Filii generatione.

according to the eloquent Saint *Zeno*, Curioſity maketh more Offenders in Priſon, then Learned in Scholes; and ever the deſire to know what God would have hidden, is paid with ignorance of one's ſelf.

Curioſity and the deſcription thereof.

Were I a Painter, or Pourtraier, to repreſent to youth the vanity of this paſſion, I would make the ſtatue thereof on a moving Globe: what can be more inconſtant? I would give it wings; what is lighter? I would ſprinkle it all over with eys: what more watchful? I would fill it with ears: what more induſtrious in the diſcovery of ſo great a diverſity of things? I would give it a mouth perpetually open, for it is no ſooner filled by the ear, but emptied by the mouth. I would lodge it at the ſign of *Vacuum*; for what is more vain? I would afford it Spider's webs for attire: what is more frivolous? For Table and Viands, ſmoak; what more ſlender and hungry? I would ordain for Officers many Liars and Impoſtures, for ſuch people are its favourites. Before it, a certain itch of general knowlege ſhould go, for it is the ordinary meſſenger thereof. At the right hand Opinion, for it is it which deceives her. At the left, Tattle, it is that which inſtructs her: after it, I would ſet diſturbance of ſpirit, ignorance, and miſery; for it is its inheritance in the end.

Auguſtine, as it were, from his moſt tender years, made himſelf tributary to this falſe Deity, and inſtead of taking the way of true Religion by the paths of holy ſimplicity, needs would he dive into it by reaſons and humane ſubtleties, which alienated him as far from truth as they were of power to encline him to vanity.

The wit of S. *Auguſtine.*

He had a great wit, as it were, like a prodigy, and it ſeemeth that *Africk* which produced him, would then bring forth nothing which was mean. It muſt ſtill bring forth huge monſters, or mighty men. He notwithſtanding was over ſharp, being not as yet in his conſiſtence, but reſembled the glaſs of a mirrour, which cannot render forms till it be leaded. So this admirable wit through want of the virtue of humility, which is in men as lead in the mirrour, ſparkled with a vain preſumption, which bringeth with it no other profit, made more illuſions in eys then it left good examples in manners. Now to ſpecifie the qualities of this excellent nature, we muſt conſider it from his tendereſt years; ſince the diſpoſition makes it ſelf ſoon appear in children, as the Roſe in his bud.

His inclinations.

Auguſtine began almoſt as ſoon to ſtudy as to live, for he burned from his younger days with a thirſt of knowlege, ſo eminent, that he ſurmounted his age. And for a note of his curioſity, which already rather aimed at ſplendour then utility: young though he were, he reſembled the children, who make themſelves Preachers before they can read. Nothing was he pleaſed with the elements of Grammar, which he reputed too low for his ſpirit. He would climb without a Ladder, and ſcorned to learn of a Grammarian how the name of *Æneas* was written, but rather readily diſputed whether *Æneas* had been at *Carthage*, or not. Greek to him was a Pill, which he ſwallowed not but by conſtraint, and better loved he to ſpeak Latine by cuſtom, then the rules of *Donat.* All his delight was to know Fables and Hiſtories, to weep over the diſaſtrous loves of poor *Dido*, and to be angry with *Juno* with ſo good a grace, that compoſing thereupon certain imitations of *Virgil*, he raviſhed his Maſters, and companions in the Schole; which made it well appear he one day ſhould become more fruitful in ſtrong imaginations (which are the principal pieces of eloquence) then religious in choice of words and poliſhed in periods. His Father, who diſcovered the riches of this wit, had an ardent deſire that he might ſwim in a large water, for he as yet ſtudied at *Oran* a petty Village of *Africk*, having not the means to go to *Carthage.*

Want of enablements is many times a counterpoize to the height of the underſtanding: but in depreſſing it, he crowned it; ſince generous ſtudies (according to *Plinies* ſaying) are lodged at the ſign of poverty, and ever Sciences are refined by neceſſity. *Auguſtine*, not then knowing what God would do with him, ſought to make a fortune, and ſuch likewiſe was the will of *Patricius* his Father, who more deſired to ſee him eloquent, then chaſte. Behold why the good man, who had much courage and little means, ſtrove beyond his ability to ſend his ſon to *Carthage*, the moſt famous Univerſity of *Africk.* As great fiſhes are found in great Seas, ſo *Auguſtine* had there wherewith to ſatisfie the paſſion of his curioſity, and meaſuring his own ſtrength with that of others, ſaw matter enough how to make his wit be held in eſteem, to which he already had ſufficient inclination.

He was not contented to exerciſe himſelf in eloquence, which in all Ages hath had much reputation among arts, as the fulleſt of noiſe, and that which unfolds it ſelf with moſt oſtent: but he throughly ſtudied Philoſophy and all other Sciences, which are of power to make an able man, in ſuch ſort, that there was not then a book which he had not with

undefatigable

undefatigable induſtry peruſed. The poor young man went like a torrent whither paſſion tranſported him, and where the blaſt of ambition breathed, having the feeling of Chriſtianity in him very faint: for much better he loved to meaſure the world in his vanity, then poſſeſs it in the love of God; not as yet conſidering the difference between a good country ſwain, who at full eaſe enjoyeth the fruits of his tree, whereof he knoweth no other ſecrets, and a Philoſopher that obſerveth the ten Categories, and remains almoſt famiſhed, not taſting of any one fruit.

Aſtrology. His curioſity failed not to tranſfer him to judicial Aſtrology, wherein he employed much time, ſtill thinking to diſcover ſome ſecrets in this labyrinth of fools, which better knoweth how to involve minds, then give them ſatisfaction. He happeneth one day to confer with an old Phyſician, a man grave, and of great capacity; who ſeeing him paſſionately in love with theſe books of Aſtrology, ſaid, Son, if you deſire to tranſcend others in any profeſſion of the world, rather take eloquence, in which, as far as I can ſee, you have greatly profited, then to ſtick on vain Sciences unworthy of your judgment. Verily I will herein confeſs the ignorance of my youth, I have been as much addicted to judicial Aſtrology as ever was any man of my condition: for I not only ſought the ſatisfaction of my minde, but the eſtabliſhment of my fortune. Notwithſtanding I have wholly left it, through a moſt undoubted knowlege that we cannot reſolve on any thing ſolid therein. Judge you what you pleaſe, but ever a well rectified ſpirit will be aſhamed to profeſs a ſcience not ſupported by reaſon, and which knows almoſt no other trade but to deceive. This at that time ſomewhat ſtartled him, but ſtayed not his purpoſe, ſo much he loved to deceive himſelf, and ſo much he reſolved to finde out this ſecret in the end. But ever as he waded further, not diſcovering firm land, he found trouble in a barren labour, and much vanity, where he to himſelf propoſed ſome ſolidity.

Nothing confirmed him ſo much in contempt of this folly, as the diſcourſe he had with *Firminus*, a young man of eminent quality, ſick of the ſame diſeaſe that he was: for the curioſity of Aſtrology ceaſed not to incite him, as being born of a Father an Aſtrologer, a man of honour, but ſo curious, that he calculated the very horoſcope of Cats and Dogs that were whelped in his houſe: yet ſo little had he profited therein, that at the ſame time his ſon came into the world, a ſervant of his neigbours being delivered of a male-childe, he foretold, according to the rules of his art, that both of them being born under one ſame conſtellation, ſhould run the like fortune; which was ſo falſe, that this *Firminus* his ſon being born of a rich Family, progreſſed far into the honour of the times, whileſt the ſon of the ſervant, notwithſtanding the favours of his goodly horoſcope, waxed old in ſervitude.

This young man who made this narration, though convinced by his own experience, ſtill ſuffered himſelf to be beguiled with his proper errour, ſo difficult it is to take away this charm by force of reaſons. Our *Auguſtine*, by little and little diſperſed thoſe vapours, both by the vivacity of his own excellent judgment, and the conſideration of others folly. He was likewiſe ſolicited to attempt a kinde of magick, much in reſpect among the heathen Philoſophers of that Age; which was to ſeek predictions from the ſhop of the Divel, by means of the effuſion of the blood of beaſts, and ſometimes of children. But God, who as yet held a bridle on this uncollected ſoul, and would not ſuffer it to be defiled with thoſe black furies, gave him in the beginning ſo much horrour upon all theſe proceedings, that a Negromancer promiſing him one day to bear away the prize of Poeſie in a publick meeting of Poets, if he would aſſure him of a reaſonable reward, he anſwered, That were the Crown to be given in thoſe games of profit, of gold wholly celeſtial, he would not buy it by ſuch kinde of ways, at the rate of the blood of a flie. Which he partly ſpake through ſome ſence of piety, partly alſo by the knowlege he had of the illuſion and barenneſs of ſuch Sciences.

His Religion. He was much more troubled about the Articles of faith: for though from his childhood he was educated in Chriſtian Religion, under the wings of his good Mother S. *Monica*, yet ſuffering his minde to mount up unto ſo many curioſities, he had greatly weakened the ſence of piety. And being deſirous to penetrate all by the help of humane reaſons, when he began to think on the Chriſtian Maxims of Faith, he therein beheld much terrour and abyſs. He came to this condition, that not content with the God of his fore-fathers, who taught him holy counſels, and the univerſal voice of the Church, he put himſelf upon maſtery, now wholly ready to ſhape a Divinity on the weak Ideas of his own brain.

The *Manichees* at that time ſwayed in *Africk*, who having found this ſpirit, and ſeeing he might one day prove a ſupport to their Sect, they ſpared nothing to gain him; and he being upon change, it was not very hard to bring him into the ſnare. This Sect ſprang from one named *Manes*, a *Perſian* by birth, and a ſervant by condition, who having inherited the goods of a Miſtreſs whom he ſerved, from a good ſlave which he had been, had he remained in that ſtate, became by ſtudy an ill Philoſopher, and a worſe Divine; for mingling ſome old dotages of the magick of *Perſians*, with other Maxims of Chriſtianity, partly by the help of his purſe, partly alſo by an infinite of impoſtures derived from his giddy ſpirit, he made himſelf head of a faction, proteſting he was the Holy Ghoſt. His principal folly conſiſted in placing two Gods in the world, the one good, the other bad, who had many ſtrange battles. The body, as he ſaid, was the creature of the evil God, and the ſoul a portion of the ſubſtance of the good, enthralled in matter. And following theſe principals, he gave a phantaſtical body to the Saviour of the world, ſeeming it a thing unworthy of the world, to be perſonally united to the fleſh, which he held in the number of things execrable. Behold the cauſe why thoſe who were ingulphed in this Sect, made ſhew to abſtain from meat and wine, which they termed the Dragon's gall.

I do not think that ever *Auguſtine* fully conſented to all the Chymera's of *Manes*, which were innumerable; but at the leaſt he reliſhed this Sect in the opinion it had of the original and nature of the body and ſoul, and in many other articles, even to the believing (as himſelf witneſſeth) fables moſt ridiculous. Great God! who thundereſt upon the pride of humane ſpirits, and draggeſt into the duſt of the earth thoſe that would go equal with Angels! What Eclipſe of underſtanding? What abaſing of courage in miſerable *Auguſtine*? To ſay that a man, whoſe eye was ſo piercing, doctrine ſo eminent, and eloquence ſo divine, after he had forſaken the helm of faith and reaſon, became ſo abandoned, as to make himſelf a party of the Sect of a barbarous and phantaſtical ſlave, who in the end for his miſ-deeds, was fleyed by the command of the King of *Perſia*; as if the skin of this man could no longer cover a ſoul ſo wicked.

Behold

Behold whither curiosity transporteth an exorbitant spirit. Behold into what so many goodly gifts of grace and nature are dissolved. Behold now the Eternal Wisdom besotteth those, who forsake him to court the lying fantasies of their imagination.

A second impediment. Presumption.

A second obstacle went along with this extravagant curiosity, to settle him fixedly in errour, which was the presumption of his own abilities, an inseparable companion of heresie. He, that once in his brain hath deified Crocodiles, and Dragons, not only adoreth them, but will perswade others, that he hath reason to set Candles before them, and burn Incense for them. It is a terrible blow, when one is wounded in the head by his proper judgment, whose ill never rests in the mean. We come to the end of all by the strength of industry: Stones are pulled forth from the entrails of men, the head is opened to make smoak issue out; but what hand hath ever drawn a false opinion out of the brain of one presumptuous, but that of God? All seemeth green, saith *Aristotle*, to those, who look on the water; and all is just and specious to such, as behold themselves in proper love. Better it were, according to the counsels of the antient Fathers of the Desert, to have one foot in Hell with docibility of spirit, then an arm in Paradise with our own judgment.

Augustin. l. de duabus animabus contra Manichæos.

Augustine, not to acknowlege his fault, would ever maintain it, and thought it was to make a truth of an errour, opinionative to defend it. He had that, which *Tertullian* saith is familiar among Hereticks, swellings, and ostentation of knowlege; and his design was then to dispute, not to live. Himself confesseth two things long time made him to tumble in the snare: the first whereof was certain complacence of humour, which easily adhered to vitious companies; and the other an opinion he should ever have the upper hand in disputation. He was as a little Marlin without hood or leashes, catching all sorts of men with his sophisms: and when he had over-come some simple Catholick, who knew not the subtilties of Philosophy, he thought he had raised a great Trophey over our Religion. In all things this Genius sought for supereminence; for even in game, where hazards stood not fair for him, he freely made use of shifts: as were he surprized, he would be angry, making them still believe he had gained. As a certain Wrastler, who being overthrown, undertook by force of eloquence to prove he was not fallen. This appeared more in dispute, then game: for having now flattered himself upon the advantages of his wit, he was apprehensive in this point of the least interest of his reputation, and had rather violate the law of God, then commit a barbarism in speaking, thereby to break the law of Grammar, to the prejudice of the opinion was had of him. It was a crime to speak of virtue with a Solœcism, and a virtue to reckon up vices in fair language. When he was publickly to enterprize some action of importance, the apprehension of success put him into a fever; so that walking one day through the City of *Milan* with a long Oration in his head, and meeting a rogue in the street, who confidently flouted him, he fetched a great sigh, and said, Behold this Varlet hath gone beyond me in matter of happiness. See, he is satisfied, and content, whilest I dreg an uneasie burthen through the bryars, and all to please a silly estimation. The ardent desire he had to excel in all encounters, alienated him very far from truth, which wills, that we sacrifice to its Altars all the interests of honour we may pretend unto: and besides it was the cause, that the wisest Catholicks feared to be engaged in batttle with so polished a tongue, and such unguided youth. Witness this good Bishop, whom holy S. *Monica* so earnestly solicited to enter into the list with her son, to convert him; for he prudently excused himself, saying the better to content her, That a son of such tears could never perish.

A third Impediment. The passion of love.

Besides the curiosity and presumption of *Augustine*, the passion of love surprized him also to make up his misery, and to frame great oppositions in matter of his salvation. But because this noble spirit hath been set by God, as the master of a Ship broken on the edge of a rock, to shew others his shipwrack, I think it a matter very behooffful to consider here the tyranny of an unfortunate passion, which long time enthralled so great a soul, to derive profit from his experience. The fault of *Augustine* proceeded not simply from love, but from ill managing it, affording that to creatures, which was made for the Creatour. Love in it self is not a vice, but the soul of all virtues, when it is tied to its object, which is the sovereign good; and never shall a soul act any thing great, if it contain not some fire in the veins. The Philosopher *Hegesippus* said, That all the great and goodliest natures are known by three things, Light, Heat, & Love. The more light pretious stones have, the more lustre they reflect. Heat raiseth Eagles above Serpents: yea, among Palms, those are the noblest, which have the most love and inclination to their fellows. These three qualities were eminent in our *Augustine*. His understanding was lightning, his will fire, and heart affection. If all this had happily taken the right way to God, it had been a miracle infinitely accomplished: but the Clock, which is out of frame in the first wheel, doth easily miscarry in all its motions; and he, who was already much unjoynted in the prime piece, which makes up a man, *viz.* judgment, and knowlege, suffered all his actions to slide into exorbitancy. As there are two sorts of love, whereof the one is most felt in the spirit, the other predominateth in the flesh, *Augustine* tried them both in several encounters. First, he was excessively passionate even in chast amities; witness a schole-fellow of his, whom he so passionately affected. He was a second *Pylades*, that had always been bred and trained up with him in a marvellous correspondence of age, humour, spirit, will, life, and condition, which had so enkindled friendship in either part, that it was transcendent: and though it were in the lists of perfect honesty, yet being as it was too sensual, God who chastiseth those that are estranged from his love, as fugitive slaves, weaned his *Augustine*, first touching this friend with a sharp fever, in which he received baptism, after which, he was somewhat lightened. Whereupon *Augustine* grew very glad, as if he were now out of danger. He visited him, and forbear not to scoff at his baptism, still pursuing the motions of his profane spirit: but the other, beholding him with an angry eie, cut off his speech with an admirable and present liberty, wishing him he would abstain from such discourse, unless he meant to renounce all correspondence. He seemed already in this change to feel the approaches of the other world: for verily his malady augmenting, quickly separated the soul from the body. *Augustine* was much troubled at this loss, insomuch, that all he beheld from Heaven to Earth, seemed to him filled with images of death. The country was to him a place of darkness, and giddy fancies: the house of his Father a Sepulchre, the memory of his passed pleasures a Hell. All was distast, being deprived of him, for whom he loved all things. It seemed to him all men he beheld were unworthy of life, and that death would quickly carry away all the world, since

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it took him away, whom he prized above all the world. These words escaped him, which he afterwards retracted, to wit; 'That the soul of his companion, and his, were expressly but one and the 'same, surviving in two bodies, and therefore he 'abhorred life, because he was no more then half a 'man, yet would he not die, for fear the part of his 'friend, which yet lived in himself, might perish.

All this well declared he had great dispositions to love, and that to what side soever his affections tended, they never would be with mediocrity. It seemed now all things conspired against him to kindle a coal in his veins, which the revolution of many years could not extinguish. First, As nothing is more dangerous to foment this passion, then ill example, he lived in a place, as contagious for chastity, as the North-wind for Plants. *Salvianus* a great Writer, speaking of *Africk*, which bred S. *Augustine*, saith, It was the country of loves, and that it was as strange, a man should be an *African*, without being an *African*, as to be an *African*, and not lascivious. Secondly, These dangers so frequent, which seemed to require much retention, found liberty enough in the house. For the tears of the blessed S. *Monica* were not as yet sufficient to stay the course of insolent youth, since the Father little cared; for that he having one day beheld his son in the Baths, spake some free words, which served rather as a spur for sensuality, then a motive to continency. In the third place, as the eie must be open to direct occasions, so he therein used so little study, that having a soul, as it were, of sulphure, so much was it disposed to take fire, he hastened to throw himself into the midsts of flames.

Salvian. l. 7. de gubernat. Tam novum est impudicum non esse Afrum, quàm Afrum non esse Afrum.

He haunted the company of Libertines, who are the most dangerous enemies to chastity, and being of a humour very gentile and pleasing, gave love, and reciprocally received: and although he had none, needs must he counterfeit. When he came to *Carthage*, about the sixteenth year of his age, there was not a street, where love spread not his Nets. He as yet knew not well what it was to love, and yet desired to be beloved, and grew weary of living in innocency. He hated his liberty, and sought an hand, which captived him. He went to Theatres there to behold loves represented, where he fervently was enamoured of the passions of imaginary lovers: yea, his very eys hunted in the Church after objects of concupiscence, by glances too too dissolute; for which he confessed to have been very particularly chastised by the hand of God, since he mingled the sanctity of the place with the entertainment of the prophane actions. This ulcered soul threw it self out of its compass, and took wind and fire on every side. It seemed to him he must excel in vice, as well as in science. He made himself more vitious then he was, to appear more gentile in the eys of evil men, and there remained for him nothing more, as it were, in this point but one shame, not to have been sufficiently impudent. In the end, he fell into the snares he desired, and was involved in admirable labyrinths, where ever the end of one love was the beginning of another.

This life so carnal was a perpetual hinderance to the visitations of God. For, as *Platonists* say, stars cannot exercise their virtue on the sphere of fire: so all the light of good counsel had no force in the flames of such a passion. His spirit was depraved by sensuality, allured by the bait of worldly beauties, and darkened with the obscurity of his blindness, in such sort, that the light of the spirit of God in him found no place: if there be a vice in the world, which tieth the soul to flesh, and makes it stupid to the feeling of God, it is this foul sin: and although it be not wholly incompatible with science, yet never accorded in the wisdom of Heaven, which is more conversant in the taste of heavenly things, then in knowledge.

The seventh SECTION.

Dispositions towards the conversion of Saint Augustine.

BEhold the principal impediments of the conversion of S. *Augustine*; but God, who insensibly wove this work, and draws good even from the evil of his elect, caused him to use the remedy of the Scorpion, that stung him. For as he, pursuing his ordinary curiosity, plunged more and more into solid Sciences, he began by little and little to distaste the doctrine of the *Manichees*, finding it very strange, that a man should make all kinde of dreams and sottishness to pass for verities, under the false seal of the Holy Ghost. Those of his faction, who saw him waver, oft lent their helping hands, too weak to support him; and knowing their own inability, promised quickly to cause the prime man of their sect to come from *Carthage*, who would dis-engage his mind from so many doubts, and afford him ample satisfaction.

They failed not in their promise, for in few days the false Bishop *Faustus* arrived, who was as the sword and buckler of the *Manichees*. He was a man of a fair presence, had charms in his tongue, and many attractives in his conversation, able to ensnare the most subtile wits. He instantly set himself to frame some studied discourses upon the Maxims of his superstition, which were heard with great applause by the whole faction. For indeed he was an Eagle among Parrots. These men, supposing that *Augustine* was fully settled in all their apprehensions and approbations, asked him what he thought of the Bishop *Faustus*, and whether he were not an incomparable man? He very coldly answered, He was eloquent, and throughly able to tickle an ear. But his malady daily encreasing could not be cured by a man, who perpetually speaketh, and shuffles up the matter; and therefore besides his goodly Sermons, there was need of a particular conference, where he might fully discharge his minde. *Faustus*, endowed with a natural courtesie, thinking he had to do with a young spirit, whom he with words would amuse, accepts the disputation; where, instead of finding a Crane, he encountred an Eagle, who handled him roughly from the beginning of the battle. This man made him presently appear to be of base gold, and that this talent was no other, then that he was an indifferent Grammarian, had read some Orations of *Tully*, the memory whereof were very fresh in him, some Epistles also of *Seneca*, with a mixture of Poesie, but in the books of his own Sect, he had very little knowlege. All that which made him esteemed in publick consisted in a grace of language, which proceeding from a fair body was exposed with the more exteriour pomp. Behold that, which now throughout the world authorizeth an infinite number of men, who are in the opinion of ignorant, or the indifferently knowing, as flying fires in the air. When *Augustine* put him upon the Solstices, Equinoctials, Eclipses, the course and motion of stars, wherewith the books of *Manes* are replenished; this man then found himself in a new world, but yet was wily: for he was not as the sottish *Manichees*, who promising evidence upon this doctrine, made as many slips as steps: he roundly said,

Faustus, and his qualities. Pretiosorum poculorum decentissimus ministrator. Conf. 5. & 6.

said, his curiosity had never born him so far that way, and that he better had loved to contemn such things, then study them. As for the rest, the doctrine of *Manes* depended not upon the knowlege of Eclipses, since never had it been eclipsed. *Augustine* perceived his Doctour was not wholly ignorant, since he understood at the least, how to acknowlege his own ignorance, but was otherwise absolutely distasted with the Divinity of the *Manichees*, seeing so little support in *Faustus*, who was the prime pillar of the Faction; and the snare which he would make use of to stay him, was the beginning of his liberty. It was to make a Banquet of Flowers and Songs for one almost famished, to seek with words to give him satisfaction.

Non usquequaquam imperitus erat imperitia sua. Confes. 4. c. 7.

In the end, after a long abode in *Africk*, he resolved to go to *Rome*, not so much to finde verity in its source, which as yet he proposed not to himself to be in the Church of *Rome*, as to dissolve the irksomness of teaching Rhetorick at *Carthage*, the youth whereof was extremely insolent. His friends propounded unto him for his aim a far other air, much different successes from his former labours, and another recompence for his merit; adding besides, it was a sweeter Climate, where young men held within the lists of good discipline, yielded their Masters full satisfaction. It was the strongest bait could therein be found; for the sweetness of his spirit was incompatible with the boldness of the Scholars of *Carthage*, which was the cause that secretly stealing away from his good mother, who could not with her tears hinder the voyage, he set sail for *Italy*, and came to *Rome*. Behold him in the chief Theatre of the world, where he began to shew himself, and entertain an Auditory in his Chamber, to be known, and forthwith appear in publick Courts, where he learned; the Students of *Rome* gave their Reader good words, but the time of payment being come, they inconsiderately many times forsook the Teacher to exercise elsewhere the like deceit, which infinitely displeased him; and seeing that by good fortune a Rhetorician was sought after for *Milan*, he handled the matter so, by the assistance of some *Manichees* whom he yet courted for his own ends, and by the favour of *Symmachus* Pretour of the City, that this charge was stayed for him.

Hidden passages of divine providence in reclaiming souls.

Behold him then at *Milan*, where the providence of God had marked out his lodging. Behold him in the field of battle, where he was to be assaulted. Behold him in the Amphitheater, where he should be disarmed. Behold him in the Sphere, where he must be illuminated.

As we have beheld the strong oppositions which stopped up the way in the salvation of this great soul, let us now see the means God used for his conversion. Here is an admirable spectacle, and worthy the consideration of noble spirits, since of all the works which God doth out of himself, nothing hath so much manifested his wisdom, bounty, mercy, and power, as the conversion of men. We observe in the effects and experiences of nature, that one thing draweth another in four especial manners; to wit, sympathy, motion, heat, and secret attraction. Sympathy say I, or natural conformity; so the stone tendeth downwards into the bosom of the earth, because it there finds reposes. Motions, so the hammer drives the nail, & one man leads another by the hand. Heat, so the Sun raiseth up the vapours of the earth, after it hath subtilized and heated them. Secret attractions, so amber draws the straw, and the adamant wins the iron. The Spirit of God, engenious and powerful in our conversions, makes use of these same four attractions to draw us to him. Attractions, which are able to gain the harshest, dis-arm the most savage, heat the remisest, and startle the stupid. Attraction of sympathy consisteth in good nature, and sweet inclination, which the Master-workman giveth us for virtue. Attraction of Motions is seen in the conversion of good company, where examples of piety sweetly stir a soul to that which is its good. Attraction of heat is insinuated by the word of God, which is a Sword of fire, to make strange divisions between the soul and flesh. Secret attraction, is a most particular touch from God, who taketh men by ways hidden, interiour, and extraordinary. So, many times we see conversions infinitely strange. Such was that of S. *Paul*, who felt a blow in the blood of S. *Stephen*, when he shed it by so many hands as he gave consents to the fury of his executioners. Such was that of the Jugler *Genesius* under *Diocletian*, who in a full Theatre scoffing at the Ceremonies of Christians, at the same time became a Confessour of the faith, and Martyr of *Jesus Christ*. Such was that of *Mary*, Niece of *Abraham* the Hermit, who was gained to God in a Supper which she had made in a Bourdel. Such likewise was that of *Iraïs* a poor Maid-servant of *Alexandria*, who as the *Samaritan* going to draw water, left her Pitcher, to run to Martyrdom, and joyning her self to Christians which were led to execution, bare away the first Crown. Such was that of a Thief, who forsook his wicked life, beholding a young Monk that ate wilde roots; and another converted having seen *Paphnutius* the Hermit drink a glass of wine, who never had drunk any before, and then only did it by a resignation of his own judgment and proper will into the hands of another who cammanded it. The Thief at that instant thus concluded; That if this holy man were so enforced by virtue, for an action so contrary to ordinary life, he himself might well by the help of resolution, undertake the same predominance over his passions, and of an ill man become a Saint, as he did. Briefly, such was the conversion of *Parentius*, a man of quality, who exercised a place of judicature in a City of *Italy*. For, having seen a young Swine-herd, who taught his companion a trick to make his hogs readily run into the Sty; which was to say to them, *Enter hogs into the Sty, as wicked Judges into Hell*: and then perceiving that these beasts readily obeyed this word, he laughed heartily; but presently changing all his mirth into serious actions, he set himself to ponder on the difficulties he found of salvation, in the great corruptions of justice, and was so touched, that he took the habit of *Franciscans*, where he so far proceeded in virtue, that he became General of the Order, and visited bare-foot all the houses of S. *Francis*. It must be confessed there are great privileges of Gods providence in such affairs. I am willing briefly to recite examples of these secret attractions, because they are very famous, and I set before you the four sorts of conversions, by reason they will not be unprofitable to make us discover the singular œconomy of God in that whereof we are now about to treat.

Notable conversions.

Martyrol. Rom. 16. Martii & 22. Septemb.

Joannes Ægid. de doctrina Patrum tit. Charit. num. 6.

Chronic. Minorum.

The Saviour of the world used all these pieces in the conversion of S. *Augustine*, as we may observe in his progression. For first, concerning attraction of sympathy, or natural conformity, it is true, that this great man was of an excellent nature, and though it were a long time smothered up in flesh and blood, yet was it as a Sun in eclipse, which should one day appear in full liberty, and illuminate the body, which then was its obstacle. In his most tender infancy, he made amorous inclinations to his Creatour appear.

The œconomy of God in the conversion of S. *Augustine.*

For then he had recourſe to prayer, as to a Sanctuary of his ſmall afflictions; and like a childe placing felicity in that which touched him neareſt, according to his eſteem, he ardently beſought God that he might eſcape the chaſtiſement of rods, and diſgraces of the Schole. He was of an humour free and liberal, gracious, mild, affable, obliging, and full of compaſſion toward men in want, which is a good way to repreſent great actions of virtue, and diſpoſe one to receive the ſpirit of God in abundance. Affections, with tears of ſweetneſs and devotion, were to him very familiar, which appeared on the day of his being made Prieſt, ſometime after his converſion: for he ſpared not to weep in that ceremony, where by chance a ſimple man interpreting that this happened to him through diſturbance, that he was not yet a Biſhop, who ſo well deſerved it, he came near to comfort him, ſaying, *He ſhould be patient, that Prieſthood was the next degree to the dignity of a Biſhop, and that in time he ſhould enjoy the accompliſhment of his deſire.* S. *Auguſtine* afterward related this ſpeech to his friends, as an example of the errour of judgments made upon mens actions. As for his vices, he had nothing therein black or hideous; for his loves though inordinate, were bounded in limits moſt tolerable, and his ambitions were not haughty and diſdainful, but conſiſting only in a ſleight vanity, to make ſhew of that which he had either of wit, or learning: a paſſion very natural to thoſe who feel themſelves endowed with any perfections. Otherwiſe he had no deſign, pretence, engagements, as have they, who often cover their petty intereſts with the pretext of piety, and are ever ready to imbrace the Religion wherein they finde moſt accommodation for their temporal affairs. *Auguſtine* was ſo free from worldly avarice, that he knew not what it was to make a fortune, or reach at wealth. Scarce would he ever learn to carry a key, poſſeſs money in a Coffer, and take accounts, as obſerveth *Poſſidonius* in his life. All his minde was upon books, and all his intentions aimed to the finding out of truth, that he might offer homage to her for all he had, and faithfully ſerve her all his life, after he once had well know her. Theſe diſpoſitions gave a full paſſage to ſuch as were to treat with him.

On the other part, attraction of motion, which commeth from good example, was to him very advantagious in the perſon of his good mother S. *Monica*. And if certain people, as the *Lycians*, took the name of their mothers, as of thoſe, whom they thought moſt contributed to the production of man into the world: *Auguſtine* had great cauſe to take the title of his nobility from S. *Monica*, who brought him forth more profitably for the life of grace, then that of nature.

Herod. l. 2.

The qualities of S. *Monica.*

This woman verily was the pearl of women, whoſe life had not great lightenings of extaſies, nor raptures; for all her virtues paſſed with little noiſe, like to great rivers that glide along with peaceful majeſty: but all was there very inward, as in her who ever was hidden within the better part of her ſelf. Much hath ſhe done in affording a S. *Auguſtine* to the Church; and whoſoever cannot diſcover the ſecret virtues of the Sun, let him content himſelf to meaſure it by his rays. She pretended to conſecrate her Virginity to Altars, God drew her to marriage, to gain from her a Doctour for his Church. This Saint knew not as yet what ſhe did, when in her tender years by a laudable cuſtom ſhe roſe from her bed in the deep ſilence of night, to offer her prayers to God, and when ſhe ſhortned her diet at each repaſt, to divide the moiety of her life with the poor: but the ſpirit of God, which guided her, diſpoſed her then by theſe actions to ſome matter of importance. She was married to a Pagan, and one of a humour very untractable, which ſhe ſo ſoftened by her long and diſcreet patience, that in the end he ſet aſide all his moody extravagancies, as it is ſaid, the furious Unicorn ſleeps in a Maidens boſom. It was with her a great conſolation to have married an Infidel, and after ſome years to ſee him die a Chriſtian, ſaying to God, She had received a Lion, and reſtored a Lamb. All her care aimed only at this ſon, whom ſhe firſt ſaw ingulphed in a life moſt licentious afterward, by miſhap involved in the hereſie of the *Manichees*. The poor mother endured nine entire years the throws of this ſpiritual childe-birth, the moſt ſenſibly that may be imagined. What grief and ſighs in her retirement? What fancies in her ſleep? What prayers in the Church? What alms in neceſſities of the poor? What prudence and diſcretion in all her proceedings? She ſought out all the paſſages into this ſpirit, which ſhe could imagine; but ſeeing it was a torrent not to be reſtrained by her forces, ſhe peaceably expected the aſſiſtance of Heaven. She deſpaired not of his malady through fear to cure him. She undertook not in the fervent acceſſes of his feaver to upbraid his diſorders. She went not about manacing him with fire and cauteries. But did as God, who acteth no ill, but ever ſo uſeth the matter, that the evil is extenuated. When ſhe could not ſpeak to her ſon, ſhe cauſed the apple of her eys to ſpeak to God, deploring all night, and watering the Altars, not with blood of Victims, but that of her ſoul, which were her tears. We may ſay, that as the waters which have pearls in them, run for the moſt part to the South; ſo this holy woman being in *Africk*, a Southern Region, became in the abundance of her tears the true fountain of the South, fit to bear a great pearl, which afterward brought forth for chriſtendom many millions of pearls. Never had the Angel *Raphael* ſo much care of young *Toby*, as this celeſtial intelligence of her ſon, being perpetually in Centinel, and obſerving the viſitations of God's providence. Her Paralitick was ready at the Fiſh-pool, and expected nothing but the ſtirring of the water.

Aqua defluentes ad Auſtrum generant margaritas. Tarentinus Philoſophus.

Behold ſhe came from *Africk* to *Milan*, through ſo many perils both of Sea and Land, ſuch travels and ſufferings to conclude her deliverance. She found her ſon much already ſhaken by the ſhocks which the eloquence of S. *Ambroſe* had given him. Soon the holy woman knew it was this great Biſhop, whom God had choſen to ſet a ſeal upon this work of the converſion of a man ſo important: and her ſon relateth, that from that time ſhe eſteemed S. *Ambroſe* as a very Angel of Heaven (*a*). She was ſtill in the Church to behold him, ever ſhe hung on his lips, as the ſources which diſtil from the Paradiſe of God.

(*a*) *Deligebat illum virum ſicut Angelum Dei. In Ambroſii ora ſuſpendebatur ad fontem aqua ſalientis in vitam æternam.* Conf. 6. in c. 1.

Here is the attraction of heat, or rather the Sun that muſt on high exhale this cold vapour, after ſo much reſiſtance it had made againſt the ſpirit of God. *Auguſtine* himſelf very particularly deciphereth, how being at *Milan*, he ſaw the Biſhop *Ambroſe*, known through the whole habitable world (*b*) as one of the beſt men upon the earth, who ceaſed not to adminiſter to his people the word of God, which in it bare corn, oyl, and the wine of ſobriety. This man of God, ſaith he, at my arrival embraced me, as a Father would his Son, and ſhewed he was much pleaſed with my coming to *Milan*, obliging me with many charitable Offices. Behold the cauſe why I began to affect him very much; not ſo much yet as a Doctour of truth (for I expected it neither from him, nor any other Catholick) but as a man who wiſhed

(*b*) *In optimis notus orbi terræ.*

wiſhed me well. I continually was preſent at his ſermons: in the beginning for curioſity, to eſpy and ſound whether his eloquence were equal to his great reputation. I was very attentive to his words, little caring for the matter, and I found he really had a ſtyle very learned and ſweet, but not the chearfulneſs and quaint attractions of *Fauſtus*, (c) though for ſubſtance of diſcourſe there was no compariſon; for *Fauſtus* recounted Fables, and this man taught moſt wholſom doctrine. Behold the firſt apprehenſions that *Auguſtine* had touching the ability of S. *Ambroſe*. In the end, he continuing to hear him for delight, truth entered through his ears, which were only opened to eloquence, and he found in the beginning, that our Religion had not thoſe abſurdities which the *Manichees* obtruded; and were it not true, it might at leaſt be profeſſed without impudence, which he could not hitherto be perſwaded unto. The Old Teſtament, which with the *Manichees* he ſo much had rejected, ſeemed to him to have a quite other face, after the learned interpretations of S. *Ambroſe*, The chymera's and fantaſies, which invironed his imagination, were diſſolved at the riſing of ſome petty rays from him. Notwithſtanding it was yet neither day nor night in his ſoul; Errour was below, and Religion had not yet the upper hand. His ſpirit over-toiled with ſo many queſtions by the wiles of Satan propended to neutrality, being neither hot, nor cold, as it happened to thoſe, who forſake truth, through the deſpair they have how to know it.

(c) *Sermonis erat eruditioris, minus tamen hilarisſcentis, atque mulcentis quàm Fauſti.*

The eighth SECTION.

Agitations of ſpirit in S. Auguſtine *upon his Converſion.*

BUt God ſtill enflaming his chaſte deſires, he bent himſelf to conſider S. *Ambroſe*, whom he perpetually had for object: and ſeeing how this man was honoured by the chief Potentates of the earth, and how he flouriſhed in ſuch glorious actions: all appeared compleat in ſuch a life, but that it went on without a wife, he thinking at that time the want of a great burthen to be a main miſery. He, as yet proceeded but to the bark of S. *Ambroſe*, obſerving only what was exteriour, and not penetrating into thoſe great treaſures of lights, virtues, contentments, and heavenly conſolations, ſtored up in the bottom of the conſcience of this holy Prelate. He had vehement deſires to ſpeak to him ſomewhat more familiarly, to underſtand his opinion, to ask queſtions at large, to diſcover his heart all naked, and unfold the miſeries of his paſſed life: 'And, be-'cauſe (ſaith he) I ſtood in need of a man full of 'great leaſure to receive the ebb and flow of 'thoughts which were in my ſoul; now I found all 'in *Ambroſe*, except time to hear me: not that he 'was difficult of acceſs, for he was ever in his Hall 'expoſed to the ſervice of the whole world; but 'my unhappineſs was to be like the Paralitick of 'the fiſh-pool, ſtill out-gone by others more ſtrong 'then my ſelf. What diligence ſoever I uſed, I found '*Ambroſe* invironed with a large troup of ſolici-'tous men, whoſe infirmities he comforted to my 'excluſion: and if any little time remained for him, 'it was employed either in repaſt, which was ex-'ceeding ſhort, or at his book. The good Prelate 'ſtudied in his Hall in ſight of all the world, where I 'oft beheld him, and ſaw, that in reading, he only 'ran over with his eie one page of a book, then ru-'minated it in his heart, not at all moving his lips, 'whether it were, that he would not engage himſelf 'to diſcourſe upon his reading to all their preſent, 'or whether it were, he did it to preſerve his voice, 'eaſily weakened with much exerciſe of ſpeech, or 'for ſome other cauſe. I thought time was very pre-'tious to him, and ſeeing him ſo ſerious, I ſuppoſed 'it a kinde of impudency to interrupt him. After ſo 'long a ſilence I went away with the reſt, not ha-'ving opportunity to ſpeak to him.

Verily this diſcourſe ſheweth a marvellous repoſe of ſpirit in S. *Ambroſe*; and, as it were, over-much modeſty in S. *Auguſtine*: for it was a wonder, that he who ordinarily lived at *Milan* in the reputation of a great wit, and was already known by the Biſhop to be ſuch, brake not the preſs at one time or other, to gain ſome hours of audience in affairs of ſo great importance. I ſhould think, either that he uſed a forbearance too ſhame-faced and irreſolute, or that S. *Ambroſe* would not enter into diſputation with a young man as yet ſo well perſwaded of his own abilities, before he had ſuffered him to ripen, and to be throughly ſeaſoned by the reſentments of piety, However, it put the mind of S. *Auguſtine* into great diſturbance. *Behold* (ſaith he) *almoſt eleven years, that I have ſought the truth, and ſee I am arrived at the thirteenth year of my Age, yet ſtill perplexed. To morrow infallibly it muſt diſſolve: ſtay yet a little; perhaps* Fauſtus *will come to* Milan, *and tell thee all. But how will he tell that, which he ſhall never know? Let us hold with the Academicks, and ſay all is uncertain, for every man maintaineth what he liſt. It is the property of man to imagine, and the nature of God to know. But the Academicks (behold gallant men) do leave a ſpirit in perpetual dotage. Let us rather ſet our feet on the ſteps of* Catholick *Religion, where we planted them from our tender Age. It is not ſo cloudy as the* Manichees *ſuppoſe it,* Ambroſe *hath already much freed me from errours: let us purſue the reſt. I, but:* Ambroſe *hath not leaſure for thee. Let us read: where ſhall we finde neceſſary books, and where have ſit time? Thy Scholars buſy thee all the mornings; take at leaſt ſome hours after noon to enjoy thy ſelf. But when ſhall I admit the neceſſary viſits of Friends, that muſt be entertained? And when the preparations for my Lectures? And when my Recreations? Let all be loſt, ſo I may gain my ſelf. This life, as thou ſeeſt,* Auguſtine, *is moſt miſerable, and death uncertain. If it catch thee upon a ſurpriſe, in what eſtate wilt thou leave this world? And where doſt thou think to learn that, which here thou haſt neglected? But how if death alſo ſhould conclude the facultie and life of the ſoul? It is a madneſs to think only on it, ſince all the greatneſs and choice of Religion, wiſdom, and ſanctity fights for the immortality of the ſoul. We ſhould never ſo much employ the ſpirit of God in ſo great advantages as he hath given us, if we had no other life but that of Flies and Ants,* Auguſtine, *thy evil is ſenſuality. If thou wilt finde God, thou muſt forſake thy ſelf, and from this time forward bid a long adue to worldly pleaſures, Thou art deceived: when thou haſt felt them, thou wilt have the repentance, to have done that too ſoon, which thou oughteſt not to do; nor canſt thou any more make an honourable retreat into the world. Let us live, we have good Friends; we may in the end have an Office, a Wife, Means, and all ſort of contentments: there are too many miſerable enough through neceſſity, that conſent not to it by any act voluntary. To conclude, a Wife and the truth of the Goſpel, are not things incompatible.*

Diſturbances of mind in S. *Auguſtine.*

Behold how this poor ſpirit turmoiled it ſelf in the retirement of his cogitations, as himſelf hath declared in his Confeſſions. He beheld the life of Saint *Ambroſe* and his chaſtity with an eie yet benummed and ſurcharged with terreſtrial humours, and it reflected ſome rays upon him; but he found it ſo high mounted in the Throne of its glory, that the ſole aſpect affrighted him: he meaſured continency by his own forces, not by the grace of God. Behold, why he deſpaired of a ſingle life, and thought a wife was a Chain, ſometime unhappy, but ever neceſſary. He lived at that time with *Alipius* and *Nebridius*, two noble *Africans*, his intimate friends, who followed him, charmed with his doctrine and ſweetneſs of his converſation; and from this time they propoſed that life to themſelves, which they afterward led. He often put them upon the intention to

Confeſ. 6. 11. *Amans beatam vitam, timebam illam in ſede ſuâ.*

eſtabliſh a good manner of life, to paſs the reſt of their days in the ſtudy of wiſdom. *Alipius*, who was very chaſt, maintained, this could not be done in the company of women, according to an antient ſaying of *Cato*, who affirmed, If all the world were without a woman, it would not be exempt from the converſation of gods. *Auguſtine*, that was leſs chaſt then *Alipius*, and much more eloquent, prepared himſelf to diſpute this queſtion ſtrongly and firmly againſt him, ſo that it ſeemed (ſaith he) that the old Serpent ſpake by his mouth, ſo much he connected together reaſons and allegations to maintain his opinion. The good *Alipius* was much amazed to behold ſuch a great ſpirit ſo tied to fleſh; and as he attributed much to all his opinions, reſpecting him as his Maſter, it was a great chance he had not drawn him into voluptuouſneſs through a ſimple curioſity of experience. This miſerable ſnare ſtaied all his good purpoſes, and needs muſt he break them, to put this great Soul into full liberty.

The ninth SECTION.

Three accidents which furthered this Converſion

IT happened, either by the induſtry of holy Saint *Monica*, who failed not to obſerve opportunities for the ſalvation of her ſon, or by a ſecret inſpiration of God, that the woman, whom he had brought with him from *Africk*, and with whom he had always lived in fair correſpondence, preſerving to him inviolable faith, as if ſhe had been his lawful wife, reſolved to leave him, ſaying: *That ſhe had now fulfilled the meaſure of her ſins. That it was time to think upon a retreat; that ſhe ſhould die with this onely grief, not to have tears enough to waſh the offences of her youth ſo unthriftily waſted. For the reſt, never man ſhould poſſeſs her after him, and that all her loves ſhould be from this time forward, for him who made her; onely ſhe recommended unto him a Son which ſhe left, praying he would ſhew himſelf as a Father and Mother unto him,*

Auguſtine was much amazed at this ſpeech. It ſeemed his heart was pulled away from him, to ſee himſelf ſeparated from a woman he ſo faithfully had loved: and on the other ſide he was full of confuſion, to behold that ſhe ſhewed him the way which he ſought, he not yet feeling himſelf ſtrong enough to follow her example. It was not in his power to ſtay her any longer, nor to approve what ſhe did. His ſpirit was penſive and divided, not knowing upon what to reſolve. After the departure of this woman, the mother, who as yet knew not the will of God, ſpeaks to him of marriage, and he caſt his eys upon a young Virgin of a very good houſe, which much pleaſed him; who, though ſhe were two years younger then the lawful age of marriage permitteth, he reſolved to ſtay for her: but in the mean ſpace he found out new loves, taking another unlawful woman in the place of her whom he had forſaken.

Yet for all that, he deſiſted not from the enquiry of truth, feeling none of all thoſe engagements more then that of love, which made the ſharpeſt reſiſtance againſt him; and ſeeing he could not accoſt S. *Ambroſe* in his great multiplicity of affairs, with that facility he wiſhed, he made his addreſs to *Simplicianus*, Holy *Simplicianus.* Prieſt of the Church of *Milan*. He was one of the moſt venerable men that was then in *Europe*, endowed with infinite piety, and excellent literature. For this conſideration he was delegated by his holineſs to ſerve as a ſpiritual Father to S. *Ambroſe*. Otherwiſe he was ſo humble and modeſt, that to give his Biſhop the upper hand, he very often counterfeited ignorance in queſtions which he right well knew, conſulting with S. *Ambroſe* as an Oracle, becauſe of his dignity, and giving a perfect example to all, of the duty we owe to the Prelates of the Church.

Beſides theſe ornaments of virtue and ſcience, this holy man had ſtrong attractives in the facility of his converſation, and ſweetneſs of entertainment: ſo that a certain particular grace was ſeen to ſhine in his face, which was the cauſe every one deſired to ſpeak to him for his converſation; nor was any one weary of his company. *Auguſtine* having met with this *Simplicianus*, whom he called the *Man of God*, throughly openeth his heart unto him, relating all the diſturbances of his life paſſed. *Simplicianus* moſt tenderly embraceth him, and ſhews the Port now much nearer then he imagined. For, as he mentioning, that among other readings he had peruſed the books of *Plato*, tranſlated by *Victorinus* a Senatour, and heretofore Profeſſour of Rhetorick in the City of *Rome*: *I like very well* (ſaith this good old man) *that you have read the books of* Plato, *rather then the impieties of other Philoſophers. I doubt not but you have obſerved many paſſages in this good Authour, which make for our Religion: but ſince you have read the Tranſlation of* Victorinus, *and much eſteem of it, why do you not imitate him in his converſion? You muſt underſtand that I moſt familiarly knew him, when we were at* Rome: *he was a very learned old man, having his hairs grown white in the long ſtudy of all ſorts of Sciences, which he taught, manned, and illuſtrated the ſpace of ſo many years, partly in declaring, partly by writing. There was not almoſt a Senatour in* Rome, *which acknowledged him not for his Maſter, and he arrived to ſuch a degree of reputation, that they erected a Statue to him in conſideration of his great learning. Who could ever have hoped in the decrepitneſs whereunto he was come, to ſee him born again among the little Children of the Church? Notwithſtanding, to ſhew you the force of Gods ſpirit, after the reading of almoſt all the books in the world, he ſet himſelf in the end of his Age, to peruſe the Bible and other Writings of Chriſtians, where he found himſelf ſurprized at unawares, ſaying afterward to me:* Simplicianus, *know I am a Chriſtian. I thinking he meant to ſcoff me: I will not, ſaid I, believe any thing, till I ſee you at Church. And imagine you (replied he) the walls of a Church make a Chriſtian? He ſpake this, much fearing to offend the Cedars of* Libanus, *which were his parents, eminent in qualitie, though Infidels: but he afterward was well reſolved never to bluſh more for the Goſpel. Let us go (ſaith he) to the Church, I am a Chriſtian. I was at this word ſo tranſported with joy, I could no longer contain my ſelf. I led him to the Church, and cauſed him to be inſtructed in the Articles of our Faith, and commanded a name to be given him among thoſe that required holy Baptiſm. When he came to make his profeſſion of faith, ſome one, thinking to pleaſe him, would have him pronounce in ſecret. No (ſaith the good old man) in publick: It is no longer fit to be aſhamed of ſo glorious an action. As ſoon as he was mounted into an eminent place to pronounce the Articles of his belief, all the world which knew him, began to crie* Victorinus, Victorinus. *The admiration was ſo great, the contentment ſo univerſal, the joy ſo ſenſible, that it ſeemed every one would ſnatch him from thence, to ſet him in his heart.*

Oh God! how you honour thoſe that faithfully ſerve you? Behold him now, who inſtead of tying himſelf to thoſe dying Palms of Rhetorick, is faſtened to the tree of life, which never periſheth, and is eternized with a glorious memory in the eſtimation of Chriſtendom. Who would not think himſelf moſt happie, by following his example to participate in his Crowns? For mine own part, I will truly confeſs unto you (dear ſon) that at ſuch time as Julian *the Apoſtata forbade all the Chriſtians to uſe humane learning, I was as much addicted to it as any man of mine Age, being then in the flower of youth very curious; but ſeeing matter of faith was in queſtion, I moſt freely forſooke thoſe Syrens, to arrive at the haven of ſalvation, where I ſpeedily hope to enjoy your company. For ſo excellent a nature as yours, is not made to be loſt. It were over-much to reſiſt the inſpirations of God; your age and faſhion require you to lay arms aſide.*

Confeſ. l. 8. c. 5. *Non erat omnino quod reſponderem veritate convictus, niſi tantum verba lenta & ſomnolenta mihi, acce mihi: ſed modis & modis non habebant medium, & fine paululum, in longum ibat.*

This diſcourſe quickened with love, reaſon, wiſdom, and examples ſo ſenſible, penetrated far into the heart of S. *Auguſtine*, cauſing him to ſpeak theſe words, which he did afterwards couch in his Confeſſions: 'I knew not what to anſwer, convinced 'by varieties ſo palpable, but in dull and drowſie 'words, ſaying always, This ſhall ſoon, very ſoon 'be; yet had this ſoon no meaſure in it, nor did 'this delay I deſired, finde any end.

God

God recharged again, and laid a freſh battery upon *Auguſtine* by the mouth of a ſecular man. A certain Gentleman of *Africa*, called *Pontianus*, who following the Emperour's Court, came to viſit him in his lodging, found by chance on the table, the Epiſtles of Saint *Paul*. This being a man much given to devotion, and who knew *Auguſtine* to have a wandering wit in the curioſity of prophane books, ſmiled to ſee him now ſeeking out his entertainment with an Apoſtle. *Auguſtine* replied, there was no cauſe of wonder, for it was now become his principal exerciſe. The Gentleman ſeeing him in this good humour, ſets before him divers diſcourſes of piety, and among others, ſome narrations of the life of S. *Anthony*. Wherewith *Auguſtine* and his companion *Alipius* were raviſhed, having never before heard this great Saint ſpoken of: ſo little curious were they to know that, which could not be omitted but by ſuch as were willing to be perpetually ignorant of themſelves. The other proceeding in his diſcourſe, repreſented to them the companies of Religious then in great account, eſteemed by all the world as the Paps of the Bride, repleniſhed with celeſtial odours, which ſtreamed even as far as the deſerts, with immortal ſources of their milk; and added, that they had a Monaſtery in the ſuburbs of *Milan*, erected by Saint *Ambroſe*, wherein were many great examples of virtue. They heard this man with ſome ſmall ſhame to be ignorant of ſo large a Treaſure, even at their gate, whileſt they turned over the writings of many wits which lived in flames, tormented where they are, and applauded where they are not. This good man ſeeing they reliſhed this excellent diſcourſe, following the point, ſaid: *Being one day at* Trier, *with three Gentlemen, my companions, as the Emperour after dinner beheld the Turneys, and race of horſes with all his Court, it came into our heads to go take the Ayr in certain Gardens near the City. Two of the four of us walking along, arrived by chance at a little Cel, where they found Hermits, and a book of the life of Saint* Anthony. *One takes it up, reads, and admireth it, and in reading is ſo moved, that he determined in his heart to change his courſe of life. And being no longer able to contain himſelf (ſo repleniſhed was he with the love of God, and confuſion of his own infirmities) he turned to his companion, and ſaid: and what (I pray) do we ſeek with all our travels? Whether tend all our ambitions? Why bear we theſe arms? What pretend we with ſo much toyl? To gain the favour of a man, which is more light then the wind, more frail then glaſs, more thin then ſmoak? Out alaſs! By what perils haſten we to a greater danger? By what ſteps mount we up to a promontory of Ice, where our foot is ever upon the precipice? Behold, I may from hence forward be the friend of God, if I will. He perſiſted to read this book, all on fire, and became big with a new life, which he brought forth; then again he cried out as a man rapt with an extaſie: It is done; I have broken my bands, from this ſtep, from this hour, in this place I am reſolved to ſerve God. Go (my dear friend) if you will not imitate me, at the leaſt oppoſe not my reſolution. The other replieth: I am wholly yours; God forbid I forſake you in ſo fair a way, by fruſtrating my ſelf of ſo honourable a warfare, and ſo rich a reward. Behold them from gallants in an inſtant become Hermits. I and my aſſociate enquired for them in the mean ſpace on every ſide, and about evening found our ſelves in the ſame Cell, condemning them that they muſt be ſought for, and ſaying it was now time to end our walk with the day-light, and return to the City. They ſeriouſly made anſwer: They had found their lodging, we might do well to go whither we pleaſed, but they were throughly determined never to depart from thence.*

I thought in the beginning it was a counterfeit merryment, but better ſounding it, upon relation what had paſſed, I in effect ſaw they were men wholly changed. We were aſhamed to leave them, and as yet felt our ſelves much unable to follow. In concluſion, we parted with many tears, we dregging our hearts in the duſt, they by ſupereminence liſting the better part of themſelves to Heaven. We went to bear this news unto two Ladies, their betrothed wives, who, enkindled with the ſame ſpirit, afforded a free conſent thereunto, vowing their virginity to God, at the time when their marriage was almoſt on the point of conſummation

The tenth SECTION.

The admirable conteſt of S. Auguſtine.

WHile *Pontianus* related this, Saint *Auguſtine* was enchained to his diſcourſe, and already felt flaſhes of lightening and battels in the bottom of his conſcience, which he had much ado to diſſemble. It ſeemed that God took him as a Fugitive, who was hidden behind him, to ſet him in full view before himſelf. He ſaw himſelf (ſaith he) in this diſcourſe as in a mirrour, foul, crooked, diſfigured, and repleat with blemiſhes and ulcers. When he made compariſon between his own unworthineſs, and the life of thoſe brave Champions, a holy horrour of his vices ſo ſurprized him, that he ſeemed deſirous to be diſ-engaged, and to fly from himſelf. And in this conflict he was ſtill much confounded before his own eys. The reſolution of theſe two Gentlemen unveiled his memory, embroiled from his youngeſt years, when he remembered he had great inclinations to ſerve God in the ſtate of continency, and to have begged it of him, who is the Authour thereof, but with ſo much weakneſs, that he feared that God would not then take him at his word. He much wondered how theſe men in one afternoon could reſolve on an affair of ſo great importance, and that he in the ſpace of twelve years ſtuck faſt in the ſnare. In the end, he could contain himſelf no longer, but brake the air with a deep ſigh, ſaying to his faithful *Alipius*; 'What is this? What have we heard? 'Theſe ſimple men are raiſed, and win Heaven by a 'brave warfare, while we with our knowledge wal-'low in fleſh & blood. Do we bluſh to wait on them? Nay, rather let us be aſhamed not to follow them.

He ſpake this very ſuddenly in great agitation of ſpirit, which appeared in his forehead, in his eys, viſage, colour, and voice. *Alipius* very ſad, beheld him, judging there was ſome tranſportation in this act. From thence he ſtole into a Garden (which was very near the chamber where they diſcourſed) as a man diſtemper'd, knowing well what he had been, and not as yet underſtanding what God would do with him; at the leaſt, he had an intention to give free liberty to ſighs, which he could withhold no longer. *Alipius* thinking there ſhould be nothing concealed from him, ſtep by ſtep follows him, and both in private began a good work. *Auguſtine* ſaid in this retirement: *My God, what hinders me that I break not my chains to day, to put my ſelf into the liberty of thy children? What monſter is this? Behold my will commandeth my eie to be opened, my hand to work, my foot to walk, this is done without reſiſtance: now this ſame will commandeth it ſelf to forſake a wicked puddle, and ſet it ſelf in the path of virtue; why ſo much reſiſtance? Doubtleſs it will and it will not, otherwiſe it would be obeyed. I am yet faſtened to the earth by ſome great root, and to day I muſt cut it off. See you not* Auguſtine, *two meſſengers from God, to wit, ſhame and fear, armed with whips, which are by thy ſides to wyne thee from the way of thy cuſtomarie pleaſures? Turn thy face boldly, cut off from henceforth all the knots, which have hitherto entangled thy liberty. It is done; behold me free. I deceive my ſelf; I am not as yet where I think. Then let us do it now without further promiſe. What is that? I feel, what I do, and do not; notwithſtanding I believe what is good, and recoyl not; I draw near, I mount up; the cauſe why I ſtay is but to take breath. In the end, by pure force behold I am there; I touch, and almoſt reach the good ſo oft deſired. Out alas! I ſay, almoſt. For in effect I touch not, nor as yet hold any thing. Muſt I ſo much doubt to die to death, and live for life eternal?*

An admirable combate.

As I was (ſaith he) upon theſe reſolutions, near approaching my happineſs, if I did ſee behind me the image of that I left in forſaking the world, I might ſee abyſſes and horrours, which congealed my heart, and yet notwithſtanding I ſtood fair, not proceeding nor retiring, as a body hanged in the Air.

Behold in an inſtant all the ſenſual pleaſures of my youth, which I had ſo cheriſhed, were preſented to my imagination, as Nimphs and Syrens. They ſeemed to pull me by the Garment, and ſay: Auguſtine, *what? Will you forſake us after we ſo ſweetly have trained up your Youth? Wherein have we diſobliged you, but in ſuffering you to enjoy conti-*

contentments which the law of Nature permitteth? You now become very hardie in this transportation of your thoughts. It is a Feuer which poſſeſſeth you, it will paſs away, and you will be much aſhamed to have no longer made uſe of us. You haſten to go awry, which ſhall coſt you dear, if you take not heed. When you have done, you will be aſhamed to return this way back again, and for fear to be thought a fool, you will live miſerably all the reſt of your days. What? Can you live without us? You are not ſo ignorant of that, which God hath created for you. You have affection for beauty, and will have as long as you live. To love, and not enjoy, is to looſe your wits. What? This moment of time here being ended, are we yours no longer? What? Shall neither this nor that be permitted us for ever? Is it enough when one ſaith for ever? What hell is there in the world, if it be not to be deprived for ever, of what we moſt affect?

Theſe blameleſt Syrens altered not their diſcourſe; for ſtill they batter'd me with ſuch like words; but found I had changed mine ears. Behold the cauſe, why as I then ſhewed my ſelf very reſolute, they much leſſened their boldneſs. Their ſpeech was no longer a command, but a requeſt: and when I turned my face from beholding them, it ſeemed their voice was loſt in the Air, like a languiſhing eccho, to which proximity affordeth no more reverberation. The more I fortified my ſelf with reaſons, the more they deſiſted. All they could do was but to ſpeak ſome ſlight words ſoftly in mine ear, or by ſtealth pull me by the Cloak, to cauſe me to turn my face once again towards them: but I ſtood firm as a Rock, beholding the beauty and ſweetneſs of the life, to which I felt my ſelf called by God.

It ſeemed unto me, that I ſaw before mine tys faire Chaſtity, the mother of holy loves, encompaſſed with a large troup of Virgins and Chaſte ones, all white with innocency, and reſplendent with light of glory. She ſmiled upon me, with a brow more bright ſom then the cleareſt Summers-day, and ſtretching out her arm full laden with Palms, Come confidently (ſaith ſhe) why do you any further diſpute with your thoughts? Forſake thoſe Syrens, they too much have abuſed the flower of your age. I will acquaint you with their deceits, their vanities, and infamies, if the experience of a dozen years have not taught you more then I am able to diſcover. What elſe have you done the ſpace of ſo many years, but till a barren Field, which promiſed fruits, and gave you Thorns and ill ſavours, ſprinkled with ſome ſlight bloſſoms? As for their words, were they not full of promiſes, their promiſes of oaths, and their oaths of perjuries? What illuſions and fantaſies have you experienced? And if you have in ſome ſort enjoyed them, hath it not been worſe then your own deſires, ſo much was it mingled with gall, and attended by remorſe, which made you bear Gibbets and Tortures with your Pleaſure? Muſt you purchaſe a Hell with ſo many miſchiefs, which ſeemeth wide open to receive the deſperate? Where think you to finde pleaſure out of God, from whom all pleaſures are? I am not hideous nor barren, as your thoughts, O Auguſtine, do figure me? I am the mother of holy delights, ever fruitful by the viſitations of God. My joys are Gardens, which never wither, ſince they perpetually are watered with immortal graces. Ask thoſe children, thoſe maids, thoſe men and women. Behold of all ages, and all conditions: Ask them, if they ever found any bitterneſs in my converſation. You turm il your ſelf upon the frailties of fleſh; how ſimple are you? why cannot you do what ſuch and ſuch have done, who have waxed old in Virginity? Think you they have other fleſh, blood, and other qualities then you? You equal them in all, except in a ſtrong reſolution to be a ſlave no longer. Imagine you that all this they do, is by their own power? God gives them the will, God grants the power, God affords them the accompliſhment. Child of diffidence! why do you ſtill handle your infirmities? Cleave to God as doth the Ivie to the wall, and fear not that ever he will bereave you of his ſupport, if you to him remain faithful.

He entertained his minde with ſuch cogitations, and it ſeemed unto him this conſideration at that inſtant drew all his miſery, as from an abyſs, to repreſent it before his eys. Then was it, when the ſecret attraction, which conſiſteth in the particular touch of the Holy Ghoſt, did manifeſtly appear. Behold the propheſie of *David* accompliſhed: Behold the God of Majeſtie who thundereth. Behold the voice of God on the waters, and on the great waters, ſince it forceth tears to iſſue out in abundance. Behold the voice of God, which cometh with a ſtrong hand, ſince it over-beareth all reſiſtance. Behold the voice of God, which cometh with magnificence, ſince it operateth ſo glorious a converſion. Behold the voice of God, which break th the Cedars of Libanus, ſince it overthroweth all the pride of the world. Behold the voice of God, which divides the flames ſince it ſcattereth the fires of concupiſcence. Behold the voice of God, which ſhaketh the Deſert, ſince it removeth from the bottom to the top the ſterilities of this deſolate ſoul. Behold the voice of God, which prepareth the Hind for her deliverance, ſince it removes all the obſtacles.

Pſal. 28. *Vox Domini ſuper aquas, Deus majeſtatis intonuit: vox Domini ſuper aquas multas.*

He was near his *Alipius*, who expected the iſſue of theſe agitations of mind, and ſuddenly behold he felt in his heart a tempeſt raiſed, which in it contained fire and water, and ſeeing the cloud began now to be divided with the ardent ſighs and fountains of tears, which he poured forth, he left *Alipius* the Secretary of all his thoughts, to engulf himſelf further into retirement, and give free rains to his paſſion. He threw himſelf under a Fig-tree, which *Iſidorus* of *Peluſium* holds to have been the tree of the firſt happineſs of the world, ſo, as if to wipe away this ſtain, it had then been the beginning of his happineſs. There he made rivers run from his eys, which were waſted with his heart in a noble ſacrifice of love, and ſeemed willing to waſh the Victim with the waters of *Libanus*, before they were burnt in the fire of *Sion*.

Thereupon he cried out with redoubled ſighs: "My God, how long? My God, how long? No "longer remember the ſins of my fooliſh youth, "but treat with me according to the greatneſs of "thy mercies. Shall we yet ſay, to morrow, to "morrow? And why not to day? And wherefore "is it not time to give end to a life ſo exorbitant? "I am troubleſom to my ſelf, nor can I any longer "endure my ſelf. Muſt I ever be to Heaven an "object of vengeance, and to Earth an unprofitable "burthen? My God, how long? My God, how "long? Speaking this with an abundance of briniſh tears, he heard a voice ſweet and harmonious, which ſaid theſe words as it were ſinging: *Take and read*, often repeating them. Admiration ſtoped the floud of tears, and he began to examine in himſelf, whether ſuch a voice could come from any neighbour-place by ſome ordinary means. All which well weighed, he found it could not be humane, but that God by this voice inſtructed him what he was to do. He went from this place thither where he left S. *Pauls* Epiſtles with his friend *Alipius*, imagining, that as S. *Anthony* had been converted by the reading of one word in the Goſpel, on which he caſually happened, God might likewiſe work ſomewhat in his ſoul by the words of his Apoſtle. He openeth the book with a holy horrour, and the firſt ſentence he encountered, was that which ſaid: "It was time to live no longer in good "cheer, feaſts, and the drunkenneſs of the world. "That it was time to live no longer in unchaſt "beds, quarrels, vanities, and emulations, but that "we muſt be cloathed with *Jeſus Chriſt*, as with a "robe of glory, no more obeying the fleſh, nor the concupiſcence of the heart.

Rom. 13. *Non in commeſſationibus & ebrietatibus, non in cubilibus & impudicitiis, non in contentione & æmulatione, ſed induimini Dominum Jeſum Chriſtum & carnis providentiam ne feceritis in concupiſcentiis veſtris.*

There was no need to read any further. Behold in an inſtant the ray of God, which did directly beat upon his heart, and opened to him a delicious ſerenity. Behold him throughly reſolved. He ſheweth this paſſage to his faithful *Alipius*, as the deciſive ſentence of a long proceſs, which he had with ſenſuality. And *Alipius* caſting his eys upon the ſubſequent words, found: (a) *Receive him who is weak in faith.* Behold me (ſaid he) If you determine to forſake the world, take me for your companion. They roſe and went both to the good S. *Monica*: *Mother* (ſaith *Auguſtine*) *you ſhall not need to take the pains to finde me out a wife. Behold me a* Catholick, *and which is more, reſolved to leave the world, to live in continency. The reſolution is made,*

(a) Rom. 14. *Infirmum in fide recipite.*

made and concluded with God, there is no means at all to retire. Had not God withheld the soul of this holy widow of *Naim*, it was already upon her lips to fly out for joy, beholding this dead son, this son of so many tears, to come unexpectedly out of his Tomb, and present himself before her eys with a splendour of encomparable light. She made Bonfires of joy in her heart, and triumphed with celestial alacrity, blessing God, who had stretched out the power of his arm on this conversion, and who by the bounty of a true father, had surmounted the vows of an afflicted mother.

Augustine in the mean while thought sweetly to begin his retreat from the Rhetorick Lectures wherin he was engaged. There yet remained but twenty days to the time of vacation, which had the continuance of twenty years, to a man, who then entertained far other affections: notwithstanding, through great wisdom & modesty, he would not break with exteriour pomp, by publishing a change of life in the City of *Milan*, but suffered the time to steal away with little noise. When the term expired, he quietly discharged himself thereof, and likewise freed himself from the importunity of fathers, who passionatly sought him to be Tutour to their children for his great capacity, he alleging for his excuse, that the exercise of the Schole had brought a difficulty of breathing, and an indisposition of the breast upon him, which threatened him with a Ptyfick, if he desist not. This was very true, but yet not the principal point of his resolution. Behold how this great man avoided the occasions of ostentation, and the divers interpretations he might make to himself for a gloss of actions: and, although God (as he said) had put into his heart flaming Darts, and Juniper-coals against slanderous tongues, he chose rather to take away occasion of calumny, then to see himself put upon the necessity of defending himself: very far different therein from the nature of those, who make great flourishes, to end them in nothing.

After he was discharged from his profession of Rhetorick, he retired himself into the Grange of *Verecundus*, where he staied a long-time, as yet a Catachumen, leading a most Angelical life, spent wholly in prayer, and the study of holy Letters. From thence he wrote to S. *Ambrose* of the errours of his passed life, and the estate wherein he presently was by the grace of God, as also of the aid he had contributed to his conversion; demanding besides what book he should read, the better to prepare himself for the grace of Baptism. S. *Ambrose* certified him of the contentment he took in this so particular visitation of God, and advised him to read the Prophet *Isaiah*: but he seeing he could not yet understand it, did defer it till another time, wherein he might be better practised in holy Scriptures.

S. *Ambrose* baptized S. *Augustine.*

In the end, the day so many times desired being come, wherein he was to be born anew by Baptism, it being in the thirty fourth year of his age (as Cardinal *Baronius* accounteth it) he went from the Grange of *Verecundus* to the City of *Milan*, where he was christened by the hand of S. *Ambrose*, and had for companion of his Baptism, his faithful friend *Alipius*, and his only son *Adeodatus*, at that time about fifteen years of age: so prodigious a wit, that his father could not think upon it without astonishment. *I had nothing therein* (saith he) *my God, but sin; the rest is from you, who so well know how to reform our deformities.* But all was there admirable, for at the age between fifteen and sixteen years, he already surpassed many great and learned men. He also verified the saying of Sages, affirming, these such sparkling wits are not for any long continuance upon earth, for he died some years after his return into *Africk*, leaving a repose in the father, who already apprehended the course of this youth: and although he grieved to see him taken away in the flower of his age, yet on the other side he was much comforted in the innocency of his life, and hope of his immortality, knowing it was the will of the Gardener, who had gathered the fruit according to his good pleasure, to lay it up in store. After this Baptism, there were nothing but hymns, songs, lights of eternal verities, thanksgiving, and tears of joy.

Horrori mihi erat istud ingenium.

Ingenium nimis maturè magnum non est vitale.

The death of S. *Monica.*

This done, he must take the way of *Africa*, and they were now arrived to the Port of *Ostia*, expecting the opportunity of Navigation, when the holy and venerable mother *Monica*, of fifty six years of age, and worn with many labours, rendered to Nature her tribute, and Soul to its Creatour.

This admirable woman resembleth the Ark in the deluge, which after it had born the whole world in the bowels thereof, amongst so many storms and fatal convulsions of universal Nature, reposed on the Mountains of *Armenia*. So S. *Monica*, when she so long time had carried in her entrails and heart a spirit as great as this Universe, among so many tears and dolours, so soon as she was delivered of this painful burthen, went to take her rest on the Mountains of *Sion*. A little before her death, beholding Heaven from a high window, which opened on a Garden, she seemed there already to mark out her lodging, so much she witnessed resentment and extasie towards her son *Augustine*, who at that time made this admirable Coloquy with her, couched by him afterward in his Confessions. The conclusion was, that she said unto him; 'My Son, I have now 'no more obligations to the world, you have dis-'charged all the promises of Heaven to me, and I 'have consummated all the hopes I might have on 'Earth, seeing you a Catholick, and which is more, 'resolved to perfection of the life you have embra-'ced. When it shall please God to call me, I am like 'fruit ripe, and falling, that holdeth on nothing.

Soon after she betook her to her bed, being surprized with a Feaver, which she presently felt to be the messenger of her last hour. Behold the cause why she being fortified with arms and assistances necessary for this combate, took leave of *Augustine* and his brother there present, affectionately entreating them to remember her soul at the Altar, only meditating on Heaven, and neglecting the thought of the land of *Africa*, which she had seemed at other times to desire for the Sepulchre of her body.

And, as her Son said unto her: *Madam, My mother, we as yet are not there, we hope to close your eys in our own Country, and bury you in the Tomb of your husband.* This holy woman seeing this man would still tie her to the present life, and divert her from cogitation of death, which to her was most sweet, beheld him with a severe eie, and then turning her self towards her son *Augustine*, *Hearken* (saith she) *what he saith; as if we, absent from* Africa, *must needs be further from God.* She often cast her dying eys towards this Son, who was her pretious conquest, and who in her sickness served her with most particular assistances, affirming that *Augustine* had ever been a good son towards her, and though he had cost her many sorrows, he never had forgotten the respect due to a Mother.

Verily there was a great sympathy between the soul of such a mother, and such a son, which was infinitely augmented after this happy conversion, and therefore we must give to Nature that which belongs

longs to it. The childe *Adeodatus*, seeing his Grandmother in the last agony, as possessing the affections of his father, threw out pitiful out-cries, in which he could not be pacified. And S. *Augustine*, who endeavoured to comfort them all upon so happy a death, withheld his tears for a time by violence, but needs must he in the end give passage to plaints so reasonable. The Saint died as a Phenix among Palms, and they having rendered the last duties to her, pursued the way begun directly for *Afriek*.

Behold how the conversion of S. *Augustine* passed, and though many co-operated therein, yet next unto God, S. *Ambrose* hath ever been reputed the principal Agent; and for that cause his great Disciple said of him: (b) 'Ambrose is the excellent steward of the great father of the family, whom I reverence as my true father, for he hath begotten me in *Jesus Christ*, by the virtue of the Gospel, and God hath been pleased to make use of his service to regenerate me by Baptism. Whilest stars and elements shall continue, it will be an immortal glory to the Bishop *Ambrose*, to have given the Church a S. *Augustine*, of whom *Volusianus* spake one word worth a thousand. (c) 'Augustine is a man capable of all the glory of the world. There is much difference between him and other Bishops. The ignorance of one Church-man alone, prejudiceth not Religion, but when we come to Bishop *Augustine*, if he be ignorant of any thing, it is not he, but the law which is defective, because this man is as knowing as the law it self.

(b) *Aug. contra Julianum Pelagianum, l. 1. c. 6. Excellens Dei dispensator, quem venter pii patris, in Christo enim Jesu per Evangelium ipse me genuit, & ex Christi ministerio laboravit Regenerationem accepi.*

(c) Volusian Epist. 2. *Vir, cui inter ingenia gloria capax Augustinus. In aliis sanctitatibus absque detrimento cultus divini tolerantur insciti: at cum ad Antistitem Augustinum veniunt. Legi deest, quicquid ab eo contigerit ignorari.*

The eleventh SECTION.

The Affairs of S. Ambrose *with the Emperours* Valentinian *the Father, and* Gratian *the Son.*

LEt us leave the particulars of the life of S. *Ambrose*, to pursue our principal design, which is to represent it in the great and couragious actions he enterprized with the Monarchs of the world. Let us not behold this Eagle beating his wings in the lower region of the air, but consider him among lightenings, tempests, and whir-winds; how he plays with thunder-claps, and ever hath his eye where the day breaketh.

The state of Christendom.

The state of Christianity stood then in need of a brave Prelate to establish it in the Court of Great-ones. The memory of *Julian* the Apostata, who endeavoured with all his power to restore Idols, was yet very fresh, it being not above ten years past since he died, and yet lived in the mindes of many Pagans of eminent quality, who had strong desires to pursue his purpose. On the other side, the *Arians* who saw themselves so mightily supported by the Emperour *Constans*, made a great party, and incessantly embroiled the affairs of Religion. *Jovinian*, a most Catholick Emperour, who succeeded *Julian*, passed away as a lightening, in a reign of seven months. After him, *Valentinian* swaied the Empire, who had in truth good relishes of Religion, but withal a war-like spirit, and, who to entertain himself in so great a diversity of humours and sects, whereon he saw this Empire to be built, much propended to petty accommodations, which for some time appeased the evil, but took not away the root. He made associate of the Empire his brother *Valens*, who being a very good Catholick in the beginning of his reign, suffered himself to be deceived by an *Arian* woman, and did afterward exercise black cruelties against the faithfull, till such time as defeated by the *Goths*, and wounded in an encounter, he was burnt alive by his enemies in a Shepherds Cottage, whereunto he was retired: so rendering up his soul in the blood and flames wherewith he had filled the Church of God.

The association of this wicked brother, caused much disorder in the affairs of Christendom, and often slackened the good resolutions of *Valentinian*, by coldnes and tollerations, which were rather esteemed the feaver of times, then men.

S. *Ambrose* entered into charge, as is most probably thought, about the end of the reign of this *Valentinian*, and had not much occasion to intermeddle with him; yet from his entrance sheweth he would become a Lion. For seeing in the State some practises in Magistrates, which turned to the prejudice of the Church, he with much freedom and generosity complained to the Emperour: and though this Prince was one of the most absolute who had swayed the Sceptre, he was no whit offended, but answered to S. *Ambrose*: 'It is a long time 'I have foreseen your nature, and the liberty you 'would use when a Mitre was set on your head. Yet 'notwithstanding did I never oppose your election, 'and though I might exercise the resistance which 'the laws allow me, without any other authority, 'yet I gave my consent, for the desire I have to behold a stout man in this charge. Do what the laws 'of God appoint you, the times are sick, and need a 'good Physician. *Theod. lib. 4. cap. 6.*

The death of *Valentinian* the Father.

This so favourable beginning promised good effects for the future. But this Prince lived not long after; for, having reigned about twelve years in a very harsh manner, he being haughty, and excessively cholerick; it happened that hearing one day the Deputies of a Province in *Bohemia*, who excused themselves upon certain incursions and roberies imputed unto them, he entered into so violent and thundering distempers, that they laid him on the bed of death, for, from the Council-table he at that instant was carried into his Chamber. The veins of his body shrunk up, his speech stopped, his members were turmoiled with horrible Convulsions, and his face spread all over with purple spots. In conclusion, he was wasted with fervours of anger more dangerous then the Dog-star, which in few hours took him hence, who under the Sword of the *Roman* Empire had made so many Armies of *Barbarians* to tremble, to teach us we have no greater enemies then our selves.

Valentinian left two Sons, the one by his first wife *Severa*, which was *Gratian*; the other by *Justina*, which was *Valentinian* the younger. Let us see how S. *Ambrose* treated with them both.

The holy Bishop, who had already exercised so much authority over the Father, retained it on the Sons with so much the more privilege, as their age and the necessity of the affairs of the Church required. *Valentinian* some years before his death, foreseeing, as it were, what would happen, declared his eldest son *Gratian* Successour of his Empire, and from that time associated him to his dignity. As he was a Prince very awful, and who among his sharp proceedings, spared not to mingle many sweet attractives when he undertook an affair, so he made himself appear in his latter days as a setting Sun in his Royal Throne, and having made a most specious Oration to all his Captains and Souldiers there then about him, flattering, and calling them companions by way of Court-ship, he exhibited many large demonstrations of amity to them: then taking his little son *Gratian* by the hand, clad in an Imperial Robe, being then of fourteen or fifteen years of age,

Gratian the son of *Valentinian.*

age, he told them, that this was his Heir, whom they were one day to have for companion, and who should with them tread under foot the powers opposed against the *Roman* Empire; adding, he should equal his father in valour and in affection, due to their good services, but surpass him in sweetness, having been made happy with a better education then himself. This young youth (as saith his History) was beautiful as a star, for his eys sparkled like two lightening flashes; his face very amiable, and complexion mingled with white and red. When the Souldiers beheld him in this habit, they began softly to strike their Targets, and at that instant the Trumpets sounded with a thousand acclamations to salute him.

This action was the cause that the sudden death of his father, made him instantly Emperour with his Uncle *Valens*, who yet lived, when for a singular tryal of friendship, he divided his dignity with his brother, the little *Valentinian*, who was not yet above five or six years old, being then left an Orphan under the charge of his mother *Justina*. Afterward the great necessities of the Empire, made them likewise associate *Theodosius* to the Crown, one of their father's chiefest Captains.

The young *Gratian*, who was endowed with an excellent disposition, presently put himself under the wings of Saint *Ambrose*, to direct him in affairs of his salvation and conscience, which he esteemed the most important of all might concern him. Our great Prelate entered so far into his soul, that living and dying, nothing was so sweet nor familiar in his mouth, as the name of Bishop *Ambrose*. And well to discover the apprehensions of this fair soul, and the easie enterance it gave to all the forms of virtue proposed by this great Saint, you must observe even in the judgment of Pagan Historians, who never graced him above his merit, that he was the most accomplished Prince for his age, which ever bare the Diadem of *Cæsars*. And if a life so pretious could have been redeemed with the blood and tears of the faithful, it had replenished the Church with sanctity, the Empire with glory, and the whole world with wonders.

The beauty of body which he enjoyed, contained a spirit wholly celestial enchased therein, for it was full of generous vivacity: and as fire out of his sphere, seeketh its nourishment in the conquests thereof, so he lived by Sciences and lights, that they became tributary by his judgment and travel, as wel as men by his arms. He laboured much in the matter of eloquence, seeing it was then a study, as it were, absolutely necessary for Emperours, to reign over people, and that words were the cement, which united wills and arms for the safety of the publick. By good chance he had *Ausonius* for Master, esteemed even in the judgment of *Symmachus*, the most able man of his time; most happy Master of an excellent Scholar, who made him change the Schole of Rhetorick, for the purple of Consulship. *Gratian* was naturally eloquent; nor was it hard to manure so generous a nature. When he pronounced some Oration, he had early in his young years, the majesty of his father, conjoyned with an admirable modesty, and a little acrimony, which gave an edge to his actions. The ordering and inflection of his voice, were rarely proportioned: he seemed eloquent in pleasing arguments: grave, in serious; polite, in laborious, and when the subject required fervour and invective, his mouth spake tempests. This enforced no diminution upon his military exercises, wherein he was infinitely dexterous, whether he were to run, wrastle, or leap, according to the custome of the *Roman* souldiers, his agility made the world wonder; or whether he were to manage a horse, or handle arms, the Masters who had trained him up, confessed he had dainty passages, inimitable for any practice. The Pagans, who would blame him for diversity of Religion, have never said ought else of him, but that he was too good an Archer, and over-fervent in hunting of wilde beasts. That, notwithstanding, set him in the estimation of warlike men; and as he was singularly affable and liberal, so was there nothing to be found in the world more charming then his nature.

Excellent qualities of the Emperour *Gratian*.

Saint *Ambrose*, having understood his spirit, much affected him, and endeavoured to joyn the most solid virtues to so many fair natural parts; and above all, perceiving that among so many Pagans and Arians, who stretched out their snares on every side to surprize him, it was necessary to prevent them; he laid in his royal soul deep foundations of faith, and most chaste grounds of Religion, to which *Gratian* shewed himself from the beginning much inclined. There is also a Letter found, written in his proper style, and with his own hand, where when he had heard the learned instructions of his Prelate, he demands them in writing, and because it is an excellent monument of his spirit and Religion, I will here insert it.

The Emperour GRATIAN, *to* Ambrose *the Religious Bishop of God Omnipotent.*

I Have a vehement desire to see my self united to you by corporal presence, as I ever have you in my memorie, and as I cohabit with you in the better part of my self, which is the soul. I beseech you (most holy and Religious Bishop of the living God) hasten unto me, to teach me what I believe before I have sufficientlie learned. For it is not my purpose to argue upon matter of faith, better loving to lodge God in my heart, then conclude him in my words. My desire onely is to open my soul at large to the Divinitie, to receive its lights the more abundantly. God will instruct me, if it shall please him, by your words, since I confess and reverence his most Sacred Majestie, well observing not to call Jesus Christ *a creature, or to measure him by the weakness which I acknowledg in mine own person: but rather I avow our Saviour to be so great, that our thoughts, which are almost infinite, can adde nothing thereunto. For if the Divinitie of the Son could increase, I would dilate my self in it for augmentation of his praises, supposing I could not better gain the gracious favour of the Celestial Father, then in glorifying the Son Eternal. But as I fear no jealousie on Gods side, so for my part I make no account to esteem my self so great an Orator, that thereby it may be in my power to adde any thing to the glory of the Divinitie by my words. I acknowledg my self to be infirm and frail, I praise God proportionably to my forces, and not answerably to the measure of his greatness. As for the rest, I beseech you to afford me the Treatise of faith, of which you heretofore gave me a tast, adding thereunto the Disputation of the Holy Ghost, in such sort, that you prove his Divinitie by the Scripture and reason. Hereupon I pray God (dear Father, and true servant of God, whom I adore) that he many years preserve you in safetie.*

Apud. *Ambros.* in præfat. l. de fide.

Excellent faith and modestie of the Emperour.

This Letter, he that will consider it, shall finde to be full of much sense; and verily S. *Ambrose* was so ravished herewith, that he confesseth never to have seen nor read at that time the like. This good Emperour (saith he) wrote to him with his own hand, as *Abraham*, who himself prepared the dinner for his guests, not giving commission thereof to his own servants. He wrote holy words unto him, as if he had an ear in Heaven, and which is more remarkable, it was in a time when he was upon the point of a journey to resist *Barbarians*, and therefore he purposely took the arms of faith from this great Bishop. For observe, this young Eaglet from the second year of his Empire found business enough. For

Genes. 18.

Athanaricus King of the *Goths*, entered into *Thracia* with a formidable Army: and as *Gratian* amaſſed together all his Eaſtern troups to make head againſt him, the *Barbarians* imagining with themſelves that the Weſtern Empire was unfurniſhed, fell upon the *Gauls*, whither the Emperour went with admirable expedition to ſuccour them, and it was at the time when he wrote this letter, and moſt particularly recommended himſelf to Saint *Ambroſe*, taking the ſtandard of faith from him, to bear it in the front of his flouriſhing Legions. This was not without very notable ſucceſs; for by relation of *Ammianus Marcellinus*, he bare himſelf moſt valiantly in this journy, although very young, undergoing toils, & ever appearing in the head of the Army to encourage the ſouldiers by his preſence, which ſo enkindled them, that they reſolved to confront the enemy, as ſoon as might be, and defeated them at *Strasbourg* with ſo horrible a ſlaughter, that of ſeventy thouſand *Barbarians*, threeſcore and five thouſand covered the field with their maſſacred bodies, leaving young *Gratian* to make a harveſt in the chief field of *Mars*, moiſtened with the palms of his own ſweats; but above all, bleſſed by the prayers of great S. *Ambroſe*. As the Emperour returned from this conqueſt, he received Letters from the holy Prelate, where among other things excuſing himſelf that he had not accompanied him, he ſaith:

Triumphant victory.

Affectionate words of S. *Ambroſe* to the young Emperour.

It is not the want of affection, Moſt Chriſtian Emperour (for what title can I give you either more true or more glorious?) It is not, I ſay, the want of affection hath abſented me from your perſon, but modeſty joyned to the decorum of my profeſſion; yet at your return I preſented my ſelf before you, if not with bodily ſteps, at the leaſt with the whole affections of my heart, and all the vows, wherewith I could charge the Altars; and in this, the duty of a Biſhop principally conſiſteth. But it is miſtaken to ſay, that I came before you, as if I had been ſeparated from you, having perpetually attended you in minde, marching along with you in your thoughts, heart, and good favour, which is the moſt noble preſence I can deſire. I meaſured your journeyes, I went along with your Armie, I was in your camp day and night, with all my cogitations, and with all my cares; I ſtood centinel with my Prayers, and thoſe of my Clergie, at your Imperial Pavillion. How much I was little in merit, ſo much the more did I raiſe my ſelf in diligence and aſſiduitie. And rendering this dutie for you, I did it for the whole Church: herein do I uſe no flatterie, for you love it not, and well know it to be far from my nature, and the place which I hold, but God is a witneſs with us both, how much you have comforted my heart by the ſinceritie of your faith, to whom he hath afforded ſuch proſperitie, and ſo much glorie. I ow this acknowledgment both to the publick and your particular amitie: for you have granted me the repoſe of my Church, you have ſtopped the mouthes of the perfidious (and by my good will I wiſh you had as well ſhut up their hearts) and this have you done with marvellous authoritie, fortitude, and faith.

The holy Emperour ceaſed not afterward to oblige the Church in all occaſions, by the favour of his Edicts, and ſhewed himſelf ſo openly zealous, that even he, firſt of all the Emperours merited the title of *Moſt Chriſtian*, given afterward to our Kings. His Predeceſſours who profeſſed Chriſtianity, ever ſuffered their reputation to be diſhonoured with many blemiſhes, which much weakened the worth of their actions: but *Gratian* was the moſt royal and ſincere of them all, for he ſo little complied with the Gentiles, that their Prieſts coming together to offer him the title and habit of Great Pontife, which all the Chriſtian Emperours had yet for ceremony and reaſon of State, retained; this good Prince confidently refuſed it by the counſel of S. *Ambroſe*: and although the Gentiles were ſo much moved, they could not abſtain from words of menace, he contemned all humane reſpects, where the glory of God was intereſſed. As for the reſt, to conſider further the energy of the diſcretion of this holy Biſhop, it is to be noted that the faith of *Gratian*, his tender plant, was not a languiſhing and idle faith, but much employed in the exerciſe of good works, which *Auſonius*, a worldly man, could not ſufficiently admire in his ſcholar, well ſeeing he knew much more then his Maſter.

Zeal and virtue of *Gratian* by the direction of holy S. *Ambroſe*.

Singular qualities of a young Prince.

He who obſerved the moſt particular actions of the life of this Emperour, hath left in writing, that from the time of his childhood, never did he let any day paſs, without praying to God moſt devoutly, daily rendering ſome vow to Altars: and that thoſe who knew his moſt ſecret thoughts, gave aſſurance he lived in unſpeakable purity of heart; and moreover, he was very ſober and abſtinent in his ordinary courſe of life: and foraſmuch as toucheth and concerneth chaſtity, it might well be ſaid, that the Altar of *Veſtal* Virgins, where perpetually burned a ſacred fire which purged all, was not more holy then the Chamber of *Gratian*, nor the Couches prepared in the Temple for Ceremonies, more chaſte then his Imperial bed. He had the heart of a Mother towards his poor Subjects, and the beginning of his Empire was conſecrated by the comfort of the people, for whom he much ſweetened the Taxes and Subſidies, freely cutting off what was due to his own Coffers; and to take away all cauſe of enquiry in time to come upon that which he liberally had granted, he commanded through all Cities, Papers, and obligations of publick debts to be burnt. Never Bon-fire more clearly blazed then the ſame; not a creature complained the ſmoak hurt his eys. Every one praiſeth the Emperour, beholding, that as his benefits were not frail and tranſitory, ſo the evils he took away, were never to return.

Admirable charity in an Emperour.

How could he but do well for the publick, ſeeing he was moſt liberal towards particulars? He was not contented to viſit the ſick, but himſelf led Phyſicians along with him thither, cauſing them to miniſter at his charge, and in his own preſence, that which was neceſſary for their recovery. He was ſeen after the defeat of the *Barbarians* which I ſpake of, to run into the Tents of his Souldiers to enquire the number of the hurt, and himſelf with his own victorious hands to touch the wounds, and cauſe them inſtantly to be dreſt, haſtening and encouraging the Chyrurgeons. And if any poor Souldier through diſtaſt refuſed to take broath, he would ſit down by him, and charm him with ſuch ſweetneſs of words, till he obtained of him that which conduced to his health. He ceaſed not to comfort the moſt afflicted, to congratulate with the moſt happy, to enquire into the neceſſities of all the world, even to the making the packs of a poor ſubject to be carried by his own Mules: and all this did he indefatigably with ſingular promptneſs and alacrity, void of oſtentation, giving all, and reproaching no man.

Behold the fruits of the good education of S. *Ambroſe*, which well ſheweth, that in making a good man of a great Prince, the whole world is obliged.

The twelfth SECTION.

The death of the Emperour Gratian, *and the Afflictions of* S. Ambroſe.

OUt alas! Eternal God, who art elder then the beginning of time, and more durable then the end of Ages, muſt great gifts be ſo freely given to the world to become ſo ſhort? My Pen abhorreth to paſs beyond the blood of this poor Prince, in whom the earth had nothing to wiſh but immortality. Behold what a wound it is for the Empire,

Empire, what ſorrow in the Church, and a touch-ſtone to the virtue of S. *Ambroſe*.

Gratian after the death of his Father, had reigned about ſeven years, when behold a Monſter ſtarted up in *England*, to diſpoſſeſs its natural Prince, and caſt fire and confuſion into the Empire. It was *Maximus*, who according to the relation of *Zoſimus*, was a *Spaniard* by Nation, companion of the great *Theodoſius*, and Captain of the *Roman* Troops, which were then in Great *Britain*.

Maximus rebelleth againſt his Prince, and his wicked diſpoſition

This wicked man, vexed to the quick that the Emperour *Gratian* had aſſociated *Theodoſius* in the Empire, without ever mentioning himſelf at all, reſolved to enter into the Throne by tyranny, ſince he could not arrive thither by any merit. Never Tyrant uſed more induſtry to cover his ambition then did this man; never hath any ſought more ſupport from the diſſimulation of ſanctity and juſtice: yet I beſeech thoſe who make account by the like ways to bring their purpoſes to paſs, to learn by the ſucceſs of *Maximus*, that if the arm of God ſuſtain not an affair, the more exaltation it receiveth, the deeper ruines it findeth.

Maximus then, a ſon of the earth, who had nothing great in him but the deſire of reign, made himſelf ſometime an *Engliſh* man, otherwhile a *Spaniard*, ever leaning to that ſide, where he ſaw moſt ſupport for his affairs. As an *Engliſh* man he labour-ed to have it thought he had ſome correſpondence of affinity with Saint *Helena*, Mother of great *Conſtantine*, and he was ſo impudent as to take the very name of that family, cauſing himſelf to be proudly called *Flavius Clemens Maximus*. As a *Spaniard*, he would be reputed the Ally of *Theodoſius*, whom he ſaw to be powerful in the affairs, and whoſe force he more feared, then loved his advancement. As for Religion, he well diſcovered by the effect that he had no other God, but honour. Notwithſtanding, like thoſe who provide oyl to burn in the Lamps of Idols, as well as in that of the living God, he embraced all ſorts of Sects, making his Arrows of every wood, ſo to hit the white of honour.

De eſtable hypocriſie.

Verily, if there be any vice deſerving the execration of all man-kinde, it is that which diſtendeth ſnares over Altars, and which under colour of piety and zeal, entrappeth men, Cities, and Provinces with a kinde of theft, which ſeeketh to make it ſelf honourable, under pretence of Piety and Religion. This was very familiar with this bad man; for ſeeing many Pagans of quality, who bit the bridle, expecting the re-eſtabliſhment of Idols, he under-hand entertained them with very fair hopes. On the other ſide, he favoured the Synagogue of *Jews* in ſecret, ſuppoſing theſe men being loſt in Religion and conſcience, might one day ſerve his turn, though but to fill up ditches. But then beholding the Catholick Church in an eminent height, he openly courted it, and that with demonſtrations of reſpect and ſervice, which might ſeem to proceed from none but the moſt zealous.

(a) *Periculoſè, mihi credè, divina tentantur: Inſanum, ubi error excuſabilis non eſt, ibi velle peccare.* Baron. an. 387. 35.

Letters alſo of his were found written to the Emperour *Valentinian* the Second, where he made many declarations of the duty he owed to the Catholick Church, ſo compleat that they ſeem much fitter for the mouth of a Biſhop, then of a Tyrant. He ſpeaketh of God like a Saint, ſaying, (a) Great heed muſt be taken not to contend with ones Maſter, and that ſins committed againſt Religion, admit no excuſe. He talks of *Rome* (b) as a Pope, calling it in full voice, *The moſt venerable, and Princeſs of Religion*. He ſeemed to ſweat blood and water in defence of S. *Ambroſe*, whoſe virtue he infinitely

(b) *Roma venerabilis, cujus hac parte Principatus eſt.* Epiſt. ad *Siricium* eod. anno ſect. 65.

feared, it being joyned to a liberty, which never accuſtomed to bow under tyranny. In another Epiſtle, where he writeth to Pope *Siricius*, he tells us, how going from the Font of Baptiſm, he had been tranſported to the Imperial Throne, which, being ignorant of the life of the children of God, he eſteemeth an incomparable favour from Heaven, and in recompence thereof, promiſeth all ſervice to the Church of *Rome*, ſatisfying himſelf only to execute that, which ſhould be commanded him, without any deſire to enter into the knowledge of the cauſe.

Moreover, if he ſaw any forlorn Hereticks, who were feeble in faction, and much out of favour, he ran upon them with all manner of violence, and then ſhewing Spider's webs, of one ſide filled with little flys, and on the other ſide all broken by creatures of a larger ſize, he raiſeth mighty Tropheys, thinking ſo to piece out his fortune by the effuſion of contemptible blood. In this manner he cauſed *Priſcillian*, and many other of his Sect to be put to death, who were Hereticks, poſſeſſed with a black and melancholy Devil; and ſuch, as in truth, according to the laws both divine and humane, well deſerved puniſhment, but not according to the proceedings were obſerved in their proceſs, much blamed by S. *Martin*, and other wiſe Biſhops, who took notice of paſſions over-bloody, even in the Eccleſiaſticks that ſought after ſpoil.

Virtutibus vitia, ἀγχίνοια. Ariſtot. Origen. Baſil. Albertus in Paradiſo animæ. Prolog.

O God! it is verily one of the greateſt unhappineſſes of humane life, to ſay, that vices keep ſhop near to virtues, and often deceive the beſt experienced Merchants with their Artifices. That is moſt true which is ſpoken by *Albertus* the Great, Maſter of Saint *Thomas*: Severity counterfeiteth juſtice, melancholy calleth it ſelf gravity; babble ſtealeth into the name of affability, as doth diſſolution paſs under colour of free mirth, The prodigal ſaith, he is an honeſt man; the covetous, provident; the ſelf-conceited, conſtant; the crafty, prudent; curioſity borroweth the title of circumſpection; vain-glory, of generoſity; preſumption, of hope; carnal love, of charity; diſſimulation, of patience; puſillanimity, of mildneſs; indiſcreet zeal, of fervour in matter of Religion: and the worſt of all is, hypocriſie puts on the mask of ſanctity. Yet if with theſe ſemblances and borrowed faces, they only deceived vulgar ſouls, it were ſomewhat tollerable; but it is a thing moſt deplorable, that the ſubtile who have no other God but their own intereſts, by ſlight complacences, and petty affectations of devotion, enſnare noble and religious ſouls, who, meaſuring all by their own innocency, daily afford more ſupport to credulity. A little outward ſhew, handſomly expreſt, raviſheth men with admiration, and cauſeth Altars to be raiſed to them, for whom God hath prepared Gibbets. There are alſo many ſilly birds, who ſeeing the Fowler with blear and running eys, role a huge pair of beads in his hands, ſay, This is a holy man, and full of compaſſion; but the more judicious, anſwer, We muſt not regard his eys, nor beads, but the blood and rapine which is in his hands.

Pretext of devotions dangerous.

A Parable of the Fowler.

Had *Maximus* been beheld upon this ſide, he had never deceived the world, but his plaſtered devotions ſerved his turn to amuze eaſie natures, whileſt his ambitions cleft mountains to climb to the throne of *Cæſars*. Pope *Siricius*, beguiled with the maſk of this falſe piety, gave demonſtration of much affection to him: and when he was declared Emperour, many Biſhops uſed with him at *Trier* ſundry complements, which too near approached to ſervitude. There was none at that time but our Saint *Martin*,

who held a ſtrong power over this ſpirit: and the wily *Maximus*, who well foreſaw, there was no reſiſtance to be uſed againſt a ſtroak of thunder, ſubmitted with all pliantneſs and poſtures, to draw this great Prelate to his amity. He, who heretofore made himſelf to be petitioned unto by the Biſhops, received the commandments of S. *Martin*, as decrees and endeavoured to yield him all ſatisfaction.

One deſire only he fixed in his heart, which was ſome one time to invite this holy man to his Table, to wipe away all the ill reputation of which the moſt judicious could not be ignorant: but S. *Martin* conſtantly refuſed it, until *Maximus* upon a time having made a thouſand proteſtations of the ſincerity of his intentions in that point, which concerned the uſurpation of the Empire, the man of God, whether perſwaded by reaſons, or mollified by ſo many prayers, went thither, and uſed three paſſages of generoſity, which you ſhall know.

Sulpitius in vita S. Martini, cap. 23.

In this Banquet were preſent the falſe Emperour *Maximus*, with his brother, and his uncle, a Conſul, and two Counts. S. *Martin* for his honour was placed in the middle, near the perſon of *Maximus*, and when about the midſt of dinner, the Cup-bearer preſented a Goblet to his Maſter, he for a ſingular teſtimony of his affection, put it into the hands of the good Biſhop, ſeeming to have a holy ambition to drink therein, after it was conſecrated by the touch of his lips: but, S. *Martin* not uſing any other complement, when he had drunk, gave the cup to his Deacon, as eſteeming him the moſt worthy perſon of the Feaſt next himſelf. *Maximus*, who infinitely ſeemed to be pleaſed therewith, although he inwardly felt himſelf gauled with this liberty, did ſo outwardly diſſemble it, that he cauſed S. *Martin* to be applauded through all his Court, proteſting that none but he was worthy the title of a Biſhop, and that he had done at the Table of an Emperour, what the other Biſhops would never have acted in the houſe of a mean Judge. On the other ſide, the wife of *Maximus*, who already poſſeſſed the title of Empreſs, made her ſelf a *Magdalen* at the feet of S. *Martin*: and although never woman touched this chaſte creature, he ſuffered her to exerciſe all ſorts of Ceremonies towards him, undergoing a thouſand troubles to rid himſelf of her importunities. This ſeemed not ſtrange in the age of threeſcore and ten, and in the reputation of ſanctity wherewith he had filled the world, that a woman ſhould kiſs his feet; but it was a thing very unuſual to behold a Princeſs, humbled in the duſt of the earth, to perform this office: She regarded neither Purple, Diadem, Quality, nor Empire, ſhe had no eys but for S. *Martin*, being blinde to the reſt of the world.

After this firſt Banquet, *Maximus* and the Lady went to the Saint, and beſought him again to take a bad Dinner, which the Empreſs would in private prepare for him with her own hands: and although he in the beginning refuſed, it was impoſſible for him to eſcape from theſe Saint-like invitations. For theſe are ſnares which catch Eagles as well as Sparrows. Needs would the Queen do all offices in this ſecond Feaſt. She plaied the Cook, dreſſed the Dining-room, laid the cloath, gave to the holy man water for his hands, was his Cup-bearer, and waited on him all the time of his meal, ſtanding bolt upright as a ſervant, with her minde intentive on her office. Dinner being ended, ſhe did eat the ſcraps and remainder of the Table, which ſhe preferred before all the Imperial delicacies. Verily we may ſay, women are violent in their affections, and, when once they go the right way, their virtues have no mean. I will not ſeek to penetrate the Ladie's intentions, which I ſuppoſe were very good; but conſidering the proceedings of *Maximus*, there is great cauſe to think he endeavoured by his infinite courtſhip, to charm the nature of S. *Martin*, which to him ſeemed ſome what harſh. Yet the great man, endowed with the ſpirit of propheſie, freely told all which ſhould befal him.

Behold ſome part of the diſpoſition of *Maximus*, which I was willing to preſent on paper, that it might appear of what condition they ordinarily are, who bear arms againſt the obedience due to Kings, who are the lively images of God. The Tyrant began a revolt in *England*, and from that time determined to eſtabliſh the City of *Trier* in *Germany*, as the ſeat of his Empire, and thence to raiſe a pair of wings to fly about the clouds, which were *Italy* and *Spain*. He choſe for his Conſtable, a man very conſtant to his humour, and of great reſolution, who cauſed himſelf to be called the *Good man*, the better to colour the wickedneſs of his Maſter. With this bad Counſellour he endeavoured to ſtir up the ſouldiers, and on every ſide drew the warlike troups to his party. The good Emperour *Gratian* ſpeedily armeth to ſtiffle tyranny in the birth thereof, and in perſon goeth to encounter his Adverſary. He had then very freſhly drawn good ſouldiers from the Kingdom of *Hungary* to his aſſiſtance, of whom he made much account. Others ſeeing that he much eſteemed of them, were ſtung with jealouſie, and grew cold in their Maſter's behalf. The poor Prince being on the point to wage battel, found himſelf careleſly and traiterouſly abandoned by his legions, who daily ſtole away to encreaſe the Army, and ſtrength of *Maximus*.

This black and hideous treaſon much amazed the Emperour, who complained, as the Eagle in the Emblem, that his own feathers gave him the ſtroke of death, ſeeing his ſouldiers, who ſhould have born him on their wings, delivered him to his enemy, through a neglect, which ſhall make the *Roman* hiſtory to bluſh eternally. So that ſeeing there was no ſafety for his perſon, he ſought to regain *Italy* as ſoon as poſſible, accompanied only with a full troup of horſe, conſiſting of about three hundred men.

Maximus well diſcovered, that he would at any price whatſoever have the bloody ſpoyl of his Maſter: for he charged this *Good man* to purſue him with all violence, and not to deſiſt till the prey were in his clutches; which he did, taking horſes with him, who ran like a tempeſt, and could well endure any tedious travel. In the end, he met with the Emperour at *Lyons*, and fearing he might eſcape, bethought himſelf of a miſchievous ſtratagem. For he ſecretly cauſed the Emperour to be informed, the Empreſs his wife was in danger of her perſon, if he ſtayed not ſome while to expect her, becauſe ſhe was reſolved to follow him, thinking no place capable of ſafety or conſolation where her husband was not.

This falſe report much ſoftened the heart of *Gratian*, who was as good a husband as an Emperour; he therefore reſolved to haſten to the Empreſs, though not without evident danger of his life. There is an unſpeakable power in the love of neighbours, which is the cauſe that birds and fiſhes are oft-times voluntarily caught with twigs and nets, not fearing to put their life in danger, where they ſee ſome part of themſelves to be. This Prince, who in the extreameſt diſaſters of his fortune, was full of courage, and flew every where like a flaſh of lightening, to give order to his affairs, at the news that the

Empreſs

Pitiful death of the Emperour *Gratian.*

Empreſs was on her way to follow him, was much terrified; nor was there an object of peril which he framed not in his thoughts: moments ſeemed days unto him, and days as ages. A thouſand fantaſies of affrightment ſummoned his heart in his ſolitude. There was no living for him, if he beheld not his deareſt love in his arms. She was a Princeſs of much merit, daughter of the Emperour *Conſtantius*, born after the death of her father, whom *Gratian* faithfully loved, though he as yet had no iſſue by her.

Socrat lib. 5. cap. 11. Zozom. lib. 7. cap. 13.

The Tyrant underſtanding his game ſucceeded to his wiſh, made a Litter to paſs along much like to that of the Empreſs, and diſpoſed his ambuſhes round about in the way, The Emperour perceiving it afar off, and ſuppoſing his wife *Conſtantia* was in it, ſpurs his horſe, and flieth with thoſe wings which love and joy gave him, being at that time followed by few of his people. The murtherers aſſailed and maſſacred him, but he ſtill ſhewing the courage of a Lion, bare himſelf bravely amongſt Swords and Halbards, leaving the mark of his hand all bloudy on a wall, as S. *Hierom* hath obſerved, and ever having on his lips the name of S. *Ambroſe*. His body, after the ſoul departed, was taken up to be preſented to *Maximus*, as the monument of a faithful aſſaſſinate.

Cruenta manus veſtigia, pariete tni Lugdune teſtantur. Hieron. ep. 3.

O God! who ſhall here be able to cleave a cloud, to read through ſo much darkneſs, and ſo many ſhadows, the ſecrets of your Providence? This poor *Abel* butchered by the hand of a *Cain*, with a cruelty ſo barbarous, a manner ſo perfidious, and a ſucceſs ſo deplorable! A Prince, who ſheltered the whole world under the valour of his arms, forſaken by the moſt truſty ſervants of his houſe! An Emperour moſt religious, ſeparated by death from the aſſiſtances of Altars! A Monarch moſt juſt, given as a prey to injuſtice! One of the beſt Maſters of the earth ſlain by ſervile hands, and uſed like a beaſt among the Halbards, and Courtelaxes of his own Servitours! So many rare qualities as were in him, leave nothing elſe to mortals, but the ſorrow to have loſt him.

A man, who deſerved to have lived Ages, torn from his Throne and life in his eight and twentieth year, after a reign ſo advantagious to the Church, and wiſhful to all the world. O Providence! Muſt he paſs away, as the foam glideth on the face of the water? Muſt he be hail-ſtrucken, as the Crown Imperial, the honour of a Garden, in the height of its beauty? Muſt he wither, as lightening cauſeth pearls in their growth, leaving them inſtead of a ſubſtance, nought elſe but a ſhell? O God! What bloud of *Abels* muſt be ſhed in all ages, to teach us a leſſon, which telleth, the reward of our children conſiſteth not in the favours and proſperities of the world, but that ſeeing in ſuch innocency they are ſo roughly handled, your juſtice hath infallibly diſpoſed them for another life, where they live covered with the purple and glory of your Son, whoſe ſufferings they have imitated.

The poor *Conſtantia* wife of *Gratian*, hearing this lamentable news, was ſeized with overwhelming ſorrow, and as ſoon as ſhe came to her ſelf again, *Ah* Gratian (ſaith ſhe) *my Lord, and dear husband, I have then found an evil worſe then your death, which is, to have been the cauſe of the ſame. Muſt my name be ſo much abuſed? Muſt the love of a creature ſo captive as I am, engage into danger, a life ſo important as yours?*

Ambroſ. in Pſal. 61. *Meminit Gratiani, mors iſta magis eſt peccati fuga, quam mortis detrimentum.*

I began my unhappineſs from the day of my birth, being born after the death of my father Conſtantius, *nature not permitting me to ſee him, who gave me life. That little age I have, hath not ceaſed to be turmoiled with many uncertainties which enforce me to reap thorns in the fortune of* Cæſars, *where the world imagneth Roſes. Tea, I avow (my moſt honoured Lord) that this accident hath outgone all my apprehenſions. For although I figured you mortal as a man, I could not ſuppoſe that he in whom all my charities and hops ſurvived, ſhould be taken from me ſo ſuddenly, in a Fortune ſo eminent, in an Age ſo flouriſhing, with a death ſo unworthy of his goodneſs, not leaving me at the leaſt a ſon in my entrails to be born of me, as his mother; and which is worſe, that I inſtantly muſt (Oh my deareſt* Gratian, *the ſweeteſt amongſt all men living) redeem your bloody body with the price of gold, from the hands of a wretched ſlave. My God, I confeſs I have no ſtrength to bear theſe calamities ſo violent, if you afford it not.*

The news of this death which flew like a fatal bird through all the world, transfixed the hearts of all good men. The little *Valentinian* reſented it beyond his age, ſeeing himſelf deprived of a brother, whom he ſo faithfully had loved. S. *Ambroſe*, though moſt couragious, felt himſelf, as it were, ſurprized with ſorrow and ſadneſs, not being able to unlooſe his tongue to pronounce any funeral Oration. All the Court was infinitely affrighted, as if *Maximus* had already been at the Gates of *Milan* to finiſh the Cataſtrophe of the Tragedy. *Juſtina* the Empreſs, mother of young *Valentinian*, taking the care of affairs for her ſon in minority, inſtantly made her addreſs to S. *Ambroſe*, and beſought him to undertake an Embaſſage, and preſent himſelf before *Maximus*, ſo to divert the ſtream of his arms, which came to pour themſelves on *Italy*, and to demand the body of his Pupil, humbly praying, not to neglect him dead, whom he alive had ſo faithfully ſerved.

The thirteenth SECTION.

The Embaſſage of S. Ambroſe.

OUr great Prelate couragiouſly undertook the buſineſs, fortifying his heart with aſſiſtances of Heaven, to treat with the murtherer of his ſon; for one may well ſay, the love he bare to the dead, equalled that of fathers towards their children.

The acts of his firſt Embaſſage are loſt, although the effect hath been ſufficiently publiſhed. Which was the diverſion of the arms of *Maximus*, ſo much feared by the Empreſs *Juſtina*. But as for the Emperours body, it was impoſſible to gain it from him; for *Maximus* ſaid, he withheld it upon a point of a State, well knowing this ſpectacle would have no other effect, but to exaſperate the memory of what was paſt, and that the ſouldiers through fury might revenge the dead body, much aſhamed they had betraied their living Emperour.

This wicked man inſatiable in his deſires, and perfidious in his promiſes, ſoon repented to have ſigned the peace, complaining that *Ambroſe* had with his fair words caſt him into a ſleep: he was full of impetuous paſſions, and inceſſantly threatened to paſs into *Italy*, nor ſhould any thing hereafter hinder his intentions, which made S. *Ambroſe* enterprize a ſecond Embaſſage at the ſollicitation of the Empreſs *Juſtina*, of whom we have a moſt faithful Narration from the Pen of the Saint himſelf, in an Epiſtle which he wrote to the Emperour *Valentinian*, to yield him an account of his Commiſſion. There he relateth, how being arrived in the City of *Trier*, where *Maximus* had placed his Throne, that he the next morning went to the Palace to ſpeak to him in private. The treacherous man, who with ſo many Legions could not endure the counterbuff of truth delivered by a Biſhop, thinking to ſilence him, ſent one of the Gentlemen of his Chamber to demand if he had any letters from *Valentinian* to deliver him, if ſo, he ſhould receive anſwer; but that he might not ſpeak to the Emperour himſelf, but in full Council. S. *Ambroſe* replieth, that was not the audience, which is uſually given to perſons of his quality: that he had moſt important affairs to handle, which might better be privately expreſſed

preſſed in his Cabinet, then at the Council-table. He prayed the Gentleman of his Chamber, to let him know that his requeſt, which indeed was moſt civil. He did ſo, but brought back no other anſwer, but that he ſhould be heard in Council. The good Biſhop ſaid, that was ſomewhat too far from his profeſſion: but he notwithſtanding would omit nothing of his duty, preferring the memory of the dead, and the affairs of his living Prince, before all the intereſts of his own perſon.

Majeſty of S. *Ambroſe.*

He came then to the Council-table, where *Maximus* ſate on his Throne, who ſeeing S. *Ambroſe*, roſe up to give him the kiſs, according to the cuſtom of that Age. But the Biſhop taking place among the Counſellours, who very honourably invited him to ſit uppermoſt, freely ſaid to *Maximus*; 'I wonder how you offer the kiſs of peace to a man of 'whom you are ignorant, for were I well known 'in the rank I hold, you ſhould not ſee me here. *Maximus* amazed at this liberty, could not ſay ought elſe, but, 'Biſhop you are in choller. S. *Ambroſe* replyeth; I have more ſhame then anger in 'me, to ſee my ſelf in a place where I ſhould not be. 'Notwithſtanding (ſaith *Maximus*) you might 'have learnt the way, having been here once already. It is a double fault in you (replieth the Prelate) to have ſummoned me twice. Thereupon '*Maximus*; Why came you hither? To demand 'peace of you (anſwereth S. *Ambroſe*) which I have 'required as of an inferiour, and you now enforce 'me to ſeek it as from an equal.

The proud man who thought himſelf leſſened, if compared to the Emperour *Valentinian*, was moved at theſe words, and cried out: 'How equal? By 'whoſe favour? By the favour of God (anſwereth 'S. *Ambroſe*) who hath preſerved that Empire in '*Valentinian*, which he gave him. *Maximus* at this word entered into violence. 'It is you (ſaith he) 'that have deceived me, and your goodly Count '*Bauton*, who under pretext to preſerve the Empire for a Childe, made other accommodations for 'himſelf, and for this cauſe is joyned with Barbarians, to invite them to paſs into the Empire. And 'who hath more credit then I, to cauſe them to 'march under my Standards when I liſt? I have 'thouſands under my pay, by whom I can be ſerved 'before all the men in the world; and had you not 'ſtopped the courſe of mine Arms with your goodly Embaſſage, no man living had been able to oppoſe me. He ſpake this with quick flaſhes of choller.

The holy Biſhop coldly anſwered: *It is diſhonourable in you to reproach my Embaſſage, and put your ſelf upon theſe extravagancies. For to whom appertaineth it to defend Widows and Orphans, if not to a Biſhop? That is it, which the law of my Maſter commandeth me.* Judg in favour of the Orphan, and defend the Widow, and deliver the weak from oppreſſion. *Notwithſtanding, I will not give ſo much credit to my Embaſſage, as to perſwade my ſelf it hath ſtaid the courſe of your arms. What ſquadrons have I oppoſed againſt you? What walls? What rocks? Have I ſtopped up the paſſage of the* Alps *with mine own body? By my will could I ſo have done, I ſhould account all your objections as a glory to me. But you your ſelf ſent the Count* Victor, *whom I met at* Mentz, *to treat of peace: wherein hath* Valentinian *deceived you, if he have granted the peace, which you demanded of him? In what hath the Count* Bauton *played falſe with you, unleſs you term it deceit to be faithful to his Maſter? In what have I beguiled you? Was it then when you ſaid, that* Valentinian *need not put me to the trouble of this Embaſſage, but come himſelf in perſon, as a ſon to his father; and that I freely anſwered you, There was no childhood to ſee a Princeſs, widow of a great Emperour, to put her ſelf into the way with her ſon, tender of age, and feeble of body, to paſs the* Alpes *in extremities of Winter: and that as for the childe, whom you deſired only to ſee, the mother ſo much affected him, ſhe could in no ſort ſuffer him to be ſeparated from her. Is not this the anſwer was given to your Embaſſadour in the City of* Milan, *when I was then preſent with you? What deceit finde you in this proceeding? Did I ever promiſe you the coming of the Emperour, and have I failed you in my faith? Have I diverted your Troops? Have I ſtaid your Eagles? Where are thoſe* Barbarians, *which the Count* Bauton *cauſed to paſs into* Italy? *Verily if he who is a ſtranger ſhould have called people of his Nation to the ſuccour of his Maſter, it would be very excuſable; ſince you, who are ſo much intereſſed in the preſervation of the* Romane *Empire, threaten us that you have* Barbarians *under your pay, whom you can make to over-run us when you pleaſe.*

Behold a little, the difference that is between the ſweetneſs of Valentinian, *and your menaces: You are much troubled not to have fallen upon* Italy *with* Barbarian *Legions, and* Valentinian *hath graciouſly diverted the forreign* Gauls, *whom he had invited to his ſervice, whileſt you in the mean time make waſte on the* Grizons, *with your* Barbarians; *he hath bought peace for you with his own money, and you with ingratitude repay him.*

Behold your brother, who is now by your ſide, and you ſhall ſee an irreproachable teſtimonie of the Emperous clemencie. He held in his Province, and hands, that which is moſt dear to you in the world. Every one thought it was reaſon to revenge the aſhes of the Emperour Gratian *upon a near allie of him, who was the author of his death, and yet* Valantinian *upon the news of the aſſaſſinate committed upon his moſt honourable brother, and in the greateſt fervour of his moſt juſt paſſion, hath ſo moderated himſelf, as to ſend him back with honour, whom he might with juſtice have bereft you. Compare your ſelf preſently with him, and make your ſelf Judg in your proper cauſe. He hath reſtored your brother in perfect health: render him his at the leaſt thus dead as he is. Why do you denie him the aſhes of his brother, ſince he hath not refuſed your ſatisfactions, yea to his own prejudice? He hath afforded you a man in like degree of alliance, though in quality much different. He hath granted you one alive; render him one dead to yield him the laſt offices. A* Tartarian *covered with ſand a Pyrate, which he by chance found dead upon the Sea ſhore; and you denie us to bury with our own hands the prime Monarch of the world? You take from a Queen-mother, from a widow-Empreſs, from an orphan-Emperour, the bones of a ſon, a husband, a brother, whom you have deprived of life and Sceptre. The bodies of reprobates are taken down from the Gallouſs, to put them into the arms of their mothers; what hath the body of* Gratian *don to be bereaved after death, of the charities of his Allies? Why do you forbid us tears, which very Tyrants themſelves, who have torn eys out, have never denied to the afflicted? You fear (ſay you) it may exaſperate minds, that is to ſay, you fear a death, which you have cauſed, and which you have unworthily procured, even then, when you might and ought to ſave it by all ways of juſtice and humanity. And tell me not he was your enemie; you were his, but he never yours. For hoſtilitie comes from an uſurper, and defence from a lawful Prince. You do well to juſtifie your ſelf upon this attempt, but there is not a man will believe your juſtifications. Who ſees not you hated his life, whoſe burial you hinder?*

Paulinus addeth, that for concluſion he dealt with him as one excommunicate, and ſeriouſly adviſeth him to expiate the blood he had ſhed, by a ſharp penance.

This liberty of our admirable Prelate amazed all the Council: and *Maximus*, who never thought that a Prieſt in the heart of his State, in the middeſt of his Legions, in the preſence of his Court, could have the courage to tell him, that which he would never endure to hear in his Cabinet, commanded him ſpeedily to depart from the Court. All thoſe who were friends of the holy man, adviſed him to be watchful upon the ambuſhes and treaſon of *Maximus*, who found himſelf much galled, but he full of confidence in God, put himſelf on the way, and wiſhed *Valentinian* to treat no otherwiſe with *Maximus*, but as with a covert enemy, which did afterward appear moſt true. But *Juſtina* the Empreſs, thinking S. *Ambroſe* had been over-violent, ſent upon a third Embaſſage *Domnin*, one of her Counſellours, who, deſirous to ſmooth the affairs with ſervile ſweetneſs, thruſt them upon deſpair of remedy.

The

The fourteenth SECTION.

The perſecution of S. Ambroſe *raiſed by the Empreſs* Juſtina.

WE may well ſay there is ſome Fury, which bewitcheth the ſpirits of men in theſe lamentable innovations of pretended Religions, ſince we behold effects to ariſe which paſs into humane paſſions, not by an ordinary way. Scarcely could *Juſtina* the Empreſs freely breath air, being, as ſhe thought, delivered from the Sword of *Maximus*, which hung over her head, tied to a ſilken thred, when forthwith ſhe diſpoyled her ſelf furiouſly, to perſecute the author of her liberty. O God, what a dangerous beaſt is the ſpirit of a woman, when it is unfurniſhed of reaſon, and armed with power! It is able to create as many monſters in eſſence, as fantaſie can form in painting. *Momus* deſired the ſavage Bull ſhould have eys over his horns, and not horns over his eys. But *Juſtina* at that time had brazen horns to gore a Prelate, having eys neither above, nor beneath, to conſider whom ſhe ſtruck. Authority ſerved as a Sergeant to her paſſion, and the Sword of Monarchs was employed to ſatisfie the deſperate humours of a woman ſurprized with errour, and inebriated with vengeance. Saint *Ambroſe* like a Sun darted rays on her, and ſhe as the *Atlantes*, who draw their bow againſt this bright Star, the heart of the world, ſhot back again Arrows of oblo-
Herod. lib. 4. *Solem orientem execrantur.* quy. As women well inſtructed and zealous in matter of Religion, are powerful to advance the Chriſtian cauſe, ſo when they once have ſucked in any peſtilent doctrine, they are capritious to preſerve their own chymera's. The Miſtreſſes of *Solomon*, after they had cauſed their beauties to be adored, made their Idols to be worſhipped: ſo *Juſtina*, when ſhe had gained credit as the Mother of the Emperour, and Regent in his minority, endeavoured to countenance the *Arian* Sect, wherein ſhe
Sect of *Arians.* was paſſionate, that the Sword of diviſion might paſs through the ſides of her own ſon into the heart of the Empire.

The *Arians* had in the Eaſtern parts been ill intreated under the Empire of *Theodoſius*, and many of them were fled to *Milan* under the conduct of a falſe Biſhop, a *Scythian* by Nation, and named *Auxentius*, as their head, but who for the hatred the people of *Milan* bore to this name of *Auxentius*, cauſed himſelf to be called *Mercurinus*.

He was a crafty and confident man, who having inſinuated himſelf into the opinion of the Empreſs, failed not to procure by all poſſible means, the advancement of his Sect, and did among other things, very impudently demand a Church in the City of *Milan*, for the exerciſe of Arianiſm.

Juſtina an *Arian* demandeth a Church in *Milan*. *Juſtina*, who in her own hands held the ſoul of her ſon *Valentinian* as a ſoft piece of wax, gave it ſuch figure as beſt pleaſed her; and being very cunning, there was not any thing ſo unreaſonable, which ſhe did not ever colour with ſome fair pretext, to dazle the eys of a childe. She declared unto him, that the place ſhe poſſeſſed near his perſon, well deſerved to have a Church in *Milan*, wherein ſhe might ſerve God according to the Religion which ſhe had profeſſed from her younger days, and that it was the good of his State, peacefully to entertain every one in the Religion he ſhould chooſe ſince it was the proceeding of his father *Valentinian*, which ſhe by experience knew had well ſucceeded with him.

To this ſhe added the blandiſhments of a Mother, which ever have much power over a young ſpirit: ſo that the Emperour perſwaded by this *Syren*, ſent to ſeek S. *Ambroſe*, and declared unto him, that for the good of his State, and peace of his people, it was in agitation to accommodate his thrice-honoured Mother, and thoſe of her Sect, with a Church in *Milan*.

At this word S. *Ambroſe* enraged like a Lion, which made it appear he never would yield to the execution of ſuch requeſts. The people of *Milan*, who honoured their Prelate as the lively image of the world's Saviour, when they once perceived that *Valentinian* had ſuddenly called him, and that ſome ill affair was in hand: they left their houſes, and came thundering from all parts to the Palace, wherat *Juſtina* was ſomewhat aſtoniſhed, fearing there was ſome plot in it, and ſo inſtantly commanded the Captain of the Guard to go out and diſperſe the rude multitude, which he did, and preſenting himſelf with the moſt reſolute ſouldiers, he found no armed hands to reſiſt him, but huge troops of people, which ſtretched out their necks and cried aloud, *They would dye for the defence of their Faith, and Paſtour.*

Theſe out-cries proceeding as from men affrighted, terrified the young Emperour, and ſeeing the Captain of his Guards could uſe no other remedy, he beſought S. *Ambroſe* to ſhew himſelf to the people, to mollifie them, and promiſe, that for the buſineſs now treated, which was to allow a Church to the Hereticks, never had thoſe concluſions been decreed, nor would he ever permit them. S. *Ambroſe* appeared, & as ſoon as he began to open his mouth, the people were appeaſed, as if they had been charmed with his words: whereupon the Empreſs grew very jealous, ſeeing with the arms of ſanctity, doctrine, and eloquence, he predominated over this multitude, as the winds over the waves of the Sea.

Strange conference pretended by the Empreſs. A while after to leſſen the great reputation of S. *Ambroſe*, ſhe determined to oppoſe her *Auxentius* againſt him in a publick diſputation: and though ſhe in her own conſcience well underſtood, that he in knowledge was much inferiour to S. *Ambroſe*, notwithſtanding ſhe reputed him impudent enough, and a great talker, to ſtupifie weak judgments. She perſwaded her ſelf, that of two things one would happen, either that Saint *Ambroſe* refuſing diſputation, would leave ſome ſuſpicion of his inability, or, accepting it, engage his authority. This powerful woman, unable to bow Heaven, reſolved to ſtir Hell. She obtained a Mandat from the Emperour her ſon, by which it was enjoyned to S. *Ambroſe*, to be on a day nominated at the Palace, to confer in his preſence upon points of Religion againſt *Auxentius*, on this condition, that Judges ſhould be appointed for both parts, to decide their difference. The Tribune *Dalmatius* was the bearer of this Mandat, who wiſhed S. *Ambroſe* by word of mouth, that he ſhould haſten to name the Judges, which he intended to chooſe for his party: and that *Auxentius* had already nominated his, who were all Pagans, to take away thereby the ſuſpicion which might be framed againſt thoſe of his Sect. He cauſed alſo certain words ſilently to ſlip from him by the ſubtilty of *Juſtina*, by the which he adviſed him handſomly to eſcape, and go whither he thought good, if he would not accept of this challenge. S. *Ambroſe* had a ſtrange horrour upon this Mandat, ſeeing how the cunning of a paſſionate woman, and the impudence of a ſhameleſs Heretick tyrannized over the feeble ſpirit of an Infant, inforcing him to demand this hateful Conference, which ſeemed to be permitted for nothing,

nothing, but to expose the venerable Mysteries of our Religion to the scorn of Pagans. He would by no means go to the Palace to excuse himself, fearing he might seem to transfer a cause meerly Ecclesiastical, to a Prince's Court: but he made a grave answer to the Emperour, which is now extant in his works, where among other things, the *Arians* condemning his refusal, and taxing him of contumacy for giving occasion of jealousie to the Emperour, upon the over-great authority of S. *Ambrose*, he saith:

Lib. 2. ep. 13.

Resolution of S. Ambrose.

SACRED MAJESTY, *He that accuseth my refusal of contumacy, accuseth the law of your father of injustice. He, who was a man most accomplished in arms and great affairs, who signed his faith with the seal of his constancy, and the wisdom of his Counsels by the happiness of his State, ever witnessed both by his words and Edicts, that it appertained to none but Bishops to judge of Bishops. You, who are tender of age, little experienced, nay, a Catechumene in faith, will judge of mysteries, which you have not yet learned. If this seem reasonable unto you, the laitie may hereafter mount into the Chair, and have those for their flock, whom they have had for their Pastours, which can never be don but by perverting the order of this Universe. God forbid I should choose Judges of the laity, to make them either Prevaricatours of faith, or Victims of the vengeance of our enemies. It sufficeth me to leave my life therein, which I so long have consecrated to the defence of the Church, and not engage others in the peril. I hold the faith of the Nicene Council, from which neither the Sword nor death shall ever separate me. I am ready to defend it at the Church, not in the Court, where never had I been, but for you; and whereof I better love not to know the customs, then learn the cunning. As concerning this which I hear, that your Majestie offereth me peaceably to retire where I shall think good; God himself knows with how much endeavour I avoided the burthen, your father himself of glorious memory, laid on my shoulders: Now I cannot with freedom discharge my self in conscience, since the Bishops, my associates, crie out aloud unto me, that it were one and the same crime in my person, either to leave or betray the Altars.*

Justina, much moved with the liberty of these words, complained in her Palace, that among so many Legions, there could not be a man found so faithful, as to deliver her from the importunities of a Priest, promising offices and singular favours in Court, to any that would lead him into exile.

One named *Euthymius* offered himself, who having purposely hired a house near to the Church, provided a Coach well furnished to carry away S. *Ambrose* at his coming from Divine Service; but never was it possible for him to perform his promise, by reason of the great press of the people, which perpetually invironed their Pastour. But much otherwise: this miserable undertaker, the year circumvolving, the same day wheron he resolved to execute his design upon the holy man, after he had shamefully been disgraced, was banished, and carried away in the same Coach he had prepared for S. *Ambrose*; as it is said, *Perillus* Authour of *Phalaris* his Bull, was the first that handselled it: and *Hugh Ambriot*, who caused the Bastille to be built, was the first that went into it in the quality of a Prisoner, there to end his days. Another named *Caligonius*, a Groom of the Chamber to the Emperour, threatened S. *Ambrose* to cut off his head with his own hands; the holy man answered: *If God permit thee to execute what thou sayest, thou will act but what Eunuchs do, and I shall endure that which ordinarily the Bishops suffer.*

Genebrar. Chronic.

Some time after, as if Heaven had fought against the Prelate's enemies, this wicked man, although an Eunuch, being accused of some impurity by a Curtezan, passed the dint of the Sword, which he would have drawn against his Bishop. In the end, the Empress resolved to play out the rest of her Game, and exercise the whole extent of her power. She obtained bloody Edicts, which she her self made to satisfie her own passion. She armed her *Auxentius*, as the instrument of her fury. She caused it to be published aloud, that all Ecclesiasticks, who would not deliver the Church which was in question, should be held as criminals of treason. She caused Squadrons of insolent souldiers to run up and down the streets, and cast terrour into the minds of the most confident. That was the time, when the bruit of peril wherein S. *Ambrose* was, being spred through the City, universally drew all the people to the Church, each one endeavouring to make a bulwark for him of his own body, and never forsake him either day or night. Tribunes and Captains were dispatched to him, who signified the Emperours pleasure, which consisted of three Articles. The first was, he should speedily deliver the holy Vessels, & all the moveables of the Church. The second, he should leave the place questioned, in the Empresse's dispose. The third, that in all hast he must go out of *Milan*, and that he should have free liberty to travel whither he pleased. The Bishop made answer *That those holy Vessels were the inheritance of* Jesus Christ, *and as the Emperour had not abandoned the state of his Ancestours to Tyrants, so* Ambrose *would never betray the patrimony of his Master. Were gold and silver demanded, which were his own properties, he would make no difficultie to afford them; but as for the goods of the Church, they were Sacred pledges which the Emperour had no right to require, nor he to give; Then, for the Church demanded, it was the house of God, which his Predecessours* Dionysius, Eustorgius, Myrocles, *and others had courageously defended and conserved, not to be profaned by* Arians, *but reverenced by Catholicks. Moreover, for that which concerned his banishment, it was a thing now incompatible with his life, for he more feared God, who had given him this charge, then the Emperour who would take it away; and that if* Valentinian *were able to do that which an exorbitant power permitted,* Ambrose *was bent on his part to suffer whatsoever a good Pastour ought to endure for his Flock; yea, should his bodie be torn peace-meal under the Rack of persecution, yet his spirit should remain fast fixed to the Altar.*

The History of the Vine of *Naboth* was then read in the Church, and one part of it, which there passed in figure, was here expressed in verity. The denial of S. *Ambrose* being reported in the Palace, the souldiers had commandment to invade the Church on every side, like a Town besieged. Never was a spectacle beheld more intermingled with terrour and piety. The Church of *Milan* was then as a Tabernacle of the Lord of hosts, which marched between the Battalions, under the conduct of the burning Pillar. There was nothing without but Souldiers, Lances, Pikes, and Swords; within, but Prayers, Sermons, Hymns and Canzonets. One while this admirable Prelate offered Sacrifice at the Altar, with great effusion of tears: then he mounted into the Chair, to incourage and consolate the people; presently he introduced the symphony of Psalms, anon he gave answers to the Emperour's Deputies. He travelled indefatigably, and appeared as another *Judas Machabeus*, sometimes in the head, somtimes in the rear, & sometimes in the midst of the Army. He was in his Church like the Patriarch *Noe* in his Ark, confident in perils, peaceable in tempests, immoveable in all violences conspired to his ruine. The people by his example in the tumult of the whole City, and deluge of roaring waters, were in this Tabernacle of peace, as if they had injoyed the antipasts of Heaven. All were divided by companies to pray and watch, as in Heaven the Quires of Angels.

Strange spectacle.

The good Mother of S. *Augustine* was then by chance in *Milan* very far ingaged in the business, for she was a *Mary*, sister of *Moses*, who served as an example to all other women. At that time it was, when God more and more to comfort his faithful creatures, discovered to S. *Ambrose* the sacred bodies of S. *Gervasius* and *Protasius*, who heretofore had been martyr'd for the faith. When the holy Reliques were seen to be drawn out of Vaults still bloudy, every one was inflamed with an incredible zeal for defence

fence of Religion, much like the Elephants in the book of *Machabees*, who were ſtirred up at the ſight of the juice of grapes. There was nothing but lights, muſical conſorts, exultations, and triumphs.

The miſerable Empreſs, who cauſed all things that paſſed, to be hourly related unto her, was now come to the condition of rage. Nothing was heard in the City but prohibitions, menaces, penalties, chains, and impriſonments. In the end, the Provoſt was ſent to Saint *Ambroſe*, to perſwade him, that he at the leaſt would allow a Church in the ſuburbs, to ſatisfie *Juſtina*, and appeaſe the ſedition. The people prevented his anſwer, and cried out aloud, that could not be done. S. *Ambroſe* ſtretched out his hands, and ſhewed his neck, ſignifying he was ready to receive Fetters and Swords, yea, to be ſacrificed on the Altar, rather then deliver up the Altar. They went to take the Church in the ſuburbs by force: the people ran thither to ſtand upon the defence thereof. The Emperial Enſigns thereon already fixed, in ſign of poſſeſſion, were abuſed, even by little children.

It is a ſtrange thing that Heaven, Earth, and all the Elements, men, and women, great, and ſmall, noble, and ignoble, ranged themſelves on S. *Ambroſe* ſide. Yea, the ſouldiers themſelves who were ſent to take poſſeſſion of the Church where the holy man was, entered therein, which at the beginning gave occaſion of much terrour to the moſt timorous: but they lifting up their peaceable hands, cried out aloud. They were come to pray with the Catholicks, and not exerciſe violence on any man; letting alſo the Emperour know, that the Church belonged to him, as to a Catholick Emperour, there he ſhould pray, there receive favours from above, there be in the Communion of true Chriſtians. If it appertained to Hereticks, it would no longer be a place where the Emperour ſhould feed on the Lamb, which is never eaten but in the true Church. His wicked mother ceaſed not to bewitch his minde, and breath in his ears, that *Ambroſe* aimed at his State: for which cauſe a Commiſſary was diſpatched to the Biſhop, who roundly told him, he only deſired to know one thing of him; Whether he would uſurp the Empire, to the end he might hereafter be treated with-all, as with a Tyrant.

S. *Ambroſe* made anſwer, *That his tyranny was infirmity, and his arms prayers and tears, which made him powerful before God. That heretofore Prieſts had given Kingdoms, but not uſurped them. That there were ſome Emperours, who had deſired Prieſthood, but that Biſhops never had aſpired to Crowns. That Prieſts had often felt the ſword of Tyrants, but Tyrants themſelves had not at anie time ſeen the ſword of Prieſts unſheathed againſt them. Let* Maximus *be aſked, whether he were a Tyrant, for he was very well able to make relation of ſtrange things. His tyrannie was to ſerve the Emperour at the Altar, and to be ſacrificed, if God ſuffer, in ſerving him.*

It well appeared this was to run his head againſt a rock, to think of ſuch an affair. The Emperour fearing to engage his authority any further, by the adviſe of ſome good Counſellours, gently ſtruck ſayl, leaving all matters whole and entire. S. *Ambroſe*, who then in the Church explicated the Hiſtory of *Jonas*, much wondered, how the tempeſt being ceaſed, he in an inſtant came out of the Whale's belly.

The fifthteenth SECTION.

Maximus *paſſeth into* Italy.

YOu need but to caſt a little earth abroad to ſcatter an army of Ants, to break their Oeconomy and ſport, making them rather to think upon flight, then the pleaſure of their pillage. So whil'ſt *Juſtina* with the *Arians* was ſtill employed in riots, and practiſes, how to be revenged on S. *Ambroſe*, making uſe of the innocent ſpirit of her ſon, and authority of the Empire to ſatisfy her revenge, God raiſed an accident which made her think of other matters.

Domnin, her goodly Ambaſſadour, who departed from *Maximus* loaden with preſents and fair words, little thinking thereof, was preſently waited on by an army of the Tyrant, who had in him as much fervour as fire, and more infidelity then ice. So ſuddenly fell he upon *Italy*, that it was a great chance he had not taken the mother and her young ones upon the Neſt. All which the Empreſs *Juſtina* could do, was ſpeedily to ſave her ſelf with her ſons and daughters, to ſet ſayl on the Sea, and paſs to *Theſſalonica*, a City of *Greece*, much renowned, were it but in S. *Paul*'s Epiſtles.

Maximus finding no reſiſtance, flowed like a Torrent over the fair fields of *Italy*, and made furious havock; though to take away the blemiſh of the blood of the Emperour *Gratian*, and to gain the reputation of a good Prince, he ſhewed in the end ſome moderation.

It is verily a miracle of God, that he having been treated with by S. *Ambroſe* with ſo much liberty, as we have ſaid before, & holding ſtill the bloudy ſword in the ruines of *Italy*, in a time when he might have done any thing which his paſſion dictated, he ſo bridled himſelf, that he not only abſtained from wronging the holy Prelate, but for his ſake uſed the whole Territory of *Milan* with the more humanity. It ſeemed, the City of *Milan* under the influences of its Paſtour, had the virtue of thoſe ſacred Forreſts, which tamed Wolves: It tied up the throat of a ravenous Wolf, and made him court his prey. Yet though ſhe were without peril, ſhe was not void of fear, ſeeing ſo many armed troups round about her, and ſmelling the ſmoak of thoſe fires which waſted her neighbours. Then was the time, when the admirable Biſhop acted things likewiſe worthy of his perſon. For, all the Citizens wavering, & almoſt ready to leave the City deſolate, to ſave their lives, he by his eloquence and authority held them back ſo well, that he ſeemed to have enchained them. *This ſcourge* (ſaith he) *proceedeth from our diſorders: let us ceaſe to ſin, and God will give over to afflict us. It is a folly to fly from your country. If you deſire to be ſafe, fly from your ſins. The arms of* Maximus *will have no power over bulwarks of ſanctity.* *Ambroſ. ſerm. 93.* Prudence and Charity of S. *Ambroſe.*

Beſides, as it is ſaid, he is bad, who is good for none but himſelf, the charitable Prelate, not content to conſolate and confirm his own, but ſeeing that all *Italy* was filled with extreme miſeries, not only ſpent all the means which he had to comfort them, but employed therein the very gold and ſilver Veſſels of the Church, for which cauſe the *Arians* ſought occaſion to calumniate him, diſpoſing themſelves to condemn virtues, ſince they could finde no vice to lay hold on.

The holy man anſwered, that which he afterward couched in his offices. *It is the effect of a moſt ardent charity to compaſſionate the miſeries of our neighbours, and to aid them according to our power, yea, above our power. Rather thoſe herein to be accuſed of prodigality, then inhumanity: there is no fault more pardonable, then that of bounty. It is a ſtrange thing to finde men ſo cruel, as to be troubled, when they ſee a man redeemed from death, an honeſt woman delivered from the violence of* Barbarians, *which is worſt then death, or poor forſaken infants, drawn from the contagion of Idols, which they are forced to adore with menaces of death. Let our enemies murmur as long as they pleaſe, but I more affect to keep ſouls for God, then to treaſure up gold.* Office. *lib.* 1. *cap.* 28.

Whileſt all this paſſed in *Italy*, *Theodoſius* came to viſit *Juſtina* and her children at *Theſſalonica*, who failed not to preſent all their complaints, and ſolicite him to undertake the war againſt *Maximus*. But he Enterview of *Theodoſius* and *Juſtina*.

therein at first shewed himself very cold; insomuch that (not to disguise the truth partly touched in *Zosimus*) although *Theodosius* was a very great Captain, as one who arrived to the Empire by his own merit, notwithstanding seeing his fortune now at the height, he was pleased to take the repose and delights of the Court under the shadow of his own palms, and not contest again with any man, fearing the hazard of wars, and the slippery foot of felicity. Moreover *Maximus*, who defied the force of all the world, played the fawning dog before him, and sent expres Ambassadours to draw him to some agreement. This so wrought, that when the offended Empress sounded an alarm, *Theodosius* endeavoured to pacifie her with fair promises and good hopes, saying, Nothing must be precipitated, that *Maximus* would become dutiful; that it was better to give him some bone to gnaw on peaceably, than enkindle a war which would never be extinguished, but with rivers of humane bloud. But the Lady infinitely vexed, pursued this affair with all extremity, and was much displeased to see, that he who held all his advancement from her husband, her self, and her children, shewed some remisness in so urgent a necessity. She bethought her self of an excellent stratagem, which was, to enflame the war with the fire of love. The Emperour *Theodosius* had lost his wife *Placilla*, & was much enclined to a second marriage.

Justina, who heretofore had enjoyed the short tyranny of beauty, making two Emperours *Maximus*, and *Valentinian* the elder, tributary thereunto, was no longer in season to afford that which might easily win *Theodosius*: but she had a daughter, named *Galla*, then in the flower of her age. and a perfect image of the mother; she determined to pierce this man by the arrow of the eye of this Princess, which was most easily done, for she took her along with her, to dissolve this heart of ice; and casting her self at his feet, humbly besought him by the service he heretofore had vowed to the house of great *Valentinian*, by the ruine of her Orphans, and by the blood of poor deceased *Gratian*, whom he had associated in Empire, to take the matter in hand. In the same proportion as she uttered those words with great fervour, the daughter composed her self to weep with a good grace, and even as tears in such persons have a strong spur in them, *Theodosius* beholding her, felt the wound of *Turnus*. when he beheld *Lavinia*, in the like case. He quickly took the Empress and her daughter up, promising all assistance, and from that time plainly discovering that he was powerfully touched. He also failed not in few days to require *Galla* in marriage, which the mother promised him, as soon as she had irrevocably engaged him in the war she pretended. The marriage was hastily enough solemnized, and from the festival Hall they passed into the field of *Mars*. *Maximus*, who saw *Theodosius* entertained his Ambassadours with words, not giving them any absolute answer, much doubted the affair, and bent his whole force upon defence. He did all which humane prudence may, that hath not the eys of God. He set his *Good man*, the furtherer of all his treacheries, to Sea, commanding him to guard the Archi-pelagus with a great Fleet. On the other part, he gave commission to his brother *Marcellinus* to keep passage of the Alps with a strong Army. He himself with the most resolved troups descended into *Sclavonia*, to prevent his enemy.

Theodosius advertised of all this, after he had most particularly invoked the assistance of the God of hosts, he put himself on the way to cast the lot of the world's Empire. Never was their a more prosperous war. It seemed the Angels of Heaven led the Emperour by the hand: and that the blood of *Gratian* so traiterously shed, raised Furies in the Camp of *Maximus*. The encounter of the two Armies was at *Sissia*, where those of the contrary party accounted themselves strong, having the river for bulwark, which separated them from approaches, terrible to their treachery. But the brave souldiers of *Theodosius*, nothing amazed, although already much wearied, and all dusty with the long journey they had taken, laying hold of occasion by the forelock speedily passed the river, and furiously charged the enemy.

These wicked men were so astonished to see themselves surprized by such an action of courage, that so soon as they had taken a view of them, they turned their backs. *Maximus*, hardy for a black mischief, and remiss in a field of battel, shamefully abandoned his Army: instantly the earth was covered with bodies, the river filled with bloud, and good succes reserved a part to the clemency of the Victor. *Theodosius* pursued his fortune, and grapling with *Marcellinus*, who was no abler man then his brother, defeated him, returning now very fresh from the victory he bare away in the first battel. And as at the same time he had notice that *Maximus* was retired into *Aquileia*, he, who desired to cut away the root of war, went thither with his Army to besiege it. The justice of God fought powerfully against this *Cain*, and the time was come, in which with his bloud he must wash the spots of his crime. God, who in punishments holdeth some conformity with the sin, would, that as this miserable creature had stirred the military men against his Prince, he should be betrayed by the same souldiers, in whom he had all his hopes reposed. It is a strange thing, that these people abhorring the wickedness of this man, took, seized, and shamefully dispoyled him of the very habiliments and marks of Emperour, which he had arrogated to himself; then tying and binding him like a Galley-slave, they presented him to *Theodosius*.

Overthrow of *Maximus*.

It was the greatest extremity of unhappiness which might befal him, to say, that in stead of measuring with his dead body the place he should have defended living with his Sword in hand, he was used as a King dis-arrayed, to let him be seen by all the world as a spectacle of infamy.

Theodosius beholding him so humbled, had some pity of him, and reproaching him with his treachery, demanded, who caused him to enterprize this Tragedy? He being a Coward and a flatterer, answered in so humble terms, that he discovered to have had this belief, that his design no whit displeased his Majesty: in other things excusing him self with great submission, and making it appear, he was a true lover of life. He never had so good an opinion of his wickedness, as to hope for an ordinary death, yet seeing the Emperour changed colour, and spake to him in a sweeter tone, he was in some hope to obtain life, when the enraged souldiers haled him, and tore him in pieces: or, as others have written, delivered him to the hang-man, who cut off his head.

His death. *Inter inmitias manus fertur ad mortem* Pacatus.

At the same time *Theodosius* dispatched Count *Arbogastus* to seize on his son, who was a young child, as yet bred under the wing of his mother, whom *Maximus* caused to be called the *Victorious*, and had already declared him *Cæsar*, when suddenly he was taken and massacred, to accompany his father.

The *Good man*, his Admiral, understanding the general discomfiture of affairs, voluntarily drowned himself, preventing the hand of a hang-man which would not have failed him, but all the water in the

Sea

Sea was not sufficient to wash away the stain of his Master's blood from his soul, since the eternal flames never can free it.

Behold the issue of *Maximus*, after the rapine of four or five years. Behold to what the designs of the wicked tend, who under pretext of Religion, seek the advancement of their temporal affairs. Behold to what hypocrisies and goodly humane policies, which make use of God as a mask for their wickedness, are finally reduced. Behold a stroke of thunder, which hath left nothing on earth behinde it, but noise and stench. O beastial and bewitched men, who having so good lessons of the justice of God, written with the bloud and sweat of so many miserable Sacrifices, pursue still the ranks, to be companions of the like misfortunes.

Saint *Ambrose* is much glorified for treating with this man, who deceived so many others, as with one excommunicate, unwilling to be so much as saluted by him, who vowed so many services at his feet; and freely fore-telling the misery should befal him, if he appeased not the celestial vengeance with a sincere repentance.

The sixteenth SECTION.

The affliction of S. Ambrose *upon the death of* Valentinian.

WHosoever hath said, that Scepters are made of glass, Crowns of perfumed thorns, and the ways of great men are all of Ice, bordered with precipices, hath said no less then truth. It is verily a thing most strange, that the golden seelings of Palaces tremble over crowned heads, and that in the heat of feasts, the hand of Heaven visibly on the walls figureth the sentence of their death. In the mean time we desperately love the vanities of the world: nothing is thought on, but to set our foot on men's throats, that we may the more eminently be seen, to draw the blood of this Universe out of its veins, to cement up the ruines, and tye our selves to a miserable world, which daily falleth apieces even in our own hands. The poor *Valentinian* was restored to the Throne by *Theodosius*, after the death of *Maximus*, and had only past three or four years in peaceful tranquility, disposing himself to good, according to the latitude of his own heart, and giving way to be wholly governed by the counsels of Saint *Ambrose*, whom he heretofore had persecuted. When behold him taken away at the age of one and twenty years, by a horrible treason, which did, as it were, mingle his blood with that of his brother *Gratian*.

Arbogastus. The good Prince passed into *France*, being then at *Vienna* near *Lyons*, accompanied by the Count *Arbogastus*, a French-man by Nation, who had lived till then, in singular good reputation, for he was a man of worth, having a wel-composed body, a quick spirit, a generous behaviour, and much practise in the exercise of arms, which had so dignified him, that he held the prime place in the Empire, to the which he had rendered good services. He was very well beloved by the souldiers; for besides his excellent parts, he bare an irreconcilable hatred to avarice and appeared so little curious to enrich himself, that being so great a Captain as he was, he would be Master of no more then an ordinary soldier. This seemed commendable in him, but he was so desperately proud and cholerick, that he would have all things carried according to his own counsels, much offended with the least contradiction, and accounting himself so necessary, that nothing could be done without him.

On the other side, the young Emperour who was jealous of his authority, seeing that through his presumption he took too much upon him, he in all occasion sought to depress him, which the other ill digested: but he, continuing in this arrogant and harsh disposition, *Valentinian* violently moved, did resolve to be rid of him. Behold why one day, as *Arbogastus* approached to his Throne to do him reverence, he looked awry on him, and gave him a Ticket, by which he declared him a man disgraced and deprived of his charge. He furious, as a Dog who biteth the stone thrown at him, after he had read the Ticket, tore it in pieces in the presence of the Emperour through extreme impudency, and cried out aloud: *You gave me not the charge which I hold, nor is it in your power to take it from me.* This he spake, presuming of support from the souldiers, whom he had ever esteemed. From this day forward he ceased not to make his distasts appear, and to bend his spirit to a mischievous revenge.

There was by misfortune at that time in the Court one named *Eugenius*, who was accounted a witty man, but cold and timerous, that heretofore had professed Rhetorick, and acquired a good talent in speaking. *Arbogastus* supposed his own boldness would make an excellent temper with the coldness of this man, and having a long time much confided in him, he made him an Overture to seize on the Empire, which he at first refused. But the other having promised him the death of *Valentinian*, and his Sword for defence, gave consent to a most enormous assassinate.

All men were amazed, that the poor Emperour in a fatal morning was found strangled by the conspiracy of *Eugenius* and *Arbogastus*, aided by the Gentils, who desired nothing but the liberty of Paganism.

This news brought a most sensible affliction upon S. *Ambrose*, for the Emperour was assured, that the Bishop came to *Vienna*, expressly to entreat his return into *Italy*, which having understood, he reckoned up the days, and expected his arrival with unspeakable impatience. But S. *Ambrose*, who would not by importunity thrust himself into unnecessary affairs, as he through charity was unwilling to be wanting in necessary, having understood that the Emperour was daily upon his return, deferred this voyage, which had been most requisite to hinder *Arbogastus*, over whom he had a great power. *Valentinian* advertised of this delay, wrote to him, and earnestly pressed him to come, adding, he meant to receive Baptism at his hands, for he was as yet but a Catechumen. The good Prelate having received the Emperour's Letters, speedily undertook the journey, using all expedition, when at his coming to the Alps, he heard the deplorable death of the poor Prince, which made him return back again, and wash (as he saith) his own steps in his proper tears, most bitterly every moment bemoaning the death of his dearest Pupil.

Manners of *Valentinian.* *Ambrosius de obitu Valent.*

The Providence of God was very manifest in his death, for *Valentinian* was drawn from Empires of the world in a time, when he seemed now fully ripe for Heaven. It is an admirable thing how the direction of S. *Ambrose*, whom in his later days he only affected, had metamorphosed him into another man. In the beginning he was thought to be over-much delighted in journeys and horse-races: he so took away this opinion of him, that he would hardly permit these sports in the great festival entertainments of the Empire. The Gentiles, who made observations on all his life, had nothing to reproach in him, but that he excessively delighted in the slaughter of

savage beasts, whom he caused to be taken and fed for his pleasure, saying, it diverted him from cares of the Empire. He, to satisfie all the world, caused instantly all those creatures to be killed, and disposed himself to attend the affairs of his Council with so good judgment, and so great resolution, that he seemed a *Daniel* in the midst of the Assembly of Elders. These envious people having watched him so far, as to observe him at the table, objected, he anticipated the hour of his repast; yet he so addicted himself to abstinence, that he was seen in feasts rather seemingly then effectually to eat: for sometimes in entertaining others he fasted, tempering devotion and charity with a singular discretion. Finally, to give testimony of his infinite chastity, it was told him there was in *Rome* a female Comedian, endowed with a singular beauty, having attractives which ravished all the Nobility. This understood, he deputeth one expresly to bring her to the Court: but they being passionately in love with her, corrupted the messenger, so that he returned without doing any thing. The Emperour re-chargeth, and commandeth, that she with all expedition should be brought. It was so done, but she coming to the Court, the most chast Emperour would not so much as only see her, but instantly sent her back again, saying, That if he being a condition which gave him the means to satisfie all his pleasures, and in an Age which ordinarily useth to be very slippery in matter of vice, and which is more, not married, abstained from unlawful loves: his subjects might well do somewhat by his example. Never servant (saith S. *Ambrose*) was more in the power of his Master, then the body of this Prince was under command of the soul, nor ever Censor more diligently examined the actions of others, then he his own.

Though all these dispositions infinitely much comforted the holy Prelate, and namely, the desire he expressed to receive Baptism two days before his death, asking every instant, if Bishop *Ambrose* were come: notwithstanding his heart was transfixed to see him taken away in a time, when he went about to make himself most necessary for all the world. His death was generally bemoaned by all men, and there was not any, nay, not his enemies, which for him poured not out their tears.

It is said, that *Galla* his sister, wife of the Emperour *Theodosius*, at the news of his death, filled the Court with inconsolable lamentations, and died in Child-bed, which came by excess of grief; for which *Theodosius* was pitifully afflicted.

The other sisters of the Prince, who were at *Milan*, ceased not to dissolve into tears before the eys of S. *Ambrose*, who had no word more effectual to comfort them, then the assurance that his faith and zeal had purified him, and the demand he made of Baptism had consecrated him, to the end they should no longer be in pain with the ease of his soul.

The good Bishop took a most particular care of his obsequies and burial; where he made a Funeral Oration, found yet among his Works. In the end remembring his two Pupils: *Go* (saith he) *O you most happie, gone as you are out of the desert of this world, dwell now in the everlasting delights of God, united in heaven, as you have been on earth. If my prayers have any force before God, I will not let a day pass of my life, that I remember you not: I will not make a prayer, wherein I insert not the names of my dearest Pupils,* Gratian *and* Valentinian. *In the silence of the night the apple of mine eys shall be waking and full of tears for you, and as often as I approach to Altar, my sacrifices shall mount to heaven in the odours of sweetness. By my will (dearest Children) if I could have given my life for yours, I should have found consolation for all my sorrowes.* Then turning himself to his Sisters, those mournful Turtles, whom this good Prince had so passionately loved, that in consideration of them, he deferred his own marriage, fearing lest the love of a wife might diminish his charity towards them, the good Bishop thus spake unto them: *My holy daughters, I will not bereave you of tears; this were to be over ignorant in the resentments of your hearts. I wish that you bewail your brother, but bemoan him not as lost, he shall live more then ever in your eys, in your breasts, in your hearts in your embracements, in your kisses, in your memorie, in your praiers; nor shall any thing draw him from your thoughts: but you ought now to consider him with a quite other visage, not as a man mortal, for whom you were ever in fear, but as, an Angel in whom you dread nothing: An Angel, who will assist, comfort, and hold you day and night in his protection.*

S. *Ambrose* speaketh to the souls of his two pupils.

The seventeenth SECTION.

The tyranny of Eugenius, *and notable liberty of* S. Ambrose.

IN the mean while *Eugenius*, drawn from the Schole to the Throne of Monarchs, to serve as a specious Game for the fortune of the times, changeth his Ferula into a Scepter, and makes himself an Emperour, like the ice of one night. The faithless man, who had been a Christian, shutting up his eys then from all consideration of piety, and only opening them to the lustre of this unexpected greatness, made himself an arm of Tow, forsaking the direction of God, to support in humane policy. He put all his hope in the sword of *Arbogastus*, and counsel of *Flavianus*, a Gentleman of prime quality, and much versed in judicial Astrology, who promised him a golden fortune, if he would leave Christian Religion, to re-advance the worship of false gods, towards which *Eugenius*, blinded with his presumption, discovered great inclinations.

He chose the City of *Milan*, to begin the web of his wicked purposes, where S. *Ambrose* did not desire him, not through fear of his arms, but for the horrour he had conceived of his Sacriledges. The false Emperour failed not to write to the holy Bishop to require his friendship, which he would make use of to support his authority: but holy *Ambrose* shewed so generous a contempt of his Letters, that he deigned not so much as to make answer, until such time, that being informed how *Eugenius* under-hand favoured the Sect of Pagans, having already allowed them this Altar of *Victory*, for which so many battels had been fought, he wrote to him a most couragious Letter; where, not touching his election, nor affairs of State, as then not well known, he reprehended him for his impiety, and said among other things:

Epist. Ambros. ad Eugenium.

I saw the retreat, which I made from Milan, *not attending you, to the fear of God, which shall perpetually be the rule of my actions. The grace of our Saviour shall ever be more precious with me, then that of Cæsars, nor will I at any time flatter a man to betray my conscience. I wrong no person, if I render to God that which is due to him; and I profit all men, when I conceal not a truth from great-ones. I understand you have granted to Pagans that which constantly hath been denied by Catholick Emperours. God knoweth all the secrets of your heart. It is a very ill busines, if you unwilling to be beguiled by men, think to deceive God, who seeth all that is to be done, even to nothing. The Gentiles, who so much have importuned you to satisfie their passion, taught you to be urgent to make a good refusal if that which you cannot give, but with committing Sacriledge. I am no Controller of your liberalities, but an interpreter of your faith. Give of your treasures what ever you think good; I envie no man: but you shall not give any thing of the rights of God which I will not resist with the utmost extent of my power. You make a good matter to present offerings to Jesus Christ; you will finde few that make account of these dissimulations; every man hereafter will regard not what you do, but what you have a will to do. As for my part, I enter not now into consideration of your estate, but if you be true Emperour, you will begin with the service of the divine Majestie: This must which I cannot hide from you, because my life and flatterie are two things incompatible.*

As

As for the reſt, the Emperour *Theodoſius* ſeeing the tyranny of *Eugenius* in a readineſs, well foreſaw, neceſſity muſt needs put arms into his hands to be managed with piety. Whileſt the infamous *Eugenius* made ſlaughter of beaſts, amuſing himſelf on the conſideration of their entrails from thence to judge the events of war, the brave *Theodoſius* proſtrated himſelf before the Altars of the living God, covered with hair-cloath, imploring the aſſiſtance of Saints for his ſuccour, and all the prayers of ſouls the moſt purified, which at that time lived within Monaſteries. He departed from *Conſtantinople* with theſe aids, cauſing the Standard of the Croſs to march before him. *Eugenius* was already encamped on the Alps to hinder the paſſage of his adverſary, and had in a manner covered them with Statues of falſe gods, as of *Jupiter* and *Hercules*, ſo beaſtial was this man.

Theodoſius maketh the Court holy.

The Emperour ſeeing he needs muſt fight, commanded *Gaynes*, Colonel of the *Goths*, who led the Van-guard, to break the trenches of his enemies, which he quickly did: but they being yet very freſh, and having a notable advantage of place taken by them, ſuſtained the firſt aſſault with much reſolution, and infinite loſs on the Emperour's part; for it is thought that *Gaynes*, who was a valiant Captain in his own perſon, yet too wilfully opinionative to force this paſſage of the Alps, loſt there about ten thouſand men, which were killed like flies: ſo that needs a retreat muſt be made, very ſhamefull for *Theodoſius* his Army.

Eugenius, whoſe head was not made for a Diadem, thinking the whole buſineſs ended after ſo great a ſlaughter of his enemies, was ſo puffed up with this ſucceſs, that he rather thought how to glorifie his victory, then foreſee his defence. The ſage Emperour on the other ſide, ſeeing his Army grown very thin, and the courage of his ſouldiers wavering, more ſtedfaſtly made his addreſs to God. He was ſeen upon the top of a Rock proſtrate on the earth, and crying aloud, *My God, you know that I in the name of your Son enterprized this war and have oppoſed the arms of the Croſs againſt Infidelitie. If in me there reſt any blame, I beſeech you to revenge my ſins on my culpable head, and not abandon the cauſe of Religion, leſt we become a reproach to Infidels.*

Remarkable piety of Theodoſius.

The ſame night God for his aſſurance ſhewed him a viſion of two Apoſtles, S. *John* and S. *Philip*, who ſhould be, as indeed they were, the Conductours of his Legions. The next morning about break of day, he ranged his forces in battel-array, and charged *Eugenius*, not as yet throughly freed from his drunken proſperity: and when he ſaw that thoſe who had the Van-guard proceeded therein ſomewhat fearfully, remembring themſelves of the uſage of their companions, he did an act of admirable confidence, for he alighted from his horſe, and marching on foot in the head of his Army, cryed out; *Where is the God of* Theodoſius? At this word, the aid of Heaven was ſo propitious, that a furious whirlwind was raiſed, which perſecuted the enemies of *Theodoſius*, caſting a huge cloud of duſt into their eys, and returning all their own darts back to their proper faces, in ſuch ſort, that as it is confeſſed by *Claudian*, a very obſtinate Pagan, it ſeemed the good Emperour that day had the winds and tempeſts at command, and that he had nothing to do, but to give the word to make them obedient to his Standards. Heaven fought for its beloved *Theodoſius*, and all the powers of the air were in arms to favour his victory. The ſouldiers at this inſtant were all changed, ſo much hope had they in their hearts, and fire in their Courages.

Victory of Theodoſius over Eugenius. Ambroſ. in orationi funebri Theodoſii.

Bacurius, one of the Emperour's greateſt Captains, with his inflamed Legions brake through the ranks, penetrated the ſtrongeſt reſiſtances, and gained the Alps. *Eugenius* his people dejected as men fallen from the clouds, could not ſufficiently admire this alteration. The diſcreeteſt amongſt them diſpoſed themſelves to treat of peace, crying aloud, that never would they bear arms againſt a man, who had the air and winds in his pay.

Theodoſius fortified them with his clemency: all diſpoſitions by a moſt remarkable miracle of God, who exerciſeth his power as well over hearts as winds, were changed in an inſtant, and that which is admirable, the moſt faithful to *Eugenius* promiſed the Emperour to put him into his hands, which they performed; for they went to take this miſerable man, who ſate in his Throne entertaining his goodly imaginations, and crying; *Bring him alive*, (ſpeaking of *Theodoſius*) when they laying hold of his collar, and moſt ſhamefully binding his hands: *It is you* (ſaid they) *we muſt bring alive to* Theodoſius, *and that inſtantly*. They truſſed him up like a beaſt aſtoniſhed, and preſented him to the Emperour, who having reproached him in preſence of all the world for his impiety and treachery, cauſed him preſently to be put to death, to make an end of his imaginary Empire.

The wicked *Arbogaſtus* who had at other times been ſo happy, when he followed the counſels of S. *Ambroſe*, ſeeing the ill ſucceſs of his deſigns, became ſo enraged, that himſelf thruſt two Swords through his own body, being not able to endure life nor light, which ſeemed to upbraid him with his crimes.

Some hold that *Flavianus* died in the throng, that he might not ſurvive his own ſhame: others think he eſcaped, and that *Theodoſius* extended his ordinary clemency to him.

Briefly behold the courſe of the tyranny of *Eugenius*, ſtill more and more to verifie the Oracles of S. *Ambroſe*. The Emperour came to *Milan*, where he caſt himſelf at the feet of the holy Biſhop, attributing theſe victories to his wiſdom, counſels, and virtue of his prayers.

The eighteenth SECTION.

The differences of S. Ambroſe *with the Emperour* Theodoſius, *and his death.*

PHiloſophers ſay, there are four things which divert thunder; to wit, wind, rain, noiſe, and the light of the Sun. And behold a thunder-clap arreſted by S. *Ambroſe*, with the wind of his mouth, the holy rain of his eloquence, the noiſe of his voice, and reſplendent light of his moſt unſpotted life.

Theodoſius verily was a great Prince, but as it is ſo difficult to be on earth, and not participate of earth, as that the Moon being diſtant by ſo many thouſand leagues, yet ſeemeth to bear the marks thereof on the forehead; ſo it is very hard to be in Court, and not to reſent the manners of the Court, and ſouls eſteemed the moſt temperate, not to have ſome blemiſhes appear on the face. This brave Emperour was naturally enclined to choler, which was enkindled by the breath of thoſe who converſed with him, nouriſhing himſelf with the food of over-much credulity. For this cauſe he had two great conteſtations with S. *Ambroſe*, which eminently manifeſted the authority of the holy Biſhop.

The one was for a Synagogue of *Jews*, the other for the murder committed at *Theſſalonica*. The matter for the *Jews* was, for that one of their Synagogues was burnt in the Eaſt at the ſolicitation of a Biſhop, with which *Theodoſius* was offended, as if it had imported much prejudice to his Edicts, cauſed a careful Inquiſition to be made, and adjudged the good Biſhop, who was ſaid to be the Author of this fire,

Synagogue burned.

fire, to rebuild the Synagogue, now turned to cinders. Saint *Ambroſe*, although he had a peaceable ſpirit, and that he in his Dioceſs had never undertaken the like, avoiding popular commotions as much as he might, which ever tranſport affairs into ſome exceſs; yet could he not tolerate the rigours uſed againſt Chriſtians, on this pretended injury, but he very ſharply wrote thereof to *Theodoſius*, as it appeareth by the letter which is yet found among his Works; ſome words whereof behold:

Ambroſ. Epiſt. 17. lib. 2.

My life paſſeth away in many cares, wherein I am engaged by obligation of my charge: but I muſt avow that I never reſented any thing more lively, then to ſee my ſelf as it were accuſed of Sacriledge before your Majeſtie. I beſeech you patiently to hearken to me; for if I be unworthie to be heard by you, I cannot be heard of God for you. You do wrong to commit your praiers and vows to me, to be carried to Altars: if you denie me the audience of your ears, you declare me by the ſame ſentence unworthie to bear your complaints to the ears of the living God. It is not a thing to be done by a good Emperour to take away the liberty of ſpeech, nor for a good Biſhop to conceal a veritie contrary to his conſcience. All that which Monarchs have in them moſt amiable, is, to love libertie, even in the tongues of the Souldiers; but by a much ſtronger reaſon, ought they to cheriſh it in the mouths of Biſhops. There hath ever been a notable difference between good and evil Princes, which cauſeth that the one deſires the libertie of their ſubjects, and the other love nothing ſo much in them as ſlaverie. God commandeth us to bear his word to the face of Kings and not to be aſhamed of juſtice. I do not intrude through importunitie, but preſent my ſelf of dutie. That which I do, I do for your good, and in conſideration of your ſafetie. If I derive not the effect which I pretend, yet even will I better love to be by your Majeſtie eſteemed troubleſom, then unprofitable or infamous. You have commanded enquiries ſhould be made of thoſe who have burnt the Synagogue of the Jews, to inflict puniſhment, and that the Biſhop by whoſe ſolicitation this fire hath been kindled, ſhould be condemned to re-edifie the waſted buildings. What have you done (O Emperour) in impoſing ſuch a command, which by neceſſitie will make of a Biſhop, either a Prevaricatour or a Martyr; although neither the one, nor other be proper for your time? I deſire a Biſhop may be found ſo fervent as to burn a Synagogue of the Jews; and for that cauſe you have deputed for him a Commiſſarie, to the end, that if he obey your commands, he ſhould betray his own law; and if he reſiſt, make you to do that which the Neroes and Domitians have acted. Behold to what this affair will come, if you take not heed. For my part, I propoſe to my ſelf, that the Biſhop will rather encline to matter of Martyrdom, then of treaſon: he will ſay that he hath ſtirred up the people, ſounded the alarm, taken the flaming fire-brands in hand, and that he will expoſe himſelf for his whole flock. O happie lie, which ſhall ſerve others for abſolution, and him for a Crown! But what need is there to enquire into the abſent? Behold me preſent, behold me avowing the act. I publiſh, and proteſt, if needs you will have it ſo, I my ſelf burned this Synagogue now in queſtion, that there might no longer be a place where Jeſus Chriſt *ſhould be denied. And do not tell me, that I have not burned any in mine own Dioceſs; Heaven hath done it for me, Heaven hath prevented the negligence, which I then thought to be reaſonable. And if men have in it ſeconded the will of Heaven, would you ſend one of your Counts to puniſh them, and re-build the Synagogue of the Jews at my charge, that ſo the hand of a Captain which carrieth the Standard of the Croſs, may not henceforth bear them, untill he hath been defiled with a Sacriledge intended againſt the Croſs of* Chriſt?

We have heretofore ſeen on the front of the Temple of Idols, how they have been built of the ſpoils of Cimbrians, *but we ſhall hereafter read over the Portal of Synagogues, that they were made with the blood of Chriſtians by the commandment of a Chriſtian Emperour. The* Jews *paſſionately deſire to ſee Chriſtians at the Chain, and they ſhall finde a Chriſtian Emperour, miniſter of their furies. You will make them triumph over the Church of God, you will cauſe them to put our tears and afflictions among their days of Feſtivals, and the victories they will gain upon us, with thoſe they have had from the* Amorrheans *and* Cananeans.

Grave words of S. Ambroſe.

He purſued this ſubject with great vigour of ſtrong reaſons, and good words, and ſeeing the Emperour made no reckoning of this adviſe given him in particular, he failed not, according to promiſe, to ſpeak of it in publick, in a Sermon he made of the waking-rod of *Jeremie*; where deſcending upon the hiſtory of *Nathan*, who reproach'd *David* for his ſin, by conſideration of the benefits he had received from God, he made a long apoſtrophe to the Emperour *Theodoſius*, to him applying the word of God: *I have then made the Emperour of a private man, I have ſubjected barbarous Nations to thee, I have afforded thee iſſue to ſucceed in thy Empires, I have given the peace, I have put thine enemies fettered into thy hands, I have opened Land and Seas to thy Legions, I have ſheltered thee under the buckler of my protection, I have confounded the counſels of thy adverſaries, to make thy enterprizes proſperous, I have rendered thee dreadful to people, marking thee on the forehead with the rays of my Majeſtie, that thou mayeſt re-edifie the Synagogues of the* Jews.

He ſpake many things in the like terms, with ſo much lightning, thunder, and tempeſt, that *Theodoſius* was wholly amazed, nor could ſay any thing elſe to him coming from the Pulpit; but: *Biſhop you have preached to me to day. Sacred Majeſty* (anſwereth S. *Ambroſe*) *it is for your good. It is true* (replieth the Emperour) *I did ill to give this command. And for that* (ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*) *I will not go to the Altar to offer the pledge of our ſalvation for you, till you have revoked this Edict. I from this preſent revoke it,* ſaith *Theodoſius. On this aſſurance which you give* (anſwereth the Biſhop) *I will offer ſacrifices.*

As for the other conteſtation of Saint *Ambroſe* with *Theodoſius*, which was concerning the murther of the *Theſſalonians*, of one part the matter is ſo notorious, that it needeth no declaration, but on the other it is ſo important, that it were a crime to let it paſs under ſilence.

The *Theſſalonians* in a popular commotion, ſlew one of the Emperour's Captains, who had cauſed a Coach-man to be impriſoned. The news reported at Court, incenſed all men of arms, who think wearing Swords, they have right over the blood of people. *Theodoſius* could do no otherwiſe but ſhew himſelf offended with this death: For the Emperours then thought the Souldiers were as neceſſary for their fortunes, as feathers for Birds. As the thunder already roared in the cloud, and the thunder-ſtroke of the Imperial Eagle menaced the miſerable City, tainted with this murther, S. *Ambroſe* came thither very fitly, who much ſweetened the affairs, and wholly diſpoſed the Emperour to clemency. But as it is the wind which worketh all the miſchief on the Sea, this element being of its own nature very peaceful, ſo they are ill officers, who often cauſe thoſe diſturbances which happen in the lives of Great men, their good natures very frequently affording them inclinations to ſweetneſs. Theſe Captains which poſſeſſed the ears of the Emperour, ceaſed not to breath and murmur ſo ſtrongly, that after the departure of S. *Ambroſe*, they raiſed fire and tempeſt. *Theodoſius* giveth freedom to the ſouldiers, for the revenge they were to exerciſe upon the City of *Theſſalonica*: they who were willing to drown all their paſſion in blood, bethought themſelves of a wicked and barbarous invention, putting the poor people into a large publick place encloſed with rails, commonly called the *Circus*, where ordinarily games were preſented, divulging they had an admirable ſpectacle to ſhew, for entertainment of the Burgeſſes of the City. Curioſity of its nature is ever credulous, and he that hath the image of pleaſure in his head, regardeth the bayt, not conſidering the hook. Theſe unfortunate men ran by heaps to take place in the morning very early; they were entertained in the beginning with certain fopperies, which they beheld with much ſatisfaction, clapping their hands at every word, and crying, *Vivat Rex*, when behold from the rayls where tournaments were expected, horſ-men covered with ſteel were ſeen to iſſue out, with Sword in hand, who ſet upon this multitude encloſed as in a pit-fall, and made a lamentable ſlaughter of theſe ſilly ſheep.

Maſſacre of *Theſſalonica.*

The

The bloud ſtreaming among ſo many out-cries and horrible images of death, was a hideous ſpectacle, even to thoſe who were out of danger. As a coal enkindled, ever gaineth more and more, eating out his way, it was not known whether any reſiſtance redoubled this fury, but going out of the compaſs of the *Circus*, they ran all the City over, in ſuch ſort, that in the ſpace of three hours, there were numbred about 7000 bodies ſlain in the Market-place.

O you Great-ones, whom God hath ſet over the heads of men the higher, to behold the images of your own miſery, and not to cruſh and rent them in pieces: what Ocean will ſuffice to waſh your mouths when to content a vanity of ſpirit, you let words fall, which carry along with them the maſſacre of mortals? The Sea is leſs furious, a Thunder-clap leſs dreadful, the gall of Dragons, and poyſon which ſwelleth up the neck of Aſpicks, is much more tollerable then an inconſiderate word proceeding from the mouth of a Great-man, which unloſeth the hands to violence, and ſhuts them up to juſtice. In three hours, behold a poor City deveſted of Citizens, and peopled with dead bodies, become a deſert Iſland encompaſſed with a river of bloud: ſo many women calling upon their husbands, and ſo many little children crying for their fathers among the dead, who had voice no longer to anſwer.

Theodoſius never to himſelf propoſed this miſchief, but his word falling into the hands of men of war fleſhed in revenge, could by no means be recalled.

When S. *Ambroſe*, being in the company of other Biſhops, heard the news of this pitiful Tragedy, it drew ſobs from his heart, and tears from his eys. The Emperour tormented in his conſcience, cauſed ſecretly the opinion of the good Biſhop to be ſounded, and inſtantly knew that he, who in matters of much lighter importance had not ſpared him, would handle him in this action according to his demerit. Whereupon he immediately by letter denounced him excommunicate, and that if he came to *Milan*, he could not otherwiſe entertain him, but as one excommunicate: his ſin having reduced him to that ſtate, that the very ſight of Altars would be a crime, unleſs he reſolved upon a perfect penance.

Theodoſius in this matter well diſcovered his mind was good. Some other, beholding himſelf in condition of a power to diſturb the Church, would have reſiſted the Rod with moody extravagancies, and imperious menaces; or admit he would have taken more temperate ways, had ſought the means of diſpenſation from the ordinary rigours of a publick penance, for reverence due to his perſon: but this good Emperour, knowing his malady, ſtood in need of a good Phyſician, made choice of the moſt ſevere, and never had any reſt in his ſoul till he ſaw Saint *Ambroſe*; much better loving to be reprehended by him, then flattered by another. He came to *Milan*, and taking the ready way to the Church, the holy Biſhop cauſed ſpeedily all the Gates to be ſhut, and went out of the circuit of the ſacred place to encounter him, and at the firſt meeting, ſpake to him in this manner:

Brave words of S. *Ambroſe* to *Theodoſius*.

It is not credible, Oh Emperour, that you as yet know the enormity of the murther you have committed. As choller at that time blinded you, ſo now the opinion of your greatneſs and rays of your Diadem dazel your eys; yet ought you not to reflect on the earth from whence you were extracted, and to which you muſt return? It is fit you think the purple which covers your body cannot defend you from putrifiaction and wormes. The ſtate wherein you then ſhall be, ought to ſerve for a counterpoiſe to the elevation of that, which at this time tranſporteth you out of your ſelf. You command over men, who are of the like nature with your ſelf, who are derived from the ſame Elements, who have equalled you in birth, and ſhall alſo Parall. ll you in a Tomb. God hath made you man, and Emperour, to uſe them as men and ſubjects; and they by your commandment are worſe treated then the moſt ſavage Beaſts.

With what eys pretended you to behold the Church of the living God, who is your ſovereign Maſter? Have you any other then thoſe, which are poiſoned with the gall of your anger? With what feet will you touch theſe Marbles, which are not made but for the feet of the faithful? Shall it be with them, which go upon ſlaughters? What hands will you extend to Altars? Have you any other then thoſe, which yet diſtil the blood of thoſe unfortunate Victimes? Dare you with thoſe hands to take the body of the Son of God? Dare you to lift his blood to that mouth, which hath denounced the ſentence of this Maſſacre? Retire, retire, add not crime to crime. Take about your neck the yoak of penance, which is the only remedy of your evils.

Theodoſius amazed at this liberty, made no other anſwer, but that *David* had been a great ſinner as well as he; but ſo ſoon as he opened his mouth, the Biſhop replieth: *Well then, ſince you ſpeak of* David, *imitate him in his penance, as you have in his ſin.*

Thereupon the Emperour departed, and went to his Palace, touched with an amazed grief, where he endeavoured punctually to perform the works of penance impoſed upon him by the holy Prelate. He already had paſſed out eight months in this eſtate: when the feaſt of *Chriſtmas* being come, he fetched many deep ſighs, & ſhed abundance of tears, bitterly deploring his condition, for which cauſe *Ruffinus*, who was at that time the chief favourite of *Theodoſius*, & after that cut in pieces under the reign of his children, perceiving it, asked him the cauſe of this unmeaſurable ſorrow. Then *Theodoſius* redoubling his ſobs: *Ah* Ruffinus, *you are merry* (ſaith he) *and ſee not where the evil woundeth me. Have I not cauſe to bemoan my miſhap with bitter tears, ſeeing the Altars, made even for Slaves and Beggars, cannot endure me, and needs muſt I be cut off, as a rotten member, from the ſociety of men and Angels? For I am not ignorant, that what is bound on earth by the mouth of Prieſts, ſhall be bound in Heaven.*

Ruffinus, who then thought himſelf as ſtrong as Heaven, ſaid; *If there were nothing elſe but that, which afflicted the Emperour's mind, he would quickly afford a remedy.* Theodoſius replieth: *You know not Biſhop* Ambroſe: *but I know, neither thy credit nor induſtry can ought avail me.* *Ruffinus* notwithſtanding inſiſted, proteſting he would inſtantly perſwade the Biſhop what ever he pleaſed. He failed not to finde out the Biſhop, but the Saint gave him a very ſharp reprehenſion, adviſing him rather to dreſs his own wounds, then intercede for others; for he partly underſtood, that he had a hand in this fatal counſel. *Ruffinus* notwithſtanding plyed it all he could, and endeavoured to charm this man with fair words, ſaying finally for concluſion, he would immediately accompany the Emperour to the Church. S. *Ambroſe* who was ever very ſerious, anſwered; *If he come thither as a Tyrant, I will ſtretch out my neck: but if in quality of a Chriſtian Emperour, I am reſolved to forbid him entrance.* *Ruffinus* well ſaw the Biſhop was inflexible, and went in haſt to adviſe the Emperour, not yet on this day, to hazard his approach to the Church. He found him on his way, as a man diſtracted, that had the Arrow in his heart, and haſtened for remedy: and he ſaying, he had dealt with the Biſhop; *It is no matter* (ſaith Theodoſius) *let him do with me what he pleaſe, but I am reſolved to reconcile my ſelf to the Church.*

S. *Ambroſe* adverti ſed that *Theodoſius* came, went out, and expected him at the door of a little Cell, ſeparated from the body of the Church, where ordinarily ſalutations were made. Then perceiving him environed with his Captains, *Come you, oh Emperour,* (ſaith he) *to force us? No* (ſaith *Theodoſius I come in the qualitie of a moſt humble ſervant, and beſeech you, that imitating the mercy of the Maſter whom you ſerve, you would unlooſe my fetters; otherwiſe my life will fail. What penance* (replieth the holy man)

Ædicula jaculatoria.

man) *have you done for the expiation of so great a sin? It is* (answereth *Theodosius*) *for you to appoint it, and me to perform it.*

Then was the time, when to correct the precipitation of the Edict made against the *Thessalonians*, he commanded him to suspend the execution of the sentence of death for the space of thirty days: after which, having brought him into the Church, the faithful Emperour prayed, not standing on his feet, nor kneeling, but prostrated all along on the pavement, which he watered with his tears, tearing his hair, and pitifully pronouncing this Versicle of *David*: *My soul is fastened to the pavement, quicken me according to thy word.*

Psal. 118. *Adhæsit pavimento anima mea, vivifica me secundum verbum tuum.*

When the time of Oblation was come, he modestly lifted up himself, having his eys still bathed with tears, and so went to present his Offering, then stayed within those rayls, which separated the Priests from the Laity, attending in the same place to hear the rest of Mass. S. *Ambrose* asked him, who set him there, and whether he wanted any thing? The Emperour answered, He attended the holy Communion: of which the sage Prelate being advertised, he sent one of his chief Deacons which served at the Altar, to let him understand that the Quire was the place of Priests, and not of the Laicks: that he instantly should go out to rank himself in his order, adding, the Purple might well make Emperours, not Priests. *Theodosius* obeyed, and answered, that what he had done, was not on purpose, but that such was the custom of the Church of *Constantinople*. Yea, it is also remarkable, that returning afterward into the East, and hearing Mass at *Constantinople*, on a very solemn festival day, after he had presented his offering, he went out of the Quire, whereat the Patriarch *Nectarius* amazed, asked him, why his Majesty retired in that manner? He sighing, answered: 'I in the end have learned to my cost, the difference 'between an Emperour, and a Bishop? To conclude, 'I have found a Master of truth, and to tell you 'mine opinion, I do acknowledge amongst Bishops, 'but one *Ambrose* worthy of that title.

Behold an incomparable authority, which was as the rays of his great virtue and sanctity, from whence distilled all that force and vigour, which he had in treating with all men.

I imagine I hitherto have exposed the principal actions of S. *Ambrose* to the bright splendour of the day, and so to have ordered them, that all sorts of conditions may therein finde matter of instruction. It hath not been my intention to distend them by way of Annals, but historical discourses, proper to perswade virtue. So likewise have I not been willing to charge this paper with other particular narrations, which may be read in *Paulinus*, *Sozomen*, *Ruffinus*, and which have exactly been sought out by Cardinal *Baronius*, suitable to this purpose. I conclude, after I have told you what *Paulinus* his Secretary witnesseth, he writing by him a little before his death, saw a globe of fire, which encompassed his head, and in the end entered into his mouth, making an admirable brightness reflect on his face, which held him so rapt, that whilest this vision continued, it was impossible for him to write one word of those which S. *Ambrose* dictated.

Death of S. *Ambrose*.

As for the rest, having attained the threescore and fourth year of his age, he was accounted as the Oracle of the world; for they came from the utmost bounds of the earth to hear his wisdom, as unto *Solomon*, and after the death of *Theodosius*, *Stilicon*, who governed all, held the presence of S. *Ambrose* so necessary, that he esteemed all the glory of the *Roman* Empire was tied to the life of this holy Prelate. In effect, when on the day of holy Saturday, after his receiving the Communion he had sweetly rendered up his soul, as *Moses* by the mouth of God: a huge deluge of evils over-flowed *Italy*, which seemed not to be stayed but by the prayers of this Saint. Let us (I beseech you) pass over his death in the manner of the Scripture, which speaketh but one word of the end of so many great personages: and let us never talk of death in a subject, wholly replenished with immortality.

Oh what a life, what a death, to have born Bees in his first birth on his lips, and at his death globes of light in his mouth! What a life, to be framed from his tender age, as a *Samuel* for the Tabernacle, not knowing he was designed for the Tabernacle! What a life, to preserve himself in the corruption of the world, in a most undefiled chastity, as a fountain of fresh water in midst of the Sea! What a life, to arrive to honours and dignities in flying them, and to have enobled all his charges by the integrity of his manners! What a life, not to have taught any virtue before he practised it, and to become first learned in examples, before he shewed himself eloquent in words! What a life, so to have governed a Church, that it seemed a copy of Heaven, and an eternal pattern of virtues! What a life to have born on his shoulders the glory of Christendom, and all the moveables of the house of God! What a life, to have so many times trampled the head of Dragons under foot, and rendered himself the Oracle of the world, and the Doctour of Monarchs! And what a death, to dye as in a field, with Palms planted by his hand, manured by his industry, and watched his sweats!

What a death, to have built himself before his death, a Tomb stuffed with precious stones of so many goodly virtues! What a death, which hath made it known that S. *Ambrose* was born for all the world and could not die without the tears of all the world; since as every one had his interests in the life of this Prelate, so he found in his death the subject of his sorrow! What a death, to dye with these words in his mouth: *I am neither ashamed to have lived, nor fear to dye, because we have a good Master*! What a death, to return to Heaven as the Dove of the Deluge to his Ark, bearing words of peace, as an Olive-branch in his mouth! What a death, to see vice trodden under his feet, Heaven all in Crowns over his head, men in admiration, the Angels in joy, the Arms of God laden with recompences for his merits.

Prelates, who please your selves with Miters and Croziers, would to God this incomparable man, as he is the Ornament of your Order, might be ever the model of your actions. And if your dignities make you be as Mountains of *Sinai*, wholly in lights, flames, and thunder-strokes; let the innocency of your life, render you (by his imitation) Mountains of *Libanus*, to bear the whiteness of Snow in the purity of your conversation, the odour of Incense in your Sacrifices and Devotions, and Fountains in the Doctrines and Charities you shall distribute to the whole world.

THE

THE SOULDIER.

TO

SOULDIERS.

O Brave and couragious Nobility, whose Anceſtours have fixed the Standards of the Croſs upon the Land of Infidels, and cemented Monarchies with their blood; to you it is I addreſs theſe Lines, for you it is my Pen laboureth, excited with a generous deſign it hath to honour your Profeſſion. Here it is, where I preſent the true figures of Valour: Here I diſplay the Palms and Crowns, which environed the Head of your Fathers. Here I do reſtore the value of fair and glorious Actions, reſerved for your imitation. Enter with a firm footing and a confident courage into this Temple of Glory; perſwading your ſelves that there is nothing ſo great in the world, as to tread falſe greatneſs under foot, and deifie Virtues. Worldly honour is the Feaſt of gods, ſaid an Ancient, where the ambitious are not invited, but in quality of IXIONS *and* TANTALUSSES, *to ſerve there as Buffons: but that which conſiſteth in Valour, joyned to integrity of Manners, ought to be the Object of your Affections, the Recompence of your Labours, and Trophey of your Memory. Reflect only with a favourable eye on this poor Endeavour which I conſecrate to your benefit, and afford by your Virtues effect to my Prayers, and accompliſhment to my Writings.*

THE SOULDIER.

The firſt SECTION.

The excellency of Warlike Virtue.

IF the profeſſion of Arms were as well managed, as it is excellent and neceſſary in civil life, we could not have eys enough to behold it, nor tongues ſufficient to praiſe it: and although our ſpirit ſhould arrive to the higheſt top of admiration, it would ever finde wonders in this ſubject, not to be attained.

God of Hoſts. We ſeem to hear the Scripture ſpeak, that God himſelf affecteth the glory of Arms, when he cauſeth himſelf to be ſurnamed the God of Hoſts, and when the Prophets repreſent him unto us in a fiery Chariot, all invironed with burning Legions, at which time the pillars of Heaven tremble under his feet, the Rocks are rent, Abyſſes frown, and all the Creatures of the Univerſe ſhake under the inſupportable ſplendour of his Majeſty. In effect, this great Monarch of Heaven and Earth ceaſeth not to make war; and if we will conſider his proceedings, we ſhall finde it is more then fifty Ages, ſince he hath laid ſiege to a rebellious City, which hath for Ditches, Abyſſes of Iniquity; for Walls and Rampires, obſtinacy: for Towers and Bulwarks, Mountains of pride; for Arms, reſiſtance againſt Divine Inſpirations: for Artillery, tumult and inſolency: for Houſes, Dens of hypocriſie: for Palaces, labyrinths of diſſimulation: for Tribunal, and Bar, Impiety: for Temple, proper will: for Idol, ſelf-love; for Captain, blindneſs: for Souldiers, exorbitant paſſions; for counſel, folly: and for conſtancy, perverſe opinion.

Town beſieged by God.

The hurt of man. This City in a word, is the heart of man, againſt which God daily wageth war, to give us liberty by our captivity, advancement by our fall, greatneſs by our abaſing, and life by death, which maketh us dye to all dead things, to live for immortality. God would that we fight by his example, not only with ſpiritual arms, but ſometimes with material: and it is a thing very conſiderable, that *Abraham* the firſt Father of all the faithful, was a Warriour; ſince S. *Ambroſe* reckoning up all his titles, according to the Scripture, ſheweth, he was a good Religious man, a good Juſtice, a good Captain, a good Hoaſt, and a good Husband. Yea, alſo it is a paſſage much more admirable to ſay, what *Clemens Alexandrinus* hath obſerved, that the firſt Army of the Faithful which ever was, marched, not thinking thereon, under the figure of the Croſs, and the name of Saviour, although it were about two thouſand years before the birth of the Meſſias.

Ambroſe Offic. lib. 1. cap. 24. Fide primus, juſtitiâ præcipuus, in prælio ſtrenuus, in victoriâ non avarus, domi hoſpitalis, uxori fœdulus.

The fourteen Capter of *Geneſis* teacheth us, that nine Kings came into the field with their troups, to fight, four againſt five. Thoſe of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* were there in perſon, who like effeminate Princes turned their back at the firſt encounter, and in flying fell into pits of ſulphure. Their defeat gave leiſure to the Enemy to pillage all the Country: where poor *Lot*, the Nephew of *Abraham* was taken, having by miſhap, choſen his habitation in a Territory, fertile in wealth and iniquities.

The news coming to the ears of *Abraham*, he ſpeedily armed his houſhold-ſervants, who were to the number of three hundred and eighteen, and with Shepherds aſſaulted Kings, whom he valorouſly vanquiſhed, bringing back his kinſman, and all the

booty which his enemies had taken. Behold the first battel renowned in Scripture, where this brave Doctour of *Alexandria*, before alledged, very well subtilizeth, and saith, that the number of *Abrahams* souldiers is represented by three *Greek* letters T. J. H. whereof the first signifieth the Cross, and the other two the name of Saviour, God being desirous so to consecrate the first arms of believers by the Mysteries of his Greatness, to declare, that the warfare which is well managed, is his work and glory.

Warriours suns.

Likewise we do not finde that the name of Sun hath been given in holy Writ to a living man with so much lustre and applause, as to a souldier, and the best of souldiers: I speak of *Sampson*, which is so much as to say, *Sun* in our language; where it seemeth the Scripture leadeth us by the hand, to make us acknowledg, that military profession, which is under good direction, so much excelleth the ordinary vocations of men, as doth the Sun the Stars. For letters, yea, eloquence and arts, which are set out with so much lustre in the estimation of men, are covered under the wings of military virtue, as very well the *Roman* Oratour hath acknowledged. We do not read that ever the Sun stood still to hear the graceful words of an eloquent tongue, nor to behold the Theatres and Amphitheatres of the *Romans*, nor the *Olympick* games of *Grecians* nor all the other objects of admiration, which are in the industrie of men: but we do well know from the oracle of truth, that this great Star, admired by all the world, immoveably stayed, as charmed by the voice of a souldier, the illustrious *Josuah*, at that time, when he acted so many brave feats of arms; as if it would admire his prowess, and enlighten his conquests.

The greatness and excellency of a brave Captain.

And what is there also more admirable in the world, then to see a man covered with steel, who curvetteth on a generous horse, and hasteth, his head bowed, to throw himself through the battallions, all bristled with launces and swords, through so many musket-shots, so many hail-showers of iron and so many dreadful images of death, which he as freely defieth, as if he were immortal, and as little spareth life, as if he had a hundred to loose? What a spectacle to behold him in a furious conflict, like a thunder-bolt in the cloud, which forceth his prison, and breaks all resistance, flying upon wings of fire, and the whirling roar of thunder, to shake the height of rocks? What an affrightment to see him in another posture, scaling a wal, all beset with arms and terrours, and hastening into danger with the same pace and visage, as another to a feast? What support and what consolation for poor people (whom injustice and hostility would butcher, as sheep ordained to slaughter) to perceive a brave captain, with a flying squadron, dissevering the malignity of those forces, conspired to the ruine of innocents, and by the splendour of his arms changing all the storms into calms?

O what a beauty is it to receive wounds in those combates, from whence floweth more glory then blood! O what greatness to reap palms in midst of so many thorns! O what a felicity to behold his battels attended by so many laurels, congratulations, and applauses of the people, preserved by this military virtue! How can all be in this profession but glorious, seeing death it self, the terrible of terribles, sheweth a face all smiling to those, who are buried in their valour, as in the true tomb of honour?

The delight of history to praise Captains.

(a) 1 Mac. 13.

It seemeth holy Histories do likewise describe these great Captains with some delight, when they make them march in the war. So they tell us (a) of *Judas Machabæus*, who having put on his arms appeared like a Gyant, and that he in the battel was seen like a roaring Lion, seeking out his prey. So they describe in the second of Kings (b) the prowess of *David*, and other valiant men, who flourished in this time with most particular Elogies. So they depaint unto us in a very admirable manner the strength and stratagems of *Gedeon* against the *Midianites*.

Induis se lorica sicut Gigas, similis fastus est leoni in operibus suis, & sicut catulus leonis rugientis in venatione.

(b) 2 Reg. 23.

Valour is matter of astonishment, which transporteth all men both great and small, wittie and dull, to honour its qualities. *Aristotle*, the politest judgement which hath been in former Ages, so much wondereth at this warlick force, though far distant from his profession, that he composed an excellent Hymn in praise of it, which is yet to be found in *Diogenes Laertius*: Where he calleth it a virtue most painful for mortals, but the fairest ornament of Civil life: A virtue, which hath such attractive beauty, that the most generous hearts seek for death with strife to enjoy the lustre of its glory. If then this valour have such attraction, considered onely within the limits of nature, how will it be, if once advanced by the assistance of grace and virtues, which take all that is harsh from it, to make it shine with rays of a true and happy majesty? Is there any thing more lovely in the whole world, then to see a valorous souldier furnished with qualities of piety, prudence, justice, liberality, goodness, honesty, and with all other graces, which are in a sweet disposition, as stars sown in the azure of celestial globes?

Oh Nobility, if you knew your own excellency, and could conform your life to your dignity, what lustre and support would you afford to Christendom? It was the faith of a souldier, and of a souldier issued from Paganism, which the mouth of the living God hath exalted above all the piety of the *Israelites*, when he so highly commended the *Centurion* of the Gospel, for acknowledging the Saviour had as much power over maladies and things insensible, as an absolute Captain over his souldiers. It was a souldier, whom Saint *Peter* by the revelation of the Angel did first of all consecrate to faith, as the first fruits of Gentilism. They are warriours which so often repleniſh our Martyrologies with their names, our memories with their veneration, and mouths with prayers offered up to them. These hearts have at all times been capable to receive seeds of most noble virtues, and now adays they are suffered to putrifie in neglect, ordure, and bruitishness. Oh Nobility, deceive not your selves in the acknowledgment of the badges of your profession, nor flatter your selves under a false mask of valour. I will here represent to you the Palace of military virtue, and shew the way you must walk in, to arrive thither, not suffering your selves to be seduced by chimerical fantasies and illusions of greatness, onely big-swoln with smoak, and which when they have promised to make mountains, produce nothing but rats and vermine.

The second SECTION.

The enterance into the Palace of valour, and the illusions of Salmoneans *and* Rodomonts.

THe ingenious *Delben*, who hath composed all *Aristotles* moral Philosophie in excellent Tables, figureth unto us at the entry into the Palace of valour, an enraged Mistress, called *Audacious-ness*, which seduceth an infinit number of *Salmoneans* or *Rodomonts*, under colour of virtue. It is true,

true, ſhe is dumb in this piece of painting, but I reſolve to ſhew her full of life in this Treatiſe, and diſcover to you the ſlie practiſes and damnable maxims, which ſhe makes uſe of to deceive the ſpirits of this Age; to the end, that the knowledge of the evil may with more facility furniſh us for application of remedies.

S. *Iſidorus de conflictu vitiorum & virtutum.*

Suffer me here, O Reader, to imitate the great S. *Iſidore*, who the more natively to repreſent the horrour of vices, makes them diſpute againſt virtues, putting into their mouthes all their lewd maxims. Afford me the liberty, that I may manifeſt the diſorders, which are at this day in the corrupt Nobility, by the mouth of a *Rabſaces*, the wicked Souldier, who undertaketh to give precepts to youth, and dictate moſt pernicious counſels, which ſhall afterward be refuted by the Chriſtian ſouldier.

Note and behold the damnable precepts of Rabſaces, *the falſe Souldier, which contain a true Satyre of the manners of the depraved Nobilitie.*

IMagine to your ſelf, that this dangerous Maſter goes before the Nobility, which ſeeketh after the glory of Arms, and that he taketh by the hand a young man, whom he ſees apt for his impreſſions, & ſheweth him, in ſtead of the true manſion of fortitude, a Palace all of winde, built upon quick-ſilver, where Palms and Laurels grow like the fruits of *Sodom*, which flie into aſhes when we think to touch them. Thereupon he thus diſcourſeth with him, wherein you ſhall too well know the manners and inclinations predominant in the petty *Salmoneans* of this Age.

Sir, behold you are in the Palace of valour, and I am he whom you ſearch for, I purpoſely preſent my ſelf before you, to receive you with open arms, and dictate precepts from my lips, which ſhall make you to equal the glory of *Caſars* and *Alexanders*.

I affirm the time hath been when brave ſouldiers took the ſword from the Altar, to employ it for the honour of Altars, and lived in the exerciſe of Arms, as in the Temple of the God of hoſts: but theſe kind of actions are more found in antient Hiſtories, then in the manners of men that live at this preſent. If thou wilt be a ſouldier of the time, I wiſh the to become a petty *Cyclop*, and know very little what God or Religion is, but to ſwear by the one, and profane the other. I ſhould fear leaſt this devotion may not ſoften thy courage, which is eſteemed at this day not to be of temper good enough, if it have not much impiety. Thy oaths ſhall be thy Sacraments; thy myſteries, the cabal of the wicked; the table, thy Altar; the diſhes, thy Sacrifices; and thou ſhalt account thy ſword, as a Deity, which thou ſhalt bear hanging at thy girdle, without further ſearch. If needs thou muſt for ceremonie go to Church, paſs along as if thou went'ſt to a dancing, free from apprehenſion of the Divine Majeſty, for that may make thee melancholy: and when thou art there, without any diſtinction of profane or ſacred, diſpoſe thy ſelf to laugh and jeer upon all occaſions which are preſented: for indeed we muſt pleaſantly paſs away this little ill time. Thou ſhalt ſet thy ſelf into divers poſtures which ſhall favour much of a jugler, to keep the decorum of men of thy condition, and if there be nothing to be talked on nor jeſt to be broken, at leaſt thou ſhalt turn thy head one every ſide, and make thy eys and thoughts hunt after objects which may pleaſe the ſenſe. I well know, that all this (taken according to the model of antient piety) is held for a great ſacriledge: but thou art very capable of it; and if thy countenance deceive me not, thou wilt never be one of thoſe ſcrupulous ones, who think the Churches are made for nothing but prayer.

First diſorder of the Nobility. Great impiety.

Life bruitiſh and infamous.

Thou ſhalt learn in good time to lie, ſwear, forſwear, ſlander, and blaſpheme: for it is very ordinary Rhetorick in the mouth of our *Salmoneans*. Go not about to ſearch into old Hiſtories, as *Charles* the Eight, who hewed through the Alps, conquered the Kingdom of *Naples*, and made *Conſtantinople* with its *Ottomans* to tremble with the onely ſhadow of his name, yet durſt not ſo much as ſwear by his faith. We are no longer in ſuch kind of times; men now are ſo accuſtomed to lie, that needs muſt oaths mount by degrees up to the clouds to aſſure a truth, although with extream ſwearing it is taken for a lie. And were there no other reaſon of ſwearing but to make an able man, ſince thou canſt not be valiant with thy arm, cut through confidently with thy tongue.

2. Diſorder, The tongue of blaſphemy and calumny.

Let brags and Rodomontadoes never drie in thy mouth, no more then water in huge rivers. If thou wilt have one of the greateſt virtues of the times, thou muſt be froward and peeviſh, and ſpeak of nothing but duels, of challenges, and aſſignments of the place; and as ſoon as thou ſhalt hear ſome ſpeech of any man of valour, thou muſt ſay, thou much deſireſt one day to ſee him with ſword in hand, and that thou haſt heretofore ſeen others, over whom thou hadſt great advantage. Swear in good earneſt, that ſuch a one hath done the wrong: but that thou wilt evict reparation from him, ſealed with his blood: diſpute, ſwagger, tell tales, make quarrels ariſe about a pins point, preſs to be a ſecond to this man, and that man, but ever engage others, and as nimbly as thou canſt draw thy pin back again from the game. Believe me, the whol myſtery conſiſteth onely in ſetting a good face on't. If thou canſt counterfeit wounds, as Hereticks falſe miracles, thou ſhalt not do much amiſs. For all valour now adays bendeth that way. It ſufficeth, it be ſaid, thou art a man to kill or be killed bravely. It is true, that antiently ſome duels were permitted in time of war, enemy againſt enemy, and executed in the view and preſence of Captains of both parts, who beheld them with much ſolemnity. So the brave *Chevalier Bayard*, the eie and arm of *French* warfare, ſlew *Alphonſus* de *Sotomayor*, a *Spaniard*, in the field of battel, before the eys of both Armies, who beheld this ſpectacle. This made the ſouldier very confident to enter into liſts with military laws in preſence of his Captain, againſt an adverſary of another Nation. Where ſhall we now adays find the like valour? Of neceſſity night, private places, and ugly corners muſt be ſought out, to fight a duel: yea, I leave thee to conſider what a goodly ſpectacle it would be, if one from a Theatre might behold the countenance of theſe *Rodomonts*, moſt violent in words, you ſhould ſee them tremble, wax pale, quake, be amazed, trouble, and in the end be ſlain, like wretched ſwine; but this is not honeſt, we therefore muſt find out ſome ſcarff to cover the cowardiſe of theſe clandeſtine combats.

3. Diſorder, The abomination of duels.

The more a man is ignoble, cowardous, or unhappy, ſo much the more ought he ſeek out ſuch kind of duels: I ſay ignoble, though I am not ignorant it hath heretofore been the trade of ſlaves, but opinion hath made it now a way for Gentlemen. Behold why thoſe, who find themſelves to be of baſe extraction, do the more fervently ſeek out ſuch occaſions, as if they ſhould thereby blot out their ignominie. I ſay cowardous, for it is to become confi-

dent in a baſe buſineſs, where Lackies and Butchers may be Maſters. I ſay unhappy, for it is the means to conſummate his miſery, without having many witneſſes: needs muſt the deſperate finde ſome gate to eſcape from life, as would enraged beaſts from a liſt, by leaping over the rails. In the end, when thou ſhalt die in this combat, thou haſt nothing to looſe, but a wicked ſoul. And though thou art moſt wretchedly ſlain, our *Salmoneans* will ſay, thou diedſt in the bed of honour, and that ſufficeth to be valiant to the world.

4. Diſorder, Tyranny in war.

When thou art in the war, thou ſhalt be a kind of *Barbarian*, in ſuch ſort, that the Peaſants ſhall take thee to be more then an Army of *Hunnes* or *Tartars*. If thou haſte any command, thou ſhalt march all puffed up with vain-glory, and make thy ſelf known by the diſaſters of the poor. If thou be called on, to put thy hand to thy purſe, thou ſhalt pay thy hoſteſs with threats, and thy ſouldiers with impunity of crimes. Thou ſhalt endeavour to lengthen out the war as long as thou canſt, and if thou couldeſt kill peace it ſelf it ſhould ſuffer, tranſfixed through the body with thy ſword, as the greateſt enemy of worthy actions. Thou ſhalt not hazard thy ſelf to go much among muſket-ſhots, unleſs thoſe muskets be charged with powder of Cypreſs, as an Authour of this time hath told us, where piſtolets were ſhot in ſtead of bullets.

5. Diſorder, Impunitie moſt diſſolute.

Trouble not thy ſelf to number up thy wounds; thou ſhalt ever more eaſily reckon them then thy crimes. As for that which concerneth the vice of impurity, I ordain no more limits to thy luſt, then health to thy reaſon. Heretofore men affected to become better, and a young Cavalier, who made love to a Ladie by the lawful ways of an honeſt marriage, ſhewed himſelf virtuous to be beloved, ſuch correſpondence was there then between love and virtue: men always endeavoured to lodge their affections in a good place, to become honeſt by the imitation of their loves, which is the moſt pleaſing way that may be found to innocency. All was treated with ſo much honour, that the leaſt ſpot of blame was apprehended much more then death: at this day matters go not ſo. If thou wilt follow the courſe of times, and the proceedings of *Salmoneans*, thy pleaſures ſhall be without order, as thy concupiſcence without meaſure: thou ſhalt make a Trophey of diſhonour, nor ſhalt thou have other ſcope in thy love, then vice; nor other means, but thoſe which thy bruitiſhneſs ſhall provide thee. Thou ſhalt make no difference between the bed of married, and that of virgins and women proſtitute; and when thou haſt ſeduced an unhappy maid, thou ſhalt vaunt it, as if thou hadſt gained a Citie.

6. Diſorder, Perpetual wickneſs.

For this purpoſe it is fit thou entertaineſt bravery, thy belly, and game, for theſe will be the furies moſt familiar to thy humour: thou ſhalt take the moſt coſtly ſtuffs out of the ſhops of Merchants, to cover the ſtench with gold and ſcarlet, and thou ſhalt hold all the beſt Artiſans in breath to ſerve thee. When thou muſt pay thy debts, thou ſhalt revenge benefits by force of injuries, and cloſe up thy infidelity with all ſorts of ingratitude. If thou haſt ſubjects, thou ſhalt uſe them like ſlaves, and govern them with all rigour, exerciſing violence on their bodies, and rapine on their goods: one ſhall feed thy dogs, the other thy horſes, the other thy ſervants, which ordinarily are petty *Tartarians*, whoſe inſolency foſtered by the Maſters and Lords, doth all which may be expected from a ſervil ſoul, that hath authority in its hands; yea, thou ſhalt endeavour to make good men believe, that what thou haſt done, is for their preſervation; as was ſaid to the poor ſhep-heard, from whom the ſacrifices of *Hercules* had more ſheep then would have ſerved an Army of wolves. Thy table, notwithſtanding the tears and neceſſities of the publick, ſhall ever be abundant in delicacies, and for thy recreation, thou ſhalt play thy gold with a ful hand, although it be the blood of ſo many men, to whom thou art beholden. Thou ſhalt be the chicken of the white hen; and needs muſt the riches of the wealthy, the induſtry of trades-men, the virtues of innocent, even hunger it ſelf, and the miſeries of the moſt wretched, be tributaries to thy riots.

7. Diſorder, Barbarouſneſs in government of thoſe under you.

1. Diſorder, Perfidiouſneſs.

Abominable manners.

I wiſh, that exteriourly thou appear with an open viſage, a ſmiling countenance, a very honeſt deportment; but be thou inwardly full of cauteries, and be thy heart always repleniſhed with more ſtains, then the moſt ſpotted skin of a Panther. Thou ſhalt ſell thy ſoul to ambition, and to advance thy fortune, ſhalt neither hearken to God, Angel, conſcience, nor virtue: thou ſhalt have no regard to the perſon either of father, mother, brother or ſiſter, but the meaſure of all thy amities ſhall be thy own intereſts. Thou muſt not think any thing unjuſt, when it ſhall be for thy own accommodation, nor be thou ſcrupulous in matter of conſcience; of what ſide ſoever profit accrew, it hath ever a good ſaviour. Thou ſhalt, to ſuit with the time, bear a minde more black then the abyſs; and to ruin an innocent, ſhalt not ſpare ſuch treacheries and treaſons as have heretofore been accounted moſt horrible: but the cuſtom of the age, which is ſo naturalized in vice, cauſeth that we now grow familiar with monſters. Thou ſhalt raiſe again out of all, if thou canſt; and let there not be a vice, that yields thee not tribute. Thy words ſhall be full of cunning, thy cunning of promiſes, and thy promiſes of winde. Finally, thou ſhalt live in Chriſtianity, as a *Janizary* at the Porta of the great Turk; and for recompence, when thou ſhalt end thy days, which cannot laſt very long, thou ſhalt directly go to the Paradiſe of *Mahomet*, with thoſe great lights, *Sardanapalus*, *Epicurus*, *Bajazet*, and *Selymus*.

Behold the infamous and pernicious diſcourſe, which this wicked Maſter held with this young man: wherein you may obſerve a true Satyre of the lives of many, who entitle themſelves Noble, although their manners are far worſe then theſe my words, and that the imagination of a writer cannot ſo much feign, but they in their profane actions will expreſs much more. Let us now behold the Palace of true Valour, and take an antidote againſt the poiſons of the times.

The third SECTION.

The Temple of Valour, and ſage Precepts, given by the Chriſtian Souldier, to refute the manners of theſe times. And firſt, that Piety helpeth Valour.

THe Souldier perſuing his way, entereth into the Temple of Valour, where, according to the excellent conceits of the painter before mentioned, he beholdeth on the frontiſpiece of the Palace a goodly tower of Chriſtal, adorned with lights, as the Globe of glaſs, in which the *Perſians* heretofore bare the image of the Sun: or elſe by the imitation of that huge Pharos of *Alexandria*, which enlightened the ſea on all ſides, to guide veſſels to a ſafe haven. This was expreſly ſet downe to ſignifie the great and divine lights of wiſdom, which are

in

in a true Christian valour. This Palace seemed wholly built of Rocks, of the colour of Iron, streamed with little veins of bloud, which well shewed it was purposely done, to represent the invincible courage of the Pupils of this virtue. The Halls were all hanged with prowess and victories: and instead of columnes, it had great Statues of the most valorous men of the world, who flourished in the revolution of so many Ages. Valour bare sway within it, sitting, not on Gilly-flowers, or Roses, but encompassed with thorns and sufferings, ever armed, and still with Sword in hand, with which it cut off an infinite number of monsters, and chased away all *Salmoneans* from its house.

In this Palace was the brave *Eleazar*, who, as soon as he from far perceived this young Souldier, he caused him to draw near, and speak to him in these terms:

Son, I doubt not but you found at the entrance into my lodging a wicked Sorcerer, who hath by the ear empoysoned you: It is necessary you cleanse it, to make your self capable of the singular precepts of valour and wisdom, which I am now presently to afford you, seeing you for this cause are come hither into my Palace. It hath been told you, that to be a good souldier, you must become a little *Cyclop*, without any feeling of God, or Religion: for devotion were but to weaken your warlike humours. Those who have said this unto you, have told nothing new. It is an old song, which they have drawn out of *Machiavel*, who thinking to make a Prince, have made a wilde beast, and yet would perswade us it was a man: but those that believe it, are such only as bear their eys on their heels. Let us not serve our selves with this Philosophy of flesh, which maketh valour and devotion, as two things incompatible. Verily I go not about to require of you an affected, enforced, and ceremonious piety, that is out of the limits of your profession. I would have you a Souldier, and not a Monk: but assure you the prime virtue of art military, is to have good thoughts, and pure beliefs touching the Divinity; then to practice suitableness thereto by offices and exteriour actions of piety.

Refutation of the first disorder.

Piety the first virtue of a Souldier.

When I speak this, I am so strong in reasons, that I dare take our enemies themselves for Judges. Behold the subtile *Machiavel*, who upon the Decades of *Titus Livius*, sheweth Religion is an admirable instrument of all great actions, and that the *Romans* made use thereof to establish their City, pursue their enterprizes, and pacifie tumults and seditions, which rose in the revolution of State. Because it was (said he) more conscience to offend God then men, believing his power surpassed all humane things. So we see, that all those who would form, cherish, or advance a State, although they had no true Religion in their souls, have taken pretexts, as *Lycurgus*, *Numa*, *Sertorius*, *Ismael* the *Persian*, and *Mahomet*. I demand of you thereupon (my souldier) if by the testimony of this man, who hath made himself our adversary, false beliefs have had so much power upon minds, that they have rendred them more docible to virtue, more obedient to Sovereignty, more adventrous to undertake things difficult, more patient to tollerate matters displeasing, more couragious to surmount those which make opposition: if, I say, the sole imagination of a false Divinity, accounted to punish misdeeds and recompence valour with a temporal salary, was powerful enough to make Legions fly, all covered with iron, through so many perils; must we not say by the confession of our very enemy, that a true Religion, as ours is, which promiseth so many rewards to virtue, and punishments for crime, not for a time, but for all eternity, if it be once well engraven in hearts, shall produce so many worthy effects beyond those of other Sects, as truth is above lying, reality above nothing, and the sun above the shadows?

Reasons which shew, that true Piety is the soul of Military virtue. (*Cap. 13, 11.*

From whence think you do so many neglects grow, but from coldness in Religion? For how can a souldier but be valiant, when he is confidently perswaded, it is the will of the living God that he obey his Prince, as if he beheld a Divinity upon earth; and that burying himself in the duty of this obedience being well purified from his sins, he takes a most assured way to beatitude? How can he be but the more couragious, having received absolution of his sins by the virtue of the Sacrament, since by the Confession of all Sages, there is nothing so perplexed, so timorous, so inconstant, as a conscience troubled with the image of its own crimes? How should it spare a transitory life, having a firm belief of immortality, since the wisest have judged, that the valour of ancient *Gauls*, which was admired by the *Romans*, proceeded from no other source, but from a strong perswasion which the *Druides* had given them, touching the immortality of our souls? How could he be but most confident, if he stedfastly beheld the eye of the Divine Providence of God, perpetually vigilant for his protection? How could he be but most fervent, if he did but figure the Saviour of the world at the gates of Heaven with his hands full of rewards? See you not that all reasons combat for us, as well as experience?

I will not flatter Christians, under pretext that I call my self the Christian Knight, nor ought I to betray my cause under the shadow of modesty. Let all the ancient and modern Histories be read, let military acts be examined, and courages poized in a just ballance: I challenge the ablest Chronicler to present me any valour out of *Greek* or *Roman* History, where the most admirable prowesses are to be seen, that I do not shew them perpetually parallel'd, yea, surpassed by the courage of Christians. When I read those Histories of elder times, I behold *Grecians* that triumphed, for having quanquished *Xerxes*; who, to say the truth, was a Stag leading an army of Sheep: never was any thing seen so perplexed. And although there had been no opposition, yet was this great body composed of a lazy stupified army, only strong to ruine it self. I see a young *Alexander*, who, to speak truth, was of an excellent nature, though the most judicious observe great errour in his carriage, he oft-times being rash, & many times insolent: but it was well for him he had to do with such gross Novices, whose eys were dazled with the simple glimmer of a sword, for had he come to encounter the arms of *Europe*, his Laurels doubtless would have been seen to wax hoary in the Northern snows. I see the *Roman Cæsars*, who invade, or those which are already effeminated by their proper vice, or such as are wanderers, and dis-united, not to have an assured state to resist their enemies. My ears are perpetually filled with the acts of *Cynogirus*, who having both his hands cut off, bit the arms and ships of his enemies with his teeth; of one *Otryades*, who wrote his victory with his own blood; of one *Sergius*, who fought four times with the left hand, which *Pliny* observeth in his History, as a prodigy: of the one-eyed *Horatius*, who defended a bridge against the army of his enemies; of a Maid named *Clelia*, who passed over *Tyber* an horse-back; of one *Sicinnius*, that had been in fixscore combates, and bare away thirty six spoyls of his enemies, with five

The Acts of Pagans.

and

and fourty wounds at divers times. I will not extenuate their proweſs, nor take away from them the honour they deſerved: for to ſay there was no valour nor vigour in theſe ancient courages, were to proceed againſt common opinion. But we now adays ſee many *Ariſtarchuſes* in the world, who have ſpirits ſo retrograde, that when we ſpeak of bruit beaſts, they highly glorifie them above men, as if they were of the race of *Ulyſſes* his ſouldiers, who, as Fables tell us, were turned into Hogs: ſo when we come to compare the valour of Chriſtians with that of Infidels, they finde nothing, which on our part may give them content, ſo much have they either of malice, or ſtupidity.

Proweſs of Chriſtians.

Let me dye, if in the ſole life of Captain *Bayard*, Warlike atchievements may not be obſerved, which in manage and valour ſurpaſs thoſe of *Alexander's* and *Pompey's*: and he that would number all the heroick actions which have been performed in our wars, ſometimes by ſilly Souldiers, ſometimes alſo by Chriſtian women, might as ſoon reckon the ſtars in the firmament. And had I now undertaken to make a ſimple enumeration of great Captains, which have flouriſhed in Chriſtendom, it would weary pens, fill books, and confound readers.

I would willingly know whether *Conſtantine*, going out of an Oratory where he prayed with the Biſhops, before he had ſo many battels, was leſs valiant againſt *Maxentius*, *Maximianus*, and *Licinius*? If *Theodoſius* in recommending himſelf ſo particularly to the prayers of Monks, have the leſs done his devoir againſt *Maximus*, and *Eugenius*? Whether *Heraclius* were the more remiſs for carrying the Image of our Bleſſed Lady in his hands, when he ſubdued *Coſroes* King of *Perſia* in three pitched battels? Whether *Clodoveus* did the leſs good, when he cauſed his ſtandards to march under the conduct of the prayers of S. *Martin*? Whether *Charls Martel* were weakened in his devotions, when at the only battel of *Towers* he cut in pieces three hundred threeſcore and fifteen thouſand *Saracens*, with the moſt hideous ſlaughter that ever was ſeen? Whether *Charlemaign* in being ſo firmly tyed to Altars, felt his arms to fail againſt the *Lombards*, *Saxons*, and *Moors*? Whether the Sword of *Godfrey* of *Bevillon*, after ſo many actions of piety, were the leſs keen, when it cleft the *Barbarians* at a blow, from the crown of the head to the girdle-ſtead, and gliſtered in azure all covered with rays of Palms and Laurels? Whether *Beliſarius* in being a good Catholick, did the leſs charge the *Goths*? And whether *Simon Monfort* in taking his Sword from the Altar, were the leſs dreadful to the *Albigean* Hereticks?

Aſſuredly there is nothing ſo ſtrong, nothing ſo invincible, nor triumphant, as a valour which marcheth under the laws of Chriſtian Religion. The Turkiſh Nation, which ſeemeth to be born to brandiſh the Sword, and to have ample tranſcendency in matters of Arms, feareth not ſo much the *Perſian* and *Tartarian* Standards, as the Banners of Chriſtians. And *Baronius* in an Epiſtle Dedicatory of his Annals, which he wrote to the Great *Henry* the Fourth of famous memory, obſerveth, That they hold it as a fatal Propheſie among them, that their Empire ſhall never be deſtroyed, unleſs it be by the hands of *French*-men. If they have obtained victories againſt Chriſtians in ſo many wars, it hath ever been our diviſions that have diſarmed us, our ambitions that have devoured us, our Apoſtata-brothers who have betrayed us, our Infidels who have acquainted them with our inventions, our induſtries, and arms, our mutual quarrels which have waſted us, our ſins that have chaſtiſed us, the hatred of a powerful God which hath excited the *Saracens* to purifie, under ſome colour of temperance and juſtice, thoſe lands which ours had defiled by ſo many ordures and ſacriledges, for otherwiſe there could not be any force in the world able to reſiſt Chriſtian Princes, were they well united.

We know it by the ſucceſs of the battel of *Lepanto*, and the proweſs of *George Caſtriot*, called *Scanderbeg*, who with a flying camp defeated ſeven Generals of the Turkiſh Army in ſeven great battels, wherein he ſlew two thouſand men with his own hand, and in the end made *Amurath* ſtark mad to ſee himſelf defied, beaten, and maimed by a petty Lord, and with ſo ſmall numbers. What could this brave courage have done, had it been aſſiſted with men, gold, and arms, anſwerable to his merits?

Are you not then very ridiculous, O Souldier, when to be accounted valiant, you play the *Cyclop*, and fear leſt devotion might weaken your courage? Accuſe not your Religion, for it is holy: accuſe not Devotion, for it is innocent. Rather accuſe your own impiety, your own neglect, your own unworthineſs of ſpirit, and your own baſeneſs: that is it which enfeebleth you, and cauſeth that you are only valiant to play the beaſt. No man loſeth courage, but he that never had it, and no man hath it, if he beg it not of the true God of hoſts. Where ſhould we ſeek for light but of the Sun; for waters, but in rivers; and heat, but in fire? And where think you to finde true ſtrength, but with the God of the ſtrong? The more you ſhall be united to him, the more able you ſhall be; not that he will ever give you ſtrength of body, as to *Milo*, that you may bear an Oxe; but in ſerving him, you ſhall have from him the courage of a man, who hath his root in reaſon, his encreaſe in piety, and his crown in true glory.

The fourth SECTION.

Manifeſt proofs which declare, that Piety and Valour are not things incompatible.

IT is an intollerable thing to ſee certain young Roarers, who think to make themſelves eſteemed valiant by profeſſion of impiety, and have, as it were, but one ſhame, which is, not to be ſhameleſs at all, as if we had never ſeen, nor as yet was ever heard in the world, of Souldiers furniſhed before God and men with great and divine virtues, who fail not to be as couragious as Lions. Let us not ſearch out Saints of the Martyrologe, let us only behold among a thouſand, one man, whoſe life was very lately printed, written in a low ſtyle, I mean the Marſhal *Boucicaut*, who flouriſhed in *France* under *Charles* the Sixth. Theſe petty Rodomonts, who make boaſt of Duels, meer cowardiſe covered with an opinion of courage, durſt not behold this Captain, without doing that which heretofore was done to the ſtatues of the Sun, that is, to put finger on the mouth and admire. For, not to ſpeak of his other acts of proweſs, it is he who was preſent at that furious battel, wherein *Bajazet* the Turkiſh Emperour, waged war againſt the King of *Hungary*; where there were many *French* men, the Duke of *Burgundy*, then called the Count of *Nevers*, being there in perſon.

Monſieur *Godfrey* hath publiſhed this written by an ancient Author.

The Marſhal *Boucicaut*.

The hiſtory ſaith, that the Turk coming to fight with dreadful forces, began ſo furious a charge, the air being thickened with a black cloud of Arrows, that the *Hungarians*, who were reputed good Souldiers, much trembled at this aſſault, and fled away

Piety and Valour of a *French* Souldier.

away. The *French*, who ever had learned in all battels to vanquish, or die, unwilling so much as to hear any speech of the name of flight, pressed into the Turkish Army, notwithstanding the stakes and piles fixed in the earth to serve as hindrances, and attended by some other troups, brake the Vanguard of the Turks by the counsel and example of the brave Marshal, whereat *Bajazet* much amazed, was ready to retire, at which time it was told him, there was but a very little handful of *French*-men, who made the greatest resistance, and that it were best to assault them. He, who kept his Battalions very fresh, returneth and came to fall upon these poor souldiers, now extremely tired. Never did angry Lion exercise such violent force amongst the javelins of hunters, as was then the proweſs which shined in this generous Captain. For, he having no further purpose but to sel his own life, and those of his companions, as dear as he could, so neglegently betrayed, he with the *French* Cavalry, and some few other people who stuck to him, did such feats of arms, that it was thought twenty thousand Turks were slain in the place. In the end, this prodigious multitude, able to weary out the most hardy, although it had been but to cut them to pieces, did so nearly encompass our *French*, that the Count *Nevers*, with Marshal *Boucicaut*, and the most worthy personages, were taken prisoners.

Horrible spectacle.

The next day after this dismal battel, *Bajazet* sitting under a Pavillion spred for him in the field, caused the prisoners to be brought before him, to drench himself in bloud and vengeance, which he so passionately loved.

Never was spectacle seen more worthy of compassion: the poor Lords, who had done wonders in arms able to move Tigers, were led, as it were, half naked, straitly bound with coards and fetters: no regard being had neither to their bloud, which was noble, nor youth, which was pitiful, nor their behaviour, most ravishing; these *Saracens*, ugly and horrible as divels, set them before the face of the Tyrant; who in the wink of an eye, caused their throats to be cut at his feet, as if he meant to carrouse their bloud.

The Count *Nevers*, with two other Counts of *Ewe* and *Marche*, had now their heads under the symitar, and their lives hung, but, as it were, at a thread, when *Bajazet* having heard by his interpreters, that they were near kinsmen to the King of *France*, caused them to be reserved, commanding they should sit on the ground at his feet, where they were enforced to behold the lamentable butchery of their Nobility.

The valiant Marshal *Boucicaut* in his turn was produced, covered with a little linnen cloth, to massacre him over the bodies of so many valiant men. He, who was wise, and particularly inspired by God in this extremity, made a sign with his fingers before *Bajazet*, who understood not his language, as if he would declare himself the kinsman of the Count of *Nervers*, who beheld him with an eye so pitiful, that it was of power to rent rocky hearts. *Bajazet* being perswaded by this sign, that he was of the bloud-royal, caused him to be set apart to remain a prisoner; where he afterward by his great prudence, endeavoured the liberty of those noble Gentlemen, and his own. I cannot think these petty Novices of war will compare themselves to the valour of this man, accomplished with such heroick proweſs.

Piety of a Souldier.

Let us come, if it please you, to consider him at leisure, whether he were of the number of those who profess themselves wicked, that they may seem valiant. He was a man, who in time of peace, whilest he governed the City of *Genoa*, daily heard two Masses, with so exemplar devotion, that he never suffered any man to speak to him in the Church, where he said the Office with singular attention, for which he so accommodated his company, that you should never see the least action of uncomelineſs in Divine Service, which he did not severely punish. But the Historian addeth, that who had beheld his people at Mass, would rather think he saw religious men, then Souldiers. Noblemen are of power to bend their families to what they please, were it not that through softness of spirit, they many times give way to the Torrent, and contenting themselves to be good, make all the rest nought by the easineſs of their natures. I speak not hear to you of a Canonical Saint, a Hermit, a Religious man, a Priest; I speak of a Marshal of *France*, of a most ardent Warriour.

Notable devotion of a Souldier.

Behold, I pray, whether piety be incompatible with arms. This brave Captain happily made his Will, disposing of all his devotions, his affairs, and charge: each day he executed some part hereof, doing all the good he could during his life, not expecting the casual portions of others piety, as those, who cause the torch to be carried behind, to light them when they have lost their eys, and indeed never do well, but when they are in a condition to be able to do no more. The charitable Lord informed himself very particularly of the necessities of the bashful poor, set their names down in his Regisiters, as the rarest pieces of his Cabinet, appointed on every side his alms to poor Religious, to Widows, to Orphans, to needy Souldiers, namely those, who through inability of old age and sickneſs, could labour no more. He visited Hospitals, giving according to his means, round summs of money to furnish and accommodate them: if he walked in the streets, he ever had charity in his hands, that himself might give all he could, for he therein took a singular contentment, and never was seen to be so merry, as when he had distributed good store of money; this was his hunting, his game, his delight.

He bare a singular devotion towards the Friday, in memory of the passion of our Saviour; and whileſt he was able, did eat nothing on that day but fruits & pulse, abstaining from all which participated of the life of beasts; and cloathed himself likewise with a most simple habit, desirous to shew exteriourly some tast of the reverence we owe to the bloud of the Son of God. Besides abstinences commanded, he ordinarily fasted the Saturday, which is dedicated to the memory of the Blesſed Virgin. He never fed at his repast but on one dish, and though he had great quantity of silver vessels, he caused himself to be served in Pewter, and earth, being glorious in publick, and in his particular, an enemy of worldly pomps and vanities.

I leave you to think, how much this kinde of life is alienated from the curious Nobility, to whom we must daily give so many priviledges and dispensations, that it seems, it is for their sakes needful to create another Christendom, besides that which hath been established by the Son of God. A man would say, to see how they pamper their bodies, they were descended from Heaven, and that thither they should return, not passing through the sepulcher, for they deifie it, and to satten and gild a dung-hil covered with Snow, sport with the bloud and sweat of men.

Sage government of a family.

Superfluity of tast being so well represſed, all went in true measure in the house of this good Marshal: his Retinue was very well entertained according to his quality, and he had a very solemn custom by him religiously observed, which was speedily to pay his debts,

To pay his debts.

debts, and as much as he might possible to be engaged to none. It is no small virtue, nor of sleight importance, if we consider the Nobility at this time, so easily ingulphed in great labyrinths of debts, which daily encrease like huge balls of Snow that fall from Mountains, and which require Ages and golden Mines to discharge them.

Is it not a most inexcusable cruelty before God and men, to see a busie Merchant, a needy Artificer, every day to multiply his journeys and steps before the Gate of a Lord, or a Lady, who bear his sweat and bloud in the pleyts of their Garments? And in stead of giving some satisfaction upon his most just requests, it is told him he is an importunate fellow, and he many times menaced with bastonadoes, if he desist not to demand his own. Is not this to live like a *Tartarian*? Is not this to degrade one's self from Nobility, Christianity, and Reason? Is not this to thrust the knife into the throat of houses and entire families? Alledge not unto me, that it is impossible for you to pay at that time what is demanded. Why, well foreseeing your own impotency, have you heaped up debts, which cannot be discharged? Why do you not rather admit the lessening of your Port? Why cut you not off so many superfluous things? Are not your sins odious enough before God, but you must encrease them with the marrow of the poor? From hence ariseth the contempt of your persons, the hatred of your name, the breaches and ruines of your houses.

A singular discretion.

This man in well paying his debts, was served and respected of Officers, like a little Deity; there was no need to doubt, nor to make a false step into his house. Never would he suffer a vice, or a bad servant, were it to gain an Empire. Blasphemies, oaths, lyes, slanders, games, quarrels, and such like ordures, were banished from his Palace, as Monsters; and if he found any of his family in fault, he dismissed them, lest they should infect the other: yet not scandalizing them, nor divulging their offences. At the table he spake little, and did voluntarily entertain himself with examples of virtues in the lives of Noblemen, not opening his mouth to discourse of his own proper acts, but with singular sobriety.

In his marriage he demeaned himself most chastly, and had such a horrour against impurity, that he would not so much as keep a servant who had a lustful eye. Behold the cause, why passing one day on horse-back through the streets of the City of *Genoa*, as a Lady presented her self at her window to comb her hair, and one of the Gentlewomen of the Marshals train, seeing her tresses very bright and beautiful, cried out, *Oh what a goodly head of hair!* Staying to behold her, the Lord looked back on him with a severe eye, saying; *It is not well done, it is not fit, that from the house of a Governour, a wanton eye should be seen to glance.*

In this point and all the rest which concerned the commerce and repose of Citizens, he rendered so prompt and exact justice, that it was a Proverb amongst those of *Genoa*, when any one was offended, to say to him who had wronged him: *If you will not right me, my Lord Marshal will.* The other understanding it, oft-times rather chose to submit himself to right, then expect a condemnation which was inevitable. He so by this means gained the good opinion of the people, that the inhabitants of the City sent to the King, beseeching he might continue the government to the end of his days: which having obtained, it seemed to them, they had drawn an Angel from Heaven, to fix him at the stern of their Common-wealth.

At the time that the Emperour of *Constantinople*, then dispossessed of one part of his Empire by the great Turk, came into *France* to demand succour, and had obtained of the King twelve hundred men, defrayed for a year: many Widow-Ladies were seen at the Court, who complained of injustices and oppressions by them endured after the death of their husbands; whereby this good Marshal was so moved with compassion, that with much freedom he instituted an Order of Knights for the defence of afflicted Ladies, which he surnamed *The Order of the white Lady*, because they who made profession of it bare a scutchion of gold enamelled with green, and thereon the figure of a Lady in colour white: thus fought he by all occasions to do good, and shewed himself a great enemy of idleness, the very moth of minds.

He ordinarily rose early in the morning, and spent about three hours in Prayer and Divine Service: at the end whereof he went to Council, which lasted till Dinner-time. After his repast, he gave audience to all those, who would speak with him upon their affairs, not failing to behold his Hall daily full of people, whom he speedily dispatched, contenting every one with answers sweet and reasonable: from thence he retired to write Letters, and to give that order to his Officers, which his pleasure was should be observed in every affair: and if he had no other employment, he went to *Vespers*. At his return he took some pains, then finishing the rest of his office, ended the day. The Sundays and Holy-days either he went on foot in some pilgrimage of devotion, or caused the life of Saints, or other victories to be read, daily more and more to dispose his manners unto virtue. When he marched in the field, he had an admirable way, not to oppress any of his company; nor would he permit, even in the land of an enemy, that the least disturbance should be given to Ecclesiasticks.

Behold you not here a life worthy of a *French* Cavalier? Oh Nobility, this man was not a petty Royster, who makes boast to fight in a Meadow: but a souldier, who during the wars with the *English*, kept the field of battel three times, thirty days together, against those brave souldiers who would oppose him, from whence he went out all sparkling with glory and wonders.

I would here willingly add a *Bertrand* of *Gueselin*, Count of *Longuevil*, and Constable of *France*, whose life Monsieur *Menard* hath given us, written by a Pen of that ancient Age, in old language: you shall see a man, who after he had solemnly dedicated in the offertory of a Mass, his soul, body, and arms at the Altars, fought six or seven times hand to hand, exercised strange feats of battel and arms; stood in the midst of combates, bold, and confident as in his chamber, being otherwise furious, strong, and stout in the press. You should see a man sage in counsels, prompt in execution, whom an enemy found near at hand when he thought him thirty leagues of. A man in all things else free from fraud or dissimulation, chearful, courteous, obliging, and liberal of his own, imploying his moveables and the jewels of his wife for relief of poor souldiers. Then you may judge, whether to be valiant, you may live in the Court of a Christian Prince like a little Turk. Where is your judgment? and where your reason?

The fifth SECTION.

Against Duels.

A condemnation of Rodomontades and Duels.

I Do assure my self some will not forget to tell you, that to be valiant men of the times, you must be outragious in slanders, in blaspemies, in audacious words, in duels, challenges, which are the mighty valours of this age. Well then, my souldier, following this course, you will learn to swear and blaspheme. I speak not how great this crime is, nor how much you render your tongue punishable in disposing it to this language of Devils. But I will say one thing, which is very certain, those which seek for glory out of vice, have not always been made eminently prosperous. All you may do in purchasing Hell by these execrable oaths, will be to acquire the goodly qualities of a base Clown.

Authours of Duels.

And as concerning Duels, I undoubtedly hold, that if this infamous souldier, who hath abused you, were willing to speak the truth, which his conscience will dictate to him, he rather gives it you for an honest coverture of cowardice, then for true valour. The world is not so doltish as to measure courage by the model of *Moors*, slaves, and horse-boys, who were the first executours of these butcheries. How can you perswade us that a confused mass of these petty Mutiniers, who have nothing else in their mouths but these duels, may be valiant men? We are not so ignorant, but that we well know courage never makes good alliance with servitude and effeminacy. But the most part of this kinde of men, are servile spirits, who submit to an infinite number of shameful and tyrannical laws, for a little smoak.

Lazines.

They are bodies withered with lazines, who are many times entangled in their garters, and stand in need to have rings for winter and summer, to change according to the seasons. They fear the Lancet of the Chyrurgeon, they cry out aloud for a sleight Fever, and will needs be tended like women in Child-bed: Imagine with your self, what valour can be herein. Were they beaten and stampt into powder in a Morter, a hundred of such like Rodomonts would not make up one half ounce of warlike fortitude. But there is a little despair and rage, which boileth in a passionate heart, to counterfeit virtue. God forbid, we should take chaff for gold, hemlock for parsley, or an ape for a man. We know valour, by report of great Captains, resteth in mature deliberation and coolnes, as in its true element. When I behold one of these silly braggards, who hasteneth to the field for a base fear of some shame, or upon some liver-heat which tormenteth him, I make as much reckoning of it, as if I saw an angry Hen. Do you think *Sichem* was a couragious man for enduring to be circumcised for the love of *Dinah*? My opinion is, it was an act of much cowardice to permit himself to be cut with a Razor in the most shameful part of his body, to please a silly female *Jew*, who when it was done, had great cause to turn this painful Sacrifice into scorn and laughter. This poor Courtier to satisfie a wily wench, for a fooliish imagination of point of honour, hasteneth to be cut in pieces in the field: unhappy man, he thinketh to marry *Dinah*, and findes *Proserpina*; he proposeth to himself a worldly glory, that may rank him in the number of the valiant, and meeteth a bloudy death, which at one blow killeth body and soul. Let me dye, if it be not the poorest thing to behold them in such adventures. For if one did see them, they would make those burst with laughing at their idleness, who were willing to bemoan their misery. I have drawn from this massacre, such as were more amazed then a bridled Goose, and more ghastly then a dead man four days after his Funeral, taken from his Sepulcher. These silly creatures endured all this to make a wretched bruit run up and down in *Paris*, that they were in the end beaten, and had with so many cold sweats of deaths done that, which their Lackeys, who are somewhat more stupid, would a hundred times with more willingness of heart have undertaken. Behold you not who is worthy either of compassion, or contempt? Yet you flatter them with a pretext of courage, which you enforce them to purchase at a costly rate. When you applaud such actions, and tell how brave a combate was performed behind the Charter-house, and that both of them came thither with much resolution, you are men guilty of blood: it should suffice you to have your judgments so dull in the estimation which ought to be made upon valour, without rendering your tongues so tragical. Their trembling swords would become very lazy to consummate the mysteries of furies, if your words armed not despair to play out the rest of the Game.

Juvenal. 1. h 1. Satyr.

Perhaps you will say, you know those who have fought duels; who, notwithstanding were valiant in Armies, I deny not this I affirm not that a valiant man cannot fight a duel; but I deny that he is valiant for fighting a duel. *David* had been an Adulterer, and became a Saint; but it is not for having been an adulterer, that he was a Saint; nor shall any one have the reputation of valour among understanding men, for committing a crime. For if this Duel were ever an infallible mark of courage, I demand wherefore have we seen those, who have shewed themselves most importunate to provoke others to combat, most fiery to hasten thither, most factious to be herein opinionative, and in the mean time, when they came to bear arms, where they must witness true valour for the service of their Prince, such encounters have happened, that they so despairingly ran off, that they have passed through Forrests two leagues over, and not seen a tree, so much affrighted they were. It is not necessary to name them, happily they are already too much renowned in the Histories of the times. And yet you will make much account of these goodly swash-bucklers.

Courage of Duellers like to that of the possessed.

Assure your self the most part of those, who shew such boyling fury in these barbarous acts, are as Lunaticks possessed with an evil spirit. You would be amazed to see a little girle so strong, that there must be twenty men to hold her. From whence, I pray, hath she this force, but that she hath the Devil in her body? And tell me, a young gentleman, who many times hath father, mother, wife, children, honours, riches, pleasures in his life, would he go upon cold bloud to deprive himself of all this? Would he contemn the sacred Edicts of his Prince, now very lately renewed by the zeal of our great Monarch? Would he descend with open eys into Hell, if he had not some black spirit of the Abyss, which dreggeth him to the last mischief? He doth that for a cold countenance, an extravagant word, and a caprich of spirit, which he would not either for God, the King, or the whole world. We may well say, this is the malady of inferiour houses, and you take it for valour? A poor cocks-comb forsooth, called a second, who putteth into compromise at the discretion of a crack't brain, all that which is most dear unto him in this world, and what he hopeth in the other going to be the Victim of death, or the murderer of a man, whom he never saw, nor knew, or by

he have seen or known him, so far as to love or honour him, would he play all this goodly prize, if he were not possessed with an evil spirit? Yet you admire this. Why do you not rather wonder at the countenances, the twinges, and distorted mowings of the possessed?

I begin to perswade you to reason (say you my Gallant:) you are an enemy of this race of *Cadmus*, derived from the teeth of serpents, and think not these petty wranglers of the times, with all their letters and challenges have any valour: but if a brave spirit be urged to fight by such kinde of men, should he refuse it? Verily there are main differences in duels, in the causes which make them, and the proceedings of such as execute them. If you must needs go to duel, pass thereunto, as *David*, in sight of an Army, with permission of your Prince or your Captain, against some *Goliah*, who hath defied you. Go thither with intention to defend the honour of your Nation, and to weaken the contrary faction. Behold who is worthy. If you must go to duel, go thither when your King or Lord shall command you to accept the combat, to end some notable war, and stay a great effusion of blood, but by the hazard of two Champions. Behold who is glorious. But if you hasten thither upon some chimera of spirit, which you call by the name of honour, upon some ambiguous word, to which you frame an interpretation against your self, for a cold countenance, a surly brow, for a desire which you have to become pledge of the sollies of some fellow, witless, and a slave to his own passions; if you hasten thither for the love of some unchaste woman, to whome you sacrifice humane blood, how can you be excusable? For if you tell me your honour is more precious unto you then your wealth and life, and therefore, that as the law of nature permitteth you to defend both your riches and body at the point of your sword, against a robber and a homicide, from whom you cannot otherwise dis-engage your self, you have the same right for the defence of your reputation, which is in man as the apple in the eie. I answer, that being so surprized upon the sudden by some assailant, who provoketh you, threatneth you, and thrusteth his sword into your sides, if you use not a lawful defence, it is not then said that you are bound to flie, with some kind of ignominy. Nay, I will say besides, that if true honour were interessed in refusal of a challenge, he that should accept it, might likewise according to the laws of conscience seem somewhat tollerable: but from whom ought we to derive this estimation, and judgement of true honour? It is from certain sleight braggards, and witless people, who have sold themselves to passion, eternally to renounce prudence? Behold goodly Judges of honour: behold who well deserveth to prescribe unto us the rule & price of the most precious thing in the world.

If we desired sincerely to establish the judgement to be made of the point of honour, we ought to search into the resolutions of the Church and Civilians: but these kinde of people are suspected by you, as being alienated from the profession of arms. Let us enquire it in the mouthes of warriours. Was there ever a braver souldier then the late King of most famous memory? And hath there likewise ever been a Prince more dexterous in arms, and more fortunate then he that now reigneth? Since their Edicts condemn duels, both in those who challenge, and such as are challenged, although much different in their proceedings, what do we need any other judgement to decide the point of honour? But Kings and Princes sovereign (say you) notwithstanding their Edicts, approve those by word of mouth, who shew courage in such like actions. Who dare reproach them with this? Who dare tell them to their faces, that they bely their Edicts by their particular judgements? Who sees not such words are purposely invented by those men, who seek for pretexts to their false liberties? Why these Edicts, dictated by reason, agreed unto with judgement, supported by justice, provoked by piety; to the writing of which, *Jesus Christ* would contribute his own blood, to spare the blood, and with it the souls of so many, as are lost, and whom to save, he gave up his own life? Where shall we learn the rule of honour, the judgement, and will of the Prince, but in Oracles and virtues, which he hath consigned to the memory of all Ages? I intreat you, trouble my head no more with these dastardly combats and detestable massacres; let this be no longer, but for the infamous and melancholy blood-thirsters. One *Bachet*, understanding that a *Turkish* Captain had called his companion into a duel, What, saith he, are there no more Christians? And have not we cause to say, Are there no *Saracens* nor *Moors*, and other Infidels, to turn the edge of the sword against our entrails?

The sixth SECTION.

Against the ill mannage of Arms.

FRom hence it is likewise, that you are taught in time of war to play the little Cannibal in arms, and to cast nothing but fire and blood from your throat, that menaces may march before you, and havock and desolation after. Barbarous as you are, do you think because you have a sword by your side, you are therefore a Master over the life and blood of mortals? Never was Iron drawn out of the entrails of the earth, but either against wilde beasts, or men who are worse then beasts, and you employ it to torment innocent people, whom you ought to protect under your wings. It is a strange thing, that men who are made for the support of men, and who are not strong but for defence of the feeble, are now adays more pernicious then wolves, hail, serpents, inundations, fire, plagues, and famins. Behold that which maketh warfare odious, behold that which disgraceth an honourable profession, behold that which powreth upon the heads of Great ones, who countenance such actions, the cups of Gods anger, mingled with gaul, worm-wood, and poison of Dragons.

The tears of poor labourers, widdows, and orphans, which are enforced by those who entitle themselves friends, with cruelties that would justifie the *Saracens* and *Moors*, cease not to mount to the Throne of God, to ask vengeance on those, who, to satisfie their ambitions, glut their appetites, and fish in troubled waters, enkindling wars intestine, temerarious, and unjust, not regarding the disorders, which ordinarily arise from these wicked counsels. Oh God! it is a very great matter, that a man can make a hundred thousand swords to be unsheathed in an instant, which have no eys to see where they strick, nor hands to pul them back, when they once have received motion. That a man, who hath but one life, should expiate so many deaths, so many violences, so many outrages, as are committed by the unbridled souldiers! Much courage must be necessarily used, to make military discipline be observed, and if these furious corruptions cannot be hindred, it were better to abandon the charges and commands, then to cement them up with the blood

charges and commands, then to cement them up with the bloud and tears of so many miserable Sacrifices.

Justice of *Belisarius* and *Aurelianus*.

The brave *Belisarius*, who was one of the most excellent Captains in the world, having caused two Souldiers to be empaled for some crime, seeing others to murmure at it: 'Know (*saith he*) I am 'come to fight with the Arms of Religion and Justice, without which we can expect neither Victory, nor happiness. I desire my Souldiers should 'have their hands clean to kill an enemy. Never 'will I suffer any man in mine Army, that hath fingers crooked, or bloudy, were he in Arms as terrible as lightening. Force is of no worth, if it *Procop. l. 1. de bello Vandal.* 'have not equity for companion. Hear a Souldier speak. He might perhaps have learned the same lesson from the Emperour *Aurelian*, who wrote to *Vopisc. in Aurel.* one of his Leiutenants: 'My friend, If thou wilt 'be a Captain, nay, if thou wilt live, contain thy 'Souldiers in their duty. I would not that a Peasant 'should so much as complain that he hath been 'wronged in the value of a chicken, nor that any 'hath taken a grape from his Vine without his permission. I will make him give an account even to 'a grain of Salt, or a drop of Oyl unjustly exacted. 'I desire my Souldiers should be rich with spoyls of 'enemies, and not the tears of my subjects. I would 'have them carry their riches upon their Swords, 'not into their Cabins. I would have them chast in 'the houses of their Hosts, and that there be no 'speech of any quarrels.

Excellent discipline.

And is not that strange which *Marcus Scaurus* writeth, that there have been seen Regiments encamped round about a great Tree laden with fruit, and the Souldiers to depart the next morning, not doing so much wrong, as to take one Apple from the Master of the Place? And who would not be amazed at that which *Lampridius* speaketh of *Alexander Severus*, that his Souldiers marched to the *Persian* war, like Senatours, and that the Country-peasants loved them as their brothers, and honoured their Emperour as a God? Is it not a shameful thing, that Infidels must teach us a lesson of modesty, and that this *Alexander*, who had learned a lesson from Christians, which was, not to do that to another, which we would not have done to our selves, observed it so exactly even in the liberty of Arms, that he thereby became, as it were, adored by his subjects? And in the mean time we behold Gentlemen, who never having wanted good precepts, exercise tyrannies on their subjects, both in peace, and war, such as *Scythians* and *Arabians* would abhor to do. War cannot now adays be made, but that it seems *Attila* with his Army is raised up, once more to pillage *France*. It is not enemies they seek to surprize, but purses; and they are ever criminal enough, who have some, though but small wealth to lose. I know not where to seek for his unhappiness, to finde it in its source. The Souldier excuseth himself upon necessity, the Captain complaineth of payment, the one filcheth, and the other quarrelleth, whilest the disorder is immortal.

O brave and valorous Cavaliers, ought not you herein to second the good intentions of our great King, and banish such infamies, not only from *France*, but even from the memory of men? If you desire to see how you are to bear your self in war: I will not go about to seek out a Saint *Martin* for you; Behold a man, whose life not long since hath been published, to serve as a model for the Nobility: we yet touch him, as it were, with a finger; for he died under the reign of *Francis* the First, having served three Kings in their Armies the space of two and thirty years, It is the valiant *Terrail*, otherwise called *Chevalier Bayard*, born in *Daulphine*. I willingly make use of his example, both because one of our most warlike Kings, the son of *Francis* the First, would needs be knighted by his hand, to witness the honour he bare to his valour, as also, for that I see therein many noble passages, which tast of the virtue of a true *French* Souldier. He was a Military virtues of a brave *French* Souldier. couragious Captain, of excellent direction, valiant, and magnanimous, of whom was said, that he had the assault of a wilde Bull, the defence of the Bore, and flight of the Wolf. I set aside his warlike deeds, I take some of his virtues, which I here will make use of. This Royal courage had no other aim in arms, but the glory of God, the service of his Prince, the honour of his profession; whereof we have an ample testimony in a short Elogy, which his Secretary made upon him, saying; *That after these two and thirty years service, he died almost as poor as he was born.* Much is spoken herein, and I think *Bayard* more glorious under this title, then if he had born the Dutchy of *Milan* on his back. He had the true piety of a good Souldier: for every morning he prayed to God most devoutly, and would not permit any man should enter into his Chamber during the time of his devotions: he was so obedient to those who commanded in the Army, that he never refused any Commission imposed upon him. Yea, well fore seeing that the last charge enjoyned him by the Admiral *Bonnivet*, was most dangerous, and, as it were impossible; yet he went thither, sacrificing his life to the commandments of the Lieutenant of his Prince, that he might not digress from his ordinary custom. There was he slain by the most generous manner of death that might happen to any Captain of his quality. He was a Lion in arms, who with a choice company of men, selected by him, and trained to this profession, wrought such admirable effects, that there was not any battel won, of which he was not ever the principal cause. Never was any man more terrible to an enemy in the conflict, but out of it, it was said, he was one of the most affable and courteous men of the earth. He was so ill a flatterer of great men, that to gain a Kingdom he would not be drawn to speak any thing but reason. His practice was to honour the virtuous, speak little of the vitious, less also of his own deeds of arms, never to swear, do favours to all who required, as willingly as if himself were to receive the benefit, to give secret alms according to his ability, in such sort, that it is written, that he, besides his other acts of piety, married at the least a hundred young Maids. Behold, of what elements his soul was inwardly composed.

As for the manner of his carriage in the war, he Marvellous contempt of money. as little cared for money as the dirt of the earth, and desired not to have any, but to give. Witness an act of great liberality, which is related of him. He by fair law of arms, took a *Spanish* Treasurer, who carried with him fifteen thousand Duckets; one of his Captains named *Tardieu*, swore, enraged with choller, that he would have part of the booty, because he was in the expedition. This good Captain smiling, sayd to him: 'It is true, you were of the enter-'prize, but are not to share in the booty: and, were 'it so, you are under my charge, I therefore will 'give what I think good. This man entered into a more violent fury, and went to complain to the General, who, having well considered the business, adjudged it wholly to *Bayard*. He caused his Duckets to be carried to a place of safety, and command-

ed them to be spred on a table, in presence of all his people, saying to them: *Companions what think you? Do you not here behold fine Duckets?* Poor *Tardieu*, who had been put by his pretensions, by expres sentence of his Captains, looked on this money with a jealous eye, and sayd: 'If he had the half of it, he 'would all his life be an honest man. Doth that de- 'pend on this? (*saith this brave Spirit*) Hold, I wil- 'lingly give that, which you by force could never 'obtain: And so caused at the same instant seven thousand five hundred Duckets to be told out to him. The other, who in the beginning, thought it was but a meer mockery, when he saw it to be in good earnest, and himself in possession of that he desired, he cast himself on both his knees at the feet of *Bayard*, having abundant tears of joy in his eys, and cried out: 'Alas! my Master, my friend, you 'have surpassed the liberality of *Alexander*, how 'shall I ever be able to acknowledge the benefit, 'which I at this time do receive at your hands: 'Hold your peace (*said this incomparable man*) if 'I had power I would do much more. And thereup- on causing all the Souldiers of the Garrison to be called, he distributed the rest of the Duckets, not keeping one sole Denier for his own use.

I ask of you whether this were not a heart of pearl, wherein there could not one least blemish of avarice be found? Yea, also when he passed through the Country, even in a land of conquest, he paid his expence, And one saying unto him; 'Sir, 'This money is lost; for at your departure from 'hence, they will set this place on fire. *He answered*, 'Sirs, I do what I ought, God hath not put me into 'the world, to live by rapine.

An excellent act of *Chevalier Bayard.*

Pursuing this discourse, he did an act at the taking of *Bressia*, a City of *Italy*, for ever memorable, which I will here deduce, as it were, in the same terms as it is couched in his History. Which is, that being set in the head of the Perdues, he first entered and pas- sed the Rampire, where he was grievously hurt in the top of his thigh with the thrust of a Pike, so that the iron stuck in the wound: he nothing terrified, said to Captain *Molard*; 'I am slain, but it is no 'matter, let your men march confidently, the Town 'is won.' Hereupon two Souldiers bare him out of the throng, and seeing the wound streamed forth much blood, they pulled off their shirts, and rent them, to binde up his thigh: then in the first house they hit upon, they took a little door off the hinges, and laid their poor Captain upon it, to bear him the more easily. From thence they went directly to a great house, which they supposed to be very conve- nient for his accommodation. It belonged to an ho- nest Gentleman, who was retired into a Monastery to avoid the fury of Souldiers: for the sackage of this City was so dreadful, that they were reckoned, as well of *Venetians* who defended it, as Burgesses, to the number of twenty thousand slain. The Lady stayed in this house with two fair daughters; who had hidden themselves in a Barn under hay. As they knocked at the gate, the mother arming her self with resolution, openeth it, and beholdeth a Captain all bloody, born upon this plank, who presently set Guards about his lodging, and demanded a place to retire unto. The Lady leadeth him into the faires chamber, where she cast her self at his feet, and said: 'Sir, I offer this house unto you, and all within it, 'for I well know it is yours by the law of arms. I 'only beg of you, you will be pleased to save me, 'and mine honour; as also of two poor Maids rea- 'dy to marry, which my husband and I have had 'between us. *The Captain answered*: Madam, I do 'not know whether I shall escape this wound, or 'no; but I faithfully promise you whilest I live, 'there shall be no injury done to you, nor your 'daughters, no more then to mine own person. On- 'ly keep them in your chamber, and let them not 'be seen: send for your husband, and assure your 'self you have a guest, who will do you all courtesie 'possible. The Lady much comforted to hear him speak in that manner, obeyed, and employed all her care to give him good entertainment. She pre- sently perceived she had lodged an honest man, when she saw the Duke of *Namurs*, the brave *Gas- ton de Foix*, Genetal of the Army, come daily to visit him, and that these men in a City of conquest, spake of paying for all they had taken. The good Hostess waited on him, as on an Angel of Heaven, so much honour and virtue saw she to shine in him. When he was cured, and that he spake of dis-lodg- ing, to be present at the battel of *Ravenna*, where his General passionately desired him, the Lady, who accounted her self as his prisoner, with her husband and children, considering if her guest would rigo- rously use her, he might draw ten or twelve thou- sand crowns from her, resolved to give him a pre- sent, and coming into his chamber with a servant of hers, who carried a little steel box, she presently threw her self at his feet, but he readily raised her up again, not suffering she should speak one word, till she was seated by him: at which time she made this speech, wel observed by the Secretary of *Bayard*.

SIR, *The favour which God ha's afforded me in the taking of this City, by sending you into this house, which is wholly yours, hath not been less, then the preservation of the life of my husband, mine own, and that of my daughters, with their ho- nour, which they ought to esteem more precious then life. Besides, your people have lived with such temper here in my house, that being not able to complain of any injurie, I have cause for ever to commend their modesty. Sir, I am not so ignorant of the con- dition, whereunto the misery of war hath reduced us, as not ve- ry well to see, that my husband, my self, and children, are your Prisoners, and that all the goods in the house are at your di- scretion, to be disposed of to your liking. But knowing the no- blenes of your heart, which is incomparable, I am come most humbly to beseech you, to take pitty on your poor captives, and to use us according to your accustomed liberality. Behold a poor present which we offer, entreating it may be acceptable.* In speaking this, she took the box out of the hands of her ser- vant, and opened it before the good Captaine, who saw it to be full of fair Duckets, at which he smiled, replying: *Madame how many Duckets are there in this box?* The poor woman, who thought this smile proceeded from some dis- contentment, answered: *There is in it but two thousand five hundred, but if you be not satisfied, we will finde more. Nay Madame*, replied the Captaine, *I can well assure you, that should you give me an hundred thousand crowns, you could not do me so much good, as you have done in the courteous enter- tainment I have here received. In what place so ever I shall remaine, while God gives me life, you shall have a Gentleman ready at your command. As for your Duckets, I will none, I render you thanks, take them up again. I have ever more e- steemed people of honour then crowns, and think not, but I go as well satisfied from you, as if this Citie were at your dispo- sition, and you thereof have made me a present.*

She again prostrated her self on her knees, and the Captain lifting her up, answered: 'No Sir, I should 'think my self for ever the most unhappy woman of 'the world, if you accept not this Present, which is 'nothing in comparison of the infinite obligations I 'owe to your worth. Well, *saith he*, since you give 'it with so good a will, I accept it for your sake: but 'cause your daughters to come hither, for I will bid 'them farewel. These good creatures had charitably assisted him, during the time of his infirmity, in the presence of their mother, many times touching the Lute, whereon they played very well, for his recre- ation. They fell at his feet, and the eldest made a short speech in her mother-language, to thank him for the preservation of their honour. The Captain heard,

heard it, as it were, weeping, for the sweetness and humility he therein observed, then said: 'Ladies 'you do that which I ought to do, which is to give 'you thanks for the many good helps you have af- 'forded me, for which I finde my self infinitely ob- 'liged. You know men of my profession are not 'readily furnished with handsom tokens, to present 'fair Maidens withal: But behold your good Lady 'mother hath given me two thousand five hundred 'Duckets; take each of you a thousand, as my gift, 'for so I am resolved it shall be. Then turning to his 'Hostess: Madam, *faith he*, I will take those five 'hundred to my self, to distribute them among poor 'religious women, who have been ransacked: and I 'recommend the charge thereof to you; for you 'better then any other understand, where there is a 'necessity. At this time, the Lady touched to the quick with so great a piety, spake these words, couched in the History in ancient language: 'O 'flower of Chivalry, to whom no other may be 'compared! our blessed Saviour & Redeemer *Jesus 'Christ*, who for sinners suffered death and passion, 'both here in this world, and in the other, reward 'you. The Gentleman of the house, who at that time heard the courtesie of his guest, came to thank him with bended knee, making offer of his person and his whole estate. The young Gentlewomen, who were skilful at the Needle, made him a present of two Bracelets, woven with thred of gold and silver, and a purse of crimson Sattin, very richly wrought. He very graciously receiving them; *Behold*, saith he, *I have more then ten thousand crowns*: and instantly he put the bracelets on his arms, and the purse in his pocket, assuring them whilest these gifts lasted, he would wear them for their sakes. Thereupon he mounted on horse-back, accompanied with his true friend, the Lord *D' Aubigny*, and about two or three thousand men; the Lady of the house, the daughters, and the whole family, as bitterly deploring his departure, as if they should have been put to the sword. I demand of you, if the Stars were to descend from heaven, whether they might finde more love and respect? Where be these silly Fencers, who are as commets of fire and bloud, to bear murther, pestilence, and poyson into houses, who make the pillars of buildings to tremble with the force of blasphemies, who load whole families with injuries, wounds, and scars, who pill and ravage like Harpies, fed with humane bloud? Should they do nothing else all their life, but heap up mountains of gold and silver, they could not arrive to the least part of the contentment which this good Captain enjoyed, who sought no other recompence from his great actions, but the satisfaction of his conscience, and the glory to have done well. Thus is it, O noblemen, that hearts are gained to make a crown of immortality. Thus is Heaven obliged, and Earth tributary to Virtues.

The seventh SECTION.

Against sensual love, and impurity

I May well say, that among all the qualities of a Nobleman, there is not any hath a sweeter odour then temperance, which represseth the voluptuous pleasures of the body. Let no man flatter you in the passion of love, as if it were a prime virtue of your profession. Believe me, it is the worm which gnaweth all great actions, the moth which eateth all the vigour of spirit, the stain which defileth all the fairest ornaments of life, the labyrinth which hindereth all generous designs, the rock which wracketh all Vessels, the gulph which devoureth bodies and souls.

Divers kindes of love.

The wise Secretaries of nature have observed, that all creatures which have the breath of fire, have the tail of a Dragon. Nor likewise do we ever see carnal love vehemently enflamed, but that it produceth some serpentine, hideous, and disastrous issue. I affirm, fire penetrateth into the marrow of the total nature of the Universe, but hath effects very different, according to the subjects wherein it resideth. It otherwise scorcheth in Heaven, otherwise in Hell, otherwise in the bodies of beasts, otherwise in sulphur and gun-powder, and such like bodies able to receive its action. It filleth the stars in Heaven with a flame full of luster and honour: it tormenteth the damned in Hell, it entertaineth the life of creatures, it wasteth all bodies dry, or oyly, to reduce them either into ashes, or smoak. Take my comparison, and say with me, there are lovers who burn as Heaven, others as Hell, others as bodies well composed, others as oyl and wood.

The first lovers have the ardours of Heaven, who entertain chast and spiritual love for things Divine. These are pleasures, which the jealous eye cannot espy, the slanderous tongue cannot bite, bad report is not accustomed to defame: which equals have no cause to envy, nor can Tyrants armed with horrour of so many torments, finde the means how to take it from Martyrs. When we love God, we finde him every where, we speak to him every where, we serve him every where, and every where we feel the services done to him, have their recompence. We talk to him as well in the Whales belly, as in the flaming Furnace: witness *Jonas* and the three children, who found Chappels wholly built in the entrails of fishes and flames; because the love of God, the wisest Architect of the world, had framed such for them.

The second Lovers burn as Hell, who live perpetually in stinking, wicked, and infamous concupiscences, in dark, extraordinary, and desperate passions, who are in sensuality as in an Abyss, fettered with a long chain of servitude, never having any part of the air, or light of the children of God.

The third are as bodies mixed, who entertain conjugal, honest, and moderate amities; such as are found in good marriages, which are used according to God, in all honour and sanctity.

Those of the fourth order enkindle one another, as so many little bodies that daily minister fuel to the fire, wasting spirit, flesh, and means, in certain frivolous and giddy loves, which after much use, make men of vapour, ashes and smoak. You now adays shall finde, that affections purely conjugal are very rare, and celestial loves much more, but every where there are many men, who burn like hell, or pitch.

Four sorts of love.

There are four sorts of love, which have been great enemies and still are, to the reputation of a good Souldier: the one is the love of sensuality, the other of fantasie, the third of servitude, and the fourth of fury. On what side soever you turn your face, assure your self, Sir, you shall finde nothing beautiful in this ugly beast.

Love of sensuality.

Love of sensuality, which subsisteth only in voluptuousnes of body, is a bruitish, base, and wandering love, which is ever employed to spy out and trade for flesh, having no other design, but to satiate an unworthy concupiscence, more unsatisfied then fire, the Abyss, and Hell. If Nature had created you some Mustapha to grow fat in a Seraglio, and that you had never heard speech of good, or honour, it were tolerable: but to see a brave Souldier, well born & bred up, to pass his life in laying snares for chastity, to search out of both Sexes such as make traffick of the sins of others, to train up a wicked servant to be the messenger

messenger of your passions, to promise, swear, forswear, to seduce poor forsaken maids, to cast them from necessity into disgrace, and from disgrace into despair, how can it be but abominable.

Think you the earth is made to be replenished with your sins, and charities to be instituted to support your crimes? It is idleness that serves as a storehouse for your passions, and it is your remisness, which doth not so much as vouchsafe to seek out a remedy. If you be resolved to lead such a life, give up your sword, for you dishonour it. It is no reason that it alone should retain the virginity, which all your other members have lost. You cannot well serve two mistresses, *Venus* and *Bellona*, since they are so different. And go not about to propose to your self that *Sampson*, *David*, and *Cæsar*, made them well accord together: believe me, when they came to be lascivious they ceased to be valiant.

It was neither with the looking-glass nor comb of *Dalila*, that *Sampson* slew a thousand *Philistines*, but with the jaw-bone of an Ass. Whilest he preserved himself from women, he was a sun, and a thunderbolt; a sun to enlighten his Nation, a thunderbolt to destroy the *Philistines*. So soon as a woman had shaved him, he of a sun became a coal, of a thunder-bolt a vapour, and of a man a lame jade, who from the field of battel, was sent to mill, no longer having eys, but to deplore the disaster of his loves with tears of blood. When *David* in the list overthrew the Gyant, he had not then received the wound from *Bathsheba's* eie. But after he had seen her at the fountain, his eys ceased not to cast forth flouds, and love dried up all his Laurels, that they had very much ado to wax green again in the water of so many tears. Hold it also for undoubted, that *Cæsar* being in the snows of the *Gauls*, thought not of committing adulteries at *Rome*; the business or war took from him all the taste of love, and never did he submit to the imaginations of a beast, till he retained no more designs worthy of a man. Voluptuousness never acted any thing great, but hath destroyed all that is great. And when God is pleased to overthrow Empires, he chooseth souldiers who have chaste hands, to chastise the effeminate. So *Arbaces* vanquished *Sardanapalus:* so *Alexander*, who would not look upon Queens, his prisoners, but with an eie of chastity, defeated the *Persians*, bondslaves to luxury: so the *Gothes* gained the Empire of *Rome*, as saith *Salvianus*, God being willing to purge the earth, which the *Romans* had defiled, by the arms of a Nation more chaste then themselves, it being reasonable, that those should enjoy their goods, who would have no share in their vices.

Love of fantasie.

The love of fantasie is more sottish then malicious or sordid. There be Cavaliers, who perswade themselves they are the bravest men of their Age, and that all Ladies, who sometimes love vapour where it is not beloved, must of necessity have love in store for them. They enter into so great vanities, as they cast their affections upon none but Princesses, or eminent beauties, esteeming the rest of the world too base for the entertainment of their affections. They resemble those birds of *Egipt*, who will not build their nests but upon Palms; nor will they love but in an high place. Of this quality were *Endimion* and the Emperour *Caligula*, who in the end distasting all the women in the world, transferred the ambition of their loves above the sphere of fire, supposing they were hardy enough to take the Moon in marriage. One would not believe the frenzie of this passion, if we had not by experience seen men of most base extraction, with much content to entertain their thoughts upon the loves of the Queens of *Antioch* and *Sicilie*, transporting themselves with joy, whensoever it was told them they were entered far into their gracious favours. This is it which maketh me say, that we in two things know the greatness of our soul, to wit, that it can frame a world to its knowledge, as God hath created one in nature; and can lodge the thoughts in so high a place, that the poorest begger of the world can entertain affection for the most eminent person of the earth. The rich, who do as it were forbid the use of elements, cannot deny love, but it is a gross infirmity to love out of the sphere of your power, that which you can no more enjoy then the Moon in the Heavens. If we will love aloft, let us love him who hath made us. When once we have passed far into his heart, we shall finde all the greatness of the world much lower then our feet.

If you, my souldier, entertain these fantastick loves, I from this present will send you to the *Strophad Islands*, with those who search for the hand of glory, the Philosophers stone, and *quadratura circuli*, and who oft-times distil the money out of their purses, with that little brain which is left them, through the same limbeck.

Love of bondage.

I fear you rather have the love of servitude, and make a Goddess of a piece of flesh, to which it is your glory to sacrifice your liberty, being so blind, as to kiss the fetters of your slavery, in stead of breaking them. Verily it is a pittiful thing to see a man burn in Ice, and congeal in Fire, having the colour wan, the visage meagre, the eys hollow, the cheeks sunk, the spirit giddy, the reason uncollected, and the heart wholly feaverish, for the love of a creature who flouteth him. To see a man who walketh in his solitude, and creeping like a spectre, not knowing whether he be of the number of the living or dead, who speaketh, writeth, who prieth, who hopeth, who feareth, laugheth, sigheth, waxeth pale, blusheth, desireth, detesteth, dieth, riseth again, sinketh into an abyss, and then toucheth Heaven with a finger, who playeth a Comedy of a dozen Personages in one hour, and passeth through more Metamorphoses in a day, then *Ovid* in three years.

Oh what a miserable thing is it, saith the golden mouth of *Constantinople*, to seek to be rosted in ashes, and so desperately love a beauty, which is onely fair in the fantasie of a feaverish brain, and of which in a short time the most licorous worms would scorn to make their dung-hill! O my souldier, let such a frenzie never enter into your heart; you were better serve a *Turk* or an *Arabian*, then such a love. It is the punais-worm, which bites while she liveth, and after death maketh her infection to be felt. Why go you about to idolatrize a woman? Have you not slavery enough at home, but you must needs seek it abroad? Withdraw your self in good time from this captivity, gain the haven before the storm surprise you; for if you once be engaged, there is neither arm nor oar can serve to bring you back again. Is it not a comely thing, think you to behold a souldier, who hath a sword by his side, able to hew monsters, to seek to play the cocks-comb in quest of a wily wench, that exerciseth the most infamous tyranny over him that ever was heard of? It is said *Omphale* took the Diadem from a King named *Hercules*, and set her slippers on his head: that *Dionysius* the Tyrant wrote the expeditions of his Kingdom with his hand, and that *Mirrha* cancelled or signed them at her pleasure: that King *Athanaricus* tied the strings of *Pincia's* shoes: that *Themistocles* caused himself to be purged and let blood

with

with his captive Mistress. He that should see all the follies of the entranced Lovers, might observe an infinite number of matters much more strange.

In serving a scornful piece, who makes you dye a thousand times a day, you can oft-times hope for no other thing but ever to serve, and if you come to the end of your pretensions, brag not so much; you perhaps have nothing, but that which servants, or persons more unworthy, have obtained before you. This well deserveth indeed to betray your honour, and to commit such silly actions: but if you open your eys to see the end of this goodly Stage-play, you shall do as those, who caused themselves to be shaved when they escaped a Ship-wrack: you would not let so much as a hair remain upon that young head, which suffered it self to run at liberty after such sottish loves.

Love of fury.

If you plunge your self further into this passion, you shall finde fury which tyeth cords, which mingleth poysons, which sharpeneth swords, which openeth black caverns, which erecteth Gibbets, which kindleth coals, which prepareth racks, which produceth all that may discover the proceedings of an engaged love, and which maketh an Arrow of all crimes, to hit the mark it aimed at.

Were I in your place, I would tear from my heart the sleightest cogitations which occur by this folly, as Cankers, Vermine, and Serpents: and I would ride on post, if it were possible, beyond the elements, with purpose to avoid such encounters. All the bravest Souldiers have made boast of chastity. It was the Trophey of *Cyrus*, to whom God for this cause gave all the treasures of *Asia*. It was the triumph of *Alexander*, who in recompence had the conquest of the *Persians:* and the Emperour *Julian*, who made profession to imitate him, although he had renounced all the Sacraments, would never forsake chastity, which he had learned amongst Christians: saying, *This virtue made beautiful lives, as Painters fair faces.* But not to search any further into the ruines of antiquity; look what your *Bayard* did upon this point: behold an admirable passage, which I will relate in the same words, as it is expressed in his History.

Julianus apud Ammianum.

A Royal act of Military chastity.

They had caused a yound Maid to be conveyed into his chamber, which was one of the fairest creatures of the world, and indeed she was endowed with an Angelical grace, but that her eys were swoln with extremity of tears. When the Captain saw her, 'How now, fair Maid, saith he unto her, 'what say you? How come you hither? The poor 'creature fell on her knees, and said: Alas, Sir, my 'mother hath commanded me I should do what you 'would have me; yet I am a Virgin, and never had 'I any disposition to do ill, were it not necessity enforced me thereunto; for my mother and my self 'are so poor, that we perish for hunger; and I wish 'to God I were dead, before I commit this act, or 'at least, that I were not in the number of unhappy 'Maids. The noble Lord touched to the quick with the words of this creature, answered her, having tears in his eys: 'Verily, pretty soul, I will not be so 'wicked, as to take that from you, which you so 'faithfully have kept for God. Thereupon he caused her to be veiled, covering her with a mantle, lest she might be known; he lighted a Torch, and not recommending her to any other, conducted her himself to rest in the house of his kinswoman. The next day he sent for the mother, and said to her: 'Are not you a wicked woman to betray the ho-'nour of your daughter, which ought to be more 'dear unto you then life? You deserve a punish-'ment so much the more rigorous, as that I under-'stand you are a Lady: for in doing this, you wrong 'Nobility. The poor woman wholly confounded, knew not what else to answer, but that they were as poor as might be. 'Is there no man, *saith he*, who 'requires her in marriage? Yes, truly, *saith she*, 'an honest man, a neighbour of mine; but he de-'mandeth six hundred Florens, and I am not worth 'the one half of it.

Then the brave *Bayard* drew out his Purse, and said: Hold, here are two hundred crowns, which 'are of more value then six hundred Florens of this 'Country, to marry your daughter withal. I add 'also thereunto an hundred more to cloth her, and 'an hundred to relieve your poverty; but my will 'is, you dispatch it in three days. All which was accordingly done with an unspeakable joy of the mother and daughter, which made them live thenceforth very honourably.

O Nobility, I present not here unto you an *Hermit*, it is a Captain, a *French* Souldier, who was composed of no other flesh, bones, nor bloud, then you, while he in the mean time performeth an act of a Religious man the most mortified: he exerciseth the liberality of a King, he equalleth therein, and as it were, surmounteth the heroical deeds of the greatest Saints. It is true, that S. *Nicholas* saved the honour of Virgins, contributing thereunto his gold and silver: it is true, that in doing it he generously triumphed over the covetousness of temporal goods but he served not in this action, as a triumph to himself, which is verily the choicest piece of eminent virtues. Behold a Cavalier, who vanquisheth both avarice and love, the two most dangerous Rocks of the world. *Bayard* commandeth his Purse in a Fortune not the best accommodated, which meriteth not the least applause; but *Bayard* commandeth himself in a flourishing age, in a vigorous body, in presence of an object so amiable. I beseech you let us no longer say, that chastity is only found in Cloysters, it is every where, where the fear of God is, where generosity, or real virtue is. What can so many wretches answer to this, who fill the world with sins, the Nobility with disgraces, their bodies with diseases, their name with infamy, and load so many poor abused creatures with miseries and dispair? What can so many spruce Gallants answer, who brave it through the streets, and make ostents in borrowed feathers, and in habits, standing indebted to the Mercer for the stuff, and to the poor Taylor for the fashion, paying neither the one, nor other? True Jack-daws of *Esope*, who deserve that all other birds should assemble to pull their plumes off, which they have stolen to entertain their vanity. What will here so many gluttons and gamesters answer, who eat, and rent up the entrails of men by their bloody riots? Is it possible, that this Souldier should have four hundred crown, which was then a huge summ, to give in one only alms, and those who in bravery talk of nothing else but pistolets, the belly, and game, have not a Denier to throw to a poor body?

I will also shew you an essential virtue of your profession, which is a certain mixture of honesty, justice, and loyalty due to the King, the Weal publick, your conscience, even towards your enemies themselves, in the examples of this admirable man, justly called *The Captain without fault.*

The

The eighth SECTION.

Against the perfidiousnes of Interests.

THere is given to you for the accomplishment of these goodly precepts, a great virtue of the time, which is to betray Faith, Altars, and all that which is pretious in nature, or magnificent in Religion, to advance your fortune, without any fear at all to trample on the throats of your most faithful friends, that you may go directly to the Temple of Honour, or the riches of the world. Poor *Janizary*, think you, that to be the shortest way? Have you never learned, that if you take fidelity out of the world, you pull down the principal Altar of the Temple, the sanctity of humane hearts, the commerce of men, the repose of life, the knot and band of all felicities? Perjury, saith an Oracle, hath a son without name, feet, or hands, and who wandereth up and down throughout the world, and crusheth in pieces the heads of the perfidious, even to the fourth generation. You in the subsequent discourses shall behold the goodly successes of such proceedings: I for this present tell you, to strengthen these precepts, that, were faith and integrity banished from the rest of the world, they might be found in the heart of a *French* Souldier.

Oraculum Epicklidi redditum, apud Nicetam.

Our excellent *Bayard*, from whom I more affect still to derive this model, then from any other, made it well appear in an affair, where the life of the most eminent man of the Church was interessed. He was at that time in *Italy*, sent by the King to assist the Duke of *Ferrara* against the Army of Pope *Julius*, then much opposite to *France*, although so many other worthy Popes heartily loved our Nation. See the cause, why he sent to the Duke one *Monsieur Augustine Gerlo*, a Gentleman of *Milan*, a Traitour, and factious, to perswade him to forsake the *French* alliance, with intention to destroy them, and that in recompence he would give him his Niece in marriage, and make him Captain General of the Church. This Prince would not in any wise understand him, but he handled the matter so by his policy and advantageous promises, that he gained this *Augustine*, who gave him his hand, that he in few days would destroy the Pope, by the help of a mischievous morsel, which he could easily give him. The Duke of *Ferrara* understanding these propositions, went to finde out the noble *Bayard* in his lodging, and made a long discourse to him of the evil disposition of Pope *Julius*, and the enterprises he had both on his life, and of the *French*-men, of purpose to enkindle him for revenge. Then he pursued his opportunity, and made overture to him of the treason of this wicked *Gerlo*. *Bayard* beheld him, and said; 'How, Sir? I could never have imagined that a 'Prince so generous as you, would consent to such 'a mischief: and had you done it, I swear by my 'soul, before night I would have given the Pope no-'tice of it. How? answered the Duke, He would 'have done as much either to you, or me. It is no 'matter, replieth *Bayard*, this treachery displeaseth 'me. The Duke shrugged up his shoulders, and 'spitting on the ground, *Monsieur Bayard*, saith he; 'I would I had killed all mine enemies in this sort: 'but since you dislike it, the matter shall rest, and 'you and I both may have cause to repent it. We 'shall not, if it please God, replieth the good soul-'dier, but I pray you put this gallant into my hands, 'that would do this goodly piece of service: and if 'I do not cause him to be hanged in an hour, let me 'supply his place. The other excused it, saying, 'He had given him assurance of his person.

Behold you not a brave spirit? See you not a man of a royal conscience, and of an honesty in all things like to it self? Where are these petty spirits of the Abyss, more black then Specters, and infernal furies, who have neither loyalty for their Prince nor Common-wealth, but as it may concern their own interests, who swallow treasons as big as Cammels, to gain a fly? They would make truth it self to lye, were not their issues ever tragical, abominable, and hideous.

The ninth SECTION.

Short and notable Instructions.

MY Souldier, follow the precepts, which the great S. *Augustine* gave to Captain *Boniface*. Observe Faith and Virtue in Arms, which never will be prosperous on earth, if they be not fortified with blessings from heaven. Beg of God with *David*, to deliver you from your necessities, which are your passions; he doth nothing to overcome visible enemies, that have power over bodies, who surmounteth not the invisible, bandied against the health of our souls. Make use of the world, as a thing borrowed: do good with its goods, and become not bad. They are goods, since they come from God, who extendeth his power over all things, both celestial and temporal. They are goods, since God gives them to good men; but they are not also great goods, since he affords them to the wicked. He takes them away from the virtuous, to try their virtue, and from the perverse, to chastise their crimes. It is true, strength, health, victory, honour, wealth, are indifferently the portion of all men: but conquest over passions, virtues, salvation of soul, immortality of body, glory, honour, beatitude, are the proper inheritance of Saints. Love these goods, desire them, seek them with all your endeavour, do alms-deeds to get them, fast as much as your forces will permit: all here below passeth away, but good works. *Augustep. 10.*

Think when you go to the wars, that the strength of your body is a gift of God, and that it is not fit to arm against your sovereign Master's proper benefits. Keep promise even with your enemies, make peace with all the world voluntarily, and war for necessity to acquire the good of peace. Be peaceful even in Arms, for such men are called the children of God. If it be necessary to kill an enemy in fight, let mercy be always exercised in the latter end of the combate, principally when there is no further fear of rebellion. Adorn your manners with conjugal chastity, sobriety, and modesty. It is a ridiculous thing to conquer men, and be vanquished by vices; to escape the sword, and be overthrown by wine. If you want means, seek it not on earth by wicked practises, but secure rather in Heaven that little you have, by the exercise of good works.

Flee these rocks of Nobility, which we have hitherto spoken against, and above all, bridle presumption, choler, the tongue, and sensuality.

They are slaves, who cannot keep in the mean, between servitude, and Empire, where either chains must be had to master them, or a Throne erected to honour them. Presumption, if you afford it entrance, will make you of a man, a Baloon filled with wind, a scare-crow of honour, a temerarious thing void of courage, an undertaker without succes, a phantastick without shame, which in the end shall become burthensom to it self, and odious to all the world. Choler and folly are two sisters, which have in

in all things the ſame qualities, or if there be any difference, it is, that the one with more furie maketh havock in an inſtant, and the other produceth her effects with more leiſure and cheerfulneſs: whileſt you are ſubject to this paſſion, no part can conſide in you in matter of judgment, no more than to weather-cocks in the point of ſtability: you will have all other vices in feed, and perpetually diſcern the ſorrow of time paſt, the ſtance of the preſent, and uncertainty of the future. As for the tongue, it is that which contains all the good or evil of man: it is the needle of the great dial of the ſoul, that muſt ſhew all the houre. It is the trothe-man of our thoughts, the image of our actions, the interpreter of our wills, and the principal key of converſation. *He that will well live in the world,* ſaith the famous S. *Nazianzen, muſt have a veil over his eye, a key on his ear, a compaſs on his lips. A veil over his eye,* not to ſee, or in ſeeing to diſſemble many things; *a key on his ear,* to ſhut them up againſt ſo many follies and ordures, which proceed from bad mouthes: and *a compaſs on the lips,* to meaſure and ſquare out all his words with diſcretion. So many ſecrets unneceſſarily diſcovered, ſo many infamous ſlanders, ſo many inconſiderate tales, ſo many frivolous promiſes, ſo many impudent lyes, ſuch perjuries and execrable blaſphemies, ſo many diſaſters which oft happen for a ſleight ſpeech, daily teach us, that words have no handles to hold them by, and better it is to trip with the foot then the tongue.

Nazianzen in Jam.

Senſuality, if you powerfully reſiſt it not from the firſt reflections, which reaſon may preſent, will make you a thing of nothing. The three ſpirits, wine, love, and game, will fetter you with a prodigious ſlavery. You will become a living Sepulcher, a tomb of ſurfets and ſlaughters, a gulf of calumnies, a meer hobgoblin without repoſe, which ſhall continually handle cards and dice, to bereave you of your purſe and underſtanding, ſo to make a ſpoile of your goods, a frenzie of your reaſon, and a perpetual feaver of your life.

Your condition ought not to make you pretend power over men, if you ſeaſonably enterpriſe it not over your own paſſions. Beware how you enter into the liſt among ſo many noble ſpirits, there to diſcover your weakneſs, and to add nothing to the luſtre of the honour of ſo many worthy Anceſtours, but to render your own crimes the more remarkable. Shew your ſelf herein a reaſonable man, and endeavour that all your actions may be as lines, which grow from the center of wiſdom, to be produced with all felicitie. Remember things paſt, rectifie the preſent, foreſee thoſe to come. Above all, learn to ſet a true eſtimation upon every thing in the world, and ſuffer not your ſelf to be ſurpriſed by the illuſions of ſo many objects, which when they have charmed the eys, and overthrown reaſon, leave nothing behind them, but ſorrow to have don ill, and impotencie of doing well.

In converſation take the meaſure of your ſelf, and the like of thoſe with whom you deal, to husband and accommodate your ſelf reaſonably to all the world, yielding to every one the reſpect which his merit ſeems to require. The exerciſe of devotion will not hinder you from the endeavour how to become an able man in your profeſſion, from being honeſt, civil, diſcreet, affable, liberal, obliging, ſtout, couragious, patient, which are the principal qualities of a Courtier.

It is not deſired, that to be devout, you ſhould have a ſpirit drowzie, ſimple, overwhelmed, nor that through overmuch ſimplicity you make profuſion of your ſelf, in an age, where bounty ſeemeth to be the prey of inſolent ſpirits. Wiſdom will teach you neither to intrude nor power out your ſelf, to diſſemble through virtue that which ought to be concealed, to adapt your ſelf to companies and affairs, to believe nothing lightly, nor to promiſe nor decide any thing without conſideration, to perſevere in certain things not ill, becauſe you have begun them, not to be harſh, nor too much complying, ſince the one taſteth of bruſhneſs, the other inclines to flatterie. To propoſe to your ſelf good and evil, which may ariſe from an affair, to moderate the one, and tollerate the other. Above all, honour the King next after God, as the ſource of all greatneſs, the fountaine of the moſt noble lights, which reflect on Nobility. Honour him with profound reſpect, as the lively Image of God. Love him ſincerely, ſerve him with all fidelity. If you be employed in affairs and governments, endeavour to perſiſt therein, with conſtience and honour, which are the two manſions of a great ſoul. If you have merit without employment and recompence, ſay not therefore that all is loſt. It is a good buſineſs to be well at reſt, to manure your ſpirit, to enable your ſelf with reading and peaceable converſation to govern your houſe. Learn nothing, but what you ought to know. Search that onely which you may profitably finde; deſire nothing, but what you may honourably wiſh for. And be not conceited to run after a ſpecter of imaginary favour, nor to mount to a place, where you cannot ſtay without fear, nor fall without ruin.

So many great Monarchs, ſo many Princes, Lords, and valorous men, who are come from Courts and the profeſſion of arms, to enter into the Temple of piety, aſſure us, this life is capable of Saints, and that no man ought to deſpare of virtue, but he who renounceth it. If the brevity of this Treatiſe would permit, I would willingly ſet before you, a *David*, a *Joſias*, an *Ezechias*, a *Charlemaign*, a S. *Lewis*, a *Hermingildes*, a *Henry*, a *Stephen*, a *Caſimire*, a *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*, a *Wenceſlaus*, an *Edward*, an *Elzear*, an *Amideus*: I would make you ſee flouriſhing Squadrons of Martyrs, drawn from warfare, amongſt which you would admire a *Maurice*, an *Exuperius*, a *Sebaſtian*, a *Marius*, a *Mennas*, an *Olympiades*, a *Meliton*, a *Leontius*, a *Maximus*, a *Julian*, an *Abdon*, a *Sennen*, a *Valens*, a *Priſcus*, a *Marcellus*, a *Marcellinus*, a *Severinus*, a *Philoromus*, a *Philoctemon*, and ſo many ſuch like. Finally, I would ſhew in the latter Ages men worthy of all honour, eminent in arms and enobled with ſingular Piety; but I now content my ſelf to draw from *Euſebius*, *Theodoret*, *Nicephorus*, *Zoſimus*, *Socrates*, *Sozomenus*, *Cedrenus*, and above all, Cardinal *Baronius*, the life of Great *Conſtantine*, who hath been the very prime man amongſt *Chriſtian* Princes, and hath witneſſed, eſpecially after his Baptiſm, a maſculine piety, and a great example of ſanctity.

CONSTANTINE.

The first SECTION.

The Providence of God over Constantine.

I Will shew to Christian Nobility its source in the life of the prime Gentleman of Christianity. If we respect Antiquity, Greatness, and Dignity, we shall not finde a Prince either more anciently noble then he, who first of all among Emperours deserved the title of *Christian*, or more truly great then he, who so happily engrafted the Empire of the Universe on the Tree of the Cross, or more justly honourable then he, who cemented his honour with the blood of the Lamb. It is the admirable *Constantine*, who so perfectly allied Valour to Piety, Monarchy to Humility, the wisdom of the Cross, to the government of the world, the nails and thorns of the Passion, to the Diadem of Kings, and delights of the Court, that he hath left matter of meditation for the wise, of profit for Religious, of imitation for Monarchs, and of wonder for those who admire nothing vulgar.

Greatness of Constantine.

Behold a marvellous Theater of the Providence of God, whereunto I would willingly invite all those spirits, repleat with humane policy, and devested of heavenly Maxims, who are only great by the greatness of their ruine, to see how the breath of God demolisheth the Towers of *Babel*, to raise the walls of *Sion*, how the subtile are surprized in their subtilty, how the science of men becometh blinde in its proper lights, how the vigour of the world is slain by its own hands, how stability is over-turned by the supports it chooseth, how the spirit of flesh at unawares contributeth to plant the Cross on the top of Capitols and heads of Monarchs, by the same ways wherewith it promised to over-cloud them with darkness and Abysses.

Theater of Divine Providence.

Here produce a *Constantine*, bred up very young in the Court of *Diocletian*, who had an intention to become a scourge to Christianity: but God surprized him therein, as *Moses* in the Court of *Pharaoh*, to stop the stream of persecution, to calm the tempests of the time, confound Idols, and raise the Church on the ruines of Gentilism.

Reader, stay a little on the Frontispiece of this history, and behold how the Eternal Providence led this young *Constantine* by the hand, like another *Cyrus*, to humble the Great-ones of the earth before his face, and to give him hidden treasures; to take from him so many bars and impediments, to open for him so many gates of iron, and to cause so many Kings to turn their faces, and afford him their place. *Isaiah* 45.

There was at that time twelve heads, which already either wore the Diadem, or thought themselves capable of it. *Diocletian* and *Maximian* held the highest place: they had chosen for Successours *Galerius* and *Constantius Clorus*, father of our *Constantine*. *Galerius* had made two other *Cæsars*, *Severus*, and *Maximinus*. *Maxentius* son of *Maximian*, violently

violently drew upon himself the Purple by main force; *Licinius* furiously opposed him to gain it. *Constantius*, *Dalmatius*, *Hannibal*, brothers of *Constantine* by the father's side, beheld this good game, and might well hope to have some part therein, as being legitimate sons of *Theodora*, whom *Constantius Clorus* had espoused when he rejected S. *Helena*. *Constantine* saw himself the furthest off, through the disgrace of his mother; yet did the anointment of God make choice of him, dispersing all the rest by such and so divers ways, as we shall afterward behold, to place him in the Throne, only absolute and independent, and to establish him with a long continuance of years, and a large posterity, had it pursued the way which he traced.

The state of the Church under *Diocletian*.

Consider what then was the state of the Church, and view the wonders of the powerful hand of God. *Diocletian* had undertaken to raze from the memory of men the name of Christianity; and being an imperious man, who would, as it were, that the Heavens and elements should observe no other course but according to his will, and engaged very far in this affair, bare himself with such excess of cruelty, that for about three hundred years, that the Christians were persecuted, there had nothing been like the persecution raised under his Empire.

Then was the time, when in full assembly of publick Games, which ordinarily were presented at *Rome*, the cries of an innumerable multitude were heard, who to flatter the design of the Prince, loudly proclaimed two and twenty times, *Christiani tollantur*, *Auguste*, *Christiani tollantur*: Let the Christians be taken away, O Emperour, let the Christians be rooted out. Then was the time that dreadful Edicts of persecution were fixed on every place, that the earth was covered with blood and massacres, and slaughters dispersed, as it were, in all the parts of the habitable world. Christians were accounted as the dregs of mankind, the scorn of the earth, and object of all cruelties. Some were shut up in Caves, not daring to appear in publick, excluded from commerce and society of men, deprived of necessities, which Nature would have to be common to all the world, they not being permitted to draw water from Wells, or to buy a handful of herbs in the Market, unless they presented Incense to Idols, purposely fixed in publick places. Others crept up and down in the Deserts, among wilde beasts, and sometimes roasted with heat of Summer, and sometimes congealed with cold of Winter, tearing up with their nails the grass, which they mingled with their tears before they ate it. Others were led into Theaters, Amphitheaters, and Tribunals of Judges, where old men of fourscore, and an hundred years of age, were seen. Ladies very honourable, most tender Maidens, and little Children, brought into the slaying house there to dye, before they knew what it was to live.

All the tortures which the *Busiris* and *Mezentiuses* knew not, were then invented, and exercised on the bodies of Christians: there was no speech but of Racks, Combs of Iron, molten Lead, boyling Cauldrons: but how to crush men under Presses, as in the time of Vintage, but of shutting bodies up in vessels, armed within with counterpointed nails, and rouling them in this moving prison down the descent of hills: but of annointing them with Oyl and Honey, and exposing them to Wasps, in the boyling ardures of the Sun, but of hanging women by the feet in their nakedness, to serve as a spectacle for lustful eys.

It is not credible such horrours could enter into the hearts of men, without some particular impression of malign spirits, yet *Diocletian* thought it was a great point of state, and the true means irrecoverably to banish Christianity.

Behold the cause why he spared none, yea, not pardoning even his Niece *Susanna*, nor his wife *Serena*, whom he caused to feel the edge of the sword for professing Christianity. It was desired the Martyrs should be numbred, but this was impossible, for when it appeared that one month reckoned up seventeen thousand, and the rest carried the like proportion, the Christians prepared themselves rather to dye then to keep any further record of them. The Emperour also caused all holy books to be exactly sought out, to commit them to the flames, thinking it was a singular policy to suppress our Religion: but it is a thing extremely prodigious, and an invincible argument of the Divinity of our faith, that notwithstanding all these endeavours, the Church was like the burning bush, which derived glory from its proper flames. She encreased under the sword of persecution, borrowing her Ornaments from ignominy, her riches from losses, and life from her tomb. It seemed that every drop of blood which distilled from the bodies of Martyrs, was a grain of seed to make others spring, which in the end wearied executioners, blunted the edge of swords, wore out all the instruments of torture: yet was *Diocletian* for all this nothing mollified.

Conditions of *Diocletian*.

A man would wonder from whence he should conceive such hatred against Christianity, but he that will consider his nature and ordinary proceedings, shall finde, that besides the suggestions of Hell, he had inclinations disposed to such cruelties. He was born of very base birth, nursed up in blood, addicted to the Religion of the Gentiles, so far as to make himself the most superstitious. Whilest he abode in *France*, as yet a young soldier, a *Druid* who much intermeddled with divination, foretold him he should arrive at the Empire, when he had killed the fatal Bore. He being of a spirit ambitious and credulous, went purposely a hunting, and ordinarily chased Bores, to see if a Crown would spring from their blood. But that was not it which the evil spirit pretended. There was at the Court a Lord, named *Aper*, as much as to say *the Bore*, father-in-law to the Emperour *Numerianus*, a man powerful & factious, who after some years possessed himself of the *Roman* Empire by crime and treachery. *Diocletian* adventured to kill him, not so much for hatred, as he said, as for desire to fulfil the prophesie of the *Druid*, and he having thrust his sword through his body, being already arrived to the highest degrees of warfare, and well beloved of the souldiers, was proclaimed Emperour. This election made him greatly esteem the false Religion of Pagans, and to take deep roots in his superstition, which was much augmented by the Priests of Idols, mortal enemies of Christians, who perswaded him, the gods that had given the Empire, demanded of him in requital the extirpation of Christianity, and that his hand was fatal to cut and burn the heads of the *Hydra*, which his Predecessours could never destroy. This afforded him matter of vanity, which he very easily apprehended, and it being also softly whispered in his ears, that the Christians had a plot upon his state, and promised themselves in their prophesies an everlasting Empire, he grew moody even to rage, employing all manner of Engines to give counterpoize to their exaltations. Besides, he being ever desirous to appear exactly absolute in his commands, and effectual in his enterprizes, thought he must never give over persecution,

perſecution, till he had buried the memory of the Chriſtian name; and he voluntarily ſuffered himſelf ſo to be flattered upon this ſubject, that no man could do a thing more acceptable then to tell him he had extinguiſhed the wicked Sect, and eſtabliſhed the honour of the Gods immortal. Columnes alſo and Monuments were dedicated to him with this inſcription, *SUPERSTITIONE CHRISTI UBIQUE DELETA*, which witneſſed, theſe honours were yielded him, for having throughly purged the world from the ſuperſtition of *Chriſt*: but his conſcience ſuggeſted the contrary, wherewith his ſpirit, fierce, and cruel, was horribly amazed.

O God! we may well ſay, there is neither force nor counſel can oppoſe your deſigns: your divine Providence, ſhut up in a cloud, roareth over crowned heads, in a moment overthroweth the mountains of winds, which the Tyrants raiſed one upon another, and makes the ſilly wiſdom of the greateſt politicians, appear like an owl unfeathered, and aſhamed at the rays of the mid day.

He leaveth the Empire.

Diocletian, who was reputed the ſubtileſt, and moſt couragious man of the world, upon a ſuddain reſolved to forſake the Empire, and to hide himſelf in ſome grot, like a beaſt, timorous and wretched. He abandoneth the Scepter and Purple, to retire himſelf into a little country-houſe, and with his own hands to manure a garden.

Reaſons.

This gave matter enough of ſurmiſe to all the world, which could not penetrate his intentions. It was believed by no man, that he did it for humility, for theſe apprehenſions found no place in the heart of a man, who cauſed himſelf to be adored, and preſented his ſhoes, embroidered with precious ſtones, to be kiſſed by them, who came to ſalute him. He notwithſtanding publickly profeſſed, that he addicted himſelf to this life through a generous contempt of the vanities of the world, being fully ſatiated with honours of the earth, and having accompliſhed all the hopes of the moſt ambitious; ſo that he knew what the fortune of the *Cæſars* was, & that Diadems were charged with more Thorns then Pearls; that there was but one way to contentment of life, which was to deſpiſe what others adored: and purſuing this; he wrote a letter to a friend of his, who perſwaded him to re-aſſume the Empire: *If you ſaw the lettice which grow in my Garden, planted with mine own hands, you would think me too good a Gardener, to become a miſerable Emperour.*

This man would needs play the Philoſopher, which he had never learned, and endeavour to colour this change which he had made, with apparences of virtue; but the moſt underſtanding judged, it was the diſeaſe of *Virtus*, and a melancholy enraged, that had tranſported him into this retirement. He was extreamly confounded, to have drawn blood out of all the veins of the earth, to ſtifle a Religion which flouriſhed in its proper ruins. It ſeemed unto him, that a million of ſpirits of the dead, encompaſſed him bed, to require from him, an account of their lives: he began to apprehend ſomething divine in this Religion, which he had ſo outragiouſly perſecuted, and withall to fear a horrible puniſhment in the revolution of the affairs of his eſtate. Behold the cauſe why deſpare, anxiety, and eminent peril, made him voluntarily to deſpoile himſelf, as a man ready to be drowned, believing ſtill, that he ſhould have a better penny-worth of the puniſhments of Heaven, in the perſon of a Gardener, then in that of an Emperour. He anticipated his puniſhment, ſerving for executioner to himſelf, and leaving an Empire, which ſeemed as it were as faſt tyed to him as his ſoul, to make, being yet alive, an honourable recompence to the truth, which he had ſo unworthily offended. He perſwaded *Maximianus* partaker of all his crimes, to be alſo the companion of his fortune and both of them retired, leaving in their places *Galerius* and *Conſtantius*, the father of our *Conſtantine*; ignorantly giving the Empire to him, who had already brought forth a ſon, who ſhould ruin all that which theſe two had built.

Let us now behold his extraction and qualities, beginning from the eminencies of his birth; and let us find in his time the wicked Hermit in the bottom of his cave.

The ſecond SECTION.

The Nobility of Conſtantine.

Plinius Campanilla. *Rudimentum naturæ, lilia facere diſcretis.*

IT is ſaid when nature made the wild Lillie, ſhe alſo taught how to make Lillies: and I may ſay, when ſhe created the Grand-fathers and parents of great *Conſtantine*, ſhe then began the work of a perfect Emperour, which ſhe afterward finiſhed in the perſon of this Monarch, whoſe life we write.

Nobility of *Conſtantine.*

Nazarius obſerveth, that he was deſcended from the Emperour *Flavius Claudius*, a Prince ſo renowned, that it was ſaid, the moderation of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, the virtue of *Trajan*, and piety of *Antoninus* were aſſembled together, to harbour in his heart. He ſuſtained one of the moſt furious incurſions of the *Barbarians*, which ever was upon the *Roman* Empire, for he in one ſole battel defeated three hundred and twenty thouſand, and deſerved a Statue of gold, which was erected for him in the Capitol, having reigned onely two years.

Conſtantius Clorus the father of our great *Conſtantine*, was as the Roſe amongſt Thorns; for he lived among thoſe Barbarous Emperours, who made the world ſhed tears of blood, with ſo great ſweetneſs, temper, and continencie, that *France* and *England*, where he ordinarily reſided, loved him as their father. That which gained him the good will of people, was, that he rendered himſelf affable to all the world, and thought no treaſure greater then the love and affection of his ſubjects. He was a capital enemy of extortions, and levies of unjuſt monies, even to the leſſening rather the train of his houſe, then to over-charge thoſe, which other Governours had oft times ſo ill entreated.

Notable moderation in *Conſtantius.*

Euſebius.

He, being as yet but nominated for the Empire, *Diocletian* underſtanding his deportments, whether he would teach him frugalitie, or that he feared leſt the bright luſtre of the integrity of *Conſtantius* might eclipſe him, one day reproached him with his poverty, and ſent Embaſſadours to him expreſſly to ſee his husbandrie, and exhort him to heap up treaſures, as well as other *Cæſars*. He deſirous to appear magnificent at this meeting, ſpake but one word, which was to give the people notice that he wanted money. It was a pleaſing ſpectacle to behold, how all the world ran to him with ful hands, every one offering him what he had, with a love ſo cordial, and ſo prompt alacritie, that nothing might be ſaid to be more affectionate. He in few hours amaſſed together, great treaſures, which he ſhewed to theſe Embaſſadours of *Diocletian*, who were much amazed thereat. But the brave Prince after their departure, reſtored all had been preſented unto him, ſaying, he loved better to ſee riches in the coffers of his ſubjects, and to retain their loves for himſelf, then

Excellent paſſage.

A judicious experiment.

then to have all the treasures of the *Indies* in his house, without friendship.

It was verily a fair and generous lesson, which he taught the Great-ones of the earth, who through excess of avarice heap together all that, which they must forsake, and in great abundance of wealth have a main want of two things which ought to be eternal, to wit, Love and Truth.

Constantius did all this by ways of moral virtues: for although he had very good inclinations to Christianity, he was no Christian by profession, being as yet straitly associated to the great persecutours thereof: yet because the accidents of time and place might permit it, he freely made use of Christian Officers, judging those would be most loyal in his service, who were most constant in piety. And to this purpose *Eusebius* addeth, that he being one day desirous to make trial of the faith of Christians which were of his train, commanded them to sacrifice to Idols; which the most faithful constantly refused, resolving rather to forsake Court and life, then to be traitours to the character of their Religion. Others yielding to the stream of the times, and hope of worldly favours, shewed themselves somewhat more pliant to his will; which he having perceived, dismissed them all, supposing they might well be perfidious to their Prince, since they had been disloyal to their God. And as for the rest having highly commended them, he afforded them extraordinary preferment.

To be faithful to the King one must be loyal to God.

Helena.

One would wonder from whence such sincere affections should arise, in so ill education as he found among Persecutours of the faith. But for my part, I think we ought to impute this change, next after God, to the holy and couragious *Helena*, whom he espoused in his first marriage, and who was mother of our admirable *Constantine*. This incomparable Lady, that sought the Cross with more industry, then others do Empires, hath engraven her praises with an adamantine pen in the memory of all Ages. It is strange why certain modern *Grecians*, as *Nicephorus* and others, have been so desirous to attribute to *Greece* this creature, so that striving to make her a *Grecian*, they have made her an out-cast. I have not so much leisure in this treatise, as to amuse my self in recounting and refuting their fabulous narrations, being naturally an enemy of men affectedly eloquent, who have no other profession but to lye in good terms. I speak that which is the more probable, agreeing with what is written by Cardinal *Baronius*, whose opinions are ordinarily most sincere. *Helena* was an *English* woman by Nation, daughter of one of the best qualified men of this great *Island*, who lodged in his house the Lieutenant of the *Roman* Empire. *Zosimus* the historian, who could neither love *Constantine* nor his mother, morally hating Christianity, reproacheth her, that she was no Lady, and speaketh as of a woman of base extraction: but we may well say, that his history, when he speaketh of faithful Princes, hath mingled much gall with his ink. Certain it is, that *Helena* being a stranger, could not be in the *Roman* Empire of reputation equal to so many Princesses of the Court, from whome *Constantius* might at that time expect alliance, yet was very honourable in her own Country, not so much by Nobility of blood, as that of faith, wherein in my opinion she already was instructed, there being many Christians in *England* under the Empire of *Diocletian*. For I hold with S. *Paulinus*, that she was the first Mistres of her Son in the faith, and that we should not have had a *Constantine*, if God had not given us an *Helena*, *Principes*

It is the opinion of *Polidorus* lib. 1e. Of *Radulph* in his Polychron. l. 4. cap. 19. Of *Hunting* l. 1. Of *Onuf.* in the Treatise of Roman Emperours, Of *Harpsfeldius* in his histor. Eccles. of *England*. *Lipsius* is of another opinion.

Principibus Christianis esse mernis, non tam suâ quàm Helenæ matris fide, saith this great Bishop.

Constantius at that time, Governour in great *Britain* for the *Roman* Emperour, being lodged in the house of her father, did cast his eie upon *Helena*, who was endowed with an absolute beauty; by reason whereof, as we may conjecture, she was afterward called *Helena* in the *Empire*, this name being not otherwise familiar with the *English*. With this eminent comlines of body she had modesty, and a singular grace, which was a ray imprinted by God upon her forehead; as he did heretofore to the virtuous *Hester*, to make her amiable to all the world. It is true, which *Eustatius* a *Greek* Bishop said, that beauty which hath no grace, is a bait floating on the water without a hook, to be taken, and to catch nothing: but when these two things do meet, they exercise much power over hearts.

Beauty and grace of S. Helena.

And at that time *Constantius* felt the eys of *Helena*, had made more impression upon his soul, then could the sword upon his body: and being a Prince of a singular continency, so highly praised by the Pagans themselves, he would not require the daughter of his host by any other means then those of a lawful marriage, which *Zosimus* hath not wholly denied in this point, more respective, then some *Grecians*, of Christianity. The father seeing the honour done him by his host, made no difficulty to resolve upon it, and the prudent *Helena* with as much ease condescended to the will of those, to whom she owed her being. She entred into marriage for the universal good of the Church, to which she should bring forth a *Constantine*. Her first care was to soften the warlick humour of her husband, by the temper of sweetnes and goodnes, which she gave him in such sort, that in so great a rage of shedding of Christian blood which then reigned, he kept his hands the rest of his days most innocent.

His marriage.

This marriage was as the sacrifice of *Juno*, where the gall of the offering was never presented. There was so much love on both sides, that the spirit of *Constantius* lived onely in that of *Helena*, and *Helena* as the flower of the Sun perpetually followed the motions of this bright star, together with all the good dispositions of her husband. The young *Constantine*, born in the same *Britain*, seemed also more firmly to knit the knot of these chast loves, when behold an obstacle which interposeth.

Constantius is sent to succeed in the Empire, and is declared *Cæsar* by the Emperour *Maximianus*, on this condition, that he should forsake *Helena* his wife and marry *Theodora*, the daughter-in-law of the same Emperour. An Empire is a marvellous flash of lightning in the eys, it dazleth and shuts them up from all other consideration. This good husband, who had so much affection for his dear spouse, suffers himself to be won by the ambition and easines of his nature, which bowed much to the wills of those who seemed to wish him well, and by the lustre of the purple presented to him. *Maximianus* would needs play the Tyrant as well over loves, as men, and plotting marriages, placeth his daughter in the conjugal bed of *Constantius*, to plant him in the Throne of *Cæsars*.

Inconstancy of men.

S. *Helena*, of more worth then an Empire, understanding the news, bear this alteration with great constancy, not complayning, either of the chance, force, or disloyalty of *Constantius*, but accounted it an honour, that to refuse her no other cause was found, but the good fortune of her husband. She more feared then envied Sceptres, and was hidden in her little solitude as the mother of pearl under the waves,

virtue of S. Helena.

waves, breeding up her young *Constantine* in such sort, as God should direct her, *Constantius* touched with this admirable virtue, lived in body with *Theodora*, and in heart with his *Helena*. He gave contentment in the East to a man imperious, and served the times, to have his will another day. But he was in the West, in the better part of himself. Besides, when he was absolute, and that he must needs divide the Empire with *Galerius* his Colleague, he voluntarily resigned the rest of the world unto him, to have *France*, *Spain*, and his Isle of *England*, where the moiety of his heart remained.

Love of *Constantius* and S. *Helena*.

It is a very hard matter long to restrain an honest and lawful love. It is said, when *Sicily* was torn from *Italy* by an arm of the Sea, which interposed it self athwart, Palm-trees were found by the violence of waters rent asunder, which in sign of love still bowed the one to the other, as protesting against the element, which had separated their loves. The like happened to *Constantius* and *Helena*; the torrent of ambitions, and affairs of the world having parted their bodies, could not hinder the inclinations of their hearts. *Constantius* returned into *Great Britain*, there to live and make his Tomb: for he in the end died in the City of *York*. And as he being on his death-bed was asked which of his children he would have succeed him, since besides *Constantine* he had three sons by *Theodora*; at that time forgetting his second wife and her Off spring, he answered aloud, *CONSTANTINUM PIUM, I will have no other Successour but the PIOUS CONSTANTINE*, which was approved by all the Army.

Thus God, the Master of Scepters and Empires, willing to reward the modesty of the virtuous *Helena*, laid hold of her bloud to give it the Empire of the world, in the end, leaving the sons of *Theodora*, to whom *Maximian* promised all the Greatness of the World.

The third SECTION.

His Education and Quality.

Gregor. epist. l. 5. ad Childeberrum *Quanto cæteros homines regia dignitas antecellit, tanto cæteras gentium regna regni prosperitas vestri culmen excellit.*

A Great Orator hath heretofore said, speaking of *Constantine*, that he appeared as much above Kings, as Kings above all other men. It is the Elogy, which afterward S. *Gregory* gave to our Kings. Verily he was accomplished with a spirit and body in so high a degree of perfection, that there needed no more but to see him, to judge him worthy of an Empire. Nature sometimes encloseth great souls in little bodies ill composed, as fortune hath likewise placed Kings in Shepherds Cottages. It is an unhappiness deserving some compassion, when a great Captain is of so ill a presence, as to be taken for one of his servants, and be made to cleave wood, and set the pot over the fire, to prepare his own dinner, as it heretofore happened to *Philopœmen*.

Beauty of *Constantine*.

Constantine took no care for falling into such accidents. It seemed, as *Eumenius* saith, that Nature from above had been dispatched as a brave Harbinger, to score out a lodging for this great soul, and to give him a body suitable to the vigour of his spirit, so well was it composed. He was of a stature streight as a Palm, of an aspect such, that the Orators of that time called it divine; of a port full of Majesty; his eys sparkled like two little stars, and his speech was naturally pithy, sweet, and eloquent, his body so able for Military exercises, that he amazed the strongest, and so sound, that he had no disease. In these members so well proportioned, reigned a vigorous spirit, very capable of learning, if the glory of Arms had not wholly transported him into actions of his profession. His father well enformed of his fair qualities, caused him to come into the East, where he took a tincture of good letters, at the least so much as was needful for a warlike Emperour, and applied himself seriously to the exercise of Arms, wherein he appeared with so much admiration, that he was already beheld with the same eye, one would an *Achilles*, or an *Alexander*, were they alive again.

He was bred in the Court of *Diocletian*.

Diocletian, who had not as yet forsaken the Empire, would have him at his Court, to work him from apprehension of Christianity, to which he might be already much disposed, and draw him to the hatred of our Religion. It was a most dangerous School for this young Prince: for Education ordinarily createth manners, and we are all, as it were, that which we have learned to be in our younger days. *Constantine* notwithstanding gathered flowers in this Garden-bed, not taking the breath of the Serpent which was hidden there-under. He soon learned from *Diocletian* Military virtue, prudence to govern Souldiers, good husbandry in Revenews, authority to become awful: but he took nothing either of his impiety or malice. This barbarous man in the beginning passionately loved him, and would perpetually have him by his sides; but when he saw that passing through *Palestine* and other parts of his Kingdom, the young *Constantine* was more respected then himself (so much his carriage, especially compared to the harsh countenance of the Emperour, had eminence in it) he began to grow into suspicion; and, as it is said, desired secretly to be rid of him. But *Constantine* prevented the blow, retiring under an honourable pretext to the Court of *Galerius*, the associate of his father *Constantius*, who most willingly left this son with him in pledge, thereby to hold some good correspondence with him.

Constantine at Court of *Galerius*.

This *Galerius* was a creature of *Diocletian*'s, who had heretofore declared him *Cæsar*, yet still retained such power over him, that when he had displeased him, he made him run on foot after his Coach, not deigning so much as to look upon him. He in the beginning very courteously entertained the son of his faithful friend, affording him all manner of favours; but in process of time he conceived a strong jealousie, beholding in this young *Mars* more excellent parts, then he had done in all the Courts of the world besides.

Excess of virtues stand in the account of crimes with malign eys, so as to be culpable one must be an able man. *Galerius* resolved to overthrow *Constantine*, for those qualities which made him amiable to all the world; and not thinking it safe to take him away by main force, he made war against him, like a Fox, persecuting him in that manner, as sometimes *Saul* did the invincible *David*. He found by chance, that a King of the *Sarmatians* made an incursion on the territories of the *Roman* Empire, and shewed himself so furious, that none durst any more encounter him, then an enraged beast. *Galerius* gave commission to *Constantine* to bid him battel, thinking it was a most honourable pretext to be freed from him, and that he had a reasonable excuse with *Constantius* the father, when he should shew him his son dead in the bed of honour. The young man, who shut up his eys to danger, and only opened them to glory, went thither readily, and all succeeded so prosperously, that he not only brake the troops of the *Sarmatians*, but also led this King along enchained to *Galerius*. This man who received

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received not so much joy to see an enemy at his feet, as sorrow for the prosperity of a friend, very coldly commended this encounter, and determined with himself to involve the virtue of *Constantine* in other battels, still seeking in his valour the matter of his ruine.

It was at that time a thing very ordinary, to make condemned men to fight with savage beasts in an Amphitheater, thereby to give contentment to those who are delighted to behold such spectacles. *Galerius* called for a combate of *Lions*, and beheld it with *Constantine*, who was very impatient to see, that such as undertook the assault of those beasts, performed it, in his opinion, so coldly. He therefore had a desire to adventure himself therein. *Galerius*, who observed him over-strong for men, thought he might finde his Tomb in the belly of Lions. Note, how under colour of withholding him, he thrust this young virtue further on, already much enkindled with his proper flames. The valiant Prince descendeth in person into the list, and assaileth the Lion, whom he slew with an incomparable strength, whereupon so loud acclamations, and such extraordinary applauses were raised through all the Amphitheater, to the honour of brave *Constantine*, that it alone was sufficient to make the treacherous *Cæsar* burst with anger.

Envy. Envy is a mischievous vice, it resembleth those Mountains which throw their burning entrails against flowers, that blossom on their tops, as the envious dart gall, and flames against those men, who bravely bloom over their heads.

Galerius made the son of his friend reign in hearts, by the same ways wherewith he endeavoured to deprive him of life and Scepter. In the end, he still persisting in his wickedness, and not ceasing to prepare new ambushes, some men of good understanding advised *Constantine* to withdraw himself from the malignity of this wicked man, which he did, forsaking his Court, without leave taken, and speedily returning into *England*, where at that time his father expected him with much impatience. *Zosimus* saith, That in this voyage he took the post-horses which best fitted him, and maimed all the other, to take from his enemies the means of pursuit.

The fourth SECTION.

His entry into the Empire.

IT was in this revolution of times that *Diocletian* and *Maximian* having dispossessed themselves of the Empire, and *Constantius* having swayed certain years with a most prosperous and peaceable government, died at *York*, a City of *England*, to the great grief of the West, which he had so prudently governed. *Constantine* by good chance was there, and nominated by his father for the Empire, a little before his death; which judgment was approved with such consent of the souldiers and all the people, that he had scarcely as yet wiped away his tears, when the Purple was cast on his shoulders, and he saluted Emperour. The good son, who thought on nothing, but to render the last duties of his piety to the memory of his father, found this honour unseasonable, and would have declined it by all means: but a grave Oratour hath said in his Panegyrick, there is no horse so swift, which can steal from mortal eys a man, whom the Providence of God pursueth with Empire in hand. He is constrained to yield, though through modesty he would not be absolutely pronounced Emperour, but contented himself with the title of *Cæsar*, well fore-seeing he was to have many great affairs upon his hand, before he could be peaceably established in his Throne.

Quis te Cylarus, aut Arion post sit eripere, quem sequatur Imperium? Eumenius.

The first shock he had, came from two Kings of *Germany*, to wit, *Assacar*, and *Gaisus*, who passing the *Rhene* with huge troops, endeavoured to overwhelm the *Gauls*, thinking to surprize a young Emperour, as yet uncollected in the uncertainty of his affairs. But he nothing amazed, speedily encounters, defeats, and takes them, leading them enchained in a triumph, whereupon succeeded an accident, which I should rather attribute to the humour of *Diocletian* then of *Constantine*. For, after he had taken his pleasure upon these two Kings, he delivered them over to wilde beasts in a combate, which he caused to be presented, for the entertainment of the people. And although the Oratours of his time much applauded this in him, as an act of justice, for the great havock they both had made, notwithstanding having regard to the quality of the persons, this proceeding cannot be excused from cruelty, never made familiar to the manners of Christians. *Constant. an. 2.*

A wonderful spectacle of the affairs of the world. This forraign war drew along with it civil wars, wherein the powers of the earth encountred together with incredible fervours, and terrible events. Behold a marvellous game, and a great spectacle of the vanities of the world: you shall see seven Princes, who aspired to the Monarchy, haling each one to himself a piece of the Purple, which they rent in pulling, and despoiled themselves of it, in seeking to put it on. The most fiery of them all, who would swallow the whole earth, could not have so much as five foot to cover his body.

Maxentius, the son of *Maximian*, companion of *Diocletian*, a man lost in conscience and reputation, condemned by the judgment of his own father, who thought him unworthy to succeed in the Empire, understanding that *Constantius* was dead, and that they had chosen his son the young *Constantine*, born of an English mother, entereth into desperate furies, and being then at *Rome*, ready for the purpose, caused himself to be declared Emperour, by the souldiers whom he had gained, alluring them by the means of large promises. *Galerius*, who after the death of *Constantius*, and the retirement of *Diocletian* and *Maximian*, thought himself the nearest to the Monarchy, laboureth speedily to hinder the tyranny of *Maxentius*; and having already made two *Cæsars* to succeed, to wit, *Severus* and *Maximinus*, he dispatcheth *Severus* with all diligence, to suppress *Maxentius*: and as this *Severus* was now gone out of *Milan*, bending towards *Rome*, with Legions of *African* souldiers, *Maxentius* prevented him, defeats him, as well by treason as force, takes him, and causeth him to be unworthily strangled. *Galerius* desperately incensed with this outrage, would needs fall upon the West, all full of lightenings and flames; but the distrusts of the safety of his territories staied him, and made him create another *Cæsar*, named *Licinius*: after whose nomination he survived not long, for he died of an incurable Ulcer, Heaven revenging his mis-deeds by a horrible malady and an enraged death. After his decease, these two *Cæsars*, who were both of his faction, *Licinius* and *Maximinus* beheld one another with a jealous eye, and made shew of contestation; but *Maximinus* dying at *Tharsus*, of a very sudden death, decideth the difference by an irrevocable resignation.

Maximian the ancient companion of *Diocletian* would needs return to the Empire, and his Oration upon that subject.

In the mean time *Maximian*, who despoiled of the Empire, before he had a will to resign it, as yet retained blood sparkling in the veins, like a young man: and seeing they had lifted his son to the

the Throne, whom he had ever reputed a man of no worth, burnt with jealousie, and burst with anger. He therefore hastened to finde out his old Hermit *Diocletian* in his grot, (a) and endeavoured to perswade him by all means possible to reassume the Empire.

(a) At Constantina a little village of Sclavonia, which Zosimus maketh to pass for the City of Charters by a notable equivocation, reading Carnuti, for Carnuti.

Shall we endure (saith he) *Great* Augustus, *this youngster so proudly to insult over the patrimonie of the universe, and make sport with the majestie of the* Roman *Empire? Your authoritie transported me to a resolution, to which, that I may speak freely, I never had any great inclination: But I patiently bare it whilest I saw* Galerius *and* Constantius *in the government of the Empire, who seemed two heads very fit for a Crown. But now behold my* Maxentius, *to whose trust I would not have committed the house of a silly Burgess of* Rome, *to govern it; behold a young* Britan, *and another I know not who, true mushromes sprung up in a night, that would divide between them* Europe, Asia, *and* Africa. *God knoweth, what I speak, is not through ambition, but seeing the house of our fathers, and our own all on fire; it is very good reason we bring water to quench it. What do you here in this miserable grot? You are not made for it: the Eternal Providence, which should have fixed you on the government of the world, so necessarie are you for it, is ashamed to see you among beasts and peasants. To speak freely, you do amiss, and it is very ill interpreted; your great courage hath ever better hitherto loved to erre, then avow a fault: and I still was of your opinion, while time permitted; but at this present, when the world runs all into confusion, expecting no reparation but from your hands, with what water can you wash the stains of the blood, not of one man nor of two, but of a whole world, which shall stick upon your forehead, and of all posterity, if to obey a fantasie of spirit you suffer the Empire to be lost? Think you when these young men shall be Masters, you shall enjoy this grot in safety? You have too much courage, and Tyrannie hath too much distrust, to leave you so much as life, when it can uncontrollably take it from you. Let us go presently and reassume the Diadem; we shall no sooner stamp with a foot, but we shall make all the world follow us in arms, for our service. If you still affect this kind of retirement, you shall thither return again, when we have pacified all: but believe me an Empire is a shirt, never to be put off but with life.*

These perswasions were very moving: notwithstanding *Diocletian*, who concluded all his wisdom in the obstinacie of his resolutions, replyeth:

A brave reply of Diocletian

Maximian, I absolutely renounce all the friendship which is between us, if ever you speak to me of such affairs. what levitie have you observed in my proceedings, to perswade me to this change? I protest before the Gods immortal, I will never return to the government of the Empire, no more then into my mothers womb. Miserable man that you are, have you yet so little experience of the vanities of worldly things, as to prefer a rag of Purple before your liberty? I do not know what contentment you may take in government, but for my part, I protest I then slept on thorns, and fed on gall. I neither enjoyed day nor night, either rest or travel, nay not sleep; ambition depriving me of things which criminals finde under fetters, and which Nature is pleased, should be common to all the world. I must live by exteriour shews, countenances, and smoaks; and if others once did what I would have them, they made me a thousand times do what I would not. It is said, a Planet which hath its exaltation in one sign, finds ever its counterpoize in another. If I had any good successe on the one side, I was ever paid on the other with some discontent. My desires were infinite, and though I seemed very potent, I never had the hundreth part of what I wished; and verily I knew not my self what I would have, so many things desired I, which daily taught me mine own impotencie. What a goodly delight have we to cover the earth with Arms, and the Sea with Vessels, and fetch a great circuit to seek out a felicity, which we never finde? What libertie, to live a slave of the world, to possess the world? What riches, to beg even from the sweat of a peasant, to entertain riot? What tranquillitie, to live perpetually in torment.

Your conscience knows this to be true, which I say: When you and I would intermeddle with affairs, according to the obligation of our charges, what care must there be for revenews? What travel for military matters? What watching for justice? What noise upon the complaints of so many Provinces poured out at our feet? What fear of surprizes? What distrust of friends? What deadly sweats for treason? What anxieties, and what apprehensions of so many lamentable events, which would happen to others before our eys? If we resigned the care of affairs to two or three men of our cabinet, they disturbed one another, and sold us to their ambition under colour of service. In the end they caused us to carry the seeming Scepter of all their folly, and made us accountable for all the havock, injustices, and miseries of humane kind. Is not here cause enough to desire such slaverie? If you and I had bodies of whales to cloath, and stomacks to be fed with huge sums of gold every hour in the day, I would say, that needs we must return to these kind of spoils to content us. But we have to do with few things, and for a little space. I swear unto you, that from the time I betook me to this retirement, it hath seemed that all the elements were for me, and that I never was more powerful, more rich, or contented. I have found all that, which I sought for, health, repose, truth, wisdom, arts, and the Gods. Go not now about to colour your specious oration with pretexts of the publick good. I well know where your ambition itcheth: believe me, he is nearest to heaven, who least careth in whose hands the earth is. What importeth it, that young Constantine, Maxentius, *and* Lycinius *divide the world? I shall see them strive together, like ants about a grain of earth. If the world must be lost, as it is very likely, I had rather it were in their hands then mine. I very well see the Empire is sick to the death; I have forsaken it, like an old Phisician, and will bease no more speech of it, then of a bodie in the coffin. Believe me, neither you nor I can do any thing for its health but to witness our inabilitie. All those who have admired our resolution in forsaking the Diadem, will be the first that will cast the stone against our inconstancy, if we weakly go about to require again that which we so generously have abandoned. God forbid I should enter into a fantasie to despoile my self of a glory, that never any one Monarch had before me, which is the contempt of a world, when I had it in mine hands. If you be resolved to loose your self, do it without company; your friendship ought to pretend nothing upon me to the prejudice of mine honour and conscience. And whereas you propose unto me the danger of my person, I do not think that envy will extend it self over the Coleworts and Lettice of this little Garden, planted by mine own hands: and should they come thither, I have already lived long enough, according to the course of nature, enough to satisfie the desire, which I had of glory, and too much to see the miseries of the world. I will not think much to render up this life, which I have upon my lips, to him who gave it me.*

We must needs say this man had a great understanding, and goodly Maxims: for had not mischief given him the spirit of an hangman against Christianity, he might be accounted in the number of the greatest Emperours. *Maximian* was much amazed at the constancy of his resolution. Notwithstanding, the desire he had to return to his former honour being insatiable, he spared not to take the purple again, and bear himself as Emperour, protesting it was the desire of publick good, which put the Scepter into his hands.

Maximian the baloon of fortune.

It is an admirable thing, how his ambition was discountenanced. He, who promised himself much respect, was hissed at by the souldiers, as a man vain, unconstant, and shallow, was chased out of *Italie*, and *Sclavonia*, and other places, which he sought to possess, and reduced as it were to such terms, as to see himself at the mercy of his son, which he apprehended as the last of his afflictions: although some have thought there was collusion between the father and the son, for the accommodation of their affairs. He wished now to be in the bottom of a cave with his *Diocletian*: but since he had begun the play, he must finish his act. The subtile man, who well foresaw that *Maxentius*, a brain-sick Prince, was upon ruin, resolved to league himself firmly to the fortune of *Constantine*. Behold why being retired in haste towards him, having engaged his house in the Empire, it was not difficult for him to finde access there, as also for that the new Emperour in this great concourse of arms and affairs, was very willing to make use of the counsel of a man refined in policie.

Maximian entreth so far into the heart and judgment of *Constantine*, that to tie him the more to himself, and wholly cement up his own affairs, he gave his daughter *Fausta* in marriage to him; whom the young Prince espoused in his second wedlock, having first of all been married to *Minervina*, by whom he had two children, *Crispus*, and *Helena*. This marriage of *Fausta* was solemnized with much magni-

magnificence, and the son rendred so much honour to his father-in-law, that he seemed to retain nothing of the Empire, but the name and habit, dividing with him the rest of his power.

3. Disposition.

We may well say, the spirit of *Maximian* was turbulent and insupportable; for not satisfying himself with all this excellent entertainment, he thought he was nothing, if he wore not upon his forehead the Diadem which he had forsaken. He began to set things in order at the Court, and to prepare factions in such sort, that he seemed to have no other purpose but to set his son, and his son-in-law together by the ears, to enjoy both their spoils. In the end, he put his design very far upon the fortune and life of *Constantine*, and being as he was vain to talk of his enterprizes namely to his daughter *Fausta*, whom he esteemed to be of a good disposition, he opened himself so much to her, that he made, as saith the *Wise-man*, *Of his lips, the snare of his soul.* For the young married wife, having more affection in store for her husband, then her father, and who having already the tast of Empire, would not yield it up to him, to whom she had owed her birth, hastened to tell all to *Constantine*, advising he should take heed of his father-in-law, and that he was a wicked man, who would, if it were possible, deceive all the gods of *Olympus* for the desire he had to reign. *Maximian* well perceiving that his daughter had discovered the plot, and that there was no further safety for him at the Court of his son-in-law, secretly stole away, and endeavoured to regain the East: but was taken tardy at *Marsellis*, and there strangled, to give an end to his life and all his designs. Some have written that he hanged himself through despair of his affairs, others, that it was by the commandment of *Constantine*: others have said, that his son-in-law was willing to save him, but the publick hatred born against *Maximian* prevented clemency, which I think the more probable. Verily I would not disguise the exorbitances practised by *Constantine*, before his entrance into Christianity, for he cannot be justified upon some disorders. But since *Zosimus* the Historian, who pardoneth him in nothing, chargeth him not with this death, I see no cause why we should accuse him.

Eusebius.

Behold the desperate end of *Maximian*, after he had persecuted the Church, embroiled Empires, all armed the whole world by the extravagances of his ambition, an infamous halter taketh a little air from him, which he thought he could not freely enough breath, whilest any man stood more eminent then himself. Let us now see the good government of his son.

Victor. Nazarius. Non omnia potes, Dii te vindicant & invitum.

The fifth SECTION.

His Prowess against Maxentius.

Constant. 7.

Maxentius had reduced the City of *Rome* into such a condition, that there was no Forrest of Thieves wherein the lives of Citizens were not more safe then in their houses. He who held his advancement from souldiers, for recompence gave them the priviledge of all crimes: so that in the brave Orations which he made to them, no words were more frequent in his mouth, then these, *Fruimini, dissipate, prodigite: Enjoy, riot, spend*; and what he said in words, he first of all taught by example. What ever avarice could do in rapines, prodigality in profusions, cruelty in massacres, luxury in adulteries, a barbarous life in all kind of brutishness, returned upon the great Theater of the world, in the person of *Maxentius*. When he had caused houses to be rifled, and unworthily massacred the best qualified Senatours, he betook himself to the honour of Ladies, which he endeavoured to taint with all sorts of Artifices. Among other things it is recounted, that having cast his eys upon a Lady, a Christian by profession, and wife of a Senatour of an honourable rank, he dispatched villains, who served him in such like ordures, to attach her, with sword and violence in their hands. The timerous husband said to the Emperours Guard, he would refer this matter to be treated at the will of his wife. She understanding what was practised, went presently out, and shewed to these wicked messengers, that she was not now in a fit state to be presented before the Emperours eys, and prayed, they would give her a little time to put on her attires; which they most willingly condescended unto. The couragious woman, inspired as it was thought, with a particular instinct from God, cast her self at the feet of our Saviour, holding a Poniard in her hands, and thereupon began to say: *What shall we do, O holy chastity, which I with so much loyalty have preserved in the Conjugal bed, never having admitted a forraign love to enter into my heart? Shall we now abandon thee to the pollutions of a Tyrant, forsaken both by God and men? Let us rather dye. Dye? It is one of my great desires, but to dye by mine own hands, is a sin. Yet the inspiration of God dictates to me, he will not be offended with the remedy, which is only left me to decline my happiness. I will follow the spirit, and leave nothing to the flesh, wherewith to displease God. If there be a fault in it, my hope shall smother it, and my blood shall wash it away.* Upon these words, interrupted with sighs, she thrust the Poniard into her bosom, giving end to her life, to eternize her honour.

Strange Tragedy.

Simil. S. Ambros. l. 3. de virginibus.

The Bauds who expected her at the gate, wondering much at the length of time she bestowed in dressing, entred into the chamber, and found her drenched in her own blood, wherewith they were so amazed, that fear gave them wings to fly, and make relation to the Emperour of what had passed: but the wretched *Pharaoh*, was not for all this any thing mollified, still continuing his Sacrileges with magick and horrible witchcrafts, until such time that *Constantine* came to awaken him.

Behold one of the noblest acts of valour, which hath ever been among all the Emperours, that either have preceeded, or succeeded the great *Constantine*. For having sought peace by all manner of reasonable ways, and seeing *Maxentius* would by no means hearken unto it, but that he caused his images and statues to be broken and dragged over Dunghils, he resolved to assault him with a just war, in which he began, although not publickly, to abandon the false gods, and resign himself into the hands of the Saviour of the world, thereunto invited by that excellent vision of the Cross, and other circumstances, which I reserve for subsequent Sections, where I intend to speak of his calling to Christianity.

It was from this time he took the fatal Banner, called the *Labarum*, wherein the name of our Saviour was written in certain cyphers.

The Army of *Maxentius* was composed, by the report of *Zosimus*, of an hundred threescore and ten thousand foot-men, with eighteen thousand horse; forces so terrible, that they were able to stop the most adventurous.

Constantine amassed together *Gauls*, and from *England* and *France* it self, in the name of Inha-

bitants upon *Rhein*, all the forces he could get, and put into the field about ninety thousand foot-men, with many horses of service, which onely amounted to eight thousand. It is the supputation of *Zosimus*; although others sufficiently declare the troops were far less. He, who by relation of *Eusebius* was then about thirty years of age, although others make him younger, shewed in the manage of this Army, all the qualities which might be desired in the most accomplished Captain. For he marched from the *Rhein* unto the wals of *Rome*, with singular order, and unparalelled dexterity.

When he entred into *Italy* he found many resistances both of men and Cities, who endeavoured to stop his passage, in such sort, that needs he must give two or three battels, which he most couragiously won, forcing the rebellious Cities, and very courteously using those who rendered themselves into his hands. In the end he resolved to besiege the City of *Rome*. *Maxentius*, who might have tyred him out with long delays, resolved to oppose, and with all expedition joyn battel, confideing in the vast multitude of his forces, which were very fresh to set upon an Army, already wearied with so great a journey.

Besides, he had many notable works over *Tyber*, on the bridge *Milvius*, which the *Romans* now call *Ponte-mole*. His engineers promised him, that with certain buckles of Iron they would build and demolish the bridge as he should think good: so that when his Army was to pass, it should go upon firm ground, and when *Constantine* with his troups set foot upon it, they were but to let a certain engin loose to drown the bridge and cast it into the river. It seemed to *Maxentius* he had two strings to his bow, either to overthrow *Constantine* in the field with an huge Army, or entrap him with the stratagem of this bridge, when he was engaged in the battel, and that he had given him a taste of pursuit.

Upon this resolution he passed the *Tyber* with his Army. *Constantine*, most glad to have drawn him out of the wals of *Rome*, arrangeth his battalions with marvellous dexterity, and disposed his souldiers to the fight. Behold two dreadful Armies, which looked one upon another like to huge clouds full of storms, ready to pour down upon the heads of many mortals. The lot is cast, and the quarrel of the Empire of the world must be determined in few hours. The brave *Constantine* resolved with that small proportion of horse he had, yet men most daring, to assail the Cavalrie of *Maxentius*, and for a singular testimony of his valour, and the trust he had in God, he first of all appeared in the head of his Army, and with many paces set forward before the rest, making his horse curvet in a martial manner. It was an easie matter to know him, for his Arms shined all with gold, and his Helmet was set with precious stones. His enemies began to fall roundly upon him; but the Captains of *Constantine*, seeing their Emperour so generously to out-brave danger, followed him with such fervour, as if every one of them expected an Empire for recompence. They fell like lightning upon their enemies, who were much amazed at this first charge; yet they notwithstanding made good resistance, but maugre all their endeavours, those of *Constantine* brake through, and defeated them.

Maxentius defeated.

Maxentius beholding his Cavalry, in which he reposed all his hope, to be so ill handled, resolved upon a retreat, to make use of his bridge, and drown *Constantine* engaged in the pursuit of those that fled. But oh the justice of God! The wicked man, as saith the Royal Prophet, falleth into the ditch which he himself had digged. It is not known whether those besotted engineers failed in their design, or whether the great numbers of those that fled caused this ruin: but the bridge brake under *Maxentius* his feet, and threw him into *Tyber* all bloody, like another *Pharaoh* in the red Sea, with all the principal of his Empire, who environed his person. He amazed at so violent a fall, hoped yet to recover the other shore, being excellently mounted, where he was seen to wrestle a certain time with the waves, which in the end swallowed him up. There was in the beginning a great slaughter of those, who made resistance: but in the end seeing their Emperour drowned, they yielded all to the mercy of *Constantine*, who stayed the victorious sword in the hands of souldiers, to consecrate it to clemency.

He did well to search for the body of *Maxentius* in *Tyber* to take off his head, which was fixed on the point of a Lance, and borne to *Rome* and *Africk*, to satisfie justice for the enormous forfeits he had committed when he was alive. From thence this brave Conquerour is received in the City of *Rome*, as an Angel descended from heaven, for the deliverance of the world. Never was triumph so highly valued as his, because in the tropheys of other Emperours, they triumphed for the gaining of some far-distant province; but in this, lost *Rome* recovered it-self. The Queen of Nations ceased to be the prey of Nations, and breathed now a sweeter ayr of antient liberty. If ever prince saw a glorious day in all his life, this was it, which shined then over the head of *Constantine*. They came from all parts of *Italy* to behold him, and those who had seen him thought they had lived long enough, supposing it unfit to behold any other humane thing. Amongst so many notable spectacles at that time in the City, none was looked upon, but he; his face was the object of all their admirations, and his valour the matter of all discourses.

The Senate, to witness the joy they conceived for this victory, prepared him a triumphal Arch, all of marble, one of the stateliest monuments that ever had been raised to the honour of a Conquerour, wherein this Inscription was engraven.

IMP. CÆS. FL.
CONSTANTINO
MAXIMO. P.F. AUGUSTO.
S. P. Q. R.

QUOD INSTINCTU DIVINITATIS, MENTIS MAGNITUDINE, CUM EXERCITU SUO, TAM DE TYRANNO, QUAM DE EJUS OMNI FACTIONE, UNO TEMPORE, JUSTIS REMPUBLICAM ULTUS EST ARMIS, ARCUM TRIUMPHIS INSIGNEM DICAVIT.

This said that the Senate and people of *Rome* dedicated this triumphal Arch to *Constantine* Emperour and Great *Pontifice*, happy Prince, and *Augustus*: because by an instinct of Divinity, and an admirable greatness of courage, he had with his Army freed the Common-wealth from a Tyrant and all his faction, by the justice of his arms: where, in the Arch on the right hand were read these words, *Liberatori Urbis*; on the left hand, *Fundatori Quietis*; which clearly declared him, the Freer of the City, and Founder of Repose. There was likewise inscribed on

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it the number of years, in which they desired to render vows for this glorious victory. Observe, as you pass along, that the Senate was as yet Pagan, yet knowing the devotion which *Constantine* bare to the Saviour of the world, though he were not then a declared Christian, they abstained from the mention of Gods, and spake only of one Divinity.

The sixth SECTION.

The death of Diocletian, *and feats of Arms, performed by* Constantine *against* Lycinius.

SInce I have undertaken to represent the famous warlike Acts of *Constantine* to shew his arrival to Monarchy, I will here insert the end of *Diocletian* and *Lycinius*. When *Constantine* caused his Standards to march against *Maxentius*, there remained no more of so many *Cæsars*, but *Lycinius*, who was created a little before the death of *Galerius*. The brothers of *Constantine* would alter nothing. *Diocletian* remained in his retirement. There was none but this *Lycinius*, who was an old Souldier, a man raised from nothing, but advanced by Arms, and who had done so good services to *Galerius*, the creature of *Diocletian*, in the war which he had against the *Persians*, that out of meer respect of his valour he was chosen Emperour.

In all other things he was of a rude and gross spirit, as derived from Peasants, and who all his life had done nothing else but handle iron, either for tillage, or war, not having acquired any neatness of a civil life. Behold the cause, why being ignorant and proud, he extremely hated learning, which he called the poyson of the Empire; and had it been in his power, he would have banished all knowing men, that there might be none able to reproach his ignorance. *Constantine*, as wise as he was warlike, saw well, he must manage this spirit, who might much trouble him in his design against *Maxentius*, for which cause following this counsel, he promised him a share in the Empire, and his sister *Constantia* in marriage. It is held, this marriage was solemnized at *Milan*, a little after the defeat of *Maxentius*, where many treaties passed between *Constantine* and *Lycinius* touching their principalities, and from that time a most favourable Edict was made for the re-establishment of Christians, and the honour of Christianity; which *Lycinius*, although a Pagan, refused not to sign.

Victor addeth, that *Diocletian* was sent for to the Wedding of *Lycinius*. For it was much desired to hear him speak, and see what he had upon his heart, his spirit being very able to give cause of distrust to two Princes, who were desirous to establish themselves in all security.

The subtile Hermit on the other side, who feared to be overtaken, made an answer, in which he besought their Majesties to give him leave to live in his Hermitage, and afford him that for delight, which others commonly took for punishment. That he had not for the time to come, any minde upon marriages, and that as his age dispensed him from voyages, so retirement freed him from the vain pleasures of the world. That his presence contributed nothing to this action: that the uneasines of ways would much prejudice his health. In the end, since the resolution he had made never to enter into the manage of any affairs, had left him no other share but vows and prayers, he would employ them for their prosperities.

These fair words satisfied not the Emperours, who had a desire to draw the Wolf out of the wood, which gave them occasion to write back again to *Diocletian* Letters very sharp, as if they would willingly involve him in the business of *Maxentius*. At this time the miserable man plainly saw, the vengeance of God sought him out in the place which he so obstinately chose for his repose.

When that notable Edict was read unto him, which was made in favour of Christians, and that he understood Churches were already built for them every where, that they assembled to celebrate their Feast with all liberty, that *Constantine* had caused the Cross to be set even in his Banners, and that on every side the praises of *Jesus* of *Nazareth* were preached; on the contrary, that the Temples of false Gods were shut up, their Statues broken, their Altars overturned, and that all Paganism went to confusion; this direful Persecutour then felt an infinite number of Vipers to tear his entrails. And Victor. seeing besides, that he with so much sharpnes was sent for, he imagined the Christians victorious over persecution, would rent him in a thousand pieces. Thereupon, having his soul extremely perplexed, and his body burthened with diseases, languishing and incurable, he perpetually invoked death, the most amiable of all his Goddesses, to deliver him from the ignominies and toyls of life. In the end, she too slowly answering his desire, as the most probable opinion speaks, he hastened her pace, taking poyson, as a man who could not dye by a worse hand then his own.

Behold the desperate end of the greatest Persecutour, which the Church hath ever had: who endeavouring to extirpate our Religion, hath filled our Martyrlogies with the names of Martyrs, our Altars with veneration, Christianity with Crowns, and the World with Virtues, and buried himself in the tomb of despair and infamy; to teach all Great ones, that a worse blindnes cannot fall upon them, then the persecution of Innocents, whose blood hath a voice in it, which crieth out to the memory of all Ages.

Lycinius being alienated from the friendship of *Constantine*, failed not to put *Diocletian* into the number of the gods, although himself were shortly after to be razed from the number of men. This creature, who by report of Heathens of his own faction, was covetous, cholerick, and lascivious, could not long comply with the humours of *Constantine*: for he ceased not to torment the Christians which were in his Empire, with excessive cruelties, though himself, as we have said, had signed Edicts in their favour. Condition of *Lycinius*.

Constantine, who suffered as much as he thought reasonable, seeing his spirit became untractable, armed against him. The first encounter was at *Cibales*, a City of *Sclavonia*, where *Constantine* was encamped upon a Hill, and *Lycinius* in the Valley. The battel was very sharp on both sides, it lasted a whole day, from morning till night, they scarcely breathing; and therein *Constantine* was in much danger, had it not been that the spur of honour that pricked him on, made him do admirable things, which in the end discomfited *Lycinius*, and put him to flight. He went creeping away like an old Serpent, who had received many blows, but yet retained strength and poyson. For having gained *Thrace*, where he thought himself strongest, he rallied his troops and disposed himself for another war. First battel against him.

Constantine stoutly follows him, finding means to pass the Rivers, whereof these flying enemies had broken the Bridges to cut off their way, and he so 2. Battel.

speeded, that he suddenly was in *Thrace*, near to the Army of *Lycinius*. From that very evening he ranged his forces for fight, resolving to give them battel at the break of day. *Lycinius* seeing they followed him so hard at heels, made him a virtue of necessity, and animated himself to sustain the shock, having no want of men able to do bravely. This second battel was also very rough, both parties bearing themselves manfully: and the ballance of victory seeming not yet to incline either to one side or other, behold five thousand Legionaries of *Constantine*, that had very long chased *Lycinius*, not being able to overtake him, arrived in the heat of this battel, and fell upon his Army to enclose it; but he, who was, to say truly, valiant in the art Military, defended himself very well, and in the end freeth himself from this fight, with composition to leave *Sclavonia* to *Constantine*, contenting himself to reign in *Thrace*, and the Eastern parts.

This accord was signed with the blood of *Valens*, whom *Lycinius* had before created *Cæsar*, and whose punishment *Constantine* demanded in this treaty of peace, as he who was authour of all those Civil dissentions. This peace so plaistered up, lasted not long. *Lycinius*, still upon alteration, could not contain himself within the limits of reason. He gathered together a great multitude of Ships from the Coast of *Cyprus*, *Egypt*, *Venetia*, *Africa*, *Bithynia*, and other places, and set a great Armado to Sea. On the other part, he had an hundred and fifty thousand Foot in the field, with fifteen thousand horse. *Constantine* well perceived that he aimed at Monarchy, and had set up his rest. This was the cause why he prepared forces to confront him, making a Naval Army of about two hundred great Ships of war, with two thousand of burthen, a Foot-force of an hundred and twenty thousand men, ten thousand as well Cavaliers, as brave Sea-men.

Great victory of *Constantine*.

Now was the time the affair of Empires must peremptorily be decided. *Constantine* armed with the confidence which he had in the Saviour of the world, whose banner was then advanced in all his Armies, knowing that *Lycinius* was at that time encamped at *Adrianople*, overtook him passing the river *Ister*, at this present called *Mariza*, so suddenly, that at the first encounter he routed all his Army, killing thirty four thousand of his men, and taking a very great many other prisoners, who yielded to his obedience. *Lycinius* was so amazed with this blow, that he speedily retired to *Byzantium*, which afterwards was *Constantinople*, where *Constantine* pursued, and hardly pressed him. In the mean time *Ablantus*, who had the charge of the Sea-forces of *Lycinius*, resolving to give battel, put to Sea a great quantity of vessels in a streight, which could not bear such a number. The Admiral of *Constantine* determined to assault him, with only fourscore light ships, who at advantage assailed him, finding him much plunged in his Fleet. Night having broken off this first encounter, they began a fresh in the open Sea, where the tempest handled the vessels of *Lycinius* so ill, that an hundred and thirty were lost, and the rest put to flight.

Whilest these things were in doing, *Constantine* very streightly besieged the City of *Byzantium*, having raised plat-forms that were like huge mountains, which at the least equalled in height the walls of the City, from whence he battered it, and endammaged it with much facility. *Lycinius* seeing it was not the securest way for him, gaineth *Bithynia*, where he trieth his utmost endeavour, making arrows of all wood: but all succeeded so ill with him, that of an Army which exceeded an hundred thousand men, there scarce remained thirty thousand. He, who could not yet finde in his heart to give over, shuts himself up in the City of *Nicomedia*, where *Constantine* furiously assaulteth him; so that seeing himself upon the extreme despair of his affairs, he went out of the City, and cast himself at the feet of *Constantine*, laying aside the Purple Robe, and Diadem, and only demanding a place of safety, where he might pass the rest of his days, which could not much longer continue, for he was fully threescore years of age.

End of *Lycinius*.

A certain Priest of *Nicomedia*, who lived at that time there, and who set hand to this History, saith, That *Constantine* sent him into *France*, to bewail his sins; but the more probable opinion is, that he put him to death, being weary of his disturbances, and having much distrust of his spirit, notwithstanding that *Constantia* still lived, and begged of her brother the life of her husband. *Constantine* cannot be excused to have used most severe punishments even against his neareſt kindred, having still in his head the fire of war and ambition, and not being reconciled but very late to the mildness of Christianity.

Behold how so many Emperours being removed, he remained sole Master of the world, making afterwards divisions to his brothers, the sons of *Theodora*, as he thought good. He that would attentively consider this arrival of *Constantine* to Monarchy, and the reign of more then thirty years, which God gave him, shall see more clear then day, that all these favours came not to him, but by the virtue of true Religion, whose Altars he the first of all Emperours exalted.

The seventh SECTION.

The Vices and Passions of Constantine *before Baptism; with the death of* Crispus *and* Fausta.

I Will not here present unto you a *Constantine* in outward lineament, as *Eusebius* hath done, to cover his faults, and only expose beauties to view. It is no wonder that he had vices before Baptism, but it is the miracle of Christianity, to change Lions into Lambs, Sinks into Fountains, and Thorns into Roses and Tulipans. The ice of winter makes the beauty of the spring, darkness contributes to the luster of light, nor ever is the Sun more bright, then after an Eclipse. So grace, which is the splendour of eternal light, makes it self to be seen with more triumphs in arms, where it hath subdued most iniquities. It is certain, that this warlike humour of *Constantine*, transported him into vanities, ambitions, jealousies, and in some sort into a bloody disposition, which was greatly fomented by the education he received in the Palace of *Diocletian*.

Behold a prodigious accident, which happened in his house, by a precipitation ill ordered, the death of his poor son *Crispus*, poysoned by the commandment of his father, upon a wicked and sinister calumny raised upon him by his step-mother. Verily my Pen shaketh with humour, being to touch upon this History, and I know many *Grecian* flatterers either have passed it over in silence, or been willing to disguise it in favour of *Constantine*: but the holy Martyr *Artemius* freely avoweth before *Julian* the Apostata who reproached him with it, for bearing to deny a fact, which was very notorious, yet desirous to sweeten it by intervening circumstances. Cardinal *Baronius* is much displeased with *Eusebius*, who hath spoken nothing of it, as if

Constant. 19. *Bar.*

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it were a thing very ſtrange, that a man, who wrote to the ſon the life of his father, in form of a Panegyrick, ſhould not charge his writings with crimes and furies, which men then endeavoured to ſuppreſs by all means. Great men may have their judgments too tender for ſuch like Hiſtories, and ordinarily reſemble that creature, which bears his gall in his ear. They cannot hear a true Hiſtory in any thing which toucheth them, without offence; they muſt ſometimes underſtand their own lives in the rumours of people: where the one unlimittedly takes the liberty of ſpeaking all, ſince the other takes licence of doing all.

Alban. animal. *Albertus.*

The vices of *Conſtantine* about theſe times cannot be concealed. But he having cauſed his ſon *Criſpus* to be put to death, and thereunto added the death of his wife *Fauſta*, who had raiſed the calumny againſt the innocent, this Diſtick was affixed to the gates of his Palace, attributed afterward to Conſtil *Ablavius*.

Saturni aurea ſæcla quis requirat?
Sunt hæc gemmea, ſed Neroniana.

It was an alluſion to the humour of *Conſtantine*, who much loved pearls and pretious ſtones; as alſo to that, which paſſed in the matter of *Criſpus* and *Fauſta*, the ſubſtance whereof is this: *Let us not ſeek any more for the golden Age of* Saturn: *Behold one all of pearl, but the Age of* Nero.

Let us ſpeak what we think moſt probably to have happened in this affair. We have already mentioned, how *Conſtantine* in the prime of his youth was eſpouſed in his firſt Wedlock to *Minervina*, upon which the Writers of his time have much praiſed him, as a Prince very chaſt, who to avoid wandering and unlawful pleaſures, willingly tyed himſelf to a legitimate marriage, and from that time took upon him the ſpirit of a husband. It is an eaſie matter to believe, that this *Minervina*, whom he married, had taken the name of *Minerva*, becauſe of the wiſdom, grace, and beauties, reſplendent in her perſon. It ſeemeth theſe great perfections of minde and body, ever draw along with them a certain fate, which affordeth them no long continuance, but rather the lives of Roſes, that in the evening make a tomb of the ſcarlet, whereof in the morning they made a Cradle. The poor Princeſs quickly died, after ſhe had brought forth to *Conſtantine* at one birth, which was her firſt and laſt, two Twins, to wit, a ſon named *Criſpus*, and a daughter, who from the name of her Grand-mother, was called *Helena*, and afterward married to *Julian* the Apoſtata.

The firſt marriage of *Conſtantine*.

Minervina.

Criſpus and his qualities.

This *Criſpus* was verily the moſt accompliſhed Prince of that Age, for he at the very firſt ſucked in piety with his milk, having the moſt glorious S. *Helena* for his firſt Miſtreſs in Chriſtianity. From thence being initiated in the ſtudy of good Letters, he had for Tutor that famous man *Lactantius Firmianus*, one of the moſt eloquent and ancienteſt Authours of Chriſtianity: who being the inſtructer of *Cæſars*, notwithſtanding lived in ſuch poverty, that he with much ſtraitneſs enjoyed the neceſſities of life. *Criſpus* having manured his ſpirit with learning, very courageouſly addicted himſelf to the exerciſe of arms; wherein he very well expreſſed the Genius and dexterity of his father, but with much more grace and ſweetneſs. For Hiſtories aſſure us, he was of viſage moſt amiable, full of attractives and admiration, which made upon the mindes of men ſo much the more impreſſion, as they were ingrafted in a ſingular modeſty, and a goodneſs ſo natural, that no man could near hand behold it without affection.

O God, what fury is there in diſhoneſt love, and how much did it diſturb the houſe of *Conſtantine*! If Lords and Ladies who give admittance to affections and thoughts unlawful, did well conſider the acerbities which attend this paſſion, they would rather rear their hearts out with their nails, then pollute them with ſuch ordures. It is not without cauſe, what the wiſe *Ariſtophanes* hath ſaid, that love was baniſhed from Heaven, as a trouble-feaſt and diſturber of the repoſe of Divinities. The truth is, where this paſſion ſetteth foot, it exileth from thence innocency, and tranquility, two the moſt pretious pearls of life; and were there wicked loves in Heaven, there would no longer be felicities. Happy is that life, which hath no eys for thoſe carnal beauties, and is all eys to preſerve it ſelf, eſpecially in the beginning, from ſuch ſurprizals.

So *Simon* the Magician ſaid, That the ſoul of *Helena* had put fire, trouble and jealouſie among the Angels, but that taking from them this object of concupiſcence he had accorded them. *Philaſtrius* de hæreſ.

The miſerable *Fauſta* wife of *Conſtantine*, daughter of *Maximian*, who had received good education in the houſe of her father, and was of a very ſenſual humour, even ſo far as to controle the devotions of her husband, and pick quarrels againſt Religion, which ſhe would never embrace, had in this diſorder vehement diſpoſitions, ſiniſterly to admit the love which the beauty of *Criſpus* might eaſily afford her. This divine feature ſtanding alwaies as an object for the wanton eys of the Empreſs, enkindled ſo much fire in her veins, that another flame muſt be found to quench it. The children which ſhe had by her husband were nothing to her, in compariſon of *Criſpus*: *Criſpus* was in her heart, *Criſpus* in her thought, *Criſpus* in her diſcourſe, wherein ſhe yet had ſome temper, fearing to diſcover her paſſion. Yet could ſhe not forbear but ſay, *Criſpus* was the Idæa of perfect men, and the incomparable ſon, whoſe worth and virtue would ſurvive with the world. It was much wondered, how a ſtep-mother ſhould entertain ſo much good opinion of the ſon of her husband; yet ſhe having hitherto lived within the limits of honour, it was interpreted, all theſe affections were ſincere and innocent. *Criſpus*, who then thought not upon his own defence, in a combat that was nothing but courteſie, took all theſe favours as witneſſes of a moſt unſpotted amity, reciprocally rendering to her much reſpect, wherewith ſhe ſhewed her ſelf not a little troubled, deſiring he would treat with her in a more free faſhion: for love had already deſpoiled her of majeſty.

Saint *Auguſtine* hath very well ſaid, that he who will puniſh an exorbitant ſpirit, muſt leave it in its own hands, to ſerve both as a ſcaffold and executioner to it ſelf. The unfortunate *Fauſta*, who had already given over-free paſſage to ſin, felt acceſſes of ice and fire, of deſires, of affrightments, of confidence, and remorſe. Her conſcience accuſed her in the bottom of her heart, and ceaſed not to ſhew her the enormity of this fault, when by the help of impudency, ſhe thought to have quenched theſe little ſparkles of goodneſs which God ſoweth in the moſt forſaken hearts. She knew not how or where to begin this pernicious deſign. *Criſpus* ſeemed to be too chaſt, his Chriſtian Religion made him in her opinion too auſtere, his ſpirit was as yet too tender, and not capable of a moſt powerful wickedneſs; and although he ſhould conſent, where may faithful complices be found, fit occaſions and liberty, to content an infamous deſire? The pain which ordinarily attendeth crimes, the rigour of a *Conſtantine* jealous of his bed, the infamy, and apprehenſions of puniſhments, coming to fall upon her thoughts, made her well to ſee both the abyſs and horrour: but paſſion tranſported her hood-winked, beyond all conſiderations; ſo that one day taking her opportunity, ſhe accoſted the young Prince with words, which ſufficiently

tiently teſtified her a loſt woman. But he, who would not at the firſt put her into confuſion, with modeſty declined what ſhe had ſaid, and interpreted it far from her thought. She, who would no longer appear a *Lucrece*, being much troubled he ſhould underſtand in a chaſt ſenſe, what ſhe had ſpoken to an ill purpoſe, unfolds her ſelf ſo freely, that the wiſe *Criſpus*, no further able to ſuffer this bluſhleſs ſpirit, ſpake a word to her rough and hopeleſs: *That if ſhe perſiſted in this infamous deſire, he would give the Emperour notice*; And thereupon flew from her like a lightening, and withdrew, leaving her in a deſpair and rage, not ſufficiently to be expreſſed. All her love then turned into a diabolical hatred, which ſuggeſted furies and black thoughts, reſolving with her ſelf to uſe him as the wife of *Potiphar* did *Joſeph*. She ſerved her ſelf with all the arms of grief, which were at that time very natural to her, ceaſing not to weep and ſigh before her husband as if ſhe had afflicted her ſelf for anothers ſin: yet had ſhe ſo much cunning, that ſhe feigned to hide her tears, and ſmother her ſighs, to render the diſguiſe more dangerous, by a pretext of modeſty.

Love turned into rage.

A wicked calumny.

The Emperour ſeeing her in this plight, asked the cauſe of her ſadneſs. She anſwered, It was fit for his Majeſty not to know it. He the more perſiſted to underſtand what ſhe feigned to conceal, preſſing and interrogating her to draw her calumny from her, with as much earneſtneſs as one would a truth. In the end ſhe declared with many counterfeit horrours and words cruelly modeſt; *That his ſon* Criſpus *would have enterpriſed upon the honour of his bed: but God be thanked, her faith inviolable put her under ſafety, free from ſuch dangers: And that ſhe demanded no other ſatisfaction from this miſerable man, who was fled, but the remorſe of his wicked conſcience.* *Conſtantine* recommending ſilence unto her, entered into a black and deep anger, propoſing unto himſelf, that the retreat of his ſon, was a note of his crime; he determined therefore to put him ſpeedily to death: and for this purpoſe calling one of his ſervants, the moſt truſty and beſt reſolved for executions, having under great oathes and execrations obliged him to ſecreſie, gives him expreſs commandment to meet with his ſon *Criſpus* as ſoon as he could, to treat warily with him, not affrighting, nor giving him the leaſt ſuſpicion, and withal to fail not to ſerve him at his firſt repaſt with poyſon well prepared, ſo to ſend him into the other world. This man amazed at ſuch a dreadful command, asked of the Emperour, *If he had ſo well reſolved on this affair, as to uſe a ſon of ſo great merit in this manner.* *Yea*, ſaith he, *I have thought upon it, and it is neceſſary he dye: for I muſt tell you, it not being needful to inform you further, that beſides the practice conceived by him, his life is incompatible with mine.* The other ſuppoſed he had plotted ſome conſpiracy upon the life and Scepter of his father, behold the cauſe why he haſtened the blow, and being already very familiar with poor *Criſpus*, he accoſted him with great complements of honour and courteſie, feigning to make him merry, becauſe indeed he then ſaw him in a very ſad humour, upon that which had paſſed between him and *Fauſta*, covering his thoughts as much as he might, to preſerve the honour of his wicked ſtep-mother. Hereupon an unhappy Banquet was prepared for the innocent, which was the laſt of his life, poyſon being traiterouſly given him, there where he leaſt expected it.

Death of *Criſpus*.

Verily this death, which way ſoever we look, is moſt lamentable. The Tragedies which bemoan it with ſo much ornament, as that of our *Stephonius*, have much ſpirit in them: but taking only the thing in the ſimple nakedneſs of the fact, it miniſtreth matter of compaſſion to hearts moſt obdurate. A young Prince, at that time the moſt abſolute in the world, beautiful as an *Abſalom*, valiant as an *Alexander*, innocent as a *Joſeph*, and at that time taken away, when he was at the gates of the Empire which expected him, and taken away by a death ſo hideous and treacherous, and by the commandment of his father, who cauſed him to dye as one inceſtuous, not admitting him to ſpeak, nor permitting him to juſtifie himſelf, nor affording leiſure to know himſelf, nor one ſmall moment of time to prepare himſelf for death, which is allowed to the moſt criminal He was ſilently involved in the extremity of unhappineſs, to ſhut up the mouth of innocency, and open that of calumny, to rail againſt his very aſhes.

The generous ſoul, ever prepared for this paſſage by the laws of Chriſtianity, which it had ſo devoutly embraced, iſſued out of his chaſt body, to haſten to the crown of the Elect, leaving incomparable ſorrows behind it. Alas! what doth not a wicked affection, a calumny, a ſuſpicion, an unbridled anger, an inconſiderate word? O you Great ones, will you never learn wiſdom by the evils of others:

As ſoon as this news came to the Court, the wicked *Fauſta* well ſaw it was an effect of her treachery, and lively repreſentiug before her own eys this poor Prince, whom ſhe before had ſo much affected, at that time ſo unworthily maſſacred, in a beauty, in an age, wherein ſuch as dye are moſt pitied, and in a goodneſs, which would have given matter of compaſſion to Tigers and Lions; all her paſſion and hatred was turned into an enraged ſorrow, which made her cry out, and lament at the feet of her huſband, confeſſing ſhe had ſlain the chaſt *Criſpus* by her deteſtable caluminy, that it was ſhe who had ſollicited him to evil, but had found him a *Joſeph*, endowed with an invincible chaſtity, and had deteſted her ſin, as it well deſerved: whereupon excited with choler, and fearing to be prevented, ſhe had proceeded to this dreadful accuſation, and therefore was unworthy to live, ſince ſhe had ſlain the moſt innocent Prince of the world, and ſtained his own father with his proper blood.

The rage of *Fauſta* turned into pity.

Calumny diſcovered.

Conſtantine amazed beyond deſcription at ſo prodigious an accident, had neither reply, nor ſenſe of a man, ſo much wonder had rapt him from himſelf: but when he ſaw his holy mother *Helena*, who had ſo tenderly bred up the poor *Criſpus*, bewailing him with unconſolable tears, and begging of the father, at the leaſt the body of her Grand-childe, to waſh it with the waters of her eys, and buried it with her hands, ſaying, the wicked beaſt had ſlain her *Joſeph*: he was pierced to the quick with compaſſion, mingled with fury. Then the poor ſiſter of the deceaſed, who ſeemed nought elſe but the ſhadow of her brother, coming alſo to diſſolve her ſelf wholly into tears, near to her Grand-mother; this ſpectacle the more enkindled the paſſion of the Emperour. And thinking that *Fauſta* well deſerved death, being convinced of ſuch a miſchief by her own confeſſion, he cauſed her to enter into the Bath, and ſo in an inſtant to be ſmothered with the vapour, which was a puniſhment wherewith many times they put perſons of quality to death.

Death of *Fauſta*.

Behold the iſſue of the hideous loves of *Fauſta*, to teach all Ladies, that thoſe paſſions, which begin by complacencies, ſoothings, and curioſities, very often end in horrible Tragedies. In the mean time the houſe of *Conſtantine* remained long drenched in a dead ſilence, and all was very ſecretly carried, ſo that

that none knowing what publickly to think of the death of *Crispus* and *Fausta*, it gave occasion to many to affirm they died for some conspiracy.

We cannot here excuse *Constantine*, of a violent anger, a precipitation, and a proceeding too bloudy. Howsoever, he caused *Crispus* to dye, under a false belief of impurity, which he thought was to be revenged, and *Fausta* punished by way of justice. Behold why this sin, though it hath much mischief in it, yet it hath not the determinate wickedness of the sin of *David* in the death of *Uriah*, because the one wrought with a manifest knowledge of his crime, and the other proceeded therein with much ignorance and sense of justice. Yet *Constantine* after these exorbitances was touched with great remorse, which in the end put him actually on the profession of Christianity.

The eighth SECTION.

The calling of Constantine *to Christianity. The progress of his Conversion, and Baptism.*

Constant. 19. I Have always esteemed the saying of S. *Paulinus*, which we before alledged, very probable, that the faith of S. *Helena* did not only make *Constantine* a Christian, but the first of Christian Princes. This good mother without doubt gave him the first tincture of Christianity: but being of an ambitious and warlike spirit, who went along with the main stream of the world, he was not so soon confirmed in the faith and integrity of Religion. Notwithstanding, he began to have most lively apprehensions for his conversion about the seventh year of his Empire, which was the year of the defeat of *Maxentius*: whilest he had this great war upon his hands, his temporal necessities opening his eys, that he might have recourse to spiritual forces. He then endeavoured, as he afterward relateth, to meditate seriously within himself, that there was some Divine Providence from Heaven, which gave concussions to Victories and Empires, whithout which the counsels of men were cloudy, their Armies weak, and labours vain. Afterward remembring what had passed in the Roman Empire, he saw that those Emperours, who had shewed themselves most fervent in the superstition of false gods, and were the greatest persecutours of Christians, had been infamous and unhappy, not beloved of the people, without name, not honoured, issueless, and for the most part odious and execrable to posterity. He then imagined that this Religion, which professed so much sanctity, and was grown up in the tempests of three hundred years, had something divine in it, and that perhaps it would not be amiss to invoke in this great labyrinth of affairs, the God of his mother.

Beginning of the conversion of the Emperour.

As he then went up and down revolving these discourses in the bottom of his thoughts, casting his eys up to Heaven, he perceived about the evening, the figure of a great Cross, all composed of most resplendent light, which seemed unto him to bear these Characters, IN HOC VINCE, *Vanquish in this sign.* This was much more important then the bow in Heaven, which *Augustus Cæsar* saw about the Sun, when he entred into *Rome* to take possession of the Empire. Notwithstanding, *Constantine* and the Captains, who observed this sign in Heaven, had some distrust, because of the figure of the Cross, which till then was ever accounted of an ill presage. Now, as the Emperour slept in the night, in great perplexity of cogitations, it seemed that the God of the Christians appeared unto him, with the same sign which he had seen the day before, commanding him expresly to carry it hereafter in his Ensigns.

Following this Vision, he caused a Banner to be made, in the manner as *Eusebius* describeth it, who had seen it. It was a Launce all of gold, which had a piece of wood athwart in form of a *Cross*; from whence hung a rich Imbroidery, in which was the Image of the Emperour, & about it a Crown of gold and pearl, which bare in the middle the two first letters of the name of our Saviour. This was from that time forward his prime Banner, which the *Romans* called the *Labarum*. It was no otherwise different from the Standards of the *Roman* Bands, but that it carried the sacred cypher of this venerable Title, which was not understood by all the world, but held by the Pagans as some devise of the phantasie of spirit. The war against *Maxentius* having so prosperously succeeded, as we have said, under this propitious Standard, *Constantine* held the Saviour of the world in great veneration, and made the Edicts, which we know, in favour of Christians. Notwithstanding, he for a long time deferred his publick and solemn profession thereof, whether it were that the course of great warlike enterprizes and affairs diverted his minde, or whether he feared to distast the prime men of the Empire by this change. It is likewise thought, that his wife *Fausta*, whom he in the beginning much affected, greatly weakened his love to Christianity, in such sort, that the Christians ceased not to be still ill entreated in this remisness of the Emperour. In the end, after the calamity of the death of his son and wife, so tragically happened in his own house, he seriously opened his eys, about the nineteenth year of his Empire, to seek remedy for his evils.

Absolute conversion of the Emperour.

Zosimus, a Pagan, leadeth us, as it were, not thinking of it, to the knowledge of the time, and manner of his Baptism. For he saith, that *Constantine*, after the death of *Crispus* and *Fausta*, had great remorse of conscience: and that not wholly having abjured Paganism, he sought from Southsayers, and Pagan Philosophers, as others add, the means to purifie himself from the blood, which he so unfortunately had shed. It is said, that one *Sopater*, the wisest of the *Platonists*, who had sometime lived in his Court, told him these stains of blood would stick on souls, and never be washed out, and that if they departed this life without punishment, they would re-enter into other bodies to expiate in the end those crimes which they had committed, and that there was no other remedy. The Emperour found this Philosophy very harsh, and his spirit being much tormented with very strange disturbances; behold, saith *Zosimus*, an *Egyptian* newly come from *Spain* to *Rome*: (note that he meaneth the great Bishop *Hosius*, who was sent at the same time into *Egypt* by Pope *Sylvester*.) This *Egyptian*, saith he, having insinuated himself into the favour of some Ladies of the Court, found by their means access to the Emperour, who failed not to propose unto him the difficulties and troubles of his conscience. This man answered him, that his Majesty should not need to disquiet himself hereupon, and that there was no crime so enormous, which might not be expiated by the remedies which are practised in Christian Religion. To this the Emperour very willingly hearkened, and resolved, all delaies laid apart, to become a Christian.

Discourse of Sopater.

His Baptism.

See here the beginning of the Baptism of *Constantine*. As for the sequel, it is a question much perplexed: for some would have him to be baptized in the

suburbs

ſuburbs of *Nicomedia*, upon the point of death, and others at *Rome* by S. *Silveſter*, about the 19th. year of his Empire. I ſay briefly, to decide this difficulty, that it is a moſt unreaſonable belief, to think that *Conſtantine* the Great, called by the general voice of the holy Fathers, *The holy and Religious Emperour Conſtantine*, recorded in memorials and publick regiſters of the Church, which are recited before Altars, as the chief of Orthodox Princes; *Conſtantine*, whom the *Arians*, yea, the moſt refractory, which have been after him, never durſt declare of their faction, to have been chriſtened at his death, by the hand of an *Arian* Biſhop, out of the communion of the *Catholick* Church. There is not one to be found who favoureth this opinion, but *Euſebius*, who hath been an Enſign bearer of the *Arians*, and who no more ought to be credited in this article, then a *Pagan* Hiſtorian, it being moſt unequal to take him for a Judge, who had made himſelf a party in this affair. And if ſome paſſages be found ſomewhat doubtful in the Chronicle of S. *Hierom*, which ſeem to ſupport this errour, it is eaſie to conſider, that this Doctour, who was a Merchant enriched with infinite variety of learning, hath made many pieces, which he rather tranſlated and compiled from others, then compoſed upon his own invention: and the learned are not ignorant, that his Chronicle is accounted in this kind of books, as a work formed from obſervations and opinions of *Euſebius*, which ſhould not at all alter the eſtimation we have of *Conſtantine*, acknowledged and averred by ſo many other paſſages of the ſame Doctour. And if S. *Ambroſe* in the funeral Oration of *Theodoſius*, ſaid, that *Conſtantine* received Baptiſm being in extremity, we muſt not therefore infer, that he was baptized by an *Arian* in the laſt inſtant of his life; otherwiſe he would not call him in the ſame paſſage a Monarch of great merit, who left faith as an inheritance for Princes of his poſteritie. This extremity then is an extremity either of troubleſom affairs, in which *Conſtantine* ſaw himſelf involved, for having ſo long time deferred his Baptiſm or as others ſay, an extremity of ſickneſs, wherewith he was ſurprized in the City of *Rome*, and cured by Baptiſm.

In ultimis conſtitutus.

The opinion of *Euſebius* being rejected, I ask, whether it be not much more probable, to take that of a Council entire, and very antient, held under Pope *Silveſter* about the year of our Lord, three hundred twenty four, which is ſaid expreſly to have been aſſembled at the ſame time that the Emperour *Conſtantine*, was baptiſed by *Silveſter* Biſhop of *Rome*, then to adhere to inventions of a paſſionate adverſary? As for other circumſtances of this Baptiſm, which are drawn from the acts attributed to S. *Silveſter*, we muſt affirm, there are divers things very hard to believe, if we proceed according to humane reaſon: for we cannot ſo eaſily imagine what is expreſſed in thoſe writings, that *Silveſter* was hidden in the caverns of the mountain, which afterward bare his name, flying the perſecution of *Conſtantine*: of which other Authours make no mention, as being contrary to the humour and Edicts of this Prince, who after the victory gained againſt *Maxentius*, ever favoured Chriſtianity. Beſides it is there ſaid, that *Conſtantine* demanded, what Gods were S. *Peter* and *Paul*, who had appeared to him in his ſleep: which was not very likely in an Emperour, that ſo many years before was inſtructed in the myſteries of Chriſtian Religion. Add alſo the leproſie of *Conſtantine* whereof no authour hath ſpoken before thoſe acts, and wherewith it is held, that *Conſtantius* the ſon of this great Emperour was much offended, complaining they attributed to his father counterfeit maladies, to cure him in picture. If we muſt purſue opinions humanely reaſonable, I would ſay, that *Conſtantine* could no more be leprous, then our King *Clodoveus* of moſt glorious memory; of whom S. *Gregory* of *Towers* hath ſaid, then on the day of his Baptiſm he was cured of an old leproſie, intending by that ſpeech, from ſin. It is true that Cardinal *Baronius* doth all which an able man may, to clear theſe difficulties: but there are certain things, which it is more comely to believe piouſly, then eaſily to eſtabliſh by reaſon. And therefore if the Reader here deſire to know my conceit, I hold, it is a temerarious thing to go about to tax & turmoil old beliefs, which though they paſs not for articles of faith, are notwithſtanding received with edification in common opinions. *Varro* ſaith, that to deſire to be wiſe contrary to common underſtanding, is to rank ones ſelf in the number of fools: and the great S. *Hilary* hath ſaid very worthily, that the firſt verity of wiſdom is ſometime to believe what one would not, ſubmitting our judgment to men of the beſt underſtanding: which if it were well conceived, ſo many young heads would be aſhamed to account themſelves able men, eſpecially in matter of faith, thereby inordinately taxing all the monuments of antiquity.

Gregor. Turon. Hiſt. l. 2. cap. 31. Prodit novus Conſtantius ad lavacrū, daturus lepra veterū morbum.

Contra multos ſapere, deſipere eſt. Sapientia prima hæc verſus eſt. interdum ſapere quod nolit Hilar. l. 8. de Trinitate.

I ſay then, for theſe acts, which are accounted to be S. *Silveſters*, and namely for thoſe reported by Pope *Adrian*, as it is not my intention to engage my ſelf upon the proof of them by a way of ſleight human reaſons, ſo would I not in any ſort impugn but rather believe thē, with a religious ſimplicity, which is the ſcience of Saints, and ever the moſt aſſured.

History of Baptiſm according to the acts of S. *Silveſter.*

Theſe acts tell us, that *Conſtantine* ſtill deferring his Baptiſm, and living in much liberty, was ſtrucken with a leproſie, which was a manifeſt wound from Heaven, wherewith greatly afflicted, he conſulted with Magicians to apply ſome remedie. They gave him deadly counſel, whereof the Kings of *Egypt* had heretofore made uſe in the like maladie, which was to make a bath of humane blood. This at the beginning ſeemed to him, very ſtrange, but the infirmity which preſſed him, had no ears to hear reaſon: little children were taken of the meaneſt condition in the City, to cut their throats like ſheep, and conſecrate their blood to the health of the Emperour. The mothers diſhevel'd and deſperate, ran after their tender infants, even to the gates of the Palace, and howled ſo dreadfully, that *Conſtantine* hearing their cries, & withall the cauſe of their ſorrow, commanded the infants to be reſtored to their mournful mothers, eſteeming it more reaſonable to tolerate his evil, then to be cured with ſo cruel a remedy.

The night following, S. *Peter* and S. *Paul* appeared to him in a dream, and adviſed him to forſake all theſe Pagan ſuperſtitions, to re-edifie the Churches of Chriſtians, and ſend for Pope *Silveſter*, who was at that time hidden in the grots of Mount *Soracte*, that would diſcover unto him a fiſh-pool, which ſhould heale his leproſie. As ſoon as he awakened, he recounted his dream to the Lords of his Court, and ſent to ſeek out the Pope, who ſeeing theſe Gentlemen come, diſpoſed himſelf to Martyrdom, thinking they came to lead him forth to ſlaughter: but underſtanding from their own mouthes much other news, he ſet forward towards the Emperour, who moſt courteouſly received him: and having made a long diſcourſe of matters which had happened unto him concerning his calling to Chriſtianity, he demandeth of him what Gods were *Peter* and *Paul*, who had appeared unto him in ſleep, and made overture of the fiſh-pool, wherein he ſhould be waſhed

The hiſtory of the Baptiſm of *Conſtantine* drawn frō the acts attributed to S. *Sylveſter*, is more eaſie piouſly to be believed, then affectually proved.

washed. The Pope answered they were no Gods, but Apostles, and servants of God. Thereupon he required to see their images, which *Silvester* sent for by a Deacon: and having found them like to the faces he saw in sleep, he cryed out aloud, that he no longer must deser the fish-pool.

Silvester seeing him resolved to be baptized, commandeth a publick fast, accompanied with ordinary prayers, catechizeth the Emperour, and counselleth him to take seven days of retirement, to prepare himself for Baptism, and which is more, to lay aside for those days the Purple and Imperial Diadem, that he might be cloathed with the habit of penance; which he couragiously performed. And the day of Baptism being come, as soon as he was washed with these life-giving waters, he was miraculously cured of his leprosie, beholding a light from heaven, and a hand stretched over him. See what is in these antient monuments, and which Cardinal *Baronius* rendereth probable, with reasons very consonant.

The ninth SECTION.

The acts of Constantine *after his Baptism.*

CONSTANTINE after his Baptism began a quite other course of life: for laying aside all humane respects, which had hitherto tyed him to Gentilism for considerations of his State, he caused a Throne to be prepared in the Palace of *Trajan*, where having sent for the Senate, he declared with the eloquence of a Monarch, the reasons which had moved him to this alteration of Religion, and said:

Notable Oration of *Constantine*, partly drawn out of his acts and Edicts.

SIRS, *I doubt not, but the change of Religion, which I have made, will appear strang to many, who blame all that which they cannot understand, and will understand nothing, but what flatters their presumption. All novelties is odious to those, who love the old Age of errour: Yet I can tell you, this is no new Religion which I have imbraced, but that which was begun in the purified souls of the golden Age, happily finished in our days. The first men of the world had verity in bloom, we now see the fruit, which we may and shall enjoy, if we be not ungrateful to our happiness, and traiterous to our own conscience. Believe me, Sirs, the world is almost grown out of it's non-age, for God hath taken pitie of the ignorance thereof, and made it see, it was not time any longer to place Dragons and Owls upon Altars, nor other Gods, accounted as monsters, if they would return into the life of men. If our Ancestours, blinded by mishap, have made to be esteemed for Divinities so many criminals, for whom our laws do now ordain punishments, we are not bound to participate with the crimes of the one, nor the errours of the other, under pretext of antiquitie. I must confess, that I from my infancie have had great distrust upon the follies which I saw in the superstition of Gentiles, and that which further confirmed me in this opinion, was, that one day I heard the answer of an Oracle, which had long time stood mute, and being demanded the cause of this silence, answered, The Just hindered it from speaking, and we found those Just were the Christian, who then had power to stop the mouthes of devils.*

Afterward I began to consider those men, whom I saw so persecuted, and that there was not a corner of the earth that was not ruddie with their blood, yet were they notwithstanding so patient in their persecutions, that they had prayers on their lips for those, who rent their hearts out of their bodies. This then gave me then matter of amazement; but when I came to think on their Church, which flourished among so many storms, and encreased under the swords of persecution, this seemed to me more then humane; yet transported with the torrent of common opinions, I still resisted the voice of God, which spake in my heart, when it opened my eys, and made me once lively apprehend the dreadful ends of Emperours, who had persecuted Christianitie, comparing them to the felicitie of my father Constantius, *of most glorious memorie, who had preserved his hands innocent even to death, free from any stain of Christian blood. This was sufficiently potent to move a soul, which would easily yield to reason: but God redoubling his inspirations, made me one day behold in the Heavens a prodigie, which many saw with me, to wit, the figure of the Cross, composed of most resplendent light, which appeared just at that time I was to wage battel against* Maxentius. *I call the living God to witness, that I therein read distinctly these words, written as with the rays of the Sun,* IN HOC VINCE. *And it is a wonder that I deferred still to yield my self up, till such time, that the Saviour of the world advertised me in a vision, to take into my Standards the sign which I had seen in Heaven the day before. I instantly obeyed, and have seen so prodigious effects succeed in the defeat of* Maxentius, *which you have admired, attributing to man that which was a work of the Divinitie.*

I thought then to have discovered what I was, but considerations of state, which had too much force upon my soul, stayed me, and have made me walk along hitherto, in a life more licentious then I intended. I now protest before the face of Heaven and Earth, that I am a Christian both in heart and profession; nor shall any motives ever alter that, which I have so constantly resolved on. Yet for all this I purpose not to force any man in his Religion, leaving for this time belief as free as elements: Yet for the charitie I bear towards my good subjects, I cannot but wish them as much good as my self. Now all my greatest happiness, and which I esteem more then my Purple and Diadem, is to entertain the knowledg of a living God which hath been revealed to us by his onely Son Jesus Christ, *the Doctour and Saviour of the world. His person is full of miracles, his life of wisdom and goodness, his doctrine of puritie; and if to conquer our pride, and expiate our demerits, he hath humbled himself to the punishment of the Cross, so much therefore the more ought it to be honourable, since he hath done for us all that, which an incomparable love can do, and endured all that which an invincible patience may suffer.*

I can do no other but love and singularly honour those who are enrolled under his Standard, as my brothers in Religion: and let it not seem strange to any, if heretofore shewing my self very liberal to beautifie and enrich the Temples of Gentilism, *I now apply my self to build and adorn the Churches. I will render what I ow to God and my own conscience, nor shall my subjects, who are of a Religion different from mine, be any way interessed therein, desiring to preserve them, as persons whom I hope one day to have companions in faith, and coheirs in glorie, if they add never so little consent to the light, wherewith the wisdom of God Incarnate hath replenished the world. I only beseech thee, O great God, on whom all Scepters and Crowns depend, since you have united the East and west under my hands, you would arrange them under the yoak of your Law, which is the knot of Empires, and source of felicitie. I offer unto you my person, mine Arms, my Scepter, and all mine abilities, humbly begging of you to accept my slender service, and to give me the assisting wisdom of your Throne, to govern in all honour, all justice, all peace, and amitie, the people which you have committed to my charge.*

This Oration was heard by all the world, with very great applause, in such sort, that for the space of two hours, the cries of an infinite number were heard, who made many acclamations in favour of Christian Religion. Fourty times was repeated, *UNUS DEUS CHRISTIANORUM, There is but one God, which is the God of the Christians:* and thirty times, was proclaimed, LET THOSE WHO DENY CHRIST, COME TO NOUGHT: and ten times, LET THE TEMPLES BE SHUT UP, LET THE CHURCHES BE OPENED: And fourteen times, THOSE WHO ARE ENEMIES TO JESUS CHRIST, ARE ENEMIES TO THE EMPEROURS: And ten times, THOSE WHO ARE ENEMIES TO JESUS CHRIST, ARE ENEMIES TO THE ROMANS: And fourty times, THERE IS NO OTHER GOD, BUT HE WHO HATH SAVED US. AUGUSTUS CONSTANTINE: And fifty times, HE EVER SHALL VANQUISH WHO ADORETH THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD: And thirty times, LET THE PRIESTS OF IDOLS BE BANISHED OUT OF THE CITY: Thirteen times, LET THOSE ALSO BE EXILED OUT OF ROME, WHO WILL SACRIFICE TO IDOLS: And fourty times, COMMAND THEY BE PRESENTLY THRUST OUT OF OUR WALS.

Admirable change of the world by the Oration and example of the Emperour.

Upon these last cries, the Emperour rose up, and making a sign with his hand, required silence which instantly made all this great multitude to hold their

peace; and thereupon: *No*, saith he, *I intend not any man should be forced in the matter of his Religion; the services of the world are oft-times constrained: but those we render to God, ought ever to be voluntary. We have no greater proofe of the Divinity, then mercy. God sheweth what he is, in so long time, and with such patience, suffering the impieties and ingratitudes of men. I would have all the World know, that I intend not to make Christians by necessity, but by discretion. As it is a crime to deny true Religion to those who require it, so it is an importunity to seek now to impose it by force on such as demand it not. They that will not follow my example, shall not therefore be separated from my friendship. I am the common Father of all in generall, and no man ought to be frustrated of the preservation which I owe him.*

These words stayed the out-cries of those, who already transported the affairs into disorder, by an indiscreet zeal, and gave good assurance to the Pagans, so that the Emperour going out of the Palace, they lighted at mid-day many lamps and torches, to conduct him to his house, with a thousand testimonies of joy and alacrity.

Edicts and conversions.

He at the same time caused certain laws to be published, by which he left the Gentiles at liberty in the exercise of their ancient superstition, on such condition, that they should abstain to speak in any sort against the honour of the Saviour of the world; nor should at all disturb the Christians: adding, that he intended the sons and daughters of the family, yea the very servants, should not be kept by force in the Pagan superstition, but have all liberty to be baptized when they had a will thereunto.

O God, what incompa able charms have the examples of Great-ones in them, to dispose men to virtue! *Nicephorus* saith, that in a very short time there were numbered twelve thousand men, besides women and children baptized at *Rome*. Yet was it observed, there were few Senatours, nor of other politick spirits; so much the wisdome of the flesh is contrary to that of the Cross. Faith is the inheritance of the humble, and all those souls puffed up with presumption of their own ability, stick so fast to the earth, that they loose the sight of Heaven.

Piety of *Constantine*.

The holy Emperour, who was desirous to render himself as profitable by works and examples, as he became comfortable in his discourses, employed himself with an incredible fervour in all that which concern the service of God, and namely in the building of Churches.

Where among other things, he did an act worthy of immortality: for the eighth day after his Baptism, passing to the place which was already dedicated to S. *Peter*, and where he had a purpose to build a fair Church, there in presence of all the world, he pulled off the purple Robe and Diadem, took a spade in hand, and began to dig the earth, to lay the foundation, then throwing the scuttle upon his royal shoulders, he carried twelve burdens of earth in honour of the twelve Apostles.

It was a spectacle full of admiration, and which gave an unspeakable joy to the Pope and Bishops there present. Notwithstanding the spirits of the times said, it was to abase the purple too much, and vilifie the dignity of *Cæsars*: not considering that the Emperour *Vespasian*, from whom *Constantine* was descended, had done the like in honour of Idols; and were withall desirous, that this man should have less zeal for the living God, then others had used in the service of devils.

But the devout *Constantine* danced before the Ark, whilest *Michol* murmured at the window. He had a desire to adorn the place where he was baptized, as the Cradle of his Christianity: and made the most admirable Font that was ever beheld, whereof we yet see some signs remaining, which our holy Father, Pope *Urban* the Eighth, hath lately adorned, and embelished with notable endowments: For, among other magnificences, he caused it to be all covered both within and without with plates of silver, and commanded to set up in embossed work the statues of our Saviour and S. *John Baptist*, with seven figures of Hearts, which poured out water; all which was also in very fine silver, so that it appeared with a marvellous lustre. He commanded for curiosity, to burn balm in stead of oyl in the lamps there hanging, desirous to apply the use of this precious liquor to the services of the Church, since *Heliogabalus*, the most prodigal of the Emperours, had used it in the lamps of his house.

He was not content to erect two Churches, the one to S. *Peter*, and the other to S. *Paul*, which he enriched with innumerable gifts; but he also changed his proper Palace of *Lateran*, into a Church of our Saviour, which our Kings have afterward done in imitation of him, oftentimes giving their houses to make houses of God. He likewise there established a good quantity of Revenues for the poor, which should become Christians, leaving the managing thereof to the discretion of the Pope.

It would be a prodigious thing, yea very troublesome, to reckon up particularly all the presents he gave, and rents he setled in favour of Churches. It sufficeth to tell you that the Pagans became so jealous, that from that time forward, they began to call him the *PUPIL*, saying, that the first ten years of his Empire, he had been a good Emperour; the second ten, a robber, despoiling *Lycinius* and others: But as for the third ten, he had put himselfe into Tutelage, resigning to the Church the whole manage of his estate. See the ordinary hyperboles of passionate spirits, who behold with an envenomed eye the wealth which is taken from riots and vanities, to be bestowed on the Church. Yet notwithstanding this great Emperour so intermingled magnificence with the husbandry of his Revenues, that the people were not neglected, nor did his greatness loose any thing of its lustre.

It is a strange thing, that with all those celestiall qualities which God hath conferred upon his person, he could never tame the stubborn spirits of the *Roman* Senate, so much infidelity joyned to presumption, admitteth obstacles to the lights of verity. This affront made him undergo another resolution, to build a City else-where, which he would equal to the majesty of *Rome*, and fashion to his best liking, as he afterward did, changing the City of *Byzantium* into the Royall *Constantinople*, an eternal monument of his greatness.

The tenth SECTION.

The endeavour of good works, with the virtues and Lawes of Constantine.

THis Monarch changed into another man, lived not but by the fire of charity, cleaving to the earth by very slender roots of the necessities of nature: he began seriously to manure the practise of prayer, discoursing familiarly with God, with a taste so sensible, that it surpassed all delights imaginable in nature and wit; a diligence so great, that being in Arms and under Pavilions, he ever had his little

His devotion.

little oratory of retirement, where like another *Moses* he consulted with the Divinity. He hearkened to discourses of God with incomparable pleasure; and when he spake of the mysteries of our faith, which he as it were perpetually did, it was with so great exercise, that his heart seemed to melt with his words. His zeal so transported him, that of the prime Captain of the world, he became a Doctour and Preacher, to procure the conversion of his subjects. He who so many times had carried in his hand the sword of the Empire, to cut off rebellious powers, bare then in his mouth the sword of the word, to fill the world with wonders. What he spake with his lips, he taught by examples, carrying under the purple a body worn out with abstinence and mortification.

Humility. He so trampled vanity under-foot, to which he formerly had some inclination, that among a great number of Churches and edifices of piety, which he caused to be built, he would not have his name thereon engraven, reputing himselfe unworthy, that God should accept such offerings at his hands. And as one day, a Bishop, a flatterer, and an *Arian*, put himselfe forward to tell him, that after he had governed the world upon earth, he should do the like in Heaven with the Son of God; he felt himselfe so confounded with this word, that he who ever treated with Ecclesiasticks with very much reverence, could not contain himselfe, but say: *Bishop, let it not fall out, you any more use such words concerning me, for they are unto me most hatefull: you shall do much better, and more suitable to your profession, to pray the living God, I may be both in earth and heaven the least of his servants, then to propose to your self Scepters and Empires for me.*

His patiance. His patience was equall to his humility, whereof S. *Chrysostom* hath observed an excellent passage in the oration of Bishop *Flavianus* to the Emperour *Theodosius*, where he saith, that as one day in a popular commotion, they stoned the statues of *Constantine*, there wanted not many about him who endeavoured to enflame him to the revenge of those outrages: to which he smiling, answered, they had strucken a man of stone, but the model remained entire. Now being not ignorant, that the vigour of Christianity consisted in works of charity, he applied himselfe thereunto with so much fervour, that it seemed his hands were that, which the Hebrew Text speaketh of in the Canticles, *Hands of the spouse, vessels of gold*, repleniſhed with a sea of bounty.

Before his Baptism, great calamities had reduced miserable fathers to such necessity, that being not able to maintain their children, they sought to be discharged of them by ways most lamentable; of which the good Prince being advertised, he wrote to *Ablavius* his Lieutenant of the whole Politick Government of the Empire, to publish a Law through all the Cities of *Italie*, in which was intimated to all necessitous fathers, who were unable for the education of their children, that they should present them at a place appointed, there to receive apparel and convenient sustentation: adding, he intended that not onely publick moneys should be employed to supply such wants, but that he would despoil himselfe willingly of that which was proper and peculiar to himself, for their comfort.

If he found any beggars in the streets, he delighted to cloath them, and to behold them in this new plight, making of his Palace a mount *Thabor*, where men were transfigured, changing their miseries into felicities. He most particularly enquired after the shamefac'd poor, who had heretofore been wealthy, and learned from them their fortunes, birth, and want, and as he found their qualities and merits, he gave sometimes Lands, and entire possessions to those, who were in very pressing necessities. A poor widow, who sighed in a corner of her house, forsaken of all the world, was much amazed, that this Monarch of the world, came as an Angell from Heaven, to wipe away her tears, and provide for her poor orphans. A forlorne maid, and even upon the brink of the precipice, by the unhappiness of poverty, found the Emperour had given order for her marriage, and had himselfe taken the pain to know her future husband, and recommend good husbandry unto him on his part.

This man was as the Intelligence, tyed to the Government of the *Primum mobile*, which is never weary, among so many concussions and motions afforded to total nature. He was a sun, who drew up, and digested all the vapours of the lower world, not intermitting any thing of its course or lights. He was an Ocean, who received drops of water as well as huge rivers: and as there was nothing so high in the world as to be above his greatness, so was there nothing so low, which could withdraw it self from his charitable knowledge.

He ever had his eye open upon the necessities of mankinde, and not contenting himselfe to provide for them by the ordinary wayes of charity, he thereunto added the hand of justice, making most wholesome Lawes for the tranquility of the whole world. This good Father of the Universe sought out poor banished men, who had been unjustly despoiled by the rigours of injustice, and restored them to their professions. He proposed to himself in his own repose, the affliction of those who had wrongfully been transported into desart Islands, where they still lived, made slaves under the tyranny of men, and in a worse condition then beasts. He thought upon the miseries they endured, who were condemned by unrighteous sentences to labour in mynes. He reflected on the long services of military men, who were absolute in armes, yet oftentimes gained nothing but poverty and ignominy. His edicts But above all these considerations, as occasions required, he made most worthy Edicts, for the comfort of so many persons as lived in the acerbities of the world. And for as much as concerned justice, which consisteth in the punishment of crimes and abuses, he was a *Hercules*, who had perpetually his club lifted up to quell monsters.

Duels. There was a custome in those times of Duels and gladiatours, which were much more tollerable then now-adays, for then none were employed therein, but slaves, criminals, and men of the sack and halter, who were already condemned to death. And now-adays is found a frantick Nobility, who degrading themselves from the honour of generous spirits, and bearing the sentence of an ignoble action against themselves, make tropheys of that which is put upon Moorish slaves for punishment. Yet the great *Constantine* saw this manner of punishing the base and abject creatures of the world, was too brutish and butcherly, and that it would do well to change these duels into Gallies, or some such like thing; for he wrote to *Maximus* the Superintendent of justice, in these terms:

"These bloody spectacles in the civil repose and "domestick peace wherein we live, please me not "at all. Behold the cause why I will wholly take "away these combats of Gladiatours. For if there "be such graceless wretches, who for the punish- "ment of their crimes deserve such a sentence and "such condition, I ordain that you rather cause L. 1. de gladiat. Cod. Theod.

"them to labour in the Mines, to the end, that "without effusion of blond, they may feel the pain "due to their demerits. Given at *Berytus*, the first "day of *October*, under the Consulship of *Paulinus* "and *Julianus*.

Apostrophe to King *Lewis* the thirteenth.

I leave you to think what this Monarch would have said of Duels of this time, where they hasten to pour out willingly upon publick passages that blood, which ought rather to be shed upon the walls of Infidels, to cement up the glory of the *French*.

O *Lewis*, our great Monarch, it seemeth the God of peace hath permitted the heads of this *Hydra* to have hitherto budded forth, that they might be made to fall under the innocency of your hands, divinely destinated to so many good works. You have again very lately renewed your Edicts against this pestilence, assuring unto fathers and mothers the blond of their children for the service of your Crown, and taking away a stain which stuck so many years upon the brow of your Empire. Heaven and earth have participated in the contentment which hath succeeded from these good ordinances, as they do in the preservation of the lives of your subjects, and tranquility of your whole Realm. Let your Majesty so handle the matter, that this Law may hold with nails of Adamant, and not lose a glory, which *Constantine* would have bought at the price of two Empires.

His chastity.

This brave Prince, who ever had been most chast, made also sharp war against the infamous ordures of lust; for he expelled from the Court, as vermine, certain effeminate men, who had made sale of their souls to dishonour, and at other times made a lamentable traffick of their bodies, insinuating themselves by this means, into the Palaces of Great-ones, and sometimes into honourable rank. He degraded them all from Nobility, and forbad them to bear even the marks of men of Arms, tying them to services the most contemptible. Besides, he caused to be taken from publick infamies, many poor Christian maids, that had been abandoned to evil by the form of punishment, making expres inhibitions to those villains, who live upon others sins, never to undertake the like practises. Briefly, he so abolished the crimes which had been tolerated under the other Emperours, that Saint *Hierom* writing upon *Isaiah*, hath given the title to *Constantine*, that his Empire had vanquished two monsters, the most dreadful that were ever seen by destroying the infidelity and impurity of the earth.

His prudence. God. Theod. L. de pœnit. *Quæ facit, quæ ad similitudinem pudicitiæ cruciatus est figurata, minime maculatur.* Sozom. l. 1. c. 8.

His prudence descended even to the moderating and changing the punishments of offenders, which had some disproportion, and among other things, he decreed, that Characters should no more be imprinted upon the forehead of the miserable, for the respect that is due to the face of man, on the which God hath engraven his Image. And moreover, for the honour he bare to the Cross, he forbad it should ever again be defiled with the punishments and executions of malefactours; thinking it unreasonable, that that which was matter of glory to Emperours, should likewise serve as an instrument for the pains of the unhappy. He suffered not any image to be made unto him, either in Tables, Statues, or Coins,

Honour of the Cross.

whereon the Cross was not ever set: such honour bare he to this venerable sign, which Hereticks have ever rejected, with as much malice as stupidity.

It were an infinite thing for him that would particularly decipher so many noble actions of our *Constantine*. I content my self to have here set down that in brief, which might have been distended into many Chapters, and to make many dishes of it, endeavouring to furnish out more substance for my Reader, then unprofitable amplifications.

The eleventh SECTION.

The zeal of Constantine *in the proceedings of the Council of* Nice.

THE Emperour *Constantine* had great cause to say, what he spake in *Eusebius*, That he was as the common Bishop of the Church outwardly; so much vigilance and zeal he exercised, to procure all which concerned the maintenance thereof. Behold an accident happening under his reign, which more troubled Christendom, then ever did the torturing Racks, the Combs of Iron, or boyling Cauldrons of *Diocletian*.

Original of the *Arians*.

Theology had been for a long time taught in the City of *Alexandria*, at which time a Priest named *Arius*, held the Regency; who had the reputation to be subtile in seeking out questions, which never had faln into the thought of man: but otherwise was malicious and of an evil life. Out alas! that these extravagant curiosities should bring, and daily also introduce prejudice into the Church and repose of the people! It were to be wished that those, who through long idleness, and itch of vanity, amuse themselves to find out novelties in matter of belief, might rather handle the Coulter in Tillage, or the Oar in Gallies, then turn over books, and contaminate the honour of Divinity. Satan never found a spirit more fit to perplex holy letters, and embroil Empires, then this wretched man of whom we speak.

Arius and his qualities.

Saint *Epiphanius*, who might often have seen him, saith, He was of a large body, of a sad countenance, covering under a mask of austerity, hideous monsters. He had an extreme ambition to hold the highest place, and seeing that *Alexander*, a holy man, was preferred before him in the Episcopal Chair of *Alexandria*, he entred into desperate jealousies, searching out all possible means to cry down this Bishop, and raise calumnies against him, to dispossess him of his charge. And the life of this *Alexander* being so unspotted, that no least stain of reproach might be seen therein, he resolved to involve him in some captious disputations, thereby to accuse him to hold opinions not consonant to the Doctrine of the Church. It happened that the Bishop in preaching and speaking of the Son of God, put him, as he ought, in equality of power and honour with his Celestial Father, calling him by the Greek word ὁμοούσιον; whereupon this man sought to reprehend him, alledging some passages of Scripture maliciously interpreted, of which he made use to establish the unhappy Heresie, which denied that the Son was the same essence of God his Father, and took away from *Jesus Christ* the Diadem of the Eternal Divinity, by making him a meer creature.

Alexander, who was not a man of mean account, but such an one, as to his sanctity of life, added solid Doctrine, defended himself couragiously against the impostures of this malign spirit, very well justifying his belief touching the Divinity of our Saviour: which having been throughly proved in the Assembly of an hundred Bishops, who were first of all called together for this purpose under *Hosius*, Legat of Pope *Silvester*, he pronounced the sentence of excommunication against *Arius* and his complices. This wicked man, who burst with anger to see this condemnation passed against him by those whom he reputed to be infinitely under him in ability, put himself

himself into the field with very much ostent; the differences he lately had with these Prelates, making him understand his Divinity was odious, if he therein used not some colour to disguise the malice thereof. He also practised so many wiles, that he dazeled the eys even of those, who were men very capable: for after he had deduced his reasons with a great facility of words, and large quantity of specious passages, and that he thereunto added a cold countenance, counterfeiting himself a modest man, persecuted for the truth, he trained spirits not vulgar to the love of his novelties. All the very same proceedings have been seen with the Hereticks of this time, and if so many corrupt souls had not wholly enchined to their own ruine, God gave them sufficient examples in elder evils to avoid the new. We may well say, when we behold these Schisms and Heresies to arise, that there is some comet of the kingdom of darkness, which insensibly throweth plague and poyson into hearts. It is a strange thing that a little sparkle let fall in *Alexandria*, caused instantly so many fires, that having invaded *Egypt*, *Libya*, *Thebais*, and *Palestine*, they in the end involved almost the whole world. No man at that time cared how to live, but every one was ready to dispute. Bishops bandying against Bishops, drew the people distracted with opinions: the Churches, houses, and Theaters, ecchoed in the sharpnes of contentious disputations, and the Cities forgetting all other miseries, rent one another for the interpretation of a word. *Arius* to gain support, instantly seeketh for favour from the Court. And knowing that *Eusebius* Bishop of *Nicomedia* was of great credit, he used all the flatteries, of which this man was capable enough, to gain him to his side. This *Eusebius* was eminently furnished with all those dispositions and industries, which the most subtile Hereticks have at any time exercised to trouble the Church of God. He was verily one of the worst men then in the Empire, since he had sold his soul to ambition, so much the more pernicious as it was covered with a veil of Religion. It is true which the *Hebrews* say, that *Vineger is an ill son of a good father*, for it is commonly made of the best wine: so there is nothing more sincere then an Ecclesiastick, who liveth in the duty of his profession; but when corruption falleth thereinto, and that he hath once degenerated, there is not a worse sharpnes, nor a more dangerous malice. Religion served this wicked man as a buskin for all feet, for it had no other bounds, but that of his own interests: and he ever, like weather-cocks on the top of Steeples, turned his face on what side soever the wind blew.

Proceeding of *Arians.*

In the persecutions of Christendom he made himself an Idolater: in the garboils of *Lycinius* he leaned much to his side, and when he saw *Constantine* absolute in the Empire, never was man more plyable to flatter him. Doubtless he had all the qualities we have seen in *Luther*, *Calvin*, and so many other new Sects, who have still sought favour from Great-ones by wiles and most perilous charms. So wanted he not excellent parts, and great eminencies: for he had a spirit very subtile, speech cunning, a face which spake before his tongue, and for his extraction, he soared so high, as to make himself the kinsman of *Cæsar's*. The air he desired to breath was the Court, and his Bishoprick when he was absent, seemed to him a banishment. Behold the cause, why he drew near to the center of the Empire as much as he could, in such sort, that being first Bishop of *Berytus*, he put himself forward to the Chair of *Nicomedia*, afterward took the heart of the Kingdom, and in the end, setled himself in the Royal *Constantinople*.

This alteration of Chairs had in this time a very ill savour, and this life of Court so passionately affected by an Ecclesiastick not called thereunto, could not in any sort finde approbation among good men. Great personages are sometimes very lawfully in Court for the service of Kings and publick necessities, but they are there as the birds of *Baruch* upon white thorns, as the Giants of holy *Job*, which mourned under the waters, as those sweet Fountains sound in the salt Sea. An ambitious man, who heweth down mountains to arrive thither, and liveth not exemplary, deserveth to be regarded therein as a fish out of his element, or the py'd bird whereof *Jeremiah* speaketh, whom all the rest assailed with Beak and Talon.

Baruch 6. 70. Job. 28. Jer. 12. 9.

Eusebius notwithstanding little regarded the reputation of a good Prelate, so that he might arrive to the height of his enterprizes. To insinuate himself the more in the good liking of the Emperour, he gained *Constantia* sister of *Constantine*, and widow of *Lycinius*, as *Calvin* did afterward the sister of *Francis* the first. The good Lady, who being despoiled of Empire by the death of her husband, and had no longer so much employment to number the pearls of her Diadem, would needs then intermeddle with curious devotion, and dispute on the mysteries of the Holy Trinity. *Constantine* after the death of S. *Helena* his mother, held her at his Court with much respect, that she might the more easily digest the acerbities she had conceived in the loss of her husband, and much easier was it to entertain her in the affairs of the Church, then in those of Empire. Besides, he found it not amiss that she might busie her self in the doubtful questions of Bishops. So pursuing the Genious of her curious spirit, she passed so far, that she became an *Arian* by the practises of this *Eusebius*, who having already gotten credit with her, spake to her of *Arius*, as of a worthy man persecuted by his own side for his great abilities; and explicating to her his doctrine in popular terms, which said, there was no apparance how a son could be made as old as his father, & that poor *Arius* had bin banished from *Alexandria*, for that he would not sign this proposition, this drew compassion from her.

The spirit of *Constantia* tainted with this doctrine, began already to cast an evil odour upon the Emperour her brother; and *Eusebius* coming thereupon to make recital of that which passed in *Alexandria*, between *Alexander* and *Arius*, set such a face upon the whole business, that he made, as it is said, the Sun with a coal, figuring out the good Prelate *Alexander* as a passionate man, who could not endure an excellent spirit in his Bishoprick.

'Tis a pitiful thing that great men see not the truth but through the passions of those that serve them. This poor *Alexander*, who was a holy old man, and grown white in the exercises of Religion, was then presented to the Emperour by the information of *Eusebius*, as a fool, who under a grizled head had extravagancies of youth, in such sort, that *Constantine* vouchsafeing to write unto him, taxed him as the authour of this tumult, in that he put a frivolous question into consultation, and gave occasion of dispute, which could never have proceeded but from abundance of idleness And as for *Arius*, he said of him, that he gave too much scope to his spirit upon a subject, which might much better have been concealed. And for the rest, they should be both reconciled, mutually pardoning each other, and hereafter hindering all manner of disputations upon the like occasion.

Constantine deceived.

Alexander, who had done nothing but by the counsel of an hundred Bishops, seeing himself treated

ed in a worse condition then *Arius* was, in the Emperours Letters, and considering the blasphemy, which this Heretick had vomited against the Divinity of the Word, was reputed as a trifle, thought verily they had endeavoured to envenom the spirit of *Constantine*, to the prejudice of the truth. For this cause he informed the other Bishops, and namely Pope *Silvester*, of the justice of his cause, answering very pertinently to the calumnies objected against him. On the other side *Eusibius*, who beheld the integrity of this holy Bishop with an ill eye, and who had very far engaged himself to maintain *Arius*, embroiled the affairs at Court, as much as his credit might permit. In the end, the disputation was so enkindled through the Christian world, that needs must a general Council be held to determine it.

Eusibius a true Patron of Hereticks.

Council of *Nice.*

Three hundred and eighteen Bishops are assembled at *Nice*, a City of *Bythinia*, by the approbation of Pope *Silvester*, at the request of the Emperour *Constantine*, who invited the most eminent by expres letters, and gave very singular direction, as wel for their journey, as their reception. Never was there seen a goodlier company. It was a Crown, not of pearls nor diamonds, but of the rarest men of the world, who came from all parts like Bees, bearing (as saith S. *Augustine*) honey in their mouths, and wax in their hands. There you might behold *Venetians*, *Arabians*, *Egyptians*, *Scythians*, *Thracians*, *Africans*, *Persians*, not speaking of Western Bishops, who were there already in no smal number. It was a most magnificent spectacle to behold on one side venerable old men, white as Swans, who still bare upon their bodies the scars of iron and persecution, which were invincible testimonies of their constancy: on the other, men who had the gift of miracles, so much as to force the power of death, and tear from him the dead out of their tombs. On the other part, men accomplished in Theology and eloquence, who in opening their mouths seemed to unfold the gate of a Temple, full of wonders and beauties. There was to be found that great S. *James* of *Nisibis*, *Paphnutius*, and *Potamion*. There was *Hosius*, S. *Nicholas* the first, *Gregory* the father of our *Nazianzen*, *Spiridion*, and so many other worthy men. The good Pope S. *Silvester* could not be present thereat, by reason of the decrepitness of his age, but sent thither three Legates, *Hosius*, *vitus*, and *Vincentius*. The Emperour received them all most lovingly, kissing the scars of some, and admiring the sanctity of others, never satisfying himself with the modesty and good discourse of all, both in particular and general. Among these children of God, were likewise some Satans, adherents to *Arius*, who discovered in their eys and countenances, the passions of their hearts.

These turbulent spirits fearing the aspect of this awful assemby, softly suggested divers calumnies to surprize the spirit of the Emperour, which very naturally retained much goodness. And for this purpose they presented to him many requests, and many papers charged with complaints and accusations upon pretended homages. Verily these proceedings were sufficient to divert this Prince from the love he bare to our Religion, were it not that through the grace of God, he had already taken very deep root in the faith.

In the end, to do an act worthy of his Majesty, beholding himself to be daily burthened with writings, wherein these passionate Bishops spake of nothing but their own interests, he advised them to set down all their grievances, and all the satisfactions which they pretended to draw from those who had offended them, and present them on a day designed. They failed not to confound him with Libels and supplications: but this grave Monarch putting them into his bosom, said openly, *Behold a large proportion of Accusations, all which must be transferred to the judgment of God, who will judge them in the latter day. As for my self, I am a man, nor is it my profession to take notice of such causes, where those that accuse, and such as be accused, are Bishops. Let us, I pray you, for this time, leave these affairs, and treat with the points, for which this Council is here assembled; only let every one, following therein the Divine clemency, pardon all that is past, and make an absolute reconciliation for the time to come.* When he had spoken this, he took all the civil requests presented unto him, and caused them to be cast into the fire; which was much applauded by all those who had their judgments discharged from partialities.

Soz. l. 1. cap. 16.

In the mean space, the Bishops before they entred into the Council, took time to examine the propositions that were to be handled, and leisurably to inform themselves of the pretensions of *Arius*, who was there present, and who already felt the vehemency of the vigour of S. *Athanasius*, though he was yet but a Deacon in the Church of *Alexandria*.

The day of the Council being come, the Bishops assembled in the great Hall of the Palace, where many benches were set, both on the one side and other. Every one taketh his place according to his rank. *Baronius* thinketh the Legates of the Pope were seated on the left hand, as in the most honourable seats which he very pertinently proveth. In the first place on the right hand, sat the venerable Bishop *Eustatius*, who was to begin the prayer, and carry relations to the Emperour. The Bishops remained silent for a while, expecting his coming; and suddenly he appeared, not accompanied with any Guard, or Souldiers, but with a small number of friends. *Eusebius*, who was there present, saith in his History, that never was any thing seen more admirable then the person of this Monarch, at the meeting of this Council. For besides that, he was of a most gallant stature, and a singular presence, he was delighted to hold it as it were enchased in rich attire. The purple wherewith he then was clothed, mingling the luster thereof with the rays of pretious stones, which sparkled on his head, made reflections of grace and majesty arise in the eyes of all the beholders. He passed through the middle of the Assembly, and all the Prelates rose up to do him reverence. Then being come unto his place, he stood upright, expecting from the Bishops a sign given him to sit, which being done, and prayer ended, he sate down upon a golden chair very low, which was placed in the middle, to the end he might be encompassed with so great a number of Saints, as a Palm with a row of Cedars. The others also being seated near him, *Eustatius*, selected out to open the Council, stood up, and made an Oration, whereof we finde some pieces in *Gregory* a Priest of *Cæsarea*, which import thus much: *We have very much obligation, O sacred Majestie, to render immortal thanks to the living God, in that he hath made choice of your person to put the Empire of the world into your hands, and that by your means destroying idolatrie, he hath exalted the glorie of his Altars, and established Christianitie in that tranquilitie which we presently enjoy.*

Constantius in the Assembly of Bishops.

Oration of *Eustatius* at the opening of the Council.

It is an act from the right hand of the Omnipotent, which we durst not hope for in our days, if God had not made you to be born for the good of the universal world. It is a prodigie to have seen you in a short time to calm so many tempests, dispose so many smoaks of sacrifices to devils, extirpate so many horrible superstitions, and enlighten such cloudie darknes with the rays of the knowledge of the true God.

The world, which was before polluted with ordures, is purified, the name of Saviour is known to Nations the most barbarous, The Father is glorified, the Son adored, the Holy Ghost

declared

declared, a Trinitie consubstantial, that is to say, one same Divinitie in three Persons, is acknowledged by all the faithful.

That is it, O sacred Majestie, which supporteth the greatness of your Empire with those three fingers of power, wherewith it holdeth the mass of the earth, poized as it were to serve as a basis. As your felicitie is inseparably tyed to its honour, so ought you to reverence, defend, and invincibly protect all that, which concerneth the glorie thereof.

Behold a strange accident, and which is to us more sensible then the persecution of Diocletian. *They go about to dis-member the Trinitie, and thrust the knife of division into its throne. One* Arius, *who hath taken his name from furie, a wolf bred among us in a sheeps skin, a Priest of* Alexandria, *an enemie of the doctrine of Apostles and Prophets, hath proclaimed war against the Son of God, endeavouring to deprive him of the essence, honour, and power, which he holdeth equal from all eternitie with his heavenly Father.*

This is it which hath assembled us here to condemn his errour, and most humbly to beseech your Majestie, that when you have heard the opinions of all these great men here present, you will hold a steadie hand upon the preservation of Apostolical doctrine, and command all those to be cut from our body, who will persevere in their damnable opinions, to the end we may breath the Christian air in all liberty, which the world beginneth already so sweetly to tast under the happiness of your reign.

Then was the time, saith S. *Hierom*, when the first trumpet began to sound against *Arius*. After the good Bishop of *Antioch* had ended, the Emperour beholding all the assembly with a very gracious aspect, spak in Latin, to retain the majestie of the *Romane* Empire, and in a moderate tone, those words which are couched in *Eusebius*, the sense whereof we render:

Oration of *Constantine.*

Venerable Fathers, I must needs affirm, that I never desired any thing more passionately, then to enjoy your sweet presences; and infinitely am I bound to God, that he hath accomplished my desires, granting me a blessing that I prefer before all the happiness in the world, which is, to see you all here assembled, and united in will for the glory of God, and peace of the Church. I pray you, suffer not the storm to surprize us in the haven, thereby to snatch from us the comfort, which we already have in our hands; and if God hath given us victory against Tyrants, let us not turn our arms against our selves, to tear out our proper entrails. It is most certain, these domestick troubles are much more to be feared then all the hostilities in the world. The sword of persecution can dissever nothing but members; but those divisions tend to the subversion of souls; which maketh them so much the more dangerous beyond common wars, as the spirit is above the body.

God having afforded me so many victories, and so manie prosperities, I proposed to my self, there remained nothing from me to ask of him, but an humble acknowledgement of his benefits, and leisure to rejoyce with those whom I saw through his favour in repose, sheltred under the good success of mine arms, and the authoritie of my Laws. It hath been a grief very sensible unto me to understand of those revolutions, which have passed in our Citie of Alexandria, *and which have afterward dispersed themselves through the rest of Christendom. I have don all that possibly I might in the beginning to stop them, but seeing the evil increased with so much danger, I have called you hither to apply the last remedie. I beseech you, O venerable Priests of the living God, to preserve among your selves that concord, which I think I may read in your countenances, and not to suffer your selves to be deprived of the benefit of peace, since the Divine providence hath selected you to establish it upon Altars, by your prayers for all the rest of the world. Cut off speedily the root of evil, and sweetly pacifie these troubles of the Church: you shall do a thing most acceptable to God; and as for my self, who am your fellow servant, I shall hold me obliged as for a singular benefit.*

The Interpreter explicated the Oration of the Emperour in the Greek tongue: then the propositions of *Arius* were read. At the reading whereof the most part of the Bishops stopped their ears for horrour, as afterward S. *Athanasius* observed. From thence they proceeded to opinons, where the disputation was enkindled on both sides. *Constantine* afforded a singular attention to all that was said, peaceably entertained sentences, encouraged all the world sweetned acerbities which might slide into the heat of contention, and guided all the affairs to peace. In the end, *Arius* is condemned, and a form of faith conceived for the equality of the Word with the Father, whereat many *Arians* much amazed, failed not to strike sail, and yield themselves to the plurality of voices, fearing least their contestation might ruin their reputation with the Emperour. It is thought *Eusebius* the Historiographer was of this number; a man of the time, who knew how to comply readily with the humour of those who had authority and force in their hands. As for the other *Eusebius*, Bishop of *Nicomedia*, who had maintained the faction of *Arius* with much passion, he saw himself shamefully fallen from the opinion of his great credit, and durst not refuse to sign the doctrine of the Council. Greatly was he streightned in another Session, to pronounce excommunication upon *Arius* his creature, saying he was consenting to the decision of the Council, under shadow of som perplexed words, which he made use of to cover his opinion. The fathers shutting up their eys to all human reasons, and fortifying their arms against favour, surprized this *Eusebius*, and *Theognis* Bishop of *Nice*, in the condemnation of *Arius* which they would not sign, declaring them upon this refusal, deprived of their Bishopricks. They interposed the authority of the Emperour, who suspended the execution, on such condition, that they gave satisfaction to the Council.

Condemnation of *Arius.*

Never were men more humbled, namely *Eusebius*; who thought himself the all-predominant; for he was constrained speedily to retire, and address his request to the Bishops, in terms most suppliant, in which he protested wholly to submit himself to the decrees of the Council; yet notwithstanding he spared not to embroil matters with an infinity of wiles and malice, which made the Emperour open his eyes to confirm their sentence who had condemned him, and send him into banishment, with subrogation of another in his place, though he afterward by ordinary submission was repealed. At that time happened a marvellous labyrinth of affairs, in which began the combats of great S. *Athanasius*, which are to take up another Historie besides this, it extending much further beyond the years of *Constantine*. As for the success of *Arius*, after the banishment of ten years, he still intermedling with factions, found means to be heard in an other Council of *Jerusalem*, where feigning a penitence artificially counterfeited, he handled the matter so by the practises of *Eusebius*, who was then in favour, that he was absolved, with commandment given to the good *Alexander*, Bishop of *Constantinople*, to receive him into the communion of the Church.

S. *Athanasius.*

The holy Prelate stoutly refused it, knowing well it was an hypocrisie, which tended to annul the decrees of the Council of *Nice*, and bring confusion into the Church. But *Eusebius* of *Nicomedia* ceased not to make armed inhibitions, threatning that in case of refusal, he would deprive him of his Bishoprick. He, who cared not so much for the loss of his dignity, as the safety of the Church, forsook all these subtilities of Theologie, and exhorting his people to a fast of seven days, by the Counsel of S. *James* of *Nisibis* who was then present, spared not to macerate his body with austerities, and present to God day and night his humble supplications to divert this scourge. In the end, the affair being very shortly to be determined, he prostrated his face against the earth before the Altar, and said: *My God, if it be true, that* Arius *ought to morrow to be received into the communion of the faithful, I beseech you let your poor servant* Alexander *go in peace, and not loose the faithful people with the wicked. But if you be resolved to preserve your Church, and I may be assured you will do it, look on the threats of* Eusebius, *and deliver not your inheritance to the scorn of the wicked: but rather take* Arius *out of this world, lest we receiving him, may seem to introduce heresie and impiety into your house.*

The

End of *Arius*.

The next day *Arius* went early in the morning from the Emperours Palace, very well accompanied with *Eusebius*, and walked in pomp through the streets of *Constantinople*. He was a man more subtile then confident, and it is thought the apprehensions he had of the issue of this combat, put terrour in him, and this terrour caused him to step out of the way. Behold the cause, why being by chance in the market-place of *Constantinople*, he retired into a publick place of ease, to satisfie the necessities of nature. *Socrates* holdeth, he cast forth a great quantity blood, and thereupon falling into a swoon, not being able to be holpen, he yielded up his wicked soul by a just punishment from Heaven, leaving to posterity a perpetual detestation of his life, with a horrour of the very place of his death.

Eusebius caused the body to be interred, *Alexander* breathed again, and all the Church triumphed upon the admiration of the judgments of God, seeing that he, who had raised so many bloody Tragedies, was dead in his own blood: and after he had infected the soundest parts of the world with his poyson, vomited up his contagious soul in the publick infections, drawing on his criminal head the execration of all Ages.

The twelfth SECTION.

The Government of Constantine.

Constant. is Constantinople erected.

HAving shewed unto you the greatness of *Constantine* in matters of Religion, let us now behold it in his politick government. It is no sleight note of the vigour of his spirit, that he enterprized to make another *Rome*, and so prosperously to have perfected this his design.

There is found among the Gentiles a certain Epigram in the ruines of ancient *Rome*, which said, It stood in need of gods to make it, but there was but one God necessary to destroy it. What may we say of the courage, prudence, happy success of the Emperour in the establishment of *Constantinople*? We will not make him a God, as the Pagans, but say, he was a man singularly assisted by the providence of God, in the greatness of his undertakings.

He perceived in this new change of Religion, there were in *Rome* many harsh spirits, and that even among the principal, whom he could not reclaim to Christianity, as his zeal fervently desired. Behold, whether desirous to consecrate to God a place better purified from Idols, where he might be served with more consent and better judgment, or whether he were transported with the desire of honour, and the memory of posterity, he resolved to build a City, which should bear his name, and be, as it were, the master-piece of a great Monarch.

For this purpose he had some desire to build on the ruines of *Troy* the Great, thinking the fame of the place, renowned for its unhappiness through all the parts of the habitable world, might contribute somewhat to the glory of his name: but he having laid the foundations, God gave him notice in sleep, that this was not the place appointed him, and that he necessarily must change the Country: whereat being much amazed, yet still persisting in his design, as not throughly satisfied upon the will of God, it is held, the tools and instruments of work-men were insensibly transported over the Sea to the other shore, and that an Eagle setling upon the Level of the Master-Architect, took it up, and hastned to bear it directly to *Byzantium*; for that is the City, whither *Constantine*, forsaking the ruines of *Troy*, transferred his great designs. It had heretofore been a very fair City; but as Arms strike at all which is eminent, so had it been infinitely ransacked by many wars happening in the revolution of affairs and Ages. Yet it still supported it self with some manner of reputation, when this great Prince determined to amplifie, enrich, and perfect it throughly, there to fix the seat of his Empire.

Zonar and *Glycas*.

It is added, that himself marched round about the walls, holding in his hand a half-pike, designing the circuit of his future *Constantinople*: and as he still went measuring up and down by the aim of his eye, one of his favourites said to him: *Emperour, how long will it be ere you make an end? I will finish*, saith he, *when he staies that goeth before me*. Which made men think there was some heavenly intelligence, that conducted his enterprize. At the same time he thought he saw in sleep a very ancient Lady, which in an instant was turned into a most beautiful Virgin, whom he adorned and attired, setting his Diadem on her head. Observe what is said of the beginnings of *Constantinople*; whether such things happened with all these circumstances, or whether we naturally love to tell some strange tales in favour of antiquity; as if these fictions were able to give it the more credit. One thing is most undoubted, which *Zosimus*, although an enemy to *Constantine*, is enforced to admire, that the manage of this great design was so prosperous, that in five or six years a goodly City was seen on foot, which extended about one league in circuit beyond the walls of *Byzantium*.

Constantine, who had a holy desire to equal it to ancient *Rome*, spared nothing of all that, which the invention of men might finde out, courage undertake, and power execute. He there built Palaces, Theaters, Ampitheaters, Cirques, Galleries, and other Edifices, infinitely admirable; so that Saint *Hierom* had reason to say, that *Constantine* to attire his *Constantinople* despoiled all the other Provinces.

It is a *Maxime* among Great-ones, that to make a hugh Dragon, it is fit he first devour many little Serpents; and to raise a great City, many much less must be ruined to serve for food unto it. The greatnesses of God are good deeds, those of the world are naturally destructions; for they eat and devour their neighbours, as the tree which we call the *Ivy*, which insensibly draweth the juyce of Plants growing near unto it. It is not expedient there should be many greatnesses in the world, they would dry Rivers up, as did the Army of *Xerxes*, and would impoverish each other by their mutual contestations. Yet notwithstanding needs must there be Majesty in the civil world, to the proportion of elementary. And for this cause God made Kings, taking a pattern from himself, and commandeth we honour them as his living Images: Kings make the greatnesses of the world, which are the effects of their powers. Needs must there be a *Constantinople* that posterity may see *Constantine* on the back-side of the Medal, for I think his virtues have represented him on the other side very honourable.

At the least, it is a thing exceeding laudable, and well considered by S. *Augustine*, that in this infinite store of Pagans, which he must yet of necessity tolerate, the Emperour permitted not either Temples of Idols, Sacrifices, or Pagan ceremonies. Well might he be curious to cause from all parts to be brought ancient Statues of Marble, Brass, and other matter, which represented *Jupiter*, *Cybile*, *Mercury*, *Apollo*, *Castor*, and *Pollux*, and so many false Divinities, which he set up in Theaters, Amphitheaters, or Ra-

ces,

ces, where the courses of horses were used and in other publick places. *Eusebius* followed by *Baronius*, holdeth, it was to expose them to the scorn of the people, which is very hard to believe: for I should rather think, that these pieces being the most exquisite workmanships of the world, and that *Constantine* vehemently desiring the beauty of this City, could not then resolve upon such a Jewish zeal, as to break and deface them, but contented himself with the distribution of them into profane places to give lustre to his enterprizes. Yet must we say, that though we at this present are out of the danger of Idolatry, rich men of this age have no reason to set up so readily in their Halls and Cabinets, *Juno's*, *Venus's*, and *Diana's*, and so many Histories of the Metamorphosis with scandalous nakedness. *Tertullian*, an eager spirit, pursueth all this as a crime, and proveth in the book he composed of Idolatry, that all those who co-operate in such works, do worse, then if they sacrificed to Idols the blood of beasts. "For they offer (*saith he*) their spirit, their industry, their travel, and their estate to Satan: and "though they have no intention of sin, they minister matter to other of offending God.

Tertul l. de Idol. cap. 6.

Behold the cause, why *Constantine*, although he were in an age wherein Paganism being still in much request, it was very difficult to take away all these figures, notwithstanding he disguised them as much as he could: witness, that a great statue of *Apollo* being brought to *Constantinople*, one of the best pieces that ever had been seen in those elder times, he caused a *Constantine* to be made of this *Apollo*, changing it into his own Image, and commanding some parcels of the venerable Nails of our Saviour to be enchased over his head. It is in my opinion to this same Image that he added a golden Globe in the hand thereof, and over it a Cross, with this Inscription: *Tibi, Christe, Urbem commendo*. Besides, he made three Crosses to be erected, the most magnificent that might then be imagined, and set in the midst of a publick place the statue of the Prophet *Daniel* among the Lions, all covered over with plates of gold, to represent a figure of the Resurrection. And as for his Palace, he caused to be pourtraied at the very entrance thereof, the history of the Passion, in a most exquisite work, wrought and tissued with pretious stones, very much resembling Mosaick work. All of it being finished, he made the Dedication of the City on the tenth of *May*, and as it is very probably supposed, the five and twentieth of his Empire, consecrating it to God, in memory of the glorious Virgin *Mary*, and doing great acts of liberty to the people, which he commanded by his Edicts to be continued for perpetuity. *Codin* addeth, that he caused also sumptuous Edifices there to be built for the Christian Senatours, which he drew from the City, and made them so like their lodgings they had at *Rome*, that they were so ravished therewith, as it seemed their houses by miracle had been transferred from *Rome* to *Constantinople*. The two chief Churches were those of the Apostles, and of S. *Sophia*, to whom *Constantine* gave beginning, but the greatness of the work is due to the Emperour *Justinian*.

Our great Monarch who had his eye open over all, forgot not to establish a good Colledge in his City, whereunto he drew the choice of learned men in all professions, dignifying and adorning it with immunities and great priviledges, in such sort, that *Aurelius Victor* called him the nursing-father of learning; and pursuing this design, he took a particular care to erect a good Library, and above all, to furnish it with good store of holy books, well written, the superintendency whereof he gave to *Eusebius* of *Cæsarea*.

Behold the estate of his *Constantinople*, which he by Edict commanded to be called *New Rome*; and *Sozomen* assureth, that in multitude of people, in abundance and riches, it surpassed the antient: which is not very hard for any to believe, who will consider *Rome* in the absence of Emperours, being then but as a Palace dis-inhabited; yet could not *Baronius* endure S. *Gregory Nazianzen's* speech, who said *Constantinople* as much surmounted the other Cities, as Heaven surpasseth Earth.

This would suffice to shew the politick prudence of great *Constantine*; but it shineth also in other points, of which I think this to be most considerable, that he held for the space of thirty years an Empire so great, in a time wherein the Emperours had ordinarily so short a reign, that they resembled those creatures, which enjoyed but one day of life, in an age, when the people were so apt to revolt, that the Sea had not more agitations, then all Kingdoms had vicissitudes, in an establishment of Religion very new, wherein contentions are commonly most dangerous. We may well say, this Prince had something in him above all that which is humane, to retain together an Empire of so long continuance, in affairs so discordant.

It is true, that he tolerated the Sect of Pagans for meer necessity, otherwise he must have killed the whole world to make a new of it. The wise Prince well saw it was a thing impossible to annihilate superstition in an instant, which had taken such deep root for a thousand years, about which time *Rome* was built: but in this civil peace, which he gave to all the East, he insensibly undermined the foundations of impiety, and verily by little and little it perished in his hands. His spirits sparkling like a fire, could not rest, but seeing the Magistrates of the Empire were more over-busie, yet not discharging the duty of their places, and that by the greatness of their power they made themselves too absolute, he altered the whole government, dividing their charges, and multiplying the offices of the Empire: for which *Zosimus* blameth him, not considering it was the policy of *Augustus Cæsar*, deputed one of the most ablest Princes of the world: and that he, who will consider the state of the Empire established by *Constantine*, shall finde so much order in this great diversity, so much wisdom in inventions, so much courage in executions, so much stability in continuance, that he shall have more cause to admire the deep counsels of the Emperour, then finde what to blame in his government. The same *Zosimus*, as a Courtier and a Pagan, extremely displeased with great liberalities which *Constantine* exercised towards the Churches, furiously taxeth him upon the matter of tributes, saying, He invented new and exacted them with much violence.

Tributes.

And yet notwithstanding there are no tributes under *Constantine*, the use whereof is not observed to have been in the age of the former Emperours. For concerning the impost of a certain sum of gold and silver paid by Merchants from four years to four, which the *Greeians* called *Chrysargyre*, although the name were then new, the manner of it could not be so, since the Historiographer *Lampridius*, in the life of *Alexander Severus*, makes mention of the gold of Merchants. And as for that which was also imposed upon prostitute women, it was likewise under the reign of the same *Alexander*: so that he who will compare that, which is done before

Constantine, and that after him in this article, shall there find much moderation in his proceedings. For so far was it from him to surcharge the people, that he gave a relaxation of the fourth part of tributes; which is so much, as if a King after the space of four years passed, should free his people for a year from ordinary subsidies, which would be no smal liberality. Now concerning the violence whereof this man complaineth, the Edicts of *Constantine* testifie, that he would not have any man to be so much as imprisoned for monies due to his coffers. True it is, he had a list of the names of men of quality in the Empire, with a tax of their revenews, to enforce them to publick necessities, and by this means discharge the poor. Otherwise it was well known this Prince was so zealous for justice, that he would not suffer even the letters of favour obtained from him, should have any power to the prejudice of ancient Laws. And that if any of his favourites had a process, and would beg of him to interpose his authority for him, he would leave him to justice, willing rather to afford him coin out of his coffer, then one sole word of favour, which might dispose the Judges to bend the ballance more to one side then another. He had his eye upon his Officers, and retained them in their duties, discovering and chastising corruptions, and banishing with his whole endeavour all crimes that were against the law of God, and publick tranquility.

Cod. Theod. l. 1. de exactionibus.

Cod. Theod. l. 1. tit. 2. Victor.

He was much seconded in the administration of affairs by the diligence of *Ablavius*, the greatest favourite of the Prince, and Superintendent of Justice, who was verily a man of Judgment, had he not blemished the gifts of God with unsatiable avarice.

He was surnamed *The Baloon of fortune*, for the many changes which happened in his person. For it is held, that he was of very base extraction, born in *Constantinople*, then called *Byzantium*; and that a Mathematician arrived in this City upon the instant the mother of *Ablavius* was to be delivered. This man weary of his way, and very hungry, went into an Inn where he calls for dinner: his hostess was very busie to provide it for him, at which time one came to entreat her to assist a neighbour of hers in her childbirth, for she practised the office of a Midwife. This made her forsake her guest, to help the poor creature who was said to be in great danger if she gave not remedy. The business being dispatched, she returned to her guest, who was very angry, and murmured with much impatience. She to appease him excused her self upon the necessity of the accident happened: but this notable Astrologer, hearing speech of the birth of a childe, forsooke the pot and glass which he dearly loved, and endeavoured to set the Horoscope of this *Ablavius*, newly come into the world. and thereupon said to his hostess, *Go tell your neighbour she hath brought forth a son to day, who shall be all, and have all, but the dignity of an Emperour.*

I think with *Eunapius*, that such tales are rather made after events, to give credit to judicial Astrology, then to say they have any foundation upon truth. It is not known by what means he was advanced, but he came into so great an esteem, that he governed the whole Empire under *Constantine*, who freely made use of him, as of a man discreet and vigilant in affairs, though much displeased to see him too eager in his proper interests. And it is said, that walking one day with him, he took a stick in his hand, and drew the length of five or six foot on the earth, then turning towards his creature *Ablavius*, *why so much sweat and travel? In the end of all, neither I nor thou shall have more then this, nay thou dost not know whether thou shalt have it or no.*

He was the cause by his factions, that *Constantine* almost caused one day three innocent Captains to be punished with death, being ill-inform'd, had it not been that S. *Nicholas* then living, appeared in a dream the same night to *Constantine* and *Ablavius*, threatning, if they proceeded any further, God would chastise them, which made them stay execution.

Ablavius notwithstanding was so tyed to the earth, that the words and examples of his Master had small power over his soul, in such sort, that he had an unhappy end, ordinary with those who abuse the favours of God.

For after the death of *Constantine*, *Constantius* who succeeded in the Empire of his father, taking this man as it were for a Pedagogue, so much authority had he assumed unto himself, and thinking he could not free himself of his minority but by the death of *Ablavius*, caused him miserably to be butchered, sending two for executours of this commission, men suborned, who saluted him with great submissions, and knees bended to the earth, in manner of Emperour. He, who before had married one of the daughters of the Emperour *Constans*, brother of *Constantius*, thinking they would raise him to the dignity of *Cæsar*, asked where the purple was. They answered they had no commission to give it him, but that those who should present it, were at his chamber door. He commandeth them to be speedily brought in: These were armed men, who approaching near unto him, instead of the purple, inflicted a purple death, transfixing him with their swords, and renting him as a Sacrifice.

If the poor man following his Masters example, had been willing to set limits upon his fortune, and taken shelter at least in the storm, to meditate upon the affairs of his conscience, he would the less have been blamed: but naturall desires have this proper, that they are bounded by nature which made them. The fantasies of ambition, which grew from our opinions have no end, no more then opinion subsistence. For, what bounds will you give to the falsehood and lying of a miserable vanity, which filleth the spirit with illusion, and the conscience with crimes? When one goeth the right way, he findeth an end: but when he wandereth a-cross the fields, he makes steps without number, errours without measure, and miseries without remedy.

The thirteenth SECTION.

The death of Constantine.

IT seemeth great men who have lived so well, should never die, and that it were very fit they still did, what they once have done so happily. But as they entred not into life by any other way then that of birth, as men, so must they issue out from this ordinary residence of mortals, as other men.

Constantine had already reigned thirty and one years, and was in the threescore and third of his age, living otherwise in a prosperous old age, and having a body exceedingly well disposed to the functions of life; for he incessantly travelled in the duty of his charge, without any inconvenience, ordering military matters in his minde, instituting laws, hearing embassages, reading, writing, discoursing, to the admiration of all the world.

This good Prince earnestly desired the conversion of all the Great-ones of his Court. Behold why, not satisfied with giving them example of a perfect life, he inflamed them to good with powerful words, which were to souls, as thunder-claps to Hinds, not for the delivery of a beast, but the production of salvation.

A little before his death, he pronounced in his Palace to those of his Court a very elegant Oration of the immortality of the soul, of the succes of good and evill, of the providence of God in the recompence of pure souls, of the terrour of his justice upon the incredulous and reprobate. This divine man handled these discourses with so much fervour and devotion, that he seemed to have his ear already in heaven, to understand mysteries, and enjoy an antepast of Paradise.

A while after he felt some little inequality of temperature in his body, which was with him very extraordinary, so sound and well composed he was. Thereupon he was taken with a fever somewhat violent, and causing himselfe to be carried to the baths, he remained not long there: for little regarding the health of his body in comparison of the contentment of his soul, he was possessed with a great desire to go to *Drepanum* in *Bythinia*, a City which he surnamed of his good mother, where was the body of S. *Lucian* the Martyr, to which he had a particular devotion.

He being transported into this desired place, felt in his heart an alacrity wholly celestial, and for a long time remained in the Church, notwithstanding the indisposition of his body, fervently praying for his own salvation, and the universall repose of his Empire. From thence he went directly to a Palace which he had in the suburbs of *Nicomedia*, where feeling the approaches of death, he disposed himselfe for his last hour, with the marks of a piety truly Christian. His Princes and Captains who heard him speak of death, being desirous to divert his mind from this thought, said, He was become too necessary for all the world, and that the prayers of all men would prolong his life. But he, *Of what do you speak to me, as if it were not true life, to die to so many dead things, to live with my Saviour? No, this here is not a death, but a passage to immortality. If you love me, hinder not my way; one cannot go too soon to God.* This spoken, he disposed of his last Will with a constant judgement and couragious resolution, declaring in his Testament the estate of affairs he would establish, even in the least particulars, and very well remembring all his good servants, for whom he ordained pensions and rewards for every one according to his merit.

He divided the Empire between his three sons, at that time absent; and having distributed their several shares with great providence, he gave to *Constantius* the Empire of the East, leaving a Will sealed with his own signet in the hands of a certain Priest, whom he appointed to deliver it immediately to his son, which he did: and afterward *Constantius* so much honoured this man, that being inflexible to all other, he onely obeyed him as a God. The dispose of his temporal affairs being setled, he transferred all his thoughts to familiar discourses which he had with God, and yeilded up his most happy soul on the Feast of Pentecost, the 22. of May about mid-day, in the year of our Lord 337.

The souldiers and officers who waited next his person, not thinking his end so near at hand, upon this news were seized with a greif so outragious, that tearing their cloaths, and prostrating themselves upon the earth, they bewailed their Emperour with complaints, which rather resembled yellings then moderate sorrow, calling him, *Their Sovereign Lord, their good Master, & common Father of the world.*

His body was put into a coffin of gold, covered with purple, to carry it to *Constantinople*; where it was many days exposed in his Palace attired in Imperial habit, receiving the same duties and reverences, as if he had yet been alive, never was there observed toward any Emperour whatsoever, either such great concourse of people, or cordial affection: not so much as little children but were touched with a sensible grief, as if they had lost their father. One might have seen among the people some confounded with sad and heavy sorrow, others to break forth into complaints, the rest to pour themselves out in devotions and prayer. When ancient *Rome* heard the news of his death, she caused the baths and publick Places to be shut up, all mirth and solace to cease, that they might lament the loss of a most honoured father.

The Princes his children speedily arrived at *Constantinople*, caused his obsequies to be performed after the manner of Christians, conducting the body to the Sepulchre with the Clergy, wax lights burning, and prayers of the Church ordained for the souls of the dead. For *Eusebius*, who was there present, maketh express mention of the ceremonies, which new Hereticks, through great impertinency and malignity have endeavoured to deny for the comfort of the dead.

It is a marvellous thing to consider what power virtue hath over the hearts of men, and to behold how many divers sects are different in that, which is matter of beleif in Divinity, but all notwithstanding agree in the honour due to honesty. The Pagans would needs canonize *Constantine* in their manner, and made a God of him, representing him in a Chariot, harnessed out with four horses, as flying above the clouds, and a hand stretched from Heaven, which made shew to hold him in this most blessed mansion of immortality. The Greek Church hath honoured his memory, as of a Saint; although *Constantine* had so humble an opinion of himself, that it is very likely he ordained by his Testament, which was afterward seen to be executed in his funerals, that his body should be interred not in the Church of S. *Peter* and S. *Paul*, but before the porch: esteeming himselfe most happy, if after he had borne the prime Diadem of the world, he might serve as a porter to a simple fisherman.

I now aske of you, my Reader, who have considered the beginning, progress, and end of this Monarch, where may you finde one more elate in greatness of courage, more generous in his enterprizes, more prudent in his carriage, more fortunate in successes, more constant in his perseverance? Poyze a little, and put in a ballance the glory of his armes, the happiness of his conquests, the wisdom of his laws: what virtue think you had he here occasion to make use of, to set a new face upon a whole world, to oppose Armies with iron, stratagems with prudence, rebellion of untamed spirits with mildness? What arm to resist the torrents of iniquity? What stroke to counterballance the inclinations of wills, and swift motions of an universal world. Verily I must affirm *Augustus Cæsar* was a great Prince, for that he changed the face of the State of a mighty Common-wealth, built up a vast Empire; but not to flatter, nor raise our Princes above their merit with the interest of our own cause, we shall find this man had somthing in him much greater. I admit the other seemeth to you more subtile if you consider him in the maturity of prudence he shewed in his elder days; notwithstanding if you behold him in all the parts of his life, you shall finde great vices therein: I say not only of impurity or neglect, but of wickedness and inhumanity: which was the cause that he having one day in a banquet taken the shape of *Apollo*, those about him named him *Apol-*

Greatness of *Constantine*.

linem Tortorem, Apollo the Hangman. I go not about at this time to ſearch into the vices either of the one or other. I admit that *Conſtantine* though deſcended of the moſt noble bloud of *Romans*, and as fortunate as ever *Auguſtus*, was in his beginning ſomewhat cruel: Yet no man can deny, but that in military virtue, he in all points ſurpaſſed *Auguſtus Ceſar*, who was never put into the rank of the moſt warlike Princes.

Let us not here overprize the ſupereminency the one had above the other in this point: Let us onely compare them in quality of founders of new Eſtates. The one made a new world civil; and the other a new world Chriſtian. The one to do what he did, found a *Julius Ceſar*, who before-hand cut out his work for him: the other hewed forth a way through rocks, flames, thorns, wholly involved with contrariety. The one arranged men under a civil ſubmiſsion in recovery of a Monarchy, which is an ordinary thing: The other without arms diſarmed them from the affection they bare to their ancient ſuperſtition, which every well underſtanding Judg will eſteeme a matter very difficult, becauſe ordinarily men are very obſtinate to retain the beliefs which they have held from father to ſon, through the revolution of many ages. Finally, *Auguſtus* ſaid he found a City of ſtone, ſpeaking of antient *Rome*, and had made of it a City of marble; but *Conſtantine* might boaſt to have raiſed a *Rome* wholly new in the eſtabliſhment of his *Conſtantinople*.

It is affirmed by the Pagans themſelves, who never attributed any thing to *Conſtantine* above his merit, that he was at the leaſt, ſay they *before his baptiſm, comparable to all the greateſt Princes of the Empire. Eutropius*, a ſouldier of *Julian* the Apoſtata, who little loved Chriſtian Princes, is inforced through a truth to confeſs, that he was (d) *A great man, having qualities and virtues of mind and body moſt innumerable, and that his fortune being very great he had notwithſtanding equalled it by his induſtry and merit.* Behold a teſtimony from the mouth of an enemy.

(d) *Vir ingens. Innumera in eo animi, corporiſque virtutes claruerunt: fortuna in bello proſpera fuit: verùm ità ut non ſuperaret induſtriam.*

I would here willingly demand of *Machiavel*, who in the Treatiſe he compoſed of a Prince, ſaid: *That he which in all things would hold a ſtrict profeſsion of an honeſt man, cannot long continue in the company of ſuch others as are of no eſteeme; and that it is neceſſary for a Prince who will maintain his own power, to learn how he may ſometimes be wicked, and to practiſe it according to the neceſſity of affairs*: And in his State-Diſcourſes well diſcovereth he is of opinion, a Prince ſhould cheriſh the Religion which moſt ſuiteth with his deſigns whatſoever they are.

The Prince cap. 2. and upon the 1. Decad. chap. 12. 13.

I ſhould willingly know of all thoſe that purſue the like Maxims with this corrupt ſpirit, what they would here anſwer me, upon the progreſſion of the fortune of *Conſtantine*. Verily behold here a State-wiſdom, whereunto the pen of this Secretary, who pretended ability in ſome petty humane tracks, cannot arrive. Behold a light, whereat all theſe eyes are dazled. Behold an abyſs, where all carnal men are loſt if we will well reckon them up, we ſhall find twelve or thirteen, who in ſeveral ways argue upon the Diadem with *Conſtantine*. By what degrees hath the divine providence conducted him to the Sovereignty of the Empires of the world? Is it by thoſe, which Monſieur *Nicholas Machiavel* hath prepared to lead his prince in? If one muſt diſpoile himſelf of innocency to be re-inveſted with the Robe Imperial, why did *Conſtantine* take the way of Empire by that of ſanctity? If uſe muſt be made of Religion, as of an inſtrument of State, and that taken which hath the moſt credit in the opinion of the people, why went he about to chuſe Chriſtian Religion, at that time when the moſt part of the world, was ingulfed in Gentiliſm? Behold *Maxentius*, who according to the *ordinary* cuſtom of the people of *Rome*, cauſed the pretended books of *Sybills* to be turned over, conſulted with *Augures*, offered ſacrifices: This gave him a reputation of piety with a people as much infidel as himſelf: Why did not *Conſtantine* purſue the ſame ways: Why did he ſet the ſign of the *Croſs* on his Standards, eſteemed fatal and of ill preſage in the minds of the moſt part of his army? What favour might he then expect from Chriſtians? Would he draw treaſures from them? They were deſpoiled of all. Pretended he to raiſe huge armies of them for his ſervice? They were ſo cut down, that one onely month ſaw ſeventeen thouſand heads upon the ground, did he perſwade himſelf there was much ſtrength in their Religion? They were all either maſſacred, maimed, or baniſhed. Did hee looke for counſel? They were men eſteemed void of learning or Policy. Did he hope for credit? They were trampled under foot like dirt in the ſtreets.

Why then did a man reputed of ſo excellent judgment, confine his intereſts to theſe miſerable creatures? He ſtood in need for the accomodation of his affairs of a *Roman* Senate, and it was Pagan. He wanted good Captains, and they were in a manner all Gentiles. He muſt have Forts, and they all held for ancient ſuperſtition. What doth he go about? And yet behold in a time wherein his affairs leaſt ſeemed to require it, he takes the marks of Chriſtianity, and with them haſtned to aſſail the army of *Maxentius*, compoſed of a hundred threeſcore and ten thouſand footmen, and eighteen thouſand horſe, he himſelf according to the relation of thoſe, who lived in the very ſame time, having in this conflict, but very ſmall troops. From whence cometh it, that he in ſo ſhort a time, and with ſo few people, defeated ſuch formidable powers? Not to bely the matter, had theſe men been but earthen ſtatues, they might make reſiſtance. Had they but been an army of ſheep they might weary the ſouldies of *Conſtantine* to cut their throats. From whence comes it they were ſo ſoon defeated? From whence comes it, that *Maxentius* ſo baſely betook himſelf to the ſtratagem of a bridge, which he prepared for his enemy? from whence comes it that a *Roman* Senate, which had confirmed ſo many Edicts againſt the *Croſs*, a people bred up in the *horrour* of the crucified, ſhould readily receive a man, who entred into *Rome* with the *Croſs*, and the name of the crucified upon his Standard? From whence comes it, that on the triumphal *Arch* dedicated to him, he would have no mention of *Roman* Gods? At the leaſt, according to the counſel of the Sectaries of the *Florentine* Secretary, he ſhould diſſemble his Religion, he ſhould give way to time, he ſhould make himſelf outwardly a *Diocletian*, and inwardly, if needs he would, a *Conſtantine*, Will any one ſay, he was at that time a man victorious, who came to give law, and not receive it? But who ſaw not, that his fortune being as yet in the bud, he was to walk towards Empires as on thorns, fearing above all things to *irritate* in the change of Religion the principal ſpirits, of the Eaſt and Weſt, who were paſſionately affected towards their Sect? I affirm *Maxentius* the Defendor of the Gods, ruinated himſelfe by his ill government. *Lycinius* was yet on foot; and verily *Lycinius* an ancient Souldier, who had waxed old in arms, and had never arrived to the Empire but by his valour, drew in the end all the party of Gentiliſm, with forces innumerable both by Sea and Land,

Admirable providence of God above humane Policy.

which

which seemed able to swallow many worlds. He made use of the counsell of Monsieur *Machiavel*, he protested he took arms for the defence of the Gods and Altars of ancient Religion, against a man who sought to introduce a barbarous sect into the World. Was not this a matter very specious in the times, when the superstition of Gentiles was exalted by Edicts of Emperours to the highest degree of honour? *Lycinius* notwithstanding is beaten, overthrown, ruined, both by sea and land, although he were one of the most inventive in the subtleties of the art military, of the most resolute for execution, and the most stubborn, to make up again a desperate fortune.

O you Nobility, what shall we say hereupon? Must we not confess there is one God in Heaven, and not any other God, but that of *Constantine*, who giveth Kingdoms, establisheth Scepters, and cementeth Crowns? If all this proceeding had been an extravagancie of passion, we might attribute one part of it to the hazard of Wars, the other to the valour of Souldiers, and the last, to the heat of the first encounters. But to hold an Empire thirty and one years, with so great an equality, so accomplished a felicity, so secure a peace, from the time of his last conquest, what may one answer to this?

From whence is it, that *Constantine* having forsaken ancient *Rome*, of purpose to build a faire City, where God might sincerely be honoured, and adored, without any commixtion of Gods or Altars of Gentils, which he as yet through necessity must tolerate at *Rome* yet nothing was changed in the West? was there want of men to undertake it? The greatest of the Senate were in a manner all Pagans. Were there not people enough to make reuolts? They were as much inclined thereunto as ever. Were there not souldiers to support the enterprizes of those who had a desire to rebel? There was as many and perhaps more at that time, as at any time before. From whence then proceeded this sweet tranquility, but that the great Angel-Protectour of *Constantine*, given unto him by the living God, held one foot on the East, and another on the West, to protect, preserve, and honour a man, who had defended, maintained, and reverenced true Religion.

Advice to the Nobility.

Oh Nobility, let no man go about to confine your hearts to these slender and wretched policies, which ruine all generosity. Whilest your Ancestours sincerely honoured the God of *Constantine*, of *Charlemaign*, and S. *Lewis*, and whilest they with all sincerity manured the piety of their predecessours, without any mixture of novelties, factions, and subtleties, they flew like Eagles to the conquest of Provinces, and made their arms resplendent almost in so many places, as the sun enlightneth with his rays. Now they endeavour to perswade you, that following a petty spirit of wrangling, which submitteth Religion to interests, you shall make up to your selves golden fortunes; when indeed experience daily teacheth you, they are but of gilded ice, and are melted under the lightning of Gods justice.

Successors of *Constantine*.

Open your eyes to that, which I present you in this history, behold yet, if you please, as you pass along, the sequel and proceeding of the successours of *Constantine*. He left three sons, the one called by his own name, the other *Constantius*, from the name of his Grand-father, and the third *Constans*. *Constantine* and *Constans* lived not long: the whole Empire which was divided between three, was reunited under the power of *Constantius*, who verily was an enemy to the superstitions of Gentiles, for which God gave him great victories against the Tyrant *Magnentius*.

But this unfortunate Prince, in stead of following the same belief of his father, hastned to throw himself violently into the novelties of the *Arians*; whereof *Ammianus* the Historian, who was a Pagan souldier, very aptly reprehendeth him, saying, he had done himself great wrong, for that in stead of preserving Christian Religion in its simplicity, he had imbroiled and falsified it with novelism, using more perplexity to search out subtleties, then gravity to pacifie the Church: For he by this means, saith he, stirred up an infinite number of dissentions, which he nourished with disputes and quirks of words, so that under his reign you should never see Bishops but riding post over the fields to hold Synods, thereby to draw all Christendom to the Emperours party. This was the cause that there were almost no horses nor Courriers to be found for the affaires of the Empire, so much were they imployed in voyages which were made for these goodly Councels.

He hath excellently well expressed in few words the nature of *Constantius*; for he was perpetually busied in these litigious wranglings of the heresie of *Arians*, assembling Conventicles of his false-Bishops to condemne the Orthodox. From whence it came to pass, that hated of men, and forsaken by God, he led a life full of jealousies, suspicions, disturbances, and which is worse, defiled with blood and massacres.

In the end, having heard the news that *Julian* the Apostata, his cousin, whom he had before declared *Cæsar*, was among the *Gauls*, and saluted Emperour, and having passed through *Italy*, came to present himself in *Thrace*, he went speedily out to resist him, and fell into such desperate furies, that on his way he was surprised with a sharpe feaver, which so broiled his body, that they durst no more touch him then a burning fornace. This malady in few dayes bereaved him of soul and Empire, leaving the one to the judgment of God, and the other to *Julian*.

Behold what became of this deplorable Prince, in the one and fourtieth year of his age, for having betrayed the Religion of his father; the gravity and modesty observed in him, which was the cause he was never seen to spit, nor wipe his nose, nor turn his head in publick, nothing availing him to lengthen out his life. *Julian*, Nephew and son-in-law of great *Constantine*, for he espoused *Helena* sister of *Crispus*, took instantly the government of the whole Empire upon him, and would needs overthrow all that which his uncle had done in matter of Religion.

Julian with the qualities which *Machiavel* giveth a Prince, had ill success.

Let us consider a little without passion the notable extravagancies of this spirit, who contemning the piety of *Constantine*, sought to establish himselfe by all the ways, which the poor policy of earth suggesteth to those who have renounced heaven. To speak to the purpose, we must affirm, this man had all the qualities which *Monsieur Machiavel* gave to his Prince. If dissimulation may be used for a Kingdom, never was a lamb more milde than this young man at the Court of *Constantius*, to take all suspicions from him, which he conceived of his near allies; and although he already entertained most mischievous thoughts in the matter of Christian Religion, he so covered them by the publik profession he made of it, that the very *Eunuchs* who had all charge most narrowly to prie into his actions upon this point, observed nothing therein which tended to alteration in Religion. But far otherwise, about the age of sixteen, he caused his hair to be cut, and vowed himself to the Church, as a Prince most Religious, who thought little on the Empire of the world.

And after, when he was sent into *France*, although he used strange superstitions and witchcrafts, rising

up

up in the night to pray to *Mercury*, to whom he dedicated much devotion; yet did he also notwithstanding celebrate the feasts with Christians: and that which besides is more considerable, when he was proclaimed Emperour, though he had an enraged desire towards it, and that all this solemnity was throughly agreed upon by his cunning; yet feigned he to have all the aversions in the world against it; & caused himself to be carried to the throne, as one would draw an unruly Sacrifice to the slaugher.

What spirit was ever more dissembled then this man's? If, as saith the Secretary, a Prince should endeavour to have virtues in appearence which may render him acceptable in publick, though he be not to take much pains to have them in effect, never did any man better put on the mask of much honesty then this. For in the fortune of Emperour, he would seem like the most mortified *Stoick* of all that Sect, shewing himself so chast, that never might you hear one sole mis-becoming word fall from his lips: so sober, that he gave an example to the most austere Monks; so negligent in the neatness of his body, that he much gloried to see vermine run up and down on his beard, which he wore very long, to play the Philosopher in all kindes; so patient, that he many times endured all sorts of affronts and sharp words from mean men, no more moved thereby to anger then a stone.

If it must needs be, according to the same Maximes, that a Prince to procure estimation, should perform great enterprizes, this man was no sooner seated in his Throne, but that he practised admirable policies, and hastned to make war on the *Persians*, to imitate *Alexander* the Great, to whose virtues he aspired. If needs some remarkable act must be done in the beginning, he at his entrance professing Paganism, repealeth the Bishops, which *Constantius* a Christian Prince had banished. If liberality must be used, this man gave all, and said his treasures were better among his friends, then with himself. If excellent Masters in every Art and Science are to be cherished, this man did it with much passion.

From whence then proceedeth it, that with all those goodly parts of *Machiavel's* Prince, he hath so little prospered, reigning but one year and seven months, and dying strucken with a blow from heaven, which the Pagans themselves confess to be ignorant from whence it came, and dying in a frenzy, which caused him to fill his hand with his own blood and cry, *Thou, O Galilean hast overcome*, and leaving in his death a memory of his name so odious to all posterity.

The poor man forsaking the way already so happily beaten by *Constantine*, unluckily hastneth to joyn amity with those wise Politicians, who had all *Plato's* Common-wealth, who esteemed themselves the most accurate in the government of the World, who promised him by these wiles he practised, the absolute extirpation of Christianity, and to make him the most awful and most glorious of all the Emperours of the world. And I beseech you, what became in the end of all these promises, but dreams, illusions, and vapours?

Constantine under the holy Philosophy of the Cross, reigned more then thirty years. *Constantine* waged great wars, had great victories, great triumphs, was attended by great Councils, great Cities. *Constantine* left a Religion, so established, that the malice of an *Arian* son, nor the Policy of a new Apostata could not extinguish it. *Constantine* never entred into any battel where he came not off victorious. And *Julian* in the first war he undertook upon the beginning of his Empire, confounded all his Army, led his Captains to slaughter, was himself slain as a Victim. And the sage Politicians which he ever had in his Army, instead of Priests and Bishops, drew him to death, to serve as a spectacle of confusion for the one, and matter of mirth for the other.

May we not well say, O Nobility, that these spirits who divert your hearts from the chast beliefs of your Ancestors, from the purity of faith, the candor of a good conscience, to invenom them with a doctrine of impiety, policy, and treachery, under colour of humane wisdom, are the plagues of States, the ruines of houses, and the fatal hands to annihilate greatness.

I will not infer for a necessary conclusion, that all such as live in the fear of God and in integrity, must ever have pleasing successes according to the world, in the manage of temporal affairs: this is not a thing absolutely promised to us by God. We have not sold him our fidelity and christianity upon such condition, that he should still afford us the bread of dogs, and favour us with felicities, which he imparteth to *Sarazens* and *Mores*. I know good Christian Princes may be afflicted, sometime for the punishment of certain sins, which they with too much indulgence have permitted: sometime for a trial and spectacle of their virtue; sometime to teach us there is another life for the children of God, since they in this same are ill entreated, sometime for causes which the providence of God involveth as in a cloud, replenished with obscurity and darkness. Yet shall you finde in reading Histories either divine or humane, that all those who have progressed on with true feeling of God, and with the lightnings of integrity, and touches of a good conscience, which Nature provideth for every man, have commonly been the most expected, the best beloved, the most happy, and most permanent.

And to speak with S. *Augustine*, would not they ever be most happy, if they had no other felicity, but to be just in their commands, moderate in their fortunes, humble among services, modest in praises, and faithful servants of God, in Empires? Wherein consisteth the happiness of man, if it be not to fear God, so to fear nothing else? If it be not to love a Kingdom, where we no longer may dread, to have companions? If it be not to pardon injuries through clemency, and not revenge crimes, but by justice? If it be not to be chast in the liberty of pleasures? If it be not rather to command over our own passions, then Cities and Provinces?

August. lib. 5. de civitate Dei. cap. 24

Behold the principal felicity of great *Constantine*, which you ought, O Noble Men, to take for your model. Do in your own houses what he acted in an Empire: establish there constantly the fear and love of God. Banish vices, as he from his City of *Constantinople*, the Temples and Victims of false Gods; that the honour of the Cross may set a seal on all your thoughts, all your counsels, all your enterprizes; that your examples may serve to God as Amber, and Adamant, to attract so many hearts of Straw and Iron, as are now in the world, to the love of virtue, that these duels of Gladiatours, condemned by *Constantine*, may be the horrour of your thoughts, and detestation of your hearts; that Devotion, Chastity, Humility, Patience, Charity; Virtues so familiar to this great Monarch, may make an honourable warfare, which shall possess your heart; and that all of them may there reign, each one in particular with as ample Empire, as all of them in general.

THE

THE STATES-MAN.

To STATES-MEN.

SIRS,

Since God hath put the government of People, Justice, and most important Affairs into your hands; he hath likewise raised you upon a high degree of honour, to be looked on in Offices, no otherwise then as Stars in the Firmament.

Your Dignities are Obligations of Conscience, that bind like the Chains of MEDÆA, *and scorch weak Souls in Purple and Gold: but which on the other part afford to generous spirits a perfect lustre of Divinity. The more light a body enjoyeth, say the Learned, so much the more ought it to have of participation and favourable influences for objects which are in a much lower degree then it. So likewise must we necessarily say, that your qualities, which grant you nearer approaches to the source of Greatness, and embellish you with the Rays of the Majesty of a Prince, do most particularly oblige you to all the great Virtues, which concern the Weal-publick.*

It oftentimes happeneth, that those who fly from charges and affairs, under pretext of tranquility of spirit, if they be not well rectified therein, finde in stead of repose a precious sluggishness; and those, who make profession of Arms, if they take not good heed, suffering all the innocency of the Golden Age to languish, make themselves virtues of the Iron Age. But your conditions, which have a certain temperance of life more sweet, accompanied with laudable employments, open the way to you, which maketh and crowneth merits. Yet is there need of a Soul very able to preserve it self sincerely in charges, among so many corruptions, and of a heart perfectly purified, to link it wholly to the interests of God, who with three fingers of his power supporteth Estates and Empires.

That is the cause, why I offer this Treatise, not so much to give Maximes of State, of which there are always enough to be found; as sometimes to awaken a good Conscience, which is a true Ray reflected from the eternal Law, to the end that among so many temptations of Honour, and such burthens of Affairs, it may lose any part of his vigour. If you deign to spend some hours of your leasure hereon, it perhaps will not be unprofitable: for at least that will let you see a States-man, as rare as a Phenix, and as pure as an Angel. But if this consideration furnish you with any good thoughts for your perfection, I shall esteem my self well recompensed for the service, which I in this work have vowed to your eminent qualities.

The STATES-MAN.

The first SECTION.

The excellency of Politick Virtues.

I Have ever made account of the division of Virtues which the *Platonists* use, when they call the one Purgative, the other Illuminative, the third Civil, and the last Exemplar.

Purgative virtues are those, which give to our souls the first tincture of sanctity. For they take our heart wholly possessed as it is yet with earthly passions, and discharge it from so many imperfections which ordinarily corrupt nature, to give it a tast of heavenly things. Illuminative afford us day-light, when we have vanquished the agitations of sense, and establish us in the sweetness of some repose, where we begin to behold the entrances, progresses, and issues of the world wherein we are placed, and the course of this great Comedy, called life. The Civil draw us out of our selves, to apply us to our neighbour, and to render every one his due according to his degree, in the good conversation betwixt man and man. Exemplar proceed much further in perfection, for they expose themselves in publick, to serve as models for others, and appear in charges and dignities, in the government of Kingdoms, Provinces, Cities and Commonalties. This is it which I call here the virtue of a States-man, taking the word generally, not only for those who are engaged in the manage of Monarchies, Soveraignties, and Republicks; but also for such as exercise justice, and other principal charges of civil life. We must affirm this politick virtue which maketh true States-men, is a rare piece, and, as it were, the cream and most purified part of wisdom, seeing that not contenting it self with a lazy knowledge of virtue, it laboureth to build, adorn, and establish the civil world by the maintenance of justice, without which in the amplest Kingdoms are the greatest thefts.

If the World be a Harp, as saith the eloquent *Synesius*, Justice windeth up the strings, stirreth the fingers, toucheth the Instrument, giveth life to the airs, and maketh all the excellent harmonies. If the world be a Musick-book, framed of days and nights as of white and black Notes, Justice directeth, and composeth. If it be a Ring, Justice is the Diamond. If it be an Eye, Justice is the Soul. If it be a Temple, Justice is the Altar. All yieldeth to this virtue, and and as it is enchased in all laudable actions, so all laudable actions are incorporated in justice. It is an engine much more powerful in effect then was that of *Archimedes* in Idæa: for it doth that in Kingdoms, which this man could never so much as imagine in his minde, though ambitious enough in inventions. It maketh, I say, Heaven to descend on earth, and earth to mount up to Heaven: Heaven to descend, in introducing a life wholly celestial in the uncivil conversation of men; earth to mount up, in drawing it from dregs and corruption of a covetous and bloody life, to enlighten it with rays of

Excellentibus ingeniis citius defuerit ars, quâ vivem regant, quàm quâ hostem superent. Tit. Liv. lib. 2. D. Tho. 2. 2. q 58. *Justicia legalis præclarior omnibus moralibus; quia bonum commune præeminet bono singulari.* Tertul. l. 2. adversus Marcion. *Benitas Dei operata est mundum, justitia modulata est.*

of a prudent knowledge, to embelliſh it with virtues, diverſifie it with beauties, and ſettle it in the center of repoſe.

God maketh ſo much account of an honeſt man, recommended to the government of others, that have choſen *Noah* to command over only ſeven ſouls, ſhut up in the Ark as in a moving priſon, he calleth him his *Heart*: for to ſay truly, we muſt having the heart of God, to bring forth counſels ſufficiently able to ſave men, and to be in the ſame inſtant the mouth of God, to pronounce the Oracles of truth. God asketh *Job*, who is the man on earth that ſhall make the muſick of Heaven? To which I would willingly anſwer, It is a good Juſticier. For in what conſiſteth this harmony of Heaven? We are not in my opinion to imagine it according to the dotages of ſome Philoſophers, who of it have made unto themſelves a celeſtial muſick compoſed of voyces and ſounds, formed by the mutual encounter of thoſe admirable Globes. The harmony of Heaven is nought elſe, but the good order of the Sun, the Moon, Stars, day, and night, and ſeaſons, which daily progreſs along with a regular pace, and meaſured motion, not erring in the leaſt point.

Geneſ. 8. v. 17. according to the Hebrew Text.

Job 2. 12. Ordinem Cœli.

This order which is ſo excellent and divine in Heaven, is introduced upon earth by the means of juſtice, which guideth and governeth all the actions of men within the circuit and limits of duty, ſo ſagely and divinely, that he who would obſerve ſo many ſingular laws which books recommended unto us, ſhould quickly make earth become a little Heaven. For the ſame reaſon *Origen* interpreting this paſſage of *Iſay*, where God ſaith, *Heaven is his Throne*, ſheweth, that the Paradiſe and Heaven of God upon earth, is juſtice: from whence it cometh to paſs, that ſuch as uſe it, as they ought, are wholly celeſtiall in Science, life, and converſation. Was it not this conſideration which drew the *Babylonians* to build the Palace, where judgments were given, in the form of Heaven; for the very ſtone-work was of Saphirs, which are of celeſtial colour, and in the Seelings, clouds were counterfeited, and in thoſe clouds certain birds, reputed as meſſengers of juſtice, as if they had been delegated to ſee the deportments of men in diſcharge of their offices, and to adviſe them, that giving judgment on earth, they muſt ever have an eye and an ear in Heaven.

Iſay. 66. *Cœlum mihi ſedes eſt: Eſſentiantur, ſedes Dei, ſalti prius converſationes & perditi mores.* Orig. Philoſſr. l. 1. c. 11.

I alſo diſcover this by another obſervation of Scripture, for it teacheth me, that the brave Princes *Debora*, ſurnamed the *Bee*, judged the people, and held her Aſſizes under a Palm: or as it is probable, after the reaſon both of the one and other were heard, ſhe took a leaf of this tree, and gave it to him who had the right. And from this practiſe is derived the cuſtom to plant Palms at the gates of great Advocates and Juſticiers, which was likewiſe obſerved in ancient *Rome*.

Jud. 4. 5.

Exornique foro plurima palma fores. Martial.

Now why, think you, would God have the firſt Seſſions of juſtice to be held under Palms, but to ſignifie that which *Philo* ſpeaketh of, that as the Palm beareth his heart and ſtrength in the top, ſo good Judges direct their whole underſtanding and affections to heaven, living perpetually as in the preſence of the Divinity, or elſe, that as the virtues of the Palm are innumerable, ſo the excellencies of juſtice are infinite?

Add alſo hereunto a paſſage in a Caldaick Commentary upon *Eccleſiaſtes*, which telleth how *Solomon*, that great King, under whoſe principality, peace and juſtice mutually embraced as ſiſters, to ſhew what account he made of thoſe who well managed matters of right, cauſed a moſt ſumptuous Palace to be erected for them of moſt exquiſite workmanſhip called the *Houſe of Judgment*, and through excels of favour, ordained they ſhould partake of the wine of Offerings, which was preſented on the Altars of the living God, and which came from a Vine planted and manured by the hand of *Solomon* himſelf. Is it not to place juſtice in heaven, to admit it to the communication of the honours and offerings of God? So the people of *Iſrael* ſuppoſing one day that *Moſes* was loſt, inſtantly asked of *Aaron* gods to govern them, as thinking there muſt be ſome divinity to ſupply the loſs of this great States-man. Why then do you wonder if Saint *Auguſtine* in the book he compoſed of Order, praiſeth the practiſe of *Pythagoras* who never taught politick Science to his Diſciples, till they had paſſed through many long tryals, eſteeming the other Arts were apt to debauch the minde, but that this applied lively colours, and as it is ſaid, varniſhed and perfected up the Table.

Exod. 32.

It is not very hard at this time to conclude, what the excellency of a brave States-man is, but the diſcovery of him is very rare. And I will tell you, that conſidering well the Tables which *Delbrunus* hath made upon *Ariſtotle* his Philoſophy, and comparing them with other exquiſite pieces; I have ſeen two Cities very different, both which bare the title of Policy, but the one in effect was falſe Policy, and the other the City of Verity. I will preſent them unto you plainly and ſincerely, according to the like deſign of S. *Auguſtine* in his City of God, and according to the Idæa's of ancient Sages, not glancing at our times, which I will neither praiſe nor condemn, my nature and profeſſion having diſpoſed me to much ignorance of worldly affairs.

The ſecond SECTION.

The Table of Babylon *drawn from ſundry conceptions of the moſt ſingular wits of Antiquity.*

WE then have beheld the City of wicked Policy in thoſe ancient paintings, to be built upon ruines, in a land of Quick-ſilver, wholly cemented with blood; Earth-quakes are there very frequent, and I know not what kinde of outragious winds blow ſo dangerouſly, as if they would tear all in pieces.

The waters were there infected, the air filled thoſe which breathed in it, the Viands produced death under a falſe appearance of life: the inhabitants ſaw nothing but Wolves and Foxes by their ſides, Ravens and Owls on their houſes, Comets over their heads, Serpents and Scorpions at their feet, which were there ſeen as abundantly ſtrewed, as flowers in the enamel of the Spring. The gates reſembled thoſe fatal Portals, whereof Hiſtories make mention, that were never opened, but to paſs away carrion and ordure: and withal this, the Citizens were ſo powerfully charmed, that they eſteemed themſelves moſt happy, ſuppoſing to ſleep on thorns, was to live among Violets and Roſes.

Plutarch. de curioſit. Ἀνεφγότα μόλις.

It is verily a wonder, that without, there were ſome ſhadows of piety, but within not ſo much as a Temple. For in truth the Burgeſſes of this City never looked up to heaven but to blaſpheme it, and all of them greedily ſought for earth covered with a veil of ſky-colour.

I ſaw no other Gods there, but Honour, Gain, and Pleaſures, to which ſouls and bodies were ſacrificed in much greater number then *Solomon* ſlaughtered Oxen in the ſolemnity of his moſt magnificent Sacrifices. I ſaw huge Caves, where there were

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all sorts of beasts, and likewise many monsters, that much resembled the *Harpyes*, *Gorgons*, and Chymæra's of Antiquity.

I perceived also some solitary Dens, where I was certified great Sacriledges were committed, of power to make darkness, which served them for a cover, to blush for shame, being unable to deceive the eys of God.

The men which walked in the streets appeared like Centaures, and were clothed with an habit spotted over like the skin of a Panther. The Chirurgians who dissected some of them newly dead, gave assurance they had found two hearts in them. Howsoever it is certain they shewed, as it is said, marvellous cunning in their words, and had no other pastime all the day, but to lay snares, not sparing their greatest friends: for indeed they were extremely treacherous and cruel in all which concerned their own interests.

As I more attentively considered their orders and distinctions, I saw there were three Labyrinths very different. In the first, which was at the very entrance, stood the least wicked, who were not as yet practised in black mischiefs, contenting themselves to exercise some slight tricks of wit, for they in good earnest deceived one another, and took much pleasure in mutual cousenage, and called this kind of sport, legier-demain; I saw there many creatures that served their masters not forgetting their own affairs, and who mowed the Meadow, whilest it was plenty. I saw Merchants some of which foisted in false wares, others disguised them, others over prized them, others sware without end, and some likewise swallowed up perjuries, as sweetly as the most delicate Viand. I saw Artificers who used many deceits in their manufactures, and better understood the trade of lying, then any other. I also saw some who sold wind, silence, and time, and had excellent inventions to get money. Some by certain influences drew it out, as doth lightning, not touching the purse. Others had inventions of quintessences: others trafficked about Stars, and sold good fortune in little boxes of smoak. Others had shops of the secrets of Arts, and made themselves able to give beauty, youth, health and immortality, to those that would buy them. Others made Dice and Mathematical Cards. Others lead Bears; others extracted infamous Coin from the Planet of *Venus*: others in the quality of Mercenaries made Odes and Love-sonnets for the *Pandora's* of the time; and which was most ridiculous, certain young wits among all these were seen, who laboured to patch up together rimes, or prose very little to the purpose, to whom Gold and Incense was given, with which they were so puffed up, that they esteemed the most solid wisdom of the world to be but meer ignorance, in comparison of their works. One cannot tell all the tricks of this imposture, and how many sleights the spirit, watchful for its own interests, found to come to the end of its intentions. Conscience checked some: but they answered, one could not live in the world without these tricks, and that they were as necessary as to breath.

In the second Labyrinth, I saw the corruptions of justice described by S. *Cyprian* in the Epistle he addresseth to his friend *Donatus*, when he speaketh of *Rome* the Idolatress. All was replenished (saith this Prelate) with goodly Precepts, excellent Laws, and sage Ordinances. But in the midst of so many lights, God and men were offended with so much impudence, as if these laws were made to no other end, but to be transgressed. Never is innocency so ill entreated, as in the place where profession is made to defend it. The Serpents of the Desert have less gall and spleen then those pleaders whom I saw turmoiled with a spirit of giddiness, and dissevered with the Sword of division. Their clamours were so loud that they made the whole house of Justice to eccho again, as are the waves heard to rore on the shore of the *Ægean* Sea. I saw Gibbets, Wheels, and boyling Caldrons prepared for some miserable criminals, because they were yet, as it is said, but little thieves; but were they much greater, their crimes had rather been crowned, then chastised.

Fures privatorum furtorum in compedibus, publici in auro vitam agunt. Cato

From thence I viewed fields weeping, filled with standing waters, which were said to be gathered together from the tears of Widows, Orphans, and an infinite number of other persons, who live under great oppression. I saw some who were in the water up to the neck, and some who lifted up an arm with all their strength to offer up some papers, wherein were the laws of *Charlemaign* & *Lewis* the twelfth, which expresly command the causes of the poor may be handled before any other business: but it was replyed, such Ordinances were quite out of use. These miserable creatures solicited their Attorneys, and they betrayed them; complained to their advocates and they perplexed them: implored the assistance of Judges, and they sold them, notwithstanding were esteemed honest men, and still enemies to these corruptions.

I saw two great Registers, whereof the one was called the Cabal of favour, and the other the Cabal of money, where it is said, there were mischiefs as black as the spirits of the abyss, but they must not be divulged. There was also a very great quantity of Pleaders, who fought to stretch out Suits, as Shoomakers a piece of leather with their teeth, and mutter out propositions of errours, reviews, incompetencies, rejections, oppositions, and compulsory causes, with so many other hideous words, that I asked whether these men spake the language of the *Canadas* or *Chinois*.

Old Pettifoggers appeared, all over worm-eaten with mischiefs, who could scarce breath from their lips, yet had strong apprehensions of death, through fear to leave the exercise of suits. The like was found in souls already half damned, who were very solicitous in manner of treachery; one bare false witness, another invented a contract, another forged a Will, another supposed a crime, another had a shop of all sorts of slanders and diabolical falsifications: the audacious sale of a word prostituted to sin, flew between Heaven and Earth about twilight with the wings of an Owl. And to consummate the sublimity of mischief, Right yielded to Iniquity: It was to do wrong to the wicked, not to imitate those. Crimes, said they, were already sufficiently authorised by the great multitude of Complices.

In the third Labyrinth, I saw men who had little *Rixellions* else of man in them, but shape and skin. They were near to an inchanted River, which must be passed and repassed over seven times, as it is said, to become absolute in craft. There were likewise others seen already transformed into unknown Monsters, and others who had no more but the little finger, or tip of the nose of men. I saw some who were like little Aples, which pushed and scratched one another, and brake through the throng with all their force to climb up to the top of a tree, which was said to be the tree of Honour.

At the entrance there was I know not what kind *Lilius Gyraldus.* of fantasm of Divinity, called *Worldly favour*. It *in picturis favoris.* seemed in appearance to have a body and consist-

Cyprian Epist. ad Donatum. Inter leges ipsas delinquitur, inter jura peccatur.

ence, but was in effect a true ſpectre of ſmoak cloth-
ed with a Mantle tiſſued with clouds and wind.
There ſtood about it Philoſophers, who would un-
dertake to derive the Genealogy, and ſet the Ho-
roſcope of it. One ſaid, ſhe was the daughter of
beauty, the other of hazard, the other of babble:
that Fortune was her nurſing-mother, and that if
ſhe had her exaltation in the ſign of the *Ram*, ſhe
ſhould finde her declination in the *Ballance*. How-
ſoever, ſhe then appeared very frightful and ſpruce.
Flattery failed not to court her, throwing Roſes
and Flower-deluces upon her. But at the ſame
time envy ſlily ſtealing into the throng, gnawed the
borders of her garment. Riches, diſdain, preſump-
tion, and boldneſs, did nothing but cry round a-
bout her. Make place, make place; and to raiſe her
the higher, they ſought to lay the great God of *Ju-
ſtinian* under her feet. She was ſo diſdainful of
knowledges, ſhe had formerly acquired, that no-
thing was ſo cold as her diſcourſe; and if ſhe had
eys, they were for no uſe but to behold her own in-
tereſts. When I ſaw ſhe paced along in a way all
ſhining with ice, and that ſhe danced on a rope, I
loſt ſight of her, not troubling my ſelf any further to
follow this ſpirit: but I underſtood that all thoſe
who promiſed themſelves the ſeven wonders of the
world, had been paid in coin of leaves.

Aquila Anſerina. Stapl.

There likewiſe I viewed men whom you would
have taken for Geeſe, ſo ſimple of countenance were
they, but they ſwam in *Pactolus*, having but one foot
only of a Gooſe; for the other hidden under fea-
thers was the tallon of a *Harpy*, which did only at-
tend to catch golden fiſh. I ſaw alſo ſome plunged in
a huge heap of Piſtolets, ſo that neither heads nor
bodies appeared, but only one tip of a toe made
like the paw of a Griphon, as a notable Painter not
long ſince delineated covetouſneſs. Going ſomewhat
further, I diſcovered the Den of *Bacchus*, where I
ſaw Fifes, Timbrels, Ivy, and Goats-skins, huge
ſmoak of roſts, feaſts, and men buried in wine and
good cheer. Beyond it they paſſed to the grots of
luſt, where crimes were done, which would make the
moſt innocent pens guilty in writing them: for as
there muſt be an extreme impudence to commit
them, ſo ought much ſhamefac'dneſs be uſed to con-
ceal them. Nothing ſo much aſtoniſhed me, as to ſee
Eccleſiaſticks without Religion, Ladies without
ſhame, young Maids tainted, who knew ſo much
of that whereof they ſhould be ignorant, that
the moſt proſtituted could teach them nothing.

Afterward the ſport turning into blood, I ſaw
ſtrange treacheries, horrible circumventions, exe-
crable treaſons, which ſpake of nothing but of tying
halters, and mingling poyſons. I alſo ſaw ſome who
made it their practice to kill men openly, and ſaid,
there was no ſafety for them in innocency, but much
rather in the enormities of Sacriledges.

I thought I had ſeen all, when I afterwards per-
ceived a chamber hideouſly black, ſaid to be the ſtu-
dy of *Lucifer*, and that the brave ſpirits of this time
ſtudied there, under the regency of *Herod*, *Tiberius*,
and *Pilate*, to finde out the way how to believe in
God no longer, and to know all the refined policy
of former ages.

I ſhould be tedious and troubleſome to decipher
all the particulars of this prodigious City. The paint-
ing hath told much of it, but the greateſt unhappi-
neſs which I ſaw there, is, that it is more true then I
could wiſh. For not to touch upon the honour of
ſo many good men, which are yet both in the body
of juſtice, and in all other companies, I muſt tell
you that among the ſons of *Seth*, there are many
Children of *Cain*, which make up this *Babylon*.

The third SECTION.

The deſtruction of Babylon, *and the government of the Divine Providence over the Eſtates of the World,*

I Courteouſly beſeech you, O ingenious Politici-
an, to run your eys over theſe lines, which I
have traced, to ſtay a little your haſt, and to conſi-
der with me the knot of all this policy, the ſource,
progreſs, iſſue, and remedy of all theſe diſorders,
perhaps you may find more reaſon in my diſcourſes
then your paſſion can expect. Conſult awhile with
your heart, ſound your ſoul, go to the bottom of
your conſcience, I fear there may be ſome pits of the
Abyſs, and Graſhoppers of the Apocalyps, which are
thoſe black vapours that have hitherto eclipſed all
the lights of your underſtanding. I will not conceale
from you that there are three ſorts of ſouls, one
virginal, another already changed and ſomewhat
corrupted, the reſt ſhameleſs, ſuch as thoſe which
are called in Scripture, vaſt and giant-like ſouls. I
do not think, to finde by your proceedings, that you
have a Virgin ſoul, nor will I likewiſe perſwade my
ſelf you have the ſoul of a Giant, which expecteth
no other remedy but thunder: I ſhould rather be-
lieve you have a ſtomach depraved by ſome wicked
principles, whereinto either the unhappineſs of your
education, the preſumption of your ability, or tick-
ling hope of good ſucceſs in worldly affairs hath
thrown you. Will you that I touch with a finger the
beginning of your diſorder? You have been too
much flattered upon the excellency of your wit,
which is not, to ſpeak truly, one of the ſhalloweſt of
the time: but there is much wanting of the ſingu-
larity you imagine. You have inſenſibly retired your
ſelf from that great judgment which S. *Denys* calleth
the *eternal barth* of all the moſt purified lights, and
moſt chaſt affections, and by withdrawing your ſelf
have taken a great quantity of falſe lights into your
corrupt underſtanding, and much coldneſs into your
heart, which have brought upon you a remiſneſs in
good manners, and a notable diſorder in all the
parts of your ſoul. You have ſeen Heaven, and all
the hopes of the other life, as Mathematicians make
us to behold in a dark chamber, whatſoever paſſeth
abroad, through a little cranny, in ſuch manner,
that all things we ſee, appear like ſhadows and land-
skips turned topſie-turvy.

Eccleſ. 23. in the Greek. verſ. 3. μιαινόμενος ἐν πορνείαις.

Dionyſ. c. 1. de divinis nominibus

Behold what happeneth after you have ſtopped up
all the windows and exceſſes of heavenly light: you
have made a little hole for the Moon, and all the
bleſſings of the other life have ſeemed very ſlender
to your diſtruſtful ſpirit; you have put on a reſolu-
tion to make a fortune at what price ſoever, and to
build on earth like *Cain*, after you have almoſt re-
nounced the hopes of heaven. In doing this you
have played the unruly Aſs, thinking to eſcape
from the bands of the dependance you have on
God: you have made your ſelf your bleſſing,
your end your (*a*) God. Thereupon you have
thought of the means you are to hold, to arrive
at this ſcope already framed in your imagination.
It ſeemeth to you all things ſucceeded accord-
ing to your wit, travel, and induſtry uſed
therein, with ſome ſmall help of fortune, God
no whit at all intermedling with Affaires here
below. You have drawn abſurd conſequences of the
proſperity of ſome ſubtile ſpirits, not looking into
the bottom of the buſineſs. The ſucceſs of your af-
fairs, which ſeemed to you moſt proſperous, notwith-

(*a*) *Aug. l. 3. de libero arbit. c. 24. Cui ſo-mum non eſt Deus, ſibi ipſi vult eſſe bonum ſummum, ſicut filio eſt Deus.*

ſtanding

finding your crimes and unlawful proceedings have emboldned you, mischievous spirits, which daily converse with you, have confirmed you. In the end, behold your self reduced as it were to this point, as to suppose, you are to hold on a course in all affairs and governments of the world, which may be crafty, captious, worldly, and independent of divine lawes, if not for some popular apparence.

Vide Lipsium in notis ad 3. lib. politic. c. 4. p. 135.

O If this be so, I demand of you, why then in the judgement of that great Politician *Thucidides*, and all other well understanding men, it is observed, that these curious wits dispoiled of the fear of God, have always been most turbulent and unhappy in the manage both of their owa affairs and the publick also; as on the contrary those who had not so much knowledge and invention, but pursued the general instinct of God, have held their estates better governed in simplicity, more prosperous in the ignorance of evil, and much more firm in the lasting of their felicity?

Consilium Achitophel quasi si quis consuluerit Deum. 2 Reg. 2.

Never was there a more refined wit then *Achitophel* of whom the Scripture said, men consulted with him as with a God: yet never was there any more unhappy in his practise. For having disposed of the affaires of the Kingdom, and those of his own house, there remaining none to be provided for but his own person, he took a halter and strangled himself, because they approved not one of his counsels.

When we behold in histories a large list of these most curious Politicians, who have had so ill successe either in their own persons, or in their posterity, as I presently will produce very many; we must undoubtedly say, this kinde of way is ever dangerous in its enterprises, but not infallible in the successes thereof. If you become as wicked as a little *Polipheme*, it would be very hard to deny a first cause of all the creatures which are in the world, of it self absolute, independent, & eternal. For were the world ful of wheels and revolutions even from earth to Heaven, still must we necessarily come to the last wheel, to the last revolution, which is to give motion to all the other, and to take it of no other; and that is God. Were you as brutish as a *Lestrigon*, you could not deny an eternal Verity. For in what time will you say there hath not been a verity? Should you assign the space of ten millions of years, and all that may be imagined beyond it, you would ever find this verity: and should you say, it was not then, and that in saying so, you were sincere, which cannot be; yet would you speak a truth even in denying a truth, so much is her essence necessary: and this eternal verity which serves as a basis for all other verities, is that which we cal God. Were you as unnatural as a monster, you knew not how to deny there were a soveraign Being in the world, which holdeth the first degree of all excellencies, in such sort that we cannot imagine any thing more excellent, and that is God.

Ratio Anselmi dialog. de veritate c. 1.

Besides, it is necessary to infer what S. *Thomas* hath most divinely said, that all things, which are by borrowing and participation have relation of necessity to that, which is by essence and nature. So the Stars, the precious stones, have relation to the Sun, and things hot to the fire, as the scope of their excellency. Now it is certain that men, Cities, and Kingdoms, have but a borrowed being, because they are not made by themselves, and therefore it is necessary to affirm there is an intellectual power in a supreme degree, whereunto all these intelligences, even of men which constituted these States and Republicks do relate, and this relation is nothing else but providence.

D. Thom. opuscul 2. cap. 22. *Quæ sunt per participationem, reducuntur in id quod est per essentiã.*

Verily if you should behold on a Theater about ten thousand white beards that were come to decide a matter by a common consent, would you take your self to be wise to enter into Council not called, and to reject the opinions of all those who have delivered their sentences, publishing an opinion absolutely new, and directly contrary to so many good judgments?

And I ask of you, that were now so many excellent Magistrates raised again, as have governed all sorts of Kingdoms and Common-wealths in the Ages past, should we not see more then a million of men most accomplished in knowledg, virtue, and experience, who had manniged the world in the fear, and under the laws of this divine Providence? It would then be a notable spectacle, to see you enter into the Hall of such a Council with a downy chin, to give all this assembly the ly, and say, there is nothing but humane policy, dissimulation, and the tricks of flattery to be valued in affairs, without the expectation of any thing from God, would you not be ridiculous? Yet this is it which you do, so much hath sin stupified you. If you have the least spark of the understanding of a man, when you foster such thoughts in your minds, do you think it were fit to prefer some mouldy reasons of a carnal spirit, and the caprichio's of your sensual imaginations before the voice of nature, and the states of the whole world assembled together to condemn your brutishnes? If there be no Providence to chastise the perverse, and recompence the just, conclude, we must live in the world like a sparrow-hawk, or Pike, called the *Tyrant of the water*, and to have no other measure of virtue, but your tallon and throat. Is it not to open the gate to all injustices, perjuries, treacheries, and all possible abominations? For what monster will not that soul be capable of, which conceiveth nothing of God? I have some reason, say you, and for this cause you are of opinion, this belief should be entertained to amuse the people.

In saying this, you discover a great weakness of judgement; for it must be concluded, according to your proposition, that all what ever was in the world either of justice, temperance, modesty, courtesie, patience, honesty, peace, and tranquility, were derived from an imaginary belief, touching Providence; from an errour, a folly, an illusion: which is as absurd, as to say grapes grow upon thistles, and roses spring from the ice of winter. And tell me not, I pray, that a false belief seeks to procure good effects, as it appeareth in the virtues of Pagans. For I hold, that what good the Pagans have done, they have not acted it with relation to the adulteries of *Jupiter*, nor the murders of bloudy *Mars*: but in honour of a Divinity, which they thought avenged iniquity, and rewarded virtue. In this general belief, which was the true root of their moral virtues, there happened no abuse, although they in particular were deceived in their judgement.

Your goodly objections of aw- proceed from an infamous *Diagoras*, or *Pliny*, who thought to have found a great secret in saying, The belief of a Divine Providence was a jolly invention because it kept the world in aw. Deserved he not well to be cursed, as a Traytour to all mankind? Deserved not he well to be broiled alive in the throat of hell, as indeed he was loosing his life in the flames of *Vesuvius*, since he vaunteth himself to have discovered a secret, which would be able, were it true, to let loose the bridle to all profanations and bruitishnes of a life the most savage that might be imagined? Ever would it be more to the purpose to tolerate an evil well

Iridendum, ægre enim rerum humanarum quicquid est sanum, sed credi, & usu est vitæ. Plin. l. 2. c. 7. *O prodituram contra impias mentes vitæ veritatem fidei lib. 3.*

conferred, then to introduce a good ill digested, say the wise: and what crime is it then to invent false secrets, the ignorance whereof is so wholesom, and the verity whereof would be so prodigiously hurtful? Why do you not rather take into your consideration the sage discourse of the Philosopher *Simplicius*, who said: *When I imagine a God unto my self, I figure a great Master, whom I know of necessity to be endowed with a most stable fortune, and a most excellent will. And for this cause I conclude, he cannot be ignorant of the things he hath produced, seeing this ignorance falleth not even upon beasts most stupid; and I say, that in governing them, governeth them without pain, Omnipotent though he be; there being no greatness nor multitude of burthens, which can weaken the forces and vigour of this infinite Spirit: nor is there in nature any thing too great for his sovereign cattle, so is there nothing too little for his bountie. Nothing escapeth his Paternal Providence, nor doth he think it a matter unworthy of his care to govern a butter-flie, since he esteemed it a thing consonant to his bountie, to create a butter-flie. Now for us to think that he, knowing, who, and willing to govern the world, is diverted from it through pleasures and contentments he taketh for his own delights, is a most gross imagination; for why should we attribute to God apprehensions and affections, which we would be ashamed to give to men, if they made not profession to be of the number of the altogether idle?*

Behold how this singular wit discourseth: and verily it is to be wholly ignorant of God, to have any conceit of him less then infinite. Independent Soveraignty cannot admit a companion; and the inexhaustible force of a Creator, who made all, sufficeth to govern all. An Angel cost him no more in the making then a silk-worm, and a silk-worm cost him no less to produce it then an Angel. Why do you not judge that which is to be made, by it which is already made? When you entred into the world, the Divine Providence, as a harbinger, prepared your lodging for you, it was not in your power to make your self then either rich or poor, Master or servant, King or subject; your affairs were dispatched, and your counsel not asked. God also in silence draweth out the web of your life, if you desire to be happy, you have nothing to do, but to contribute your free-will to his work. But if you have set up your rest to become a Politician, contrary to the decrees of Providence, and to bend the byas to your pretended interests, is it not to do the same thing, which a frog should, if she sought to swim against the current of *Rhodanus* or *Danubius*? Would not it be as ridiculous, as if a fly should seek to soar up to heaven, and fix her little feet, to stay the course of the *primum mobile*? You say, I press you, and if you can prosper well in the affairs of the world by these ways of piety and honesty which are ever annexed to a firm belief of a divine providence, you would rather take this same then any other. To it I answer that which *Laertius* speaketh of the Philosopher *Bion*, who having before been an atheist and afterward by chance disposing himself to invoke the false gods, became most superstitious in their service, under hope of some temporal commodities, which he thought to gain. *O great fool* (saith this Author) *who could not propose gods to himself, unless he made them mercenary, and would needs have the belief of a Divinity depend on the successes of his person and house.* God (saith S. *Augustine*) engageth not his promise to make us happy according to the world, so soon as we become honest men. If you say unto him: *O God, where is your justice, to suffer the wicked so to flourish, and good men to be afflicted?* He will answer, *where is your faith? where is that promise I have made you? Have you made your self a Christian to be happy in the world?* This were to make a virtue beggarly, wanton, and interessed, which must ever be paied with prosperities: we may well say, it resigned it self to God for good morsels, and not for honesty. It is much to be feared, lest the pleasures of the present, may make it loose the tast of the recompence promised in Heaven, as it is said the dogs, which hunted among the flowers of Mount *Gibel*, lost heretofore the tracks of the hare.

against the ancient saying touched by Tertullian: *Non licet Deus nostri gratis.* Diogen. Laert. l. 4.

Aug. Enar. 2. in Psal. 25. *Acies Dei, Mat. of Justitia tua ut mali fiorent, boni laborent: & Deus tibi respondet, Hac est fides tua? Hoccine tibi promisi? & ad hoc Christianus factus es, ut in seculo floreres?*

If following good Policy, we should be unhappy towards the world, we might ever comfort the captivity of our body by the liberty of our minde, and guild our chains of glory with our virtues. We should enter into the community of great spirits, who have done all good, to endure all evil. We should much more rejoyce to be in the bottom of the prison with S. *Paul*, then in the heaven or earth, which *Cosroes* the *Persian* King caused to be built. But God is not so harsh to a good conscience, that he delireth to hold it still in the incommodities of present life: but much otherwise, if you will well discourse, there will be found an infinite number of good Princes, excellent Magistrates, and all sorts of persons qualified, who pursuing the way of honesty, have been most prosperous in the mannage of affairs. And if you consider your Politicians who make profession to refine all the world, either you have seen but the first station of their plaistred felicity, or have ever found great labyrinths, horrible confusions, fortunes little lasting, dejection in their posterity, hatred, and the execration of Ages.

I think, I have fully illustrated these truths in the histories which I have written of *Herod*, *Theodosius*, *Maximus*, *Eugenius*, *Constantine*, *Diocletian*, *Constans*, *Julian*, and divers others.

And if you yet desire to behold with a ready eye, how there is no policie powerful against God, and how he surprizeth the most subtile, making snares of their greatest cunning to captive them, behold *Joseph*, sold by his wicked brothers, for fear he should be honoured, and yet see him honoured because he was sold. Behold *Haman*, who practised the ruin of the *Hebrews*, to raise himself, and see him raised on a gibbet of fifty cubits high, to humble him. Behold *Jonas*, who would also be a Politician contrary to the counsels of his Master, yet tempests pursued him, the lot served him for an arrest, the sea for a Mistres of constancy, the belly of a Whale, which should be his sepulcher, for a Palace. He came to the haven by ship-wrack, much more safe in the entrails of a fish, then in a ship. Behold *Pharaoh*, who becomes crafty, and thinketh by ruinating the *Israelites*, his Scepter is throughly established: God surprizeth him in subtilty and makes him know the oppression of this poor people, is the instrument of his ruin. A little child, which lieth floating on the waters of *Nilus* in a cradle of bulrushes, as a worm hidden in straw, and whose afflicted mother measureth his tomb with her eyes in every billow of this faithless element, is delivered from peril by the very bloud of *Pharaoh*, to turn the Diadem of *Pharaoh* into dust, and bury him all enflamed in a gulf of the Red-sea. Behold *Jeroboam*, who revolting against his Prince, raised a State by ambition, and a Religion out of fantasie, having seen the Altars crack with the horrour of his crime, yet his heart still remaining more obdurate then stone, in the end he is so chastised by the hand of God, that there was not left so much as one handful of dust of his house upon the face of the earth. Behold *Absalom*, who thought the means to mount up to a Throne, was to make a foot-stool by force of Arms of the crowned head of his father: yet see him entangled in a tree, transfixed with three spears, and thrown into a deep pit, which left nothing of him alive, but the memory of his misery. Behold *Saul*, who makes shew punctually to obey the law of God under the direction of *Samuel*,

Domus Jeroboam everso ob. & delata de super. persitæ tyranni. 1. Reg. 15.

Samuel, he afterwards learns to become cunning, plotting designs, and seeking in all points his own petty interests, but in the end *David*, whose life he judged incompatible with his own estate, dismounted him, using no other Police but by making himself an honest man.

Behold the Monarchies of the world so much disputed on, behold Scepters hanging on a silken thread, the Empires and lives of *Otho*, *Vitellius*, *Galba*, *Pius Balbinus*, *Florianus*, *Basilius*, *Silvanus*, *Tacitus*, *Quintilius*, *Maximus*, *Michael Calopheres*: Behold the fall of *Parmenio* under *Alexander*, *Sejanus* under *Tyberius*, *Cleander* under *Commodus*, *Ablavius* under *Constantine*, *Eutropius* under *Arcadius*, *Virginius* under *Frederick*, *Brocas* under *Philip*, *Cabrera* under *Peter*, and so many of the like kind.

Either you shall make your self wholly insensible or must affirm, that to raise a State, and build a fortune, you are to proceed securely therein, with a very great ty upon the maxims of faith, religion, and honesty, unless you will expect in the course of an uncertain life a most certain ruin. And yet you still doubt to enter into the City of good Policy. Oh, had you once tasted of those delights, you would become wholly enamoured of them, but I see it is fit, I make a piece of painting for you, to oppose that wicked policy

The fourth SECTION.

The Table of the City of God, otherwise called the City of honest men; drawn out of many excellent conceits of ancient Authours, and things practised in some former Common-Wealths.

I will tell you then, that I have seen in the idæa's of *Plato* his Divine *Agathopolis*, and that my mind is still much pleased with the remembrance of this spectacle. Expect not I should describe unto you the Country nor City with curiosity of language; for I leave that to poets and Oratours, who have more leisure then I. Onely I entreat you to beleive that all which delicate pens of antiquity have written of *Elysian* fields, and the fortunate Islands, are in it to be found, with many advantages, which we may much better conceive then express. The Heavens are there smiling, the air wholesom, the waters good, the seasons temperate, the winds calm, the ground fertile, the abode delightful, the hills and valleys watered with goodly fountains, shadowed with many trees, covered with vines, enamelled with flowers, tapistred with meadows, bristled with ears of corn; on what side soever you turn, it seemeth the Providence of God hath taken much pleasure to embellish this territory with his own hands.

I will not speak to you at all of the walls, Towers, Bulwarks, Bastions, Theaters, Amphitheaters, Colossusses, Edifices, and other the like; for herein this fortunate City hath not grounded its greatness, although there were to be seen buildings as admirable as if the Angels of heaven were come down on earth to undertake the direction thereof. I took it for a good presage, when I saw at the entrance of the City a great number of minds, modest, stout, and resolved, who went to the fountains to draw water, and bare the pitcher on their shoulders, as that ancient *Rebecca*, of whom it is spoken in Scripture, labouring like bees in a bright summers day. I saw over the gate of the City a great statue of the Sun in the sign of *Libra*, which made me suppose, that all was managed within it, as are the daies and the nights in the Equinoctial. I was nor deceived in the judgement I made upon it, for there were not so much as clocks out of order, in such sort, that they struck altogether, and mutually met at every hour of the day.

It was a contentment to me to walk on a pavement, even and smooth, and to behold streets very fair, where there was neither stench, dirt, channels, coachmen, caroch, nor lash of whips, smoak of roasts, criers, much tattle, running up and down, sinks, perfumes of Carpet-knights, waggish tricks, of lackeys, nor slights of cut-purses, proud gates of Rodomonts, nor leaders of Bears, nor Mountebanks, nor pettyfoggers, quarrellers, drunkards, ale-houses, nor any of those which draw tribute from humane flesh. The whole world there was busied, and there was not an idle boy: onely you might see children very yong, who played at a most innocent game, and bare in their childish faces the goodness of fathers and mothers, imprinted with an excellent character.

I learned, the principal scope of their great felicity was a most genuine simplicity, which reigned amongst all the inhabitants; not that they were stupid or witless, for according them, I soon perceived they had spirits clear-sighted, and well purified; but all their study was to make a harmony between their heart and tongue, and to proceed in all things they undertook with marvellous freedom: they were infinitely amazed when it was told them, there were in other countrys counterfeit men, who spake contrary to their knowledge, and thinking one thing in their hearts, affirmed the contrary with their tongues. They thought it impossible, and used comparisons of their clocks, where the wheel and the hand went ever a like pace. And when I insisted, and grounded my self upon experience of what I had seen and heard, they concluded it may well then be said, those men there are *Spiritual Centaurs*, composed of two natures.

And it being told them, there were Ladies and Gentlewomen in other Provinces, which wore sumptuous apparel, plaited, bumbasted, slashed, loaden with precious stones and chains, which had the spoils of the dead upon their heads, draw-bridges tyed to their feet, and that they bestowed a quarter of their lives in combing, and plaistering their faces: the women of this Country had much compassion hereof, and spake with tears in their eyes: *Alass poor creatures! we may well say they have committed enormous sins, to carry them selves so.* And when it was answered, the greatest ambition which these Ladies had in the world, was to use this custom, they made many signs of the Cross, asking whether they were innocents, they would not absolutely say, fools?

Hereunto was added a tale, that in the year of an universal peace, there was a Lady, who travelling with her husband into some other Province, had learned a certain manner how to beautifie her face, which she very curiously made use of, the rest perceiving it, caused her to play at King and Queen, which was a pastime, where the Lady, who became Empress by the custom of the game, commanded the rest what she thought good, and all yeilded obedience to her. The Empress chosen, imposed upon all her train to wash their faces, which this counterfeit woman being inforced to do, as the water dissolved the painting, and that she appeared as she was, the confusion of her forehead was so excessive, that she as it were died with grief, not daring afterward to undertake the like. Their attire, port, gate, countenance, words, houses, moveables, tables, recreations, were carried with simplicity, yet accompanied with majesty, civility, decorum, and seasoned with as true pleasures, as humane life may afford.

I saw many old men of an hundred years and upward,

ward, who were yet very fresh, whereat I was much amazed; and one of them looking on me: *Why*, (said he) *do you wonder? We live here in innocent mean, whereby it cometh to pass, that we do not so much as know the names of diseases, of which (it is said) you have by experience, which are the purchasers of your intemperance. We have here no desire to drive up our calculs, and shorten our days; we are altogether to be obedient to the Law, all rich in the contentment of our desires, and all pleased to have happiness one of another. We have no passion to tear our hearts, nor cares to prejudice our lives, nor avarice to burn up us alive in our houses, nor ambition to make our wings fastened on with wax, so to fly up to the Clouds, and make both Land and Sea famous by our fall. We have an excellent Law, which is never to proceed against the law of Nature; and to tell you the truth, the ignorance of sin, wherein we live, serves us better then all the precepts of virtue do others.*

There is no war among us but against vices, which we labor desire to vanquish, then all sorts of monsters. We know not what Plagues mean, because we neither infect the Air nor Land with blasphemies, or blood. The seasons of the year have with us the same equality which our spirits enjoy, and the sun smileth on us in all his manners, as we endeavour to be in a charity perpetually smiling, and the bowels of compassion towards our like. When we would behold goodly Theaters, we retire into our memory the vanities of men, to bewail them so much as they are frivolous. We see but great spectacle of the world, which it is very hard to imitate, or to scorn it, in a crime.

The greatest eloquence among us, is truth, and the first science we teach our children, is that which instructeth them not to tell a lie. Above all, we endeavour piously to honour and serve God, uniting us to his Spirit, and submitting our ways to the mainstream of his Providence.

I stood very attentive to hear this old man speak: for I was in a good place; yet not contenting my selfe simply with what he had said, I needs would see their Churches, their devotions, their laws, and their justice, their commerce, and their policy. I saw the places dedicated to the service of God, were exceedingly well governed, observed, and frequented, and that their devotion was not a slight rote of apish tricks, nor affected countenances, but a solid belief of the Divinity with most pure affections. They had no great store of bells, nor took any pride to ring them, nor to publish festivals with much noise, nor to set up Fairs at the entrance into Churches, nor to sell jewels, nor wear rich apparel, nor to glory in their kitchins. Their great solemnities were better known by silence and devotion, then by any other exteriour ostent. It was a blessing to behold, that heresie had altered nothing, either in their doctrine or manners; for they had ever declared themselves enemies of all innovation: and as it is said that fishes are silent, and draw near to the source of waters; so they banishing frō their City all those contentious disputations, set their mouths to the fountains of verity.

Thither came at the time whilest I was there, an able man, who thought to preach Controversies to them, and difficult distinctions of School-divinity; but the better sort of *French-men* demanded whether he preached in *Hebrew* or no. They could not endure any one should perplex their consciences, by vehemently raising up an infinite number of too subtile arguments, and many times unhoneſt; so much they feared to bring any mixture upon their innocency, finding more assistance in the lights of good nature, then the subtilties of men.

I considered how at their going from Church, they went to visit goodly great Hospitals, which were excellently well founded, and administred for the help of the poor, as well forreigners as domesticks: and I saw the most curious Ladies went confidently into them with charity in their hands, humbling themselves to the services of the most indigent. This made me so enamoured of their government, that I judged it the quintessence of the same Theology.

And verily, when I sought to informe my selfe of their laws, I found they had as few, as their soundest men had medicines. They were all grounded on the doctrine of the Saviour of the world, namely on that word, which forbiddeth us to do that to others, which we would not to be done to our selves. Their state was Monarchal under the government of a good King, whom they honoured as a visible Divinity. This King had a Counsel composed of the prime men of the world, who lived like Angels, and spake as Oracles; so much reverence they bare them, that when they appeared in the streets, they were seen to pass along with a certain silence mingled with veneration, as if they had been animated Reliques.

I likewise saw old Captains grown white in forreign wars, under the shadow of Palm-trees, and a flourishing warlike troup, readily disposed to do bravely upon occasion. The obedience was there so great, that if a Souldier had his arm ready up to strike upon the first sound of retreat, he would withhold the blow. All rewards were for virtues, and Fortune much complained, that she in this Countrey had neither Altar nor credit. Very rarely should you see a man advanced, but by long and faithful trials of his merit: so that honours there were fastened, as it is said, with lime and cement, because they sought for nothing more honourable from great actions, then the contentment to have done them.

All was there so peaceable, that it seemed this whole City was the nest of Halcyons, which calmeth the brow of Heaven and appeaseth tempests. The Citizens entertained one another, as the fingers on the hand, every one taking part of the good of his fellow: and it was a matter as rare to see a quarrel, as a monster brought from the utmost limits of *Africk*.

Needs must I confess I took a singular content, when one day passing through a street, I heard two old men, who discoursed in their language of forreign Countreys, and the one said to his companion, that duels and quarrels were used there: the other would not believe him at all, thinking that two men who bare one and the same figure, could not contend one with another: but he persisted, and said he knew it to be true, and that the source of all their debates, was to say: It is mine, It is not: It is so, Yea, No. This narration so enkindled them, that they resolved to imitate those of whom they spake, and to have at least once in their lives a quarrel. But what endeavour soever they used, they would never confidently say, Yea, No. For as soon as one had pronounced, Yea, and began to make shew of contestation, the other said, Take it, I yield it. I leave you to think, whether any thing might be seen more pure then these souls.

This narration is found in the lives of the holy Anchorets.

In their commerces they so much feared to wrong their neighbours, that you would have said, they studied to deceive themselves, for fear to get from another; and if any one had gained ought by some mis-reckoning, he was halfe dead, and rose oftentimes at midnight to hasten to make restitution, it being otherwise impossible for him to enjoy any repose.

I saw their Palace, which was a very beautifull piece, but the manner of suits and processes were there very rare; yet had I notwithstanding a vehement desire to hear them plead, at which time it was told me, that the next day a notable cause was to come to a hearing.

I failed not to be present thereat, and saw two men of the same condition, like those of whom S. *Chrysostom* wrote the history, who pleaded for a treasure. The matter was, the one had sold his land, and the other had bought it. The seller quickly laid hold

Chrysost. hom. 10. ad Popul. Antioch.

of

of his money, and the buyer being entred into poſſeſſion, had begun to till the field, to have corn from thence: but not thinking thereof, he found gold in it; for coming to plow the land, he made diſcovery of a great treaſure. But he, as much aſtoniſhed as if he had found ſome venomous creature, or ſome miſchievous piece of witch-craft, went directly to the ſeller to advertiſe him of what had paſſed, and wiſhed him to take his gold again: but the other being unwilling to underſtand him in that kind, caused him to be called before the Judges. This was a buſineſs then handled with ſo much concourſe of people, that never have I ſeen a cauſe ſo notorious. I had much ado to underſtand any thing of it, but certain broken words The plaintiff ſpake, *How? Muſt men be uſed thus? You have ſold me a field, and not given me notice there was a treaſure hidden in it, why have you deceived me, why have you uſed ſuch foul play with me?* The defendant lifted up his hands to Heaven, and ſaid: *I ſwear and proteſt unto you by the faith of an honeſt man, that I did not this purpoſely. I ſold you my land in all ſimplicity, not having the leaſt ſuſpition that there was any treaſure. Well Sir, if you ſold it with a ſincere intention* (ſaith the other to him) *God pardon you, but I pray you come and take away your treaſure.* He again: *Why ſhould I take it? It belongs to you.* The other: *To me? What injuſtice is this! I bought land, and not gold. You purchaſed the land*, anſwered the defendant, *and all the appurtenances, it is reaſon that you poſſeſs all.* The poor plaintiff replied, ſighing: *Would you uſe me in this faſhion, and charge me with ſuch unhappineſs? Rather take your land again. I will not*, ſaid his adverſary: *it belongeth to you. Good God deliver me from ſuch an unfortunate chance, I will have care how I engage my ſelf in the like.* In the end, the treaſure was adjudged to him that bought the land, whereat he was much troubled, ſo that his friends had buſineſs enough to comfort him.

Oh Age! Oh goodneſs! Oh golden povertie! How much art thou now eſtranged from our manners! I ſaw not there the Tornielle nor criminal proceſs; for crimes were baniſhed from thence, both by great ſeverity of laws, and the excellent diſpoſition of the people.

Every one was made to render an account very exactly of the means he had to live on. And there was a certain girdle, as that of which *Nicholas Damaſcene* ſpeaketh in his Policie, wherewith the juſt wideneſs of the waſt was meaſured; and if any one were grown too groſs, he had much ado to eſcape, unleſs he brought good witneſs that this happened not to him through idleneſs or exceſs of diet.

If a detractour were found, all his teeth were knocked out one after another: If a thief, melted gold was poured down his throat: If an homicide, he was put to be fed on by vulturs in an iron cage: If a blaſphemer, his lips were ſeared with a hot iron, and his mouth ſowed up: If a drunkard, he was put into a ſack and thrown into the water: If one unchaſte, he was burnt with a ſoft fire, ſuch horrour had they of vice.

Great volumes would be neceſſary to recount all the wonders of this celeſtial *Agathopolis*, which require ſome other ſcope then that which I have undertaken. I will content my ſelf to tell you for concluſion, that I ſaw in the middeſt of the Citie a great Pyramis of white marble, on which was ſet the ſtatue of Juſtice, cloathed with a robe all embroidered with ſtars, holding in one hand a book of laws, and in the other an ear of corn; about her were alſo pourtrayed in emboſſed work, truth, wiſdom, and the arts; and ſomewhat lower were beheld the ſtatues of all the great States-men, with certain excellent precepts of Policie, engraven in braſs; ſome copies whereof I have drawn out, which I, my Politician, deſire to impart unto you.

The fifth SECTION.

Sage Precepts drawn out of the Monuments of the divine Agathopolis.

HE is the greateſt States-man, who to himſelf ſeemeth the leaſt. Imagine not your greatneſs conſiſteth wholly to ſet up the Commonwealth of *Plato* and *Xenophon* in your own imagination, nor to lay together a huge heap of precepts, nor to know Cabals or myſteries, nor to make profeſſion of great ſubtleties and ſtratagems: we have ſeen by the experience of all Ages, that in affairs there is a certain ſtroke of the Divine Providence, which dazeleth all the wiſe, diſarmeth the ſtrong, and blindeth all the moſt politick, with their own proper lights.

Ordinarily the moſt unhappy in States have been thoſe, who have made the greateſt ſhew of knowledge, to deceive under humane Policie. That is it which ruined *Jeroboam*, which undid *Saul*, which overthrew the Common-wealth of the *Athenians*, and which made *Machiavel* with his great liſt of precepts to be diſaſterous in all his underſtandings. Theſe kind of ſubtile men better underſtand the myſterie of diſputation, then how to live, to diſcourſe then to counſel, and to ſpeak, then to do. They all have as it were three things much oppoſite to good counſels.

The firſt is, that they are variable, fickle, and uncapable of repoſe; which is the cauſe, that as the Sun ſometimes draweth up a great quantitie of vapours which he cannot diſſipate, ſo they likewiſe, by this vivacitie perpetually active, do amaſs together a great heap of affairs, which their judgment can never diſſolve. The ſecond is, that they ſwim in an infinite confuſion of reaſons and inventions, reſembling oftentimes bodies charged with too great abundance of blood, who through a notable exceſs finde death in the treaſure of life. The third is, that ſeeking to withdraw themſelves from common underſtanding, they figure to themſelves ſubtleties, and chymæraes, which are as the Towers of the *Lamia* (as *Tertullian* ſpeaks) on which no man hath thought or ever will; which is the cauſe that their ſpirit floating in this great tyde of thoughts, ſeldom meeteth with the diſpatch of an affair.

Add likewiſe to this, that God is pleaſed to ſtupifie all theſe great profeſſors of knowledge, and make them drink in the cup of errour, in ſuch ſort, that we coming to diſcourſe concerning their judgment, finde they have committed many faults in the government of Common-wealths, which the ſimpleſt peaſants would not have done in the direction of their own houſes.

This hath been well obſerved by the Prophet *Iſaiah*, when he ſaid of the Counſellours of *Pharaoh*: *The Princes of* Tanis *are become fools, the Princes of* Memphis *are withered away, they have deceived* Egypt *with all the ſtrength and beautie of her people: God hath ſent amongſt them a ſpirit of giddineſs, and made them reel up and down in all their actions like drunken men.* The holy *Job* hath ſaid the ſame in theſe terms: *God ſuffereth theſe wiſe Counſellours to fall into the hazards of ſenſeleſs men. God maketh the Judges ſtupid, taketh away the* Iſaiah 19. Job 12.

ſword

sword and belt from Kings, to engirt their reins with a cord: God maketh the Priests to appear infamous, supplanteth the principle of the people, changeth the lips of truth-speakers, taketh away the doctrine of old men, and poureth out contempt upon Princes.

Behold the menaces which the Sovereign Master pronounceth against those who wander from the true way; and therefore, my Politician, without perplexing your spirit with an infinity of precepts, which have been touched by a great diversity of pens, I affirm, that all which you may here expect, consisteth in four things, which are as foure elements of your perfection, to wit, *Conscience*, *Capacity*, *Discretion*, and *Courage*.

The first and most necessary instruments of all arts, and namely of this profession, is *Conscience*; which verily is the most ancient Governess of the soul, and the most holy Mistress of life.

It is that, which will instantly dispose you to the end, whereunto you are to pretend in the exercise of an office. It is that which will tell you, that having given your selfe to the publick, you are taken away from your selfe: that you must not enter into this Sanctuary of justice with a beggarly, base, or mercenary intention, but to aim sincerely at God, and the good of the Common-wealth. It is that, which will discover unto you those three wicked gulfs of ambition, avarice, and impurity, which have swallowed all spirits dis-united from God. It is that which will teach you, that what is done in Heaven, is proportionably acted in a Mathematical circle; and that which is done in the great Regiment of Angels, ought to be done in the Government of men. It is that, which will firmly support you on the basis of the Eternal Providence. It is that, which will render you next unto God, by often thinking on God, and will make you speak what you think, and do what you speak.

It is that, which will instruct you, that the spirit of man is like a Sun-dyal, which is of no use but when the Sun reflecteth on it; and that you likewise expect not your understanding may have any true light and direction for the Government of people, if not enlightned with a ray of God.

Besides, it will give you means to enter into a holy list of piety and justice, which are the two fundamental pillars of all great estates. Piety will assign you too sorts of devotion, the one common, the other singular.

Insuspicabilis secreti, reverendaque majestatis cognitio est, Deum non nosse, nisi Deum. S. Zeno serm de Nativitat.

The common will cause you piously to honour and serve God, you first having most pure and chast beliefs in that which concerneth true faith, without any mixture of curiosities and strange opinions: for it is a very great secret in matter of Religion, not to believe of God but what he is; and that man ever knows him sufficiently, who is holily ignorant of him, esteeming him infinitly to transcend his knowledges. Secondly, it will apply you to divine Worship and publick ceremonies, in a manner free, cordial, and Religious, for the satisfaction of your interiour, and the example of the publick.

Singular devotion will move you to consider, how being a publick person, and charged with affairs which expect the motion of the Divine Providence, you have a great dependance on Heaven, and that it therefore will shew you according to the proportion of your time and leisure, some hour of retirement to negotiate particularly with God, in imitation of *Moses*, that great States-man, who had so familiar a recourse to the Tabernacle. For if that be true which S. *Gregory Nazianzen* saith, that we ought to have God in minde, as often as we breath, it is so much the more suitable to States-men, as they have most need to suck in this life-giving spirit, as from the fountain of the Word, by the means of prayer.

Saint *John Damascene* in a Dialogue he made against the *Manichees*, holdeth this opinion, That the greatest Angels are as clocks, which come in the end to languish and faint, if God do not continually draw them upward by the breath of his spirit: so must we say, that the goodliest Spirits, and strongest Intelligences lessen and wax old every moment, if they resume not vigour in the intellectual source, by the virtue of devotion.

When you shall be instructed in these principles, this wise Mistress, whom I call your conscience, will make you finde in a right course the perfection of justice, which consisteth in four principal things.

The first is, neither to act, nor shew to your subjects the least suspition of evil or sin. For you must begin your government by your own example; and since your spirit is the first wheel whereunto all the other are fastened, it is necessary to give it a good motion. It is held, when the Sun stood still in the time of *Josuah*, the Moon and all the Stars made the like pause. Governours and Masters have this proper to themselves, that in all they do, they pour forth their spirits into such of their subjects, who are for the most part neither good nor bad, but by the relation they have to the life of those, on whom their fortunes depend.

Peccare & non obstare peccanti, summa astima. Dositheus. l. Italicorum.

The second is, not to suffer an evill, since, as said *Agapetus* to the Emperour *Justinian*, to commit and permit crimes, when one hath full power to hinder them, is as at were one and the same thing. There are no flatteries so charming, nor importunities so forcible, which should ever make a well composed spirit to bend to the permission of a sin, which he knoweth to be against the honour of God, and the tranquility of his conscience. *Fabricianus* a *Roman* Captain, in ruining a Fortress of the *Samnites*, kept their *Venus*, which he sent to *Rome*, for the beauty of the workmanship, and it is thought the aspect of this statue was the first occasion of making his wife an adultéress, and caused him afterward to serve as a victim to the loves of this unchaste woman by horrible massacre. It happeneth oftentimes, that Masters of families, who seem very innocent in their persons, retain scandals in their houses, through a certain pusillanimity and dissimulation, which draw upon them the chastisements of God, and disasters very extraordinary. The Scripture saith, the High Priest *Eli* was the lamp of God, before he was extinguished by a wicked toleration of the excesses of his children, which rent his house, and buried him in publick ruins. Take good heed there be not some houshold servant raised by your indulgence, who rendereth your favours odious, and liberalities criminal, by abuse of the power which you have put into his hands. *Alkabicius* the Astrologer observeth, there are stars of their own nature benign, and which would ever behold us favourably, were it not the neighbourhood of some others malign altered their sweet inclinations. And there are many Masters and Mistresses to be found in the world, endued with a humour exceedingly good, if the near approaches which bad servants make to their persons, did not destroy this temper.

1 Reg. 12. juxta 70 ὁ λιχνος αὐτ.

That man is truly stout and happy, who findeth or maketh men of honour well disposed, faithfully affected, industrious, vigilant, laborious, indefatigable, sober in speech, prompt in execution, patient and able in their charges; for good souldiers make

Qualities of an Officer.

glorious

glorious Captains, and good Officers, great States-men.

The third condition of the zeal of Justice is, that you never be pleased an ill act be done under the shadow that you were not of counsel thereunto, or that it never came to your knowledge. You may very well rejoyce not to have at all contributed to evil, yea, not to the birth of evil; for this were otherwise to betray your conscience, which ought to have the same capacity to abhor all vices, and embrace all virtues, as faith inclineth to believe all verities revealed unto it. I leave you to think, what conscience *Sextus Pompeius* of elder time had, to whom, as he entertained *Augustus* and *Mark Anthony* in his Ship, and being in the heat of his feast, a servant came to tell him, if so he pleased, he quickly would put these two Princes into his power, thereby to make him Monarch of the World: He a little while thinking on this matter, said to him who brought the news, Thou shouldst have done it, and never told me of it. This well shewed he bare some respect to fidelity, but was very far from that perfection which hateth evil, yea, even that which is out of the compass of one's own knowledge.

The fourth is, that you must correct disorders, as much as you possibly may, declaring you have a natural horrour against all sins, which resist laws both divine and humane, and that the love of honesty hath made you to pass, as it were, into your nature. I do not see where the virtue of a great States-man may shew it self with more lustre, then in the exercise of justice. S. *Gregory* the Great saith, A mixture of oyl and wine must be made to heal the wounds of men in such sort, that mindes may not be ulcered with too much severity, nor grow remiss by an excess of indulgence. The Rod must be used to touch, and the staff to support: love should not soften, nor rigour transport matters into despair. *Moses* the first States-man, burned inwardly with the fire of charity, and was outwardly wholly enkindled with the flames of the zeal of justice. As a loving father he offered his soul to God, even to the wish to be blotted out of the book of life to save his people: as a Judge he took the Sword and bathed it in the blood of Idolaters. He was in all kindes both a couragious Ambassadour, and an admirable Mediatour, pleading before God the cause of his people with prayers, and before his people the cause of God with the Sword.

Greg. in Job 29. Justitiâ firmatur solium. Prov. 16.

Evellus in excelsum unde magis vitia despiciat. Cassiod.

It is to do all, to execute good justice; God hath set you on high for no other cause, but to behold vices beneath: if you exalt them, they will trample you under foot, you shall perpetually drink the greatest part of the poyson you mingled for others; and when you shall break down the hedge, the Snake (as the Scripture threatneth) will sting you the first. When a good conscience hath accommodated you with this condition, so that you have no other intention but to advance goodness in your own person, and in those who belong to you, you are not a little advanced in the perfections of a great States-man; yet it is fit, Conscience, Science, and Capacity be had for the discharge of great employments, and especially by him, who makes profession to govern men sometimes as untractable as *Hydra's* of many heads.

Eccles. 30. 8.

Campanus Interamnensis Episcop.

Campanus Bishop of *Terni*, of whom we have some Works in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*, in the book which he composed of Magistracy, requireth four conditions in him: A wit vigorous, a carriage neither dejected nor unpleasing, a prudence full of maturity when there is occasion to consult upon an affair, and a promptness to take time in the instant, to execute that which hath once been well resolved on.

He saith a vigorous wit, for it is very fit the soul should be full of lights and flames which is to serve others for a guide: and as there is no wit so great which hath not many defects, so it is very necessary it be polished by good letters, which unite and incorporate in one sole man the faculties of many others, and by the conference of the wise, which taketh away all that which excellent natures do as yet retain of terrestrial, to make them appear in their best lustre.

A man, saith this Authour, *who thinketh to know all, and do all, without having any need of the counsel of others, is necessarily of two things the one, either a God amongst mortals, or a beast among men.* The Scripture speaking of the great Sea of brass, which *Solomon* made in the Temple, saith in the book of *Paralipomenon*, that it contained three thousand measures, and the third book of *Kings* affords it but two thousand. This seemeth to involve some contradiction, which *Tostatus* cleareth in saying, This great Vessel in truth amounted to three thousand measures, but that there was never poured out any more thereof then two thousand. So is it with the wits of men how capable soever, we are not to cloy them with charges and affairs so far as to exhaust them, but to divide but them in proportion, since there is none but God alone of ability for all. The presumption of those who will undertake above their forces, so to leave nothing for others to do, much more hurteth then would stupidity.

2 Parol. 15. 3 Reg. 7. 16.

He addeth, to wit, the shape of body, which is not a little recommendable in the stature, figure, port, gate, age, countenance, speech, and even in the very habit. All this when it is eminent, surpriseth mindes, and striketh its stroke to give estimation to a man before we enter into his interiour: but if the house answer not to the frontispiece, what may we else say, but that Nature hath built up a goodly Mansion to lodge therein a handsom beast?

Nigredo sanguinem regnantem discernit, & præstat humanæ genesi, ni de affectu Principi possit errari. Cassiod. Var. l. 1. Ep. 2.

What he hath said in the third and fourth place of prudence natural, and acquired, which some have to deliberate and well resolve on an affair, accompanied with a stout resolution and a very strict execution, is verily most necessary in a great States-man.

There are ordinarily two great Rocks in this Sea of affairs, which have in them oppositions very contrary in negotiation of things important. The one is irresolution, and the other obstinacy in opinion. Irresolution ever holds men suspended in the air, and tormenteth subjects who expect their dispatches and directions from the counsel of those who deliberate. Obstinacy through a false presumption of ability, will never forgo what hath been once proposed, and resembleth a rude Portress, which driveth all good advice from the house. One would not believe the hurt this last plague draweth upon all good counsels, and how hard it is to be cured. Verily it is a prodigy, that God, who discovereth from the superiour Vaults of Heaven to the bottom of the Abyss, the least Atoms of the World, and who is so clear-sighted, that Hell hath not darkness thick enough to hide it self before him; notwithstanding all-wise as he is, to dissolve our pride, he feigneth some repentance in his actions: but we, whose thoughts are timerous, sore-sights uncertain, actions confused, ostentimes have so much arrogance, as to be desirous to make good our faults, for fear to confess our errours.

Jer. 26. 13.

A Maxime of Politicians maintaineth it is to di-

Dimmuis majestatis fecisse mutanda. Seneca. Liber. 16.

minish authority, to do that which must be undone; for ever it is better to stifle a Monster in his birth which one hath begot, then shortly after to foment and nourish it with humane blood. *Ahasuerus* revoking the cruel Edict, which he made concerning the massacre of the *Hebrews*, yieldeth a pertinent reason thereof, saying, This diversity of decrees proceeded not from the levity of his spirit, but from the alterations of times, which make way for affairs that are treated.

As for execution which followeth deliberation, it is verily the hardest piece: for there are many to be found who deliberate, as the Rat in the Fable, to hang a little bell about the Cat's neck, to fortifie their Common-wealth against surprizes. Counsel is received by all with applause; but when they come to execution, every one turns his back. It is not to be imagined, how much a man who executeth affairs prudently resolved on, either of himself, or by such as are very trusty, hath eminence above others in matter of government. King *Antigonus* said, his warfare was rather a warfare of times and occasions, then Arms: and *Polybius* writeth, that the least things, which are done in war, are those which are handled with sword and violence; but the most eminent are executed by the knowledge, how fitly to manage an occasion.

Polyb. lib. 9.

Behold in a nearer degree the qualities which form the capacity of a States-man, not enlarging my self to speak here of others, especially of those that are put into the number of blessings, which the common sort attribute to fortune.

But a man may have all possible inclinations, and might notwithstanding be ever like those Musicians, who performed all their musick inwardly, no man hearing any of it outwardly, if he produced not himself in direction, which is the application of all the gifts of grace and nature, that a man can have for the practise and course of affairs.

Nil ille, nil cupidum Judices decet. Claras suas maculas reddunt, si illi, ad quos multi respiciunt, aliquâ reprehensione sordescunt. Cassiodorus.

This direction will teach you a marvellous secret, which is to proportion your self to time, place, persons, affairs treated, and to measure your self in such manner, that your actions may be profitable for all the world. It will bring you forth from behinde the Curtain, and advance you on the Theater, to see and to be seen reciprocally by all those who have eys. There it is, where you are not to present any thing that is sordid, dejected, proud, furious, light, fearful, nor passionate: for great fortunes have this property, to extrude all the blemishes of the heart into the forehead, and although much art may be used to hide one's self, they make a man appear naked, who never is well cloathed with habiliments of fortune, if he have not true ornaments of virtue.

What think you, if men be now adays so curious as to vaunt to see spots in the Sun, where will they not finde fault, especially if they have a subject given them? Great excuses serve for no other purpose, but to cover vice, which truth discovereth, and fame publisheth, with as many Trumpets as men have mouthes.

This sage advice will tell you, that it is not necessary you shewing your self in publick, must therefore make all your defects appear, and what ever you bear upon your heart, as if you had a breast of christal; but also that the way well to cover your passions, is to have none. I say not, you ought to be without resentments and inclinations: for as those places, where there is neither sound nor motion, savour ill; so souls thus deafned are not always the most purified: but I pronounce, you must so repress all motions which combat against reason, that they sparkle not in publick, both to your own disadvantage, and the ill example of those who behold you.

Philosophers have noted, that thunders which stir about break of day, are the most dangerous, and you shall observe if a man in the first rays of his dignity early discover covetousnes, love, hatred, revenge, avarice, and other passions, which much hasten to the prejudice of the publick, and that the voice of the people be raised up, as the roaring of thunder, he loseth as much reputation, as if he were already corrupted in minde.

Discretion will also shew you the way how to manage your dignity in a manner neither too harsh, arrogant, nor haughty, but sweet, affable, and communicative: and with it to retain an honest and temperate gravity, thereby to vilifie the character which God hath imprinted on those, whom he calleth to charges and commands.

It was a pleasant mockery to behold those Kings of *Ægypt* appear daily in new habits, with the figures of beasts, birds, and fishes, to put terrour upon the people, and give subject to Poets to make fables of *Proteus*. This affected gravity, is not in the manners of great men, who naturally love nothing of singularity above others, but the eminence of their excellent qualities. Our spirits are not so base and childish, as to be satisfied with semblances: they desire some thing more solid, and he is ever best esteemed among the wise, who is more respected for the interjour, then the outward seeming.

Discretion will discover unto you the conditions, manners, inclinations, abilities, and wants of those whom you are to govern, and with a finger shew you the bent, which way you must incline, to lay hold of men. It is at this day no small matter, to manage humours, which are as different as they are incompatible. The Problem of the Wolf, the Goat, and the Colewort, is daily renewed. If a Ferry-man finde himself much troubled to pass these three things severally from one side of the River to the other, that the wolf may do no hurt to the goat, nor the goat to the colewort in his absence: what prudence think you must a States-man have, to accord so many dogs and hares, hawks, and doves? Saint *Gregory* saith, Paradise hath nothing in it but blessed souls, and Hell is filled with miserable; but the world wherein we live, containeth Merchants very different. You shall behold under your government a great number of simple, innocent, poor, and afflicted creatures. Think God hath principally created you for them, open your heart with an amorous compassion, extend to them the bowels of your charity, stretch out affectionately to them your helpful hands, take their requests, lend ear to their cries, cause their affairs to be speedily dispatched, not drawing them along in delays which may devour them, strengthen your arm against those that oppress them, redeem the prey out of the Lion's throat, and the Harpies talons.

A notable practice given by King *Theodorick* to Cassiodorus.

Proprio vero su negotio fine invidiâ lucri, morum divitiis: ac retusisti: Et unde vix foles reportari patientia silentium, vero militavesunt tibi laudantium.

For this it is, that Kings, Princes, States, and Officers are made. To actions of this kinde is it that God promiseth all the blessings of Heaven, and admirations of earth. For this sort of processes are crowns of glory prepared. By this means a man diveth into the bottom of the heart and good opinion of people. This is the cause, that one hath so many souls and lives at command, as there are men, who the more sweetly breath air by the liberality wherwith they are obliged. The greatness of man before God, is not to replenish earth with Armies, & make Rivers of blood, and to raise up mountains of dead bodies, but to do justice to a poor Orphan, to wipe away

away the tears of a forlorn widow, to steep in oyl (as the Scripture speaketh) the yoke of people which live on gall and worm-wood. For, not touching here any thing in particular, we know, that in all Realms of Christendom, there are very many persons, who sigh under necessities almost intolerable to the most savage, and who daily charge ears with complaints, and Altars with vows for their deliverance.

Now that we have a King so well disposed to justice, and near his person so sage a Counsel, a Parliament so zealous for the publick good, so many honourable men endowed with so sincere intentions, when may we reasonably expect the comfort of people, if not at this hour, when miseries are eminent, clamours piercing, and dispositions very good? Alas, if there be any thing in the world, wherein a great States-man may be seen to oblige the present, and replenish the future times with admiration of his virtues, it is in procuring the advancement of so holy an affair, for which Heaven is in expectation, and the hands of so many thousands of people are daily lifted up on Altars.

Such and so many Officers, for not having had any other aim in charges, but the accommodation of their own affairs, have passed away like phantasms, leaving nothing here behind them but ordure, nor bearing ought with them into the other world but crimes. They have found, that *the souls of the wounded have cried to Heaven against them, and that God hath not let it pass without revenge*, as speaketh holy *Job* in the four and twentieth Chapter, where he at large explicateth both the calamity of the poor, and the chastisement of the rich, who persecute them. But all those who have constantly addicted themselves to the maintenance of justice, and the consolation of afflicted persons, besides the Crowns which they enjoy in Heaven, live gloriously in the memory of men. Their mouthes, which are opened for justice, after they are shut up as Temples, are truly worthy to have lillies and roses strewed on the marble which encloseth them, and that their posterity may also reap the good odour of the virtues of their noble ancestours, which hath made it march with uprear'd head before the face of the people.

Animæ vulneratorum clamavêrunt, & Deus multum abire non patitur.

Regnanti facultas tunc sit ditior, cum remittit, & acquirit non illas thesauros fama, neglectâ vilitate pecuniæ Cassiod. l. 1. Epist. 16.

You on the other part shall behold travels and laudable actions, which good judgement will invite you to recompence; wherein you must shew your selfe generous and liberal. For, although virtue be always well enough payed with its own merit, yet must we affirm it to be one of the greatest disorders which may happen in a State, when in sowing benefits, nought else is reaped but ingratitude, and that to be capable of rewards, one must become remarkable in crimes.

On the other side, there will be many defects presented, that must be corrected, which are either of persons very well conditioned, fallen into some slight offence by surprize, and such as these ought to be handled with much sweetnes and clemency; or they are covert vices of some wicked consciences, which you neither ought, nor may as yet manifest; and here much industry and wisdom must be used to dislodge sin, and draw the winding serpent out of his den, as by the hand of the wise woman spoken of in Scripture: or they are publick sins of men resolved, who sin without hope of amendment to the infection of a Common-wealth, and here is it, you are to strengthen your self with all your power, to take away the evil, and evil men.

These are the precepts which S. *Bonaventure* giveth in his Treatise of the Wings of the Seraphin.

This discretion whereof I speak, will shew you the manner of proceeding in affairs, for it much importeth to lay hold of them by a certain handle which rendereth them much more easie. We see by experience, that those who make them spectacles of chrystal cut into diamond points, for one pistolet on a table, think they see a huge treasure, in such sort their eyes are filled with illusions, and yet their hand if they know not the secret, will be much troubled to finde out the piece of gold they seek for.

This daily happeneth in the course of the world: affairs have an infinity of faces, which present themselves to our thoughts even then, when they are most subtile; but they are hollow imaginations, and he is really an able man, who knoweth how to lay his finger upon the point of a business, and grasp it, as it said, at the right end.

You expect not here I should speak to you of the mannage of revenues, artillery, arms, sea-affairs, fortifications, petitions, and decrees, they being matters much alienated from my profession, from whence I can derive no glory but by the confession of mine own ignorance. Every one must look into the substance, extent, and the quality of affairs he treateth, must learn what is profitable to be known for the discharge of his place, inform himself of that which he cannot of himself fore know, willingly hearken to advices, examine and weigh them with maturity. Avoid above all, six obstacles of good affairs, which are, Disorder, Confusion, Passion, Sollicitude, Irresolution, Precipitation; to do all things warily, and peaceably, so that no anxiety be shewed, like unto *Sejanus*, a man who had more spirit then conscience, and of whom it is said, that in the middest of his greatest employments, he seemed ever idle.

Actu otiosus simillimus. Velleius.

There are some who give out many precepts upon every office, and do, as if one should make a large discourse to a man by teaching him to go. Experience, which is a wise Mistres, so soon as she encountereth with a man endowed with some capacity, sheweth him much more then books.

Finally, your last livery is *Courage*, which is exceedingly necessary for men of your profession. *Callisthenes* a disciple of *Aristotle* observeth, that the earthquake of the Isle of *Delos*, was an unlucky presage to the Cities of *Buris* and *Helice*, which were swallowed up in a gulf. So when the bodies of States-men, which are as this Island of the Sun, tremble and bow to favour, what may we expect, but an absolute desolation of Provinces? It is necessary to have a great courage to strengthen the arm against so great authority of iniquities, and violences of men of quality, who will confound elements, and mix stars with the dust of the earth to come to the end of their exorbitant pretensions.

A great courage, say I, to resist the secret allurements, which occur on the part of allies and friends, especially of powerfull women, to whom nature hath afforded such dangerous attractives, that it is many times much easier to defend ones self from the horns of bulls, the tusks of bores, and the throat of Lions, then from the cunning practises of such creatures.

A great courage in the manage of affairs, and words, that are to be used with certain persons, who are quickly angry and heated in their harnes: what a brave virtue is it to endure and temper them with a mildnes of spirit, peaceable, and charitable, as it is said, that with a honey-comb fountains of troubled water are cleansed and purified. An Ancient said, that

Avicen. de diluviis

he who can well ſuffer an injury is worthy of an Empire: his only ſilence will diſarm a paſſionate man, and throw proſtrate at his feet the ſame, who ſeemed to roar over his head.

See La journée.

A great courage alſo to tolerate the ingrateful, who often caſt ſtones againſt thoſe, who gave them honey: like unto thoſe *Atlantes*, who ſhot Arrows againſt the Sun.

A great courage likewiſe in the bad ſucceſs of affairs, which cannot always proſper according to the meaſure of our travel and good deſires. And to tell you it in a word, a very able courage, when a man is ready to ſuffer the loſs of office, diſgrace, baniſhment, poverty, impriſonment, and permit rather to have the heart turned out of your belly, then any good reſolution to be pulled from you, which may be conceived for the Weal-publick.

If you deſire to arrive at theſe precious endowments, let the Scripture be ever repreſented before your eys as the pillar of clouds and flames, which conducted the Army of the living God. There it is, where you ſhall learn Maxims of State, ſcored out with moſt vigorous reflections of the wiſdom of God, and where you ſhall trample under foot with a generous contempt ſo many illuſions, which wretched ſouls ſeek for in the mouth of *Pythoniſſes* and Sorcerers. Read the books of Wiſdom, the Prophets, the book of holy *Job*, and the divine *Pſalms* of the King, choſen out according to Gods own heart. Conſider the ſtream of ſo many Hiſtories written in this Theater of wonders, which are characters of fire, wherewith the Divine Providence is pleaſed to be figured to mortal eys, that we may learn the puniſhment of crimes, and the crowns of virtues.

Repreſent unto your ſelves often in your Idæa's thoſe great States-men, who have flouriſhed in the courſe of all Ages, and derive light and fire from their examples, to illuminate and inflame you in the ſelf ſame liſt. Behold him who had been refined above all others in the Schole of God, I mean *Moſes*. Who hath there been more humble in refuſing charges, more obedient in accepting them, more faithful in exerciſing them, more induſtrious in executing the commandments of God, more vigilant in government of the people, more ſevere in the correction of vices, more patient in ſufferance of the infirmities of ſubjects, and more zealous in the cordial love he bare to the whole world?

Moſes Dei de proximo arbiter. Tertul. de Monogamia. *Auguſt.* l. 22. contr. Fauſt. cap. 69.

With theſe gifts he became the God of Monarchs, he ruined the ſtate of his enemies, he unlooſed the chains of an infinite number of ſlaves, he opened Seas, he manured Wilderneſſes, he marched in the front of ſix hundred thouſand men at Arms, he lived laborious amongſt Shepherds, chaſt in the Courts of Kings, temperate in government, a companion of Angels in his retirement, and, as it were, a Cabinet-friend of God, having continually Heaven for object, and all greatneſs in contempt. He had blotted out all that which was man in him, by the purity of a converſation wholly celeſtial. The fleſh was in him under ſuch ſubjection, and the ſpirit in ſuch Empire, that he merited the name of God, in the reſemblance of whom he was transformed by the ſuperabundance of his virtues.

Omnem iſtam ſecundum corpus habitationem, cæleſtis puritate converſationis obduxerat, mentem regens, carnem ſubjiciens, nomine Dei vocatus eſt, ad cujus ſimilitudinem ſe perfecta virtutis ubertate formaverit. Amboſ. l. 2. de Cain & Abel.

Behold that great Diſciple of *Moſes*, *Joſhuah*: what piety in the ſervice of the Omnipotent, what ſweetneſs in government, what greatneſs of ſpirit in noble enterprizes, what patience in difficulties, what prudence in direction, what diſpatch in expeditions? It is no wonder if at the ſight of theſe eminent qualities, Walls and Cities fell, Giants waxed pale, Rivers retired back, the Sun ſtood ſtill, and one and thirty Kings under-went the yoke.

Behold *Samuel*, the Father, Maſter, and Judge of two Kings, the Doctour of Prophets, the Sanctuary of the poor, the pillar of the Church. Is it not a magnificent ſpectacle to ſee him go out of charge after ſo long a government, and ſo great a diverſity of affairs, with a heart ſo untainted, and hands undefiled, as if he had perpetually converſed with Angels? Is it not a moſt heroical action which he did in the firſt of *Kings*, when after the election of *Saul*, having voluntarily reſigned his dignity, he ſhewed himſelf with up-rear'd head in the midſt of the people, and gave liberty to all the world, from the leaſt to the greateſt, to complain and make information againſt him before the King newly choſen? If it may be found, that in his magiſtracy, he ever did the leaſt wrong to any man, he is there ready to afford all ſatisfaction that may be thought fit. But as he had lived moſt innocently, at this word was lifted up a loud cry, proceeding from a general conſent of the people, which highly proclaimed the integrity of his juſtice. Is not this a praiſe of more value, then millions of Gold and Empires?

1 Reg. 12. Loquimini de me coram Domino, & coram Chriſto ejus.

But above all, reflect often on the Wiſdom of God Incarnate, *Jeſus Chriſt*, the Saviour of the World, as the prime model of all States-men, which the Prophet *Iſaiah* hath exactly repreſented in the eleventh Chapter of his Propheſie, where he figureth the Redeemer unto us in quality of a Judge, to ſerve for an inſtruction and an example to all poſterity. Firſt, foraſmuch as concerneth his perfections, he gave him ſeven ſorts of ſpirits very conſonant to a true Politician, to wit, the ſpirit of *Wiſdom* and *Underſtanding*, the ſpirit of *Counſel* and *Strength*, the ſpirit of *Science* or *Piety*, and the *Fear of God*, wherewith he was wholly repleniſhed. Then deſcribing his manner of proceeding, he ſaith; He ſhall not judge according to humane appearances, by the inconſiderate views of carnal eys, and the relation of a raſh tongue: but he ſhall do juſtice to the poor, and fortifie himſelf with all kinde of vigour, for the defence of ſo many gentle ſouls, as are oppreſſed in the world.

To this purpoſe he ſhall ſtrike the earth with the words of his mouth, uſing his tongue as a rod of correction, and ſhall overthrow the wicked with the breath of his lips.

Juſtice ſhall be ſo familiar to him, that he ſhall make uſe of it, as of a girdle of honour, or a rich bawdrick which Captains were. The effects of his government ſhall be ſo eminent, that the Wolf under his reign ſhall be ſeen to cohabit with the Lamb, the Leopard with the Goat, the Calf with the Lion, and little children to play with Baſilisks and Aſpicks; willing in theſe Allegories to ſignifie, that he ſhall mollifie the moſt ſavage humours by his laws, to reduce them to the temper of reaſon.

Behold ſomewhat near, how this divine Writer deſcribeth the Policy of the King of Monarchs.

All thoſe who have inſiſted in his ſteps, have been glorious in the memory of men: and he that would number up through all Ages ſo many great States-men, ſhould make a large Volume.

I will not at this time produce *Melon Injurioſus*, *Carmerus*, *Robert*, *Ansbert* ſurnamed the *Man of God*, *Oenus*, *Godegrandus*, *Ledwardus*, *Eginardus*, *Raoul*, *Fulbertus*, *Hildwinus*, Monſieur *Stephen* of *France*, *Guarinus*, *William* of *Mountaigne*, *Henry Arnaudus* of *Corgues*, *Rochfort*, and the moſt famous *Thomas More*: not ſpeaking of ſo many other lights of Ages, which have illuſtrated us much nearer, where we may finde a large liſt of uncorrupted men.

Many

Many have so worthily filled the chairs of Justice, that they have deserved to pass forward to Altars, there to possess the prime places of Prelacies.

I satisfie my self to draw out of *Marcianus, Cassiodorius, Baronius*, and ancient Manuscripts, the life of *Boetius*, where you may observe the body of History sufficiently replenished with matters very considerable.

BOETIUS.

The first SECTION.

His great Nobility.

BEhold here how I make a great Statesman to walk along in his rank, the honour of the Gown, and the singular Ornament of the Purple Garment, who hath had the priviledge to revive Learning in his life, and at his death to bury all the *Roman* Greatness in his Tomb.

It is the most illustrious *Boetius*, whom I have selected almost in the first Ages of Christianity, as the most accomplished personage, that hath flourished in the quality of a man of the long Robe throughout Christendom. For if you consider his extraction, it was the noblest of his time: if you regard his means, he was of the most honestly rich; if you reflect on his wit, he dazeled the eys of the most Learned: if you behold his innocency, his life was as a Pearl without blemish; if you weigh his dignity, he had been three times Consul of *Rome*: if you enquire after his Negotiations and Government, you shall finde he lived in the greatest revolutions of the *Roman* Empire, when affairs were most thorny. If you will observe his constancy, you shall see a pillar of Diamond not to be shaken with all the counterbuffs of iniquity: and if a brave death may set a seal upon a good life, you will be enforced to admire him, beholding him to dye on a Scaffold, for the defence of piety and justice, which are the two Poles that support all the great Policy of this Universe.

The unhappiness is, there hath not been some Authour found in that Iron Age, to have written the acts of this great man in a stile suitable to his merit; we should have discovered marvellous treasures: but since I must make my way through so great a scarcity of Writers, who have handled this subject, I will endeavour to render it as little irksom in stile, as it is profitable in matter.

As for the first quality I have observed in him, which is his great Nobility, it is certain he summed up a thousand years, since his Ancestours began to be resplendent with singular lustre in the City of *Rome*, which is no small space, to say, that ten Ages which wast Rocks, and wear Elements, had not altered the honour of this great Family.

He was descended from the house of those great *Manlii*, whose hearts extended as far as the *Roman* Empire. The most celebrated amongst them, named *Marcus Manlius*, defended the Capitol against the *Gauls* in the extreme necessity of the *Romans*, & redeemed, as it were, from the abyss of the City, which God had chosen to command over so many nations. He was a man truly valorous, who wanted nothing

but

but to have been born in an ample Kingdom, and not in a Republick jealous of the greatnes of its subjects: For, he having too much courted the people to the prejudice of Magistrates, was accused to have sought a change of government, and was precipitated from the Capitol which he had defended, to the end the theater of his glory might be turned into the scaffold of his punishment.

Never could any thing be seen more deplorable then this brave Captain, when pleading his cause, where he was upon question of his last unhappines, having produced about four hundred Citizens, delivered from great necessities by his means, then thirty spoils of noble enemies, whom he had slain with his own hand, then ten Crowns, then fourty other prizes of valour; as he beheld the incensed Judges much enclining to his ruin, he shewed his naked breast, as yet covered over with honourable scars received in so many great battels for his Countrey; and then turning his eyes and his up-rear'd hands to heaven towards the Capitol, he prayed the Gods to give the people of *Rome* the same understanding for the preservation of his person, that they had afforded him for the safety of the Weal-publick, in defence of the City of *Rome*.

This spectacle was so ravishing that it was impossible to condemn him in sight of this noble fortress, which subsisted not but by his valour: but his enemies causing him to be carried into another place, exercised a heavy judgement, and an act odious to posterity, which was attended by great sterilities and pestilencies, attributed to the death of this noble personage. The other *Manlius* very eminent, was he, who slew in single combat the Captain of the *Gaules* in sight of both the armies. For this man advancing himself on a bridge, assailed, and defended by both parts, challenged aloud the most valorous among the *Romans* to combat man to man; which being understood, *Manlius* slowly came forth with the leave of his Dictatour, and having well observed his adversary, who immeasurably braved it, he struck him so nimbly, that he fel down stark dead in the list: then taking his chain off all bloudy, he hung it about his own neck, from whence he was surnamed *Torquatus*; which Title did afterward likewise remain unto his whole posterity.

The third of this race much renowned in histories by an act, one of the severest ever exercised, was that *Torquatus*, who caused his sons head to be cut off, for having charged and vanquished his enemy without leave. The young man tickled with the honour of his Ancestours, seeing a fair occasion to fight, took the opportunity. And not expecting the permission of his father, overth ew the enemies of the *Roman* people, in killing with his own hands a man of note in single combat, whereupon ful of joy, he returneth with the applause of the souldiers, and hasteneth to seek out his father, who commanded the Army, bearing in his hands the spoils of his enemies, and saying aloud: *Father, behold the cause why I may be esteemed your son.* But the father turning his eyes away, caused the trumpet to be sounded to gather all the souldiers together, and in the middest of a great Assembly, as General, he pronounced sentence against his son, and said unto him: Son, *Since without any respect, either of the dignity of a Consul wherewith the Common wealth hath honoured me, or the majesty of the title of a father, which nature hath afforded me over you, you have fought contrary to my edict, dissolving the sacred knot of military discipline, which hath hitherto maintained the greatnesse of the* Roman *State: I will see you have reduced affairs to such necessity, that either I must forget the Common-wealth, or my self and mine. But God forbid the publick suffer for our faults, and that we must expiate the temerity of one young man, by the disasters of so many innocent persons. Here an act of State must be performed, which is for the present somewhat odious, but shall be profitable for youth through all posterity. My son, I have sense of nature, as a father, and as a Captain I resent also the flashes of this youthful virtue, which is so charming in its illusion: but since I must either by your impunity annul, or by your bloud seal the commandment of the Consuls; you being of my bloud, I cannot think you so degenerate, as to deny to re-establish by your punishment the Laws of arms, which you by your errour have destroyed.*

Thereupon he commanded the executioner to bind him, and lead him to the place of punishment, to be beheaded, wherewith the Assembly was so astonished, as if all the Captains had their heads under the same sword. For every one was drenched in a deep silence, until the bloud of this young prince was seen to gush forth; for then the souldiers spared neither sorrow nor execrations, taking the body by main force to cover it with its spoils, and interre it with all honour.

I had a desire to touch this particularly, thereby to teach the Reader, that the great constancy which *Boetius* witnessed in the whole course of his life, and especially at his death, was in him hereditary.

It were a long piece of work for him, who would prosecute all the acts of the Ancestours of *Boetius*; since by the report of Saint *Hierom*, this family hath been so illustrious, that scarcely can one man be found therein, which hath not enjoyed or deserved the Consulship.

Wherefore I may well say, it was a very particular Providence of God upon this admirable man, which being pleased to raise him to the condition of a great States-man, hath caused him to be nobly born. For although it cannot be denied, but that many descended from very mean extraction, have sometimes exceedingly well improved in the mannage of States; yet must we affirm, they have stood in much need of time, diligence, and eminent virtues to give a counterpoise to this defect of bloud. Ordinarily those who arise from these degrees, being derived from base birth, are many times envied, and little respected, whereby finding themselves offended, they often take harsh ways, to become powerful in the minds of subjects by strong hand: whereas such as are of race noble and illustrious, cannot have so few other parts, but that they may easily enter into hearts, as into a house, which the virtue of Ancestours hath beforehand wholly purchased for them. And though this seem expedient in all places, yet it is much more necessary in a State, where is a great number of noble men and generous spirits, and where every one thinks himself sufficient enough to perform that which another doth.

Presumption equalleth them all in ability, at the least according to their imaginations, were it not that the uncontroulable supereminency of houses makes them yield to reason. And although base nobility be very shameful, yet is it much more tolerable then a servile spirit, which hath power in its hands without any moderation,

There are four things, saith the Wise-man, which cause earth-quakes here below, *A servant imperious, a rich fool, a woman scornful when she is married, and a maid-servant become the heir of her Mistres*: that is, saith he, the fourth thing which the world cannot endure. Education maketh manners, and Prov. 30.

every

every one is readily that which he hath learned in youth, were it not, that through a great ſtrength of courage ill inclinations are reſiſted.

Boetius, who in his excellent Nobility was endowed with ſo ſweet a temper of ſpirit, ſeemed to be created of God to govern men. On the other part his family, which was rich and powerful, gave alſo much encreaſe to his command, as that which alienated him from the corruptions, that eaſily faſten on a neceſſitous fortune. A man who feareth poverty, is ever to be feared, and a rich innocent cannot meet with any thing more dangerous then a hungry Judge.

Saint *Thomas* hath ſaid very well, that a poverty virtuous and free from all covetouſneſs, is an admirable quality for a States-man: but where ſhall we now adays find ſuch a poverty, in a time, when riot is ſo exorbitant, that the greateſt houſes are therewith impeached? The innocent riches of our great Conſul fell out to be much to the purpoſe, ſo that they might be employed for aid of the poor, in a time which happened in one of the ſickleſt Ages of the world, ruined by ſo many incurſions of Barbarians, not naming the other ſcourges, which then fought againſt the ſins of men.

Lib 4 cap. 1 de regim Princip.

The ſecond SECTION.

The eminent wiſdom and learning of Boetius.

EXperience, the wiſeſt Miſtreſs of the world, hath ſometimes cauſed the ſaying of *Plato* to be queſtioned, who thought Common-Wealths happy when they fell into the hands of Philoſophers, or of men who fought to become Philoſophers. For in effect it is obſerved, that thoſe ſo knowing men meet not always with the bent of common underſtanding, having their ſpirits more eſtranged from civil life. They pleaſe themſelves with great Idea's as if they converſed in the Common-wealth of *Plato* with demy-gods, not at all yeilding to infirmities of nature. And although they uſe ſome endeavour to render themſelves converſable, yet doth the ſweetneſs of repoſe inebriate and withdraw them from affairs: but if they force themſelves to attend them, noiſe amazeth them, diverſity of humours not always ſuitable to their underſtanding diſtaſteth them, labour ſomewhat painful overwhelmeth them, and the heap of ſo many incident occaſions confoundeth them.

Add hereunto, that there is much malice in the manners of men, not found in books; and that their actions being very innocent, when they come to meaſure others by their own level, they find themſelves deceived. Beſides, the ſedentary and retired life ſpent in the entertainment of their books, rendereth them very timorous, & ſofteneth their brow, which ſhould always be as it were of braſs, to endure the ſhock of ſtrong impudencies, which may inſinuate themſelves into the corruptions of the times.

This may be confirmed by the example of *Theodates* King of the *Goths*, who with all the Philoſophy of *Plato*, wherein he was exceedingly ſtudious, very ill managed his affairs.

As alſo by *Michael* the Emperour, ſurnamed of the Grecians, *Parapanicius*, as who would ſay, The Schollar: for he perpetually had table books and pens in his hand, to compoſe Orations, Verſes, and Hiſtories, reſigning the whole government of his affairs to an Eunuch, named *Nicephorus*, who through his inſatiable avarice drew much hatred upon the head of this Emperour.

I verily affirm, if you take learning in theſe exceſſes, one may very well ſay, that it would not only become unprofitable, but alſo dangerous to principality. It is not my intention to prove learned men are capable of the manage of great affairs for the onely conſideration of the advantage they have in letters, for then Governours of Provinces were to be taken out of the Regencies of ſcholes; but I ſay, that ſciences well managed, add a marvellous luſtre to one in government. For firſt, they vindicate him from ſtupidity and a ſavage life, which maketh a man without ſight or knowledge of virtue, to be in a State, as was *Poliphemus*, made blind by *Ulyſſes*, in his den. Beſides, they cleanſe, refine, and ſtore the ſoul, made to know great and divine lights. Afterwards, they open the underſtanding by the reading of ſo many excellent books, and even unlooſe the tongue, which is an inſtrument very neceſſary to manage hearts. Finally, they make a man more mild, civil, and courteous, and I could ſay alſo more awful and worthy of credit.

For if ſome unhappy Princes were produced, who being unfurniſhed of other talents, have made ill uſe of letters, by abuſing them through want of judgement, as one may all the beſt things in the world; this nothing at all in ſubſtance leſſeneth the truth of our propoſition, ſince we may oppoſe againſt them a large liſt of Law-makers, Princes, and governours, who have exceedingly well made uſe of the knowledge of learning. For if we make account of the policy of God, which is ever the moſt aſſured, know we not, that he having choſen *Moſes* to conſtitute him the Governour of ſo great a State, was willing he might have a good taſt of all the ſciences then in requeſt among the *Ægyptians*? And *Philo* ſaith, that he there learned Arithmetick, Geometry, Muſick, and all the greateſt ſecrets of their Philoſophy, contained in their Hieroglyphicks. Know we not that *Solomon* had a heart as large as the ſea, wherein God lodged ſo many knowledges of things both divine and humane, that he penetrated whatſoever the underſtanding of man, enlightened with rays from God, might comprehend?

Are we ſo little verſed in Hiſtory, that we cannot reckon up the names of all the greateſt Princes, who have been very learned, as *Alexander*, *Julius Ceſar*, *Auguſtus*, *Adrian*, *Antoninus*, *Conſtantine*, *Theodoſius*, *Gratian*, *Charlemaigne*, *Alphonſus*, yea even *Solyman* the great Turk? What a cloud of witneſſes ſhould we have, did we now collect all the names and hiſtories of learned States-men? For if letters give ornament to ſuch as are wholly eminent in military profeſſion, by a much ſtronger reaſon we are to think they are able to advance the luſtre of an excellent Governour, vowed to the Robe, and to a life peaceable, as *Seneca* and *Cicero*.

I have been the more willing purpoſely to uſe this Preface, to the end that coming preſently to ſpeak of the great learning of our *Boetius*, it might not diminiſh the credit we ought to have of his ability in ſtate-affairs. It is ſometimes ſo dangerous to be learned among groſs ſpirits, that the tenth Age, which was very dul, made as it were the good Pope *Silveſter* the ſecond, paſs for a Magician, becauſe he underſtood Geometry. And it is not above foureſcore years ago, that to know Greek and Negromancy, were as it were one and the ſame thing in the opinion of the ignorant.

Vide Baron. Anno 999.

He that proceedeth by ſuch brutiſh ways, would take *Boetius* for a Devil, ſuch knowledge had he; for it muſt be confeſſed, that in the revolution of ſo many ages, there hath not been many ſeen, who arrived

rived to such a degree of science. As our spirits are limited, so every one freely taketh his share, according as his inclination leadeth him, his aim moveth him, his understanding transporteth him, his labour supporteth him: and he that cannot prevail in one science, applieth himself to another, since the diversity of arts is so great, that it is able to satisfie the most curious, allure the most nice, and encourage the weakest. But as for our *Boetius*, he entred into the secrets of all sciences, and as there was nothing too holy for his great virtue, so might not any thing be found so elate, as to exempt it self from the vivacity of his spirit.

Scalig in Hypercritico.

Julius Scaliger hath very well given testimony of him according to his merit, when he said, the wit, learning, industry, and wisdom of *Severinus Boetius*, challenged all the Authors of the world as well *Grecians* as *Latines*, not excepting any. He addeth, that all which he composed in Poesie was divine, and that nothing might be found either more elegant or grave; in such manner, that the abundance of supereminent conceits choacked not the grace, nor curiositie took any think from the propriety thereof.

And whereas he writeth, that his prose seemed not equal to the verse, but retained somewhat of the barbarisme of that Age, I assure my self *Scaliger* may have taken some works falsly attributed to *Boetius*, as there are in the great Mass compiled under his name, which have likewise deceived *Cardinal Baronius*, who imputeth the book of the *Discipline of Schollars* to him, which is one of the most silly pieces that could come from a man alienated from common sense.

Among other things this Author saith, that he hath been in the City of *Julius Cæsar*, called *Paris* to take the air, and that he there hath seen many bad schollers, discoursing of Nations, and giving a face to the University, as it had in later times; which will seem ridiculous to every one who shall consider the life of *Boetius*, and the times wherein he flourished. It is no wonder, if those who have admitted such works for pieces of *Boetius*, not through want of judgment, which hath been in these two personages, whom I mention, very great, but for fault of giving time to examine them, they there have found matters, which with them have lessened the opinion of such an Author.

But this is very certain, that all which is extant of this brave Writer, hath in it vigour, grace, purity, spirit, and excellent good consequence: as appeareth in the books of Consolation. As for the rest he hath not so confined himself in this great eloquence, but that he entreth into the most profound questions of Philosophy and Theologie: and should he have no other honour, but to make *Aristotle* first speak Latine, who was unknown in the West, I should make much more account of him, then if he had raised *Orpheus* up again with his Harp. The great knowledge he had of Geography, Arithmetick, Musick, and all which concern the Mathematicks, was the cause when any one stood in need of some piece of wit, they went presently to *Boetius*, as the onely man of the Empire, who was esteemed a true Liberary, animated with the spirit of all Arts. It is a pleasant thing to read what the King *Theodorick* wrote to him in requiring a dial of him, to present it to the King of *Burgundy*. Behold the words of his great Secretary *Cassiodorus*.

It is not reasonable to contemn the requests which Kings our neighbours with all confidence make unto us, and especially when they require some slight things, which they account in the number of great treasures, it happeneth often times that the dalliances and conceits of wit obtain that by sweetness, which arms cannot gain by force. If we needs must play, let us so use the matter our sports may be made for the good of the publick, and let us search for things serious even in pleasures. The King of Burgundy intreateth of me with much instance two dials, the one circumvolved with water, the other with the sun, and he prayeth me to send skilfull masters to shew him this invention. Let us afford entertainment to this Nation, to the end they may hold those things for miracles, which we here dayly use for recreation. I understand the report which their Embassadours have made of these and the like workmanships, which hath much amazed them, as a thing very extraordinary. Now I know you are so accomplished in all sorts of sciences, that you have tasted in the fountain of all the industries, what others seek to practise by rote. For you, for this purpose, remained in the University of Athens, and have so fairly allied together the Romane robe with the Grecian mantle, that their doctrine by your means is become wholly Latine. You are ignorant of nothing that is in the speculative, nothing which is in the practick, and all that, which the Athenians would attribute to themselves of singularity, you have transported into our City of Rome. Your translations have made Ptolomy the Astrologian, Nichomachus the Arithmetician, Euclid the Geometrician, Plato the divine, Aristotle the Logician, Archimedes the Mathematician, to speak Latine. All sciences dispersed among so many men, and so many wits, through all ages, are in you altogether united: you have interpreted them all with such perspicuity of discourse, retaining the propriety of language, that should these Authours return to life again they would prefer your translation before their own originals.

Afterward he enlargeth himself upon the praise of the Mathematicks, then returning to his diall, he saith, it is an admirable thing to see, that a little immoveable steel every day performeth as much way as the sun, and that if the stars had understanding, they would envy dials, and return back again, for fear to be surprized by this pretty sport of men, the hours would be ashamed, that being the daughters of the day and night, they were painted with shadows. In the end, having given full scope to his wit, he concludes, and saith: I pray you send us two dials so soon as you can, to the end you may be known by the figures of your spirit, in a Country, where no man shall see the print of your foot-steps. I would have them understand that our Senatours here are as learned as Doctours, that they may admire your inventions, and esteem them as dreams, so that being awakened, they may confess they have nothing comparable to us.

Fugam solis aquipparat, quod motum semper ignorat, Invideret tabellis, si astra sentirent. Vbi est illud horarum de lumine venientium singulare miraculum, si has & umbra demonstrat? Cassiodorus, l. variar. Epist. 45.

Cassiodorus amassed together all the strength of his wit, when he was to dispatch letters to *Boetius* in the behalfe of his King. Witness whereof yet is that other excellent Epistle of Musick, where we learn that our great King *Clodovæus*, having demanded a singular Player on the Lute of *Theodorick*, who then reigned in *Italy*, address was presently made to *Boetius* to chuse him, with a magnificent letter, which still retaineth a notable testimony of his ability.

Cassiodorus variarum 16. Epist. 40.

Angelus Politianus, who had throughly read him, holdeth opinion, that there is nothing to be found more sharp then He in *Logick*, more subtile in the *Mathematicks*, more rich in *Philosophy*, nor more sublime in *Theology*, adding the judgment of *Albertus Magnus*, and of S. *Thomas*, who have commented upon his works, and assuring us that his sentences were all as it were without appeal. *Laurentius Valla* calleth him the last of the learned, thereby willing to say, that all the glory of the excellent wits of antiquity, was buried with him.

But why go we about to search out the testimonies of Authours, since we have still some of his true works in our hands, which are the mirrours, wherein the wit of *Boetius* makes it self to be seen with more advantage to all posterity? It may be said, he had too much Philosophy for a States-man, but the bird is not burdened with her feathers, no more then the tree with his leaves and flowers.

What

What wrong hath he done to the City of *Rome*, if when he saw himselfe to be taken from the Common-wealth, and in tearmes where he could not assist it with his counsels, he honoured it with the riches of his wit, charming the sharpnesse of troubles with the sweetnes of his retirement, and giving an account to posterity of the time which he husbanded for it?

The third SECTION.

His entrance into the government of the State.

I Will willingly leave all digression to come to my project, & seeing the life of *Boetius* furnisheth us, not with many slight matters, wherewith ordinarily volumes are stuffed, when men desire to distend them beyond their merit, I rest on negotiations of government, which shew a man as well as doth the needle the-hours upon a true clock.

Boetius happened in a time, which gave him an admirable list to combat in, with firm footing against vices the most applauded, and to place his virtues in the bright splendour of light, not holding them still imprisoned within the precincts of a library.

Behold here a strong adversary, that fortune put upon him, which exercised his constancy in rough affairs, and caused him in the end to pass by the dint of sword, ending a brave life by a Tragedy very bloudy, no whit abating his noble courage.

This is a history which verily hath given occasion of much horrour to spirits the most strong, and execration to mouths the most innocent, to detest the tyranny of a barbarous sword, purpled with the bloud of an honourable old man, by whose mouth all learning, and the best maxims of State did speak. It is necessary, my Reader, well to deduce this narration, you first understand the humour, qualities, fortune, beginnings, progress, and the end also of this Persecutour.

You must therefore understand, that the City of *Rome*, which counteth its age, and continued before the *Cæsars* seven hundred years, and after *Augustus*, who was the first Emperour, about five hundred twenty three, and generally from the foundation thereof, one thousand two hundred twenty nine, was at that time involved in very great perplexities, the Emperours living then the age of flowers, and driving one another, as waves, to be broken against the rocks.

One *Nepos* elected to the Empire, chose for his Constable a man called *Orestes*, who sought to take the Purple from his Master, to give it to his son, and verily he caused him aloud to be saluted *Cæsar*, and set the Diadem on his head, surnaming him *Augustus*, though afterward for contempt, the name of *Augustulus* was given unto him.

It is a fatal blow from the providence of God, that the Empire of the West, which begun by an *Augustus*, must receive end by an *Augustulus*: as that of the East, having commenced under *Constantine the Great*, concluded afterward in the person of *Constantinus Dragosus*, vanquished by *Mahomet*.

Nepos seeing himself betrayed by him in whom he most confided, sent for *Odoacer* King of the *Heruli* to his aid, who like the wolf in the fable reconciled the dogs that worried one another, by eating them. For he defeated these two contesting Princes, and seeing himself march in the fair fields of *Italy* with sword in hand, attended by strong Legions, the great weakness of the Empire, so many times overwhelmed by civil wars, being unable to oppose his designs, he being entreated to help a friend, payeth himself by his own hands, and makes himself Master of his possessions: experience ever teaching us, that forrain charities, have fingers some-what crooked to lay hold on that, which they make shew to succour.

The Emperour *Zeno*, who reigned in *Constantinople*, understanding all this goodly business, dispatcheth *Theodorick* into the West, to make head against this usurper: whether he had a purpose to throw the apple of discord between those two strangers, who in too near a degree closely courted his estate, to make them devour one another, or whether that he cordially loved this man, and that to oblige him, not hurting himself, he freely gave him a matter desperate, he armed, and supported him with gold and strength, to raise him to that throne, not having at that time any will thereunto.

This *Theodorick* was bastard-son of *Theodomire* King of the *Goths*, born of a concubine called *Aureliana*. His father who sought for land, which is very easily found out for a tomb, had much afflicted the *Eastern* Empire, oft-times making inrodes even to the gates of *Constantinople*; whereat *Leo* the Emperour, who then reigned being somewhat amazed, endeavoured to gain him by some honest composition, which was done: and the more firmly to bind this accord, *Theodomire* sent his little son *Theodorick*, who was not above eight or nine years of age, in hostage to *Constantinople*. The Emperour beholding him to be of a good disposition and a brave courage, very heartily loved him; and afterward *Zeno*, who succeeeded both to the Empire and affections of *Leo* his father-in-law, much esteemed this young man, who arrived to maturity of age, served him most couragiously in brave expeditions of war against the *Gepides* and *Bulgarians*, sworn enemies of the Empire.

This occasion whereof we speak being offered, *Theodorick* flyeth like a Merlin to his prey, and leaving the Court of *Constantinople* came into *Italy*, attended by gallant troups, to decide the matter of Empire and life with *Odoacer*. He being ful of fire, handled his adversary very roughly, and defeated him in three battails, making him forsake the field, and inforcing him to immure himself in *Ravenna*, where he beseged him, for the space of three years resolved either to loose his head in *Italy*, or encircle it with a Crown at *Rome*.

The father *Theodomire* being already deceased, his mother the fair *Aureliana*, who had reigned in affections, entertained an insatiable desire to command over the most important part of the world, and being then in the field, she spared not to excite the souldiers, and advance a spur of fire very far into the heart of her son: whereupon it is recounted that *Odoacer*, after so long a siege, being reduced to an extream scarcity of victuals, and seeing he could not any longer subsist, resolved to seek in the hazard of arms, the remedy which he could not finde in his languishment. He espied a time, when the assailants tired out with so long a resistance, seemed now to relent, so that by the benefit of a fair night he made a sally with his whole army, composed of people hungry as wolfs, and resolved to conquer or dy in this last battel. Their sally was so furious and unexpected, that *Theodorick*, who was otherwise a great Captain, seeing the astonishment and disorder of his souldiers, betook himself timely to flight, when this *Aureliana* his mother, moved with an ardent ambition, which gave her courage above her sex, came before him, and taking him by the hand had

confidence to say: *My Son whither go you? you must of two things do out, either fight, or return into the womb of your mother. You have, as far as I can perceive, the enemy at your back, and fear on your forehead: turn your head against the one, and you shall chase away the other: If you persist in this flight, I will rather make a wall of my body to stay you, then render my selfe a confederate of such an obloquie.*

It is a strange thing, that the words of a woman were stronger then the sound of trumpets, arms, flight, and the black apprehensions of death. This young Prince, changing his fear into a generous shame, speedily rallyeth the troups that were best resolved, and hasteneth to fall upon his enemy, with such violence, that his souldiers seemed so many flying Dragons, who handled their matter so well, that the valiant *Odoacer*, notwithstanding his best endeavour, was constrained to retire into *Ravenna*.

Some time after, seeing his enemy was invincible, he caused him to be sought unto for peace, on such condition, that they should between them, divide the Kingdom of *Italy*, to which *Theodorick*, whether that he was wearied out with so long a war, or that he hoped the more easily to joyn the skin of the fox to that of the Lion, willingly consented to this counterfeit peace. The agreement signed, he entered into *Ravenna*, and these Princes, who were both very brave souldiers, embraced before the face of two armies, mutually preventing each other with all manner of courtesie.

But, oh good God! what cement was ever found able enough to entertain ambition and amity in one constant state? and what world hath at any time been wide enough to lodge two ambitious men without a quarrel? Their conversation too frequent, first sowed contempts and insolencies among souldiers of different Nations, afterward jealousie crept into the hearts of the Captains, and distrust into the souls of the Sovereigns, who beheld and observed one another, as expecting who should first begin.

Theodorick, whether he sought for some pretext, which ever is soon enough found out to colour the greatest mischiefs, or whether he understood of a design intended on the part of his enemy, imagined the earth was not large enough to give elbow-room to his ambition, whilest *Odoacer* shared the Throne with him; that there was but one sun necessary in heaven, and one King in a Countrey; that he could not endure a Crown made crescent-wise, but that it was very fit, he should furnish out the roundness of its circle; and for the rest that man would sooner be King, who first prevented his adversary.

Hereupon he resolved on a horrible assassinate: for feigning all friendship and affection, he invited *Odoacer* to a magnificent feast which he had prepared for him to be the last of his life. It is a great matter, that there must be a bait alwayes to surprize men and birds, and that the greatest disasters ordinarily happen in the sports and banquets, when sensuality predominateth, and reason is ecclipsed. This miserable King of the *Heruli*, made it well appear by his over-much confidence, that he had not so much mischief in him, as was afterward imputed to his ashes; for he very joyfully went to this banquet, accompanied with his son, and all the principal of his Kingdom, and walked along with great alacrity, having no other intention but to make war against dishes, and nothing less then at that time to entertain purposes of blood and murder. The resolution notwithstanding is taken to make them all pass by the dint of swords, in a place the most delightfull, where pleasures seem to make men as it were newly born. They entered into a great hall most magnificently furnished, and sat down at the table; there was no speech in the beginning, but of mirth; the spirit disbanded, thinketh on nothing but objects of pleasure, when instantly the signal was given, and the *Goths* drew swords purposely out to offend the most sober patience of the *Heruli*. They answered again what choller and wine suggested: *Theodorick* stood up, and taking his sword slew *Odoacer* with his own hand; the rest fell upon his son, and the Princes of the Kingdom. Never was there seen banquet of *Centaures* and *Lapithes* more unfortunately expressed. Tables and men were overwhelmed, wine ran mixt with blood, the dreadfull cries of the dying made those tremble who were far enough out of danger, and gave matter of pity even to hang-men; yet for all this not a man was spared; the bodies mangled and bloody were cast one upon another, and the poor souls issued forth in the midst of massacres and surfets to yield an account in the Court-hall of Heaven.

Sigonius l. 5. Occidentali de imperio in fine.

So an ancient manuscript observeth it, found in a library at Rome.

What horrours of the abyss, and furies of Devils see you here? I would know, whether there be any beast in the world that had heaped together in one sole body, the enraged hunger of wolves, the subtlety of foxes, the strength of Lions, the cruelty of Tigers and Panthers, the poison of Basilisks, whether it may be more dangerous to man, then himselfe, when he is possessed with a mischievous ambition.

Oh how happy would the lives of men be, were they not infected with these venemous passions, which transform reasonable nature into more hideous monsters, then those which Poets have set over the gates of hell. We shall see in the sequel of this history, how wickedness never escapeth the eye of God, and that if he come with feet of lead to chastise it, he notwithstanding hath an arm of iron, to cut up treacheries by the root.

This murder divulged, the *Heruli* took arms to revenge their Prince, but the Centinels disposed in many places of the City, hewed those in pieces who shewed themselves most forward.

Theodorick made a declaration very ample, wherein he expressed, that that which caused him to resolve on such an action, was nothing but the security of his person, against which *Odoacer* had a most evident design, which would instantly have appeared in the deprivation of his life and estate, had he not with all diligence prevented his enemy. That he did, what the law of nature ordained, in so manifest a danger, but that he will hence forward witness all manner of clemency to such as would throw themselves into his arms, indifferently stretched out to accept the obedience of all the world.

The great distast of war every one had at that time, the little hope the most mutinous conceived to revenge their quarrell, and the authority of *Zeno* the Eastern Emperour, who ceased not to support *Theodorick*, caused a great silence in arms, and afforded full liberty to this ambitious King of the *Goths*, to become Master of *Italy*.

As for the rest, he seeing *Rome* was then as it were like a great oake overthrown, where every one hasteneth on all sides to get the spoil, and that the *French*, *Visigoths*, and *Burgundians* might aspire, as he, to the conquest of *Italy*; he made alliances with all those Princes, and especially with *Clodovaeus*, who at that time reigned, whose sister he took in marriage. Besides, the Emperour *Zeno*, that had ever upheld him, happening to die, as *Anastasius* his successour

Procopius saith, that *Theodorick* took pretext, and treacherously slew him at a banquet.

sour made shew to cause an alteration in affairs, and would render himself absolute in the West, this man knew so well how to play his part, that he diverted his ambitions another way.

There is also a letter to be found in *Cassiodorus*, which he wrote to this *Anastasius*, deputing a solemn Embassage to him for the obtaining of peace, where among other things he saith: *That it is good reason they should seek for peace, who have no cause to make war, and that the man wadeth far into wrong, who giveth no testimony of any disposition to receive conditions suitable to justice. As for himself, he acknowledged the Emperour, as the prime dignity raised above all other Kingdoms, and to be the support of the whole world, and that one of the greatest favours from God, which he hath at any time received, was to have learned in the Court of* Constantinople, *how he ought to govern the* Romans. *That he knows the authority of the Emperour is the onely modell of all the policy in the world, and that so much as God hath exalted him above other Princes, so much would he humble himself under this Monarch, from whom he requireth most glorious amity, that he may hereafter apply himself to all that which may appertain to his honour and service.*

The Emperour *Anastasius*, who according to the humours of his turbulent spirit cut himself work enough out in the East, not going to seek for it in the West, seeing that he set himself into the conditions of a suppliant, when his fortune might already put into his mouth words armed for command, suffered him to gnaw his bone in secure peace. The *Romans* considering, that besides force of arms he had the consent of two Emperours of the East, willingly received him, under hope they had to see some tranquility succeed after so many storms, which had afflicted their State.

Behold how from a Knight of fortune he arrived to the dignity of an Emperour: he being notwithstanding resolved never to take upon him the Title of Emperour, but contenting himself with the name of King, thereby to decline the jealousie of those, who were very capable of it. He that would consider the qualities of his person, which contributed to enthrone him in a place so eminent, shall find, that besides military virtue, he had other parts very worthy to govern, were it not that his spirit was drenched both in humane policy and long prosperities, which served as disloyal nurses to sin.

It seemeth that *Sidonius Apollinaris* had studied him, and summed him up even to the haires of his head, when in the second Epistle of his first book he so curiously describeth him, and saith among other things: He had a body exceedingly well proportioned, the top of his head well circled, his eye-brows thick, his hair long, his nose hooked, his lips soft, his teeth of ivory, his complexion white mingled with vermillion, which quickly blushed, more through shamefac'dness then choller, his body very comely, his arms strong, his hands slender, his breasts full, his leg plump, his feet small to support a great body.

He addeth, that concerning his manners, he ordinarily prayed before break of day in the presence of his Bishops, who were *Arians*, without noise or attendance, and that afterward he applied himself to affairs, and gave audience to Embassages and petitions, where he heard much and spake little, ever shewing himselfe very intentive in resolutions, and most prompt in the expedition of that which he had resolved on. From thence he went to survey his Arsenal, his Magazins, his Stables, and his Treasures; or he went on hunting, being naturally so dexterous in shooting, that infallibly he would not miss the mark. After exercises he took his repast; where he loved to be entertained with serious things, and as for that which concerned his table, there might be seen (saith he) *The nativeness of* Grecians, *the plenty of* French, *the promptness of* Italians, *and a discipline truly Royall.* If after dinner he played at dice, his custom was to be silent when he won, to laugh when he lost, and never to be angry, but rather to take occasion to speak some good words, and ever handled dice as manly as arms.

For the rest, he was so good a gamester, that not disquieting himself at all, he rejoyced to see his subjects in humour against him; and so despoiled himself in game of affected gravity, that he seemed to have no other fear, but to be feared. It did him good then to be asked some favour, and such a one oftentimes lost in game with him, who won his suit.

About three of the clock the burden of affairs of the Kingdom had their turn, wherein he tendered himselfe very serious till the time of supper.

Ennodius in his Panegyrick saith, that he honoured the Royal purple with the rays of his countenance, and that there was not in the world a habit so beautifull, which he made not more lustrous by wearing it on his body: that his eyes had the serenity of the spring, and that his hands were worthy to give death to rebels, and matter of vowes to his subjects: That all which Diadems perform in the person of other Emperours, nature had done in him; and that nothing in him was wanting but an heir: for the truth is, he dyed, not leaving any son to succeed him.

Reader, I have been willing to present unto you succinctly the great revolution of the Empire into which our *Boetius* fell; and the qualities of his Persecutour, who degenerated afterward into so much barbarism. But let us now behold, what he did by the counsell of our great *Boetius* in the manage of his Kingdom; to the end you may have so much the more horrour of his wicked ingratitude, who slew this holy man, that was as the Intelligence and Angel Guardian of his State.

The fourth SECTION.

The entrance of Theodorick *into* Rome *and his happy government by the counsel of* Boetius.

THeodorick having pacified the City of *Ravenna*, and made himself Master of the most important places of his Kingdom, went to *Rome* with the most flourishing troops of *Italy*, where he was received in the manner of ancient triumphs; which exceedingly pleased the people, who at that time resembled the earth, which ariseth from the snows of winter, as from a tomb, to becom young again with the sweet breath of the spring.

So many years were slipt away wherein they had not seen any thing but divisions, troubles, famine, and blood; when this Prince came to appear upon the triumphant Chariot, with his golden arms, which gave him a marvellous majesty, besides the graces he had from nature, they thought they beheld a star newly descended from Heaven, and followed him with infinite acclamations in witness of affection.

He being alighted at the Palace, *Boetius*, who was the principal man of the world in nobility, wit, and learning, was chosen out from all the State to make him an Oration: In which, being then in full vigour of eloquence, he most divinely acquitted himself. It is a great loss, that posterity hath not preserved

ſerved ſo brave a monument of this rare ſpirit, to enchaſe it now preſently in this work. From thence the King paſſed to the Circus, which was a large place appointed for Jouſts and Tournaments, and ſtaying himſelf at a place called the Palm of gold, he cauſed his throne to be magnificently ſeated in a place very high raiſed, and round about him benches for the Senatours, who appeared all of them cloathed with robes of their order.

There he made an Oration ful of ſweetneſs in preſence of all the people, whereby he declared he had a purpoſe to revive the ancient magnificence of *Rome*, and vehemently to deſire to conform himſelf to the faſhions of thoſe Emperours, who had been the moſt zealous for the Weal-publick: which made the whole world conceive moſt excellent hopes of his government.

All the City was then in pomp, like to a noble Lady, who having laid aſide ſorrow, ſuddenly appeareth in the bravery of a bright habit. Never day ſeemed to ſhine more reſplendently to an afflicted people.

It was in the ſame time that S. *Fulgentius* coming from *Africk* to *Rome*, after he had viſited the Churches of the Martyrs, paſſed along by the Circus at the inſtant, when all theſe gallant ceremonies were performed, where he was ſo raviſhed, beholding the majeſty of the Emperour, the glory of his Senate, the luſtre of his nobility, the magnificence of the place, and the throng of innumerable people, that he cried out: *Oh how beautiful is* Jeruſalem *the celeſtial, ſince* Rome *the terreſtrial at this day appeareth with ſuch ſplendour! Good God! if you allow ſo much honour on earth, to thoſe who follow vanity, what glory will you give in heaven to your Saints, who ſhall behold verity?*

Quàm ſpecioſa debes eſſe Hieruſalem illa cœleſtis, ſi ſic fulget Roma terreſtris! Et ſi in hoc ſæculo datur tanti honoris dignitas diligentibus vanitatem, qualis honor et gloria tribuetur ſanctis contemplantibus veritatem?

The ceremony being ended, the King entertained all the Senate in a feaſt worthy of his greatneſs, and diſtributed liberalities to the people, which ſeemed to renew the face of ancient *Rome*. He diſpoſed himſelf, preſently to viſit all the places of the City, to know the condition of his Senatours, to inform himſelf of the humour of the people, to obſerve the ſtate of affairs, and to conſtitute the government.

It is moſt certain, he was indowed with a natural wit good enough, but he had withall ſo little experience in civil affairs, that he had much ado to ſign ordinary diſpatches.

Anonymus Author in ejus vita.

Behold the cauſe why a nameleſs Authour, who wrote his life in a very low ſtile, witneſſeth, that he uſually ſigning with four letters, cauſed them to be cut in copper, and clapping them on the paper, fetched the draught of his pen round about, to ſerve as a model, to the end that by this means he might give ſomewhat the better form to his writing. This want of experience cauſed him to tye himſelf conſtantly to two great States men, whereof the

Idem Author reſtatur.

firſt was our *Boetius*, whom he made Maſter of Offices, and ſuperintendent of his houſe, in ſuch ſort, that all paſſed by his counſel: the other was *Caſſiodorus*, of whom he made uſe, as of a moſt able and faithful Secretary to dictate all the letters and proceeding of the Kingdom.

Boetius, whom he in the beginning loved as the apple of his eye, and honoured as his father, gave him the forms and maxims of all that excellent policy, which we behold ſo reſplendent in his government. I will here couch ſome of them, that Politicians may ſee the happineſs, which commonly waiteth on States guided by the ways of conſcience The firſt maxim was, that King *Theodorick*, being an *Arian*, ſhould not onely abſtain from perſecuting and afflicting the Catholick Church in any kind whatſoever, either of himſelf or by any of his, but on the contrary ſhould cheriſh, honour, protect, and maintain it with all the extent of his authority, becauſe the experience of Ages had made it appear, that thoſe who were intereſſed in the perplexities of Religions contrary to the Catholick, had proſpered very ill: and that not going any further, the deportments of the Emperour *Anaſtaſius*, who then reigned in *Conſtantinople*, made it manifeſt enough, ſince he had involved himſelf in the hatred of the Clergy and people, to ſupport with paſſion certain novelties: and how on the contrary, ordinary practiſe had diſcovered, that all Monarchs, who had entertained good correſpondence and reſpect with Eccleſiaſticks, were evermore honoured in their government, and much happier in the ſucceſs of their affairs.

Theodorus Anagnoſtes Οτι τῷ Θεῷ μίσιν ἐπίλαξας, πῶς ἀνθρώπῳ φύλαξης συνείδησιν ὑγιαίνειν.

Theodorick ſo well obſerved this maxim, that to witneſs the zeal he bare to our Religion, he cauſed the head of one of his officers to be cut off, who having been bred in the Catholick Church, became an *Arian*, thinking by this means to be advanced into the good favour of his Maſter. But this brave King, *My friend*, ſaith he, *ſince thou haſt been diſloyal to God, I can never think thou wilt be faithful to thy Prince. Thou ſhalt waſh away the ſtain of thy treachery with thy blood, to teach poſterity, thou muſt not mingle the intereſts of God with the profane pretences of thy fortunes.*

He ſhewed himſelf very zealous to preſerve peace in the Church in a moſt dangerous ſchiſm raiſed in his time. For Pope *Anaſtaſius* being deceaſed, and they proceeding lawfully to the election of *Symmachus*, there was a *Senatour* of an unquiet ſpirit, who deſirous to make a Pope at the devotion of the Emperour of *Conſtantinople*, ſo to countenance his Extravagancies, banded Altar againſt altar: and cauſed an Antipope to be choſen, named *Laurentius*, which rent both Senate and Clergy into great partialities. But *Theodorick* very ſpeedily quenched the fire, and being well informed of the buſineſs, ſeeing *Symmachus* was firſt elected, and ſupported by the ſoundeſt part, he maintained him with a ſtrong hand againſt all the enterpriſes of adverſaries, who durſt not in the end reſiſt his authority.

Beſides, having publiſhed an Edict againſt the favourers of the *Heruli*, who perplexed the Province of *Genoa* and *Milan* whither they were retired, that fell out to be the cauſe of very many miſeries, and tears among the poor people, who having no ſupport ſo helpful unto them as the Biſhops, threw themſelves into the arms of *Epiphanes* and *Laurentius*, both great Saints and great Prelates, the one of *Pania*, the other of *Milan*. *Epiphanes* undertook to ſpeak and ſaid to the King:

Sir, Should I here reckon up all the favours which you have received from God, I might make you appear more ſparing in your deſires, then he hath been in his liberalities; ſince you have asked nothing of heaven which hath not ever ſurmounted your vows and hopes. But not to ſpeak at this time of ſo many prodigies, is it not a very great wonder to ſee you do juſtice in the th one of your enemy, and to behold us pleading the cauſe of your ſervants, with ſuch a confidence, in a place, which the terrour of arms had heretofore rendered ſo deadful?

Sir, It is the Saviour of the world, who hath given into your hand his people, which hath charged us with their requeſts. Take good heed, how you offend him by ill uſing the gift he hath offered you. Know how an inviſible power hath led you by the hand into ſo many encounters and battels, that the air, rain, and ſeaſons have favoured your ſtandards, as if they had been to you engaged. Now is the time you muſt acknowledg ſo many benefits by your piety, not deſpiſing the tears of the afflicted, which are the ſacrifices of ſupplians. The examples of your Predeceſſours, who have been caſt out of the throne for their iniquity

iquity, shew, you cannot establish it but in your virtues.

upon this consideration, your Country prostrate at your feet, most humbly beggeth, you would be pleased to sweeten the rigour of your laws, not only by doing good to the innocent, but by pardoning the culpable. For very little would our clemency be, if we did onely abstain to strike those who have given offence to none, not considering mercy is not made for any but the miserable. In revenging your injuries you shall do like men of the earth, and by pardoning, share in glory with that great Monarch of heaven, who daily maketh his sun to shine on criminal heads, as well as the most innocent.

The King made a most courteous answer, saying: There was no reason that earthly powers should resist the prayers of Bishops, who made heaven propitious: and that he remitted to all in general the punishments of death ordained by laws: but in so much that the ulcer must be purged, least by shewing himself too indulgent to vices, he might make them pass into example for posterity, the consideration of his state required the Authours of sedition should be removed, to the end their presence might not foment the evil.

Vitia transmittit ad posteros qui præsentibus culpis ignoscit.

The reply was found very reasonable, and letters of grace instantly dispatched by *Vrbicus*, who was one of the chiefest officers in the Court for expeditions.

He satisfied not himself with this favour: but calling the good Bishop into his cabinet, having highly commended him, sent him among the *Gauls* to redeem the *Italian* prisoners there, by reason the *Burgundians* in certain incursions had taken away very many: and others over-whelmed with the miseries, which proceed from civil wars, were voluntarily stept aside. The King gave commission to the Bishops to rally them to their troups, liberally defraying the charges that were necessary.

Cassiodor. l.2.c.1.29. There is also found one amongst his letters addressed to Count *Adela*, wherein he witnesseth, that though he had a great desire to preserve his people in full peace and repose, because the glory of a Prince consisteth in the tranquility of his subjects, yet that he principally intended the Churches should enjoy this favour, since in obliging them, the mercies and blessings of God were drawn on his kingdom and pursuing this course, he commanded Duke *Ida* to cause all the Ecclesiastical possessions to be restored, which some had usurped in *Languedoc*, after the death of *Alarick*. Observe the good foundations of piety which he laid by the counsel of *Boetius*.

The second Maxim was, to bend all his endeavours, and imploy his best thoughts for the comfort of the people, because there is not any way more powerful to gain the hearts of all the world, then by sweetning the sharpness of the times present, or the burdens of the passed. We have seen (said he) by experience, that those who are desirous to possess gold without the love of the people, have been very unsafe; that Kings differ not from other men, but in being powerful to do good, and that the common sort measure their greatness onely by their bounty: that is it, which heretofore made the Gods of Gentiles, and which maintaineth Monarchies on the firm rock of constancy.

Cassiodor. l.4.ep.16. *Theodorick* imbraced this care most particularly, for he punctually enquired after the losses of his poor subjects, and if he found any molested by the passage of some troups, or other like, he released them of taxes and ordinary subsidies, as it may yet be seen in his letters, and namely in one which he wrot to President *Faustus*, wherein he commanded him to hold his hand in this business, *Because* (saith he) *a body over-burdened sinketh to the ground, and that it were better to despise a slight gain, then to deprive himself of pretious things received from the love of subjects. The river which glideth along* (said he) *though it do no other spoil, still worketh out its channel, so companies of souldiers, which pass through towns and villages, though military discipline be there observed, fail not to bring thither with them much damage, and therefore it was his pleasure, the places should be recompenced which had been overcharged.*

Lib.4.Epist. 1.

For the same reason, he appointed fifteen hundred crowns of alms to be delivered to the venerable Bishop S. *Severinus*, to distribute them among the peasants, which he knew had been vexed with the harbouring of certain warlick companies. Verily, as it is no small temerity in particular men, who have neither any charge nor knowledge of affairs, to argue great men upon tributes, and the husbanding of their treasures; so would it be a neglect to conceal from them upon occasions the moderation they ought to use herein, since it is so exactly recommended by the law of God, and published in all histories.

If a stranger raised from the bottom of barbarism, shewed himself so Religious in matters of subsidies towards men, whom his arms had newly made tributary; Princes, and Lords of Christendom have good cause to consider what they owe to a people, which is given them as to Fathers and Protectours of the publick. There is no doubt, but the exorbitancies committed in such like affairs, are most important charges of conscience, which much clog a soul in the agonies of death, and in the dreadful judgement of Almighty God.

There is also to be seen an Edict of the same Prince, where having understood that in the payment of taxes, the rich made the heaviest part of the burden to fall upon the shoulders of the meaner, and that the undertakers of this business ill behaved themselves therein; he detesteth all these abuses, as injuries done to his own person, and gave full liberty to those who had been wronged to complain to him, that such order might be taken, as he should judge reasonable. This manner of proceeding made him so beloved, that other Princes having passed away like dreams of one night, he reigned thirty years in a most supereminent degre of respect which those, even of the religion contrary to his own, bare him.

The third Maxim given him by *Boetius*, was to make himself most exact in the exercise of justice, because it is the basis of thrones, and the spirit which animateth all government: and he so deeply impressed this in his heart, that the desire he had to render every one what was his, was changed in him to a most ardent thirst, and a continual hunger. He selected out the most untainted and uncorrupted Governours he could find, and spake these words unto them, related by *Cassiodorus*:

Use the matters so, that Judges of Provinces may be very careful in the observation of laws; that Tribunals spare not to thunder out sentences against ill manners; that theeves may fear the gates of your Palaces; that the adulterer may tremble before a chaste Officer; that the forger may feel horrour at the voice of a Herauld; and that all crimes may be banished from our territory; that no man oppress the poor; that persecutours be apprehended and pursued as disturbers of publick repose. You shall make a general peace when you have beaten down the authours of mischiefs which are committed. Let Captains contain their souldiers in all manner of discipline, in such sort that the labourer, the merchant, the sailer, and the artificer, may understand arms are not made, but for their defence. I will not likewise that my nearest allies be pardoned in any case of justice; since I have taken the Common-wealth into my charge, I have despoiled my self of my proper interests. I wish well to mine, but in the generality.

Cassiodor. var.l.12. Mihi propria cura dilapsa est, postquam generalem capi cogitavi, in custodia. Optavi meis bene, sed quod possit esse commune.

Pursuing the maxims I will recount an admirable passage, which he used among others, to make his justice remarkable. A *Roman* Lady left widow by

the

Manuscriptum P. Sirmondi. Jo. Bonus Magnus, & Leo Tenius. Ventus.

the death of her husband had lost a son born of this marriage, who was secretly stoln from her, and in servitude bred up in another Province. This childe grown up a young man, received notice from a good hand, that he was of free extraction, and son of a Lady, whose name was given him, her aboad, and all circumstances, which caused him to undertake a voyage to *Rome* with intention to make himself known unto her. He came directly to his mother, who was much perplexed with certain love-affairs, having betroathed her self to a man, who often promised her marriage, yet never accomplished it. This lover then absent, and detained by urgent affairs very far from *Rome*; the Lady had the space of about thirty days free, wherein she kept this young man in her house, acknowledging him, and particularly avowing him for her son, throughly convinced by evident tokens, so that then her charity was so great towards him, that she ceased not to weep for joy, in the recovery of her loss.

The thirty days expired, the Lover returned, and seeing this guest newly come to her house, demandeth of the Lady what man he was, and from whence he came. She freely answered, he was her son. He, whether moved by jealousie, thinking this might be but a colour, or that pretending the marriage of the widow, he would not have a charge of children, plainly told her, if she sent not away this found child from her lodging, never should she have any share in his affection. The unhappy creature surprized with love, to serve his passion, renounceth her own entrals, and readily banisheth from her house this son, over whom she had so many tears. The young man seeing himself as between the Hammer, and the Anvil, in so great a necessity of his affairs, hastneth to require justice of the King, who most willingly heard him, and commanded the Lady should be brought before him to be confronted by him. She stoutly denied all the pretensions of this young man, saying; *He was an Impostor and ungrateful, who not contenting himself to have received the charities of a poor creature in her house, needs would challenge the inheritance of children.* The son on the other side wept bitterly, and gave assurance, she had acknowledged him for her own, very lively representing all the proofs which passion and interest put into his mouth.

The King sounded all passages to enter into the heart of the Lady, and asked her whether she were not resolved to marry again. She answered, *If she met with a man suitable to her, she would do what God should inspire her.* The King replyed: *Behold him here, since you have lodged this guest thirty days in your house, and have acknowledged him so freely, what is the cause why you may not marry him?* The Lady answered: *He had not any means, which ever is necessary for houshold expence. And to what may your state truly amount*, saith the King? The Lady replyed, *She was very well worth a thousand crowns, which was great riches at that time. Well* (saith *Theodorick*) *I will give as much to this young man for his marriage, on this condition that you shall marry him.* She much amazed, began to wax pale, blush, tremble, and to shew all the countenances of a perplexed woman, who sought to excuse her self, but faltered in her speech. The King yet to affright her more, swore deeply she should marry him presently, or tell lawful causes of impediment. The poor woman condemned by the voice of nature which cried in her heart, and having horrour of the crime proposed unto her, cast her self at the feet of the King, with much profusion of tears, confessing her loves dissimulation and mishap. Then this great Prince taking the word from her: *Are not you a miserable woman* (saith he) *to renounce your own blood for a villain who hath deceived you; get you to your house, forsake these fond affections, and live in the conditions of a good widow, taking unto you such support from your son, as he by nature ought to afford you.* I leave to relate a singular example, upon the same subject, which I drew from the Chronicles of *Alexandria*, and cited in the third Book & one and twentieth Section of my first Tome.

The fourth Maxime, which *Theodorick* received from our Oracle, was to place deserving men in offices, and to ground his State upon rewards and punishments, which the ancient *Democritus* said, were the Divinities of Common-wealths.

The King laied this counsel upon his heart, and presently made *Boetius* Superintendent of Offices and Dignities, to the end his judgment might be as the character of the excellent qualities of such as should have principal Commissions. There was no speech at all either of favour, flesh, blood, or nation; all rewards were for men of judgment and virtue: when any one was designed for some office, long and serious inquiry was made of his condition, which being throughly known, the King gave approbation of him by writing to the Senate, or forgot not to put into account all his services and laudable actions, to the end, the sincerity of his proceedings might be known, and that he might cast a double lustre upon him, who received so great a benefit from his hands.

We may behold the practice hereof in many letters, which are to be found upon this subject, and namely, upon the advancement of *Cassiodorus* to the dignity of a *Patrician*, where the King writing unto him letters full of respect, makes a narration of his life and functions, wherein he had very well served his Majesty; and then said unto him: *Enjoy now the recompence of your travel, and doubly take the interests which you have contemned for the publick, for there are no riches more glorious, then to see your virtues crowned both by the testimony of the Prince, and by the praises which proceed from the mouth of all the world. It is a great happiness to oblige a King to confess, that a subject hath that already by his merit, which he grants him by his liberality.* Epist. 1. lib. 4.

This gave so great encouragement to the Nobility to dispose themselves to honour, by the degrees of honesty, that in few years the Court was replenished with persons qualified with parts of Science, & conscience, which are the two sources of good affairs.

The fifth Maxime was, the good husbanding of treasures which are not only the sinews, but the soul, blood, and life of the people.

It must be confessed, that the States of the world, are subject to great maladies: one while there is a drowsiness in affairs, that is the lethargy: sometimes a humour peccant and malign, composed of passions and errours which besiege the understanding, that is the Epilepsie; sometimes obstacles which hinder the light of good counsel, and they are Cataracts, which grow upon the eys: sometimes obdurations against good advice, that is hardness in the ears. sometimes a malicious silence of truth, that is the squinancy: sometimes oppressions, that is shortness of breath; sometimes want of courage, and those are the evils of the heart: sometimes: there is raised an exorbitant avarice, that is the bulimy, or dog-hunger: sometimes coldness and remisness to unlock Coffers for necessary uses, that is, the gout in the hand: sometimes negligences opportunely to take occasions, & that is the gout in the feet: sometimes fiery ambitions and enraged avarice, and they are feavers:

sometimes

sometimes you may observe malignities and inteſtine wars, which may be called the ſtone, and nephretick pains; ſometimes bloody agonies termed diſſenteries; ſometimes great corruptions of manners, that is the cachochymy: ſometimes ſuddain diſturbances, they are Eryſipela's: ſometimes ſtenches of hidden crimes, and that is an infection of the noſe, which the *Grecians* call *Lozena*: ſometimes there are diſcovered ſpots of impiety, that is the Leproſie: ſometimes an impotency in all the members, that is the Palſie; ſometimes a faintneſs over all the vital parts, that is the Ptiſick.

Never ſhould he have done, who would keep an account of all the maladies, which are ever dangerous in their ſources, and mortal in their iſſues: but this Ptiſick which drieth up the body, and maketh of a living man a kinde of ſpectre or anatomy, is one of the leaſt accidents: and this happeneth to a State through the ill manage of treaſures, contrary to the loyalty due to the ſacred perſons of Kings. That is it which maketh ſouldiers to mutiny, which offendeth the great, and giveth matter of indignation to the moſt reaſonable, and of murmure to all the world: whiles the one account in ſubſtance the gold and ſilver which they have purloined, and the other reckon in Idæa that which is ſpent, entertaining their thoughts with the deſire of a thing afar off, as if one would warm himſelf with the memory of fire.

This is it which bringeth contempt of a Common-wealth abroad, weakneſs at home, and miſery on all ſides: which maketh the people hungry, and a Prince neceſſitous in his own houſe. The effects of this diſeaſe are better known then the remedies thereof practiſed; for there are ordinarily in all States many Reformers, who have verily notable deſigns upon Treaſures; but there is the like uſe made of them, as of Tooth-picks before Dinner.

Theophraſt. de plantis. Ζωον πάνυ ἀργυροῦν. Money is of the ſect of inviſibles, no man knows what becomes of it in ſo many hands; thoſe who abuſe it, have ſo many kinds of jugling-tricks, which dazle eys, whileſt they fill their purſes. It is a goodly plant, as that which is called the Aſſodil, or Scepter-royal, which breeds bad little worms, that gnaw all the ſubſtance thereof, and hide themſelves under the leaves, till ſuch time that getting wings, they become Butterflies all ſpeckled over with flowers, and brave it over men in the air, whom they durſt not behold upon the earth.

The State of Great-ones is alſo an admirable tree, but it oftentimes covereth under its fair verdure, colour, and beauty, men which gnaw like worms, and who frame themſelves wings all enameled with glory at the charge of the publick, to take their flight over the heads of ſo many mortals, whom they look upon with a ſcornful eye, as if they had no further memory of the earth which bare them.

A Prince cannot more oblige his State, then to have an eye open to all theſe diſorders, and to make his money diſtil like blood through all the veins of the body, reſerving ever good Treaſures to render himſelf helpful to his ſubjects, terrible to his enemies, honourable to his Allies, and neceſſary to all the world.

Theodorick became ſo well verſed in this Maxime, that he let not, as it were, a day paſs, wherein he caſt not his eys upon the treaſure of his Exchequer, and that he took not the pains himſelf to ſum up his revenews and expences, to conform his undertakings to his coin. He was moſt exact to draw into his Coffers all innocent gains, and honeſt emoluments as much as he could, preſerving them very charitably for the neceſſities of the Realm. We may ſee this in many of his letters, and eſpecially in that which he wrote to *Saturninus* and *Verbuſius*, where he recommendeth unto them to have a great care of that, which is the beſt part of his Treaſures: and that as he deſireth not to burthen his people, ſo would he not have lawful monies to be loſt. He giveth a reaſon hereof which is very notable: *I have reaſon to avoid poverty* (ſaith he) *becauſe it is the mother of exceſs, and that there is nothing more pernicious then to be poor in Empire. The inquiry which I make after my rights, is the profeſſion of my innocency, and that as I would not avarice and extortions ſhould reign in my Palace, ſo will I from thence baniſh neceſſity.* *Caſſiod. l. 1 Ep. 19. Indigentiã juſtè fugimus quã ſuadet exceſſus, dum pernicioſa res eſt in imperante tenuitas*

The ſixth Maxime was that, which the ſeventy Sages gave among many other to King *Ptolomy*, when he asked of them the means how to govern well. It was their counſel to have, even in time of peace, warlike troops well entertained and guided, to add Majeſty to his State, and terrour to his enemies. That is it, which *Auguſtus Cæſar* did, to conſtitute his Empire, when he appointed certain revenues which he would not have employed on any other thing, but the entertainment of ſouldiers. That is it, which the Common-wealth did before him, ever holding in neceſſary places ſouldiers well diſciplined. That is it, which by the report of *Valerius Maximus* gave Cities, Provinces, and Kingdoms to the people of *Rome*. And *Theodorick* well acquitted himſelf upon this counſel when he ſaid: *War was never better made, then in time of Peace.* *Ex ep. 24, l. 5.* *Res prælio-rum bene diſponitur, quoties in pace tractatur.*

The ſeventh was well, to fortifie the Frontiers, whereof he was very careful, as he witneſſeth in an Epiſtle, which he wrote to the *Goths* and the *Romans* inhabiting at *Tortona*, giving them commandment to ſtrengthen this place, and not to expect the incurſions of the enemy at unawares. *For* (ſaith he) *all ſuddain things are inconſiderate, and it is too late to build up a Fort, when one is already in danger.* To that he added alſo the forces on the Sea, which are very neceſſary to unite the places of his Territory, to diſſolve the deſigns of his enemies, and to make himſelf great and awful; for the experience of the *Athenian* Wars with the *Spartans* ſufficiently diſcovereth in the Hiſtory of *Thucydides*, that they ever have moſt advantage who command the Sea-coaſt. One may ſee by the letters, that King *Theodorick* wrote to his Lievtenant *Abundantius*, with what vehemency he ſought to make himſelf able in this point, giving out ſtrait Commiſſions to build and rigg out great ſtore of Ships, wherein he thrived ſo well, that he vaunted the *Grecians* and *Africans*, had nothing to condemn in him. *Caſſiod. l. 1, ep. 17.* *Lib. 5. ep. 16.*

The eighth recommended unto him, notwithſtanding his great forces, to entertain peace and good intelligence with his neighbours, to the end, that being leſs buſied in forrein wars, he might have full leiſure to manure his Kingdom with good government, which he did, as we may behold in his Epiſtles, entertaining thoſe Princes with teſtimonies of affection, congratulation in their proſperities, conſolations in their adverſities, embaſſages, and preſents, which were more witty then coſtly. His letter to our *Clodoveus* well ſheweth, that he highly valued above all, the Alliance of *France*, when he proteſteth the ſafety of the Kingdom is his own proper glory, and that he ſhareth in all the proſperities which happened to this great King. *Ep ſt 41. l. 3*

The ninth counſelled him to love letters, cheriſh learned men, who are the Trumpets of the glory of Princes, and make them lead a pleaſing and happy life in the eſtimation of poſterity; and conſequently to cheriſh Arts, invite brave Maſters, maintain

Merchants,

Merchants, discourse even with Labourers with much sweetness, by the example of *Augustus Cæsar*, which he so exactly did, that he rendred himself very amiable to all the world, in such manner humbling himself to the meanest, that he disdained not to be among Peasants to talk with them in their trades, and for their honour, till the earth with his own hands.

The tenth was to take away the riot of particulars, and shew himself magnificent in publick matters, as in buildings, theaters, necessities, and recreations of the people, still undertaking something great for the majesty of the Kingdom, and commodity of the Common-wealth. Towards which he was transported with much fervour and reason, rasing many goodly Fabricks, and repairing the honour of places of consideration, even to the equalling of ancient *Rome*. For he saith in an Epistle which he wrote to one *Agapitus*, Governour of the City, that he would not subscribe in ornaments to the Ancients, since he paralelled them in the happiness of his age. As in effect, whilest he observed these excellent Maximes, his Kingdom was indeed a Realm of justice, peace, and plenty, beheld by all as the miracle of the world.

The fifth SECTION.

The honours of Boetius, *and alteration of* Theodorick.

Boetius was honoured with so great respect for the many excellent qualities resplendent in his person, that from the foundation of *Rome*, scarcely might a man be found of the long Robe mounted to such an eminency of honour, by the degree of civil prudence, learning, and virtue.

It is a very notable thing, that not only the King made him three times Consul, but needs he would through abundance of his love, that his sons, who were yet very young, should be advanced to the Consulship. A matter not ordinary, but titular and of favour, and very rarely given, but to those who were singularly to be gratified.

Himself confesseth, that if joy were to be derived from frail honours of the world, he had cause enough to rejoyce on that day, when he saw his two sons carried in Pomp through the City in a triumphant Chariot, accompanied with the whole Senate, and attended by an infinite concourse of people, who ceased not to congratulate the father and the children, as the off-spring of a race, born for the good of the Common-wealth.

The same day he made in full Senate an Oration of thanksgiving to *Theodorick*, for the large liberalities extended towards his house, which was delivered with such a grace, that in conclusion they presented him a Crown, as to the King of eloquence. He likewise gave notable largesses to all the people, and appeared in the great Court of the Circus, sitting in the middest of his two Consuls in presence of the whole City, having his heart repleniſhed with content, and tears of joy in his eys for the affections which the people witnessed.

To crown all those blessings of fortune, he had married a wife, held one of the most accomplished Ladies under Heaven. For, which is very rare, she enjoyed a great spirit, a singular modesty, and an excellent chastity, of whom *Boetius* sufficiently to praise her, said in one word; *She was the image of her father* Symmachus, who had given her to him in a most chast and happy marriage.

Now this *Symmachus* called the pearl and pretious ornament of the whole world, was a Senatour, who seemed to be composed of nothing but wisdom and virtue, for which cause he then lived in much reputation: and all this family of *Boetius* was in such sort esteemed, that *Ennodius* writeth, it was *a vein of purple*, signifying thereby it contained therein all great dignities, no otherwise then as veins inclose the blood. He notwithstanding addeth, those purples encreased by the lustre of *Boetius*, who possessed them: and after when *Rome* became the prize of those who subdued it, it being no longer lawful for Consuls to reap Palms in the fields of battels, he equalled the ancient triumphs by the greatness of his judgment.

a Ennodius in epist. ad Boetium, l. 1. epist. 1. Vena purpurarum. Purpura possessoribus cre-scentes.

Gerebert, an Authour who wrote of those times, calleth this *Boetius* the father and light of his Country, who managing the reins of the Empire in the quality of a Consul, spared not to diffuse by the force of his ability in good letters, all the lustre they had, equalling them with the wits of *Greece*.

Tu Pater, & Patriæ lumen, Severine Boeti,
Consulis officio, rerum dispone habenas,
Infundis lumen studiis, & cedere nescis
Græcorum *ingeniis*.
Boetius, thou Father and Countries-light,
Dispos'st Consuls office, common right,
Giv'st studies radiant lustre; and no whit,
In any thing submit'st to *Grecian* wit.

Gerbertus l. 1. Epigr. Pithæ.

Verily, we may see by that which followeth in this History, the little assurance may be had either in men, or favours. If men be vessels who do nothing all their life-time but play with the winds; favours are waves of glass, which fail not to shiver themselves against the Rocks. We would think the Moon much greater then all the Stars, were it not that the shadow of the earth, which we make use of to measure it, causeth the contrary to appear; and we might have some opinion, these great dignities of the world, had much eminency above all that which is here below; were it not, that they daily fall into shadows and phantasms of nothing, which well approve, we have much illusion in our eys, since these greatnesses have taken such estimation in our hearts.

Jealousie a bad daughter born of a good house, which is that of love and honour, divideth beds, and Empires, and hath ever eys so bleared, that it cannot endure a ray of the virtue or prosperity of another. And for that cause, the lustre which proceeded from the house of *Boetius* in such manner, as day progresseth from the gates of the East, failed not at all to give suspicions to King *Theodorick*, who seeing himself a stranger, and ignorant among *Romans*, & men of so great counsel, being not able to derive any other recommendation to himself, but what the sword gave him, envied so many heavenly riches as were contributed to the happiness of his Empire.

The change, which then succeeded at *Constantinople* greatly fortified his distrusts: for it is written that *Anastasius* an Emperour, who had done nothing in the Throne but create Schisms, beholding the Laurels of *Cæsar* wholly withered on his head, had some distast both of life, which he had passionately loved, and of the Scepter possessed with so much ambition. It is certain, that being one day in the Circus, as he espied a furious sedition whispered against him, he voluntarily laid down his Crown, and let the people know by his Heralds he was willing to be rid of the Empire, which for some time appeased the most passionate: notwithstanding, being greatly hated, and foreseeing he could not make much longer aboad in the world, he began to reflect on

on his Successors, desiring to transfer to the Throne one of his three Nephews, whom he had bred up, having no male issue to succeed him. There was difficulty in the choice, and he having a soul very superstitious, put that to lot, which he could not resolve by reason: for he caused three beds to be prepared in the royal chamber, and made his Crown to be hanged within the Tester of one of these beds, called the Realm, being resolved to give it to him who by lot should place himself under it. This done, he sent for his Nephews, and after he had magnificently entertained them, commanded them to repose themselves, each one chusing one of the beds prepared for them. The eldest accommodated himself according to his fancie, and hit upon nothing: the second did the same. He then expected the youngest should go directly to the crowned bed, but he prayed the Emperour he might be permitted to lie with one of his brothers, and by this means not any of the three took the way of the Empire, which was so easie to be had, that it was not above a pace distant. *Anastasius*, much amazed, well saw God would transfer the Diadem from his race; and it is also added, that he likewise knew by revelation, that it was *Justine* who should succeed, for he having determined to kill him, with *Justinian*, heard a voice which spake in his heart, and said: *He should take good heed to touch these two personages, because they should do, each one in their turn, good services to God.*

Zacharias and M. S. Sirmundi.

Afterward as this *Justine* being ever near the person of the Emperour, one day by chance set his foot on the train of his robe, the Emperour looking back, *Thou holdest me* (said he) *by the gown, and shalt follow me; but stay a while, your time is not yet come*: which much amazed all there present, who thought him to speak like a man distracted, not conceiving what he would say.

In a few days this *Anastasius*, who so much feared thunder, that he fled into a Cave so soon as at any time he heard the least notice thereof, was slain by a thunder-stroke upon the very stairs of the place which he had chosen for a sanctuary. *Justine* derived from base birth, and mounted through all the degrees of War to the dignity of the Captain of the Guard, was chosen Emperour; of whom, he being a valiant man and wel beloved, *Theodorick* began to conceive a great jealousie, stil fearing he might take out of his hands the Empire he had usurped.

The beginning of the storm was, that *Justine* an Emperour most Catholick, treated the *Arians* of *Constantinople*, who had been tolerated under *Anastasius*, with the severity ordained by laws, despoilingthem of Churches, which they had boldly usurped. They failed not to address their complaints, and offer up their grievances to the ears of *Theodorick*: who interpreting the disgrace of his sect to the contempt of his person, entred into violences more fit for a Barbarian then a King, who had been trained up to civility by such good counsels, for he threatned to turn all *Rome* into fire and blood, if the Emperour *Justine* did him not right, and for this purpose he sent Pope *John*, commanding him to go speedily to *Constantinople* to cause the Churches to be rendred to the *Arians*, supposing his dignity would procure him full power with the Emperour. The Pope answered, he had made very ill choice of him for such an Embassage, that the rank he held in the Church permitted him not to be a provider of Churches for the *Arians*, and that if he had any bad design upon his person, he was ready to stretch out his neck for the defence of the Church, there being no need for him to pass the seas for this, and undertake the voyage.

This made him enter into much greater extravagancy, threatning the City with a deluge of blood if it were not remedied: Behold the cause, why the Pope was intreated to go to *Constantinople*, and to find some way how to sweeteen affairs, yet to let nothing pass to the prejudice of his conscience. He yielded to the tears of the people, and undertook the voyage of *Constantinople*, accompanied with some of the principal Senatours, where the Emperour *Justine* received him with much submission, and unspeakable magnificence.

Theodorick expecting the issue of this great Embassage, which was not so soon ended, entred further and further into a vast labyrinth of suspicions and jealousies; beginning to distrust *Roman* Senatours, and to monopolize all affairs with his *Goths*, which was the beginning of his ruine. He at that time did four things which infinitely grieved all good men.

The first was, he advanced two, who appeared like two comets over the heads of mortals: The one was called *Gongiastus*, and the other *Trigilla*, both men of rapine & concussions, who by their evil deportment did much disgrace the authority of their Prince.

The second was, that he who heretofore used great moderation in matter of subsidies, bare himselfe therein most inordinately, by the perswasion of those two Goths, who were prodigiously covetous, and insatiable in their avarice.

The third was, that in a great scarcity of victuals, he caused all the corn to be taken out of the fields near *Rome*, enforcing every one by an expres Edict to sell that little which he had upon a very low price for the Kings own granaries, and the entertainment of souldiers; which gave occasion of many tears, the poor entering into despair, if the force of this Edict should be of long continuance.

In the end, for a fourth violence, he fell upon the most eminent Senatours, dispoiling them of their goods, and threatning them banishment and death under suspicions of treasons.

Boetius endeavoured to cure *Theodorick* by all the sweetest wayes: but seeing his spirit was become very dark, and much altered in all that which might be said reasonable, not to loose honour and good conscience in the generall shipwrack he foresaw, he began to roar like a Lion against the corruptions of this mercenary Court.

He stoutly set upon these two powerful favourites, and resisted them in the greatest vigour of their credit, with such liberty and constancy, that it wel from that time forward appeared this man had his soul in his hand, being ever ready to resign it for the defence of justice. *Trigilla*, who was the Superintendent of the whole government of the Empire, and the instrument of King *Theodorick*, would fain seem an able man, and to give colour of wisdom and reason to actions disproportionable, namely in that Edict published concerning the great heaps of corn, amassed together in the magazine of the Prince, in the sharp wants and indigencies of the people. *Boetius* lowdly blamed this manner of proceeding, and ceased not to declare the miseries of Provinces in words very effectual, demanding audience of the King, for the good of his State.

Theodorick, whether he had not as yet altogether renounced the reputation of a righteous Prince, or that he thought his great favourite *Trigilla* was grounded upon most pertinent reasons, and strong encounters of affairs, which made him stir up these

novelties, would needs in his cabinet hear a conference between *Boetius* and *Trigilla* concerning the Decrees; where *Boetius* defended the cause of the poor, with such weight of reasons, prudence, and courage, that he hindered the battery of *Trigilla*, and prevailed so far with the Prince, that he procured him to revoke his Edicts: whereupon these two favourites with all the faction which followed them, finding themselves immeasurably offended, began more and more to cast into the soul of *Theodorick*, already much changed, infinite distrust against *Boetius*, and the whole Senate. And then *Paulinus* and *Albinus*, two personages the best qualified in *Rome*, who had run through all the most honourable charges of the Common-wealth, were very ill intreated by suggestions and suspitions, which these men had raised against them. *Boetius*, seeing the affairs reduced to such a pass, where dissimulation could not repair them, spake in the end to *Theodorick*, in full Senate with all the libertie which his conscience dictated unto him, saying:

SIR, I am not ignorant that we are in a time, wherein it is as it were much easier to flie then to speak of the State of this Empire without offence to any, and that all discourse, which at this present may be framed, will ever be suspected by those, who have made even our thoughts criminal to your Majestie.

Yet must I needs say, it is a matter very hard to be silent in so great revolutions of affairs, since nature hath not created us like Crocodiles, who are said to have eys to weep and not a tongue to complain. I perceive we loose as it were all that which we have of Romane *in us, and that in this universal disaster, where all the world should strengthen their arms against violence, men are contented to do, as in a thunder, every one prays the thunder-bolt may not fall upon his own house, and very little regards the danger of his neighbour: So likewise we see many Senatours, whose dignity ought to put into their mouthes good and forcible words for the defence of justice, satisfying themselves to avoid the blow, and expecting safety in common ruines.*

As for my self I freely protest, that being born of blood, which never learned to flatter any man, and seeing my self in a rank where my silence may prove injurious to the publick, since I cannot uphold liberty already too much leaning to its ruin, I will at least support the image of it, and in so general a servitude, speak something, wherein I will either discharge my conscience for the present, or comfort my ashes for the time to come.

Alas Sir, when I behold you sitting upon the Throne of glory, whereunto the hand of God seemeth to have raised you by miracle, fortified you by discretion, and blessed you with so many prosperities; I cannot chuse but remember with the most tender resentments of my heart, the calms of the first years, when you took into your hand the stern of this large Empire. Who ever saw divers mettals so happily commixed, as we then beheld different Nations united in one entire body, under your authority? What consint in affections? What correspondence in all orders? What vigour in laws? What obedience in subjects? What agreement in the Senate? What applause among the people? What policie in Cities? What good fortune in arms? What blessing in all the success of your affairs.

Seemed it not, that God had affixed to your Standards and Edicts some secret virtue, which made the one triumph in war, and the other becom prosperous in peace; with so much terrour and reputation, that even things opposite of their own nature, knit themselves firmly together for your benefit?

O Sir, what is become of that golden face of your government? Who hath Metamorphosed it into this leaden visage? Perhaps you thought it was a part of the greatness of your Majestie, to hold a Senate under, to whom all the good Emperours have so much ascribed, that they esteem them as necessary for their greatness, as leaves about the Rose to set out its beautie.

Justin. Germany. hist. l. 6. *I could tell you Sir, how much these Counsels are pernicious, were it not that the experience of the years of your reign hath taught you more, then all the malignity of men can deface. If you will be pleased to call as yet to counsel your wit & understanding, which God hath replenished with so many fair and noble lights, believe me you should finde this people in as the beard Basil, which rendereth a good savour, as it is said, when gently handled, and createth scorpions when rudely chafed. Hold us in the estimation and condition, wherein you hitherto have retained us, and you shall see nothing more tractable then the* Romane *people: but if you proceed with those violences, by which some daily pervert your good nature, it is to be feared, least this severity produce not rather poison, even for those who hope out of it to derive sweetness.*

Our enemies cease not to exasperate you, upon want of respect due to your Majesty, and yet God knows we have so regarded royal authority, that seeing it in most unjust hands, where it lost its lustre, we suffered it not to loose the fruit of our obedience.

Allow Sir, the liberty, which ever hath been the most pretious inheritance of this Empire, you have placed men over our heads, who to become great and unwilling to seem any thing less then what they are, seek to smother in our miseries, the baseness of their own birth, and believe the means to justifie their own carriage, is to take away eys from those, who have them, and to render tongues mute, least they may learn a truth. Now adays to be born rich is to become a prey, and to arrive at government with some supereminences of wit, is to raise enemies; all great actions are suspected; and it seemeth that to find safety, we must seek it either in ignorance or idleness,

We have so learned to obey, that we would not hitherto so much as inter into consideration of the distribution you made of your favours, leaving them more free unto you then are in the Sun his rays, and conteating us to honour the character of your Majestie as well on Rocks, as Marbles and Silver. But now when we see the pretious interests of the Kingdom, in hands less pure then we wish, what else can we do in so publick a calamity, but here most humbly remonstrate, that which the subtile dissemble, the miserable suffer, the good deplore, and even the very stones relate.

Where is the time, Sir, when we heard those noble words to proceed from your mouth, That the flock may be sheared, not flayed; that a body overcharged, sunk to the ground; that there was no tribute comparable to the precious commodities derived from the love of Subjects? *And now all the Cities and Countries, bewail the rigorous contussions they feel, to satisfy with their sweat and blood, the avarice of some particulars, who are notwithstanding, as greedy as fire, and more unsatiable then the abyss.*

I exasperate not here our miseries, by an amplification of words: I have, Sir, made you to set, when you pleased to hear me in your Cabinet, the tears of Provinces, which softened your heart to compassion, and opened your hands to liberality, so that if your good affections be not altered by some, you are capable enough to discharge heaven of all promises, which it hath made unto us by the happiness of your Empire.

Unseal those eys which you so oft have opened for the comfort of your poor subjects, and in what part soever you turn them, you shall behold nought but miseries. Is it not a strange thing, that slaves being sometimes sold to courteous Masters, sweeten the sharpness of their condition by some gentle usage, and that there should be none, but the people of Rome, *who yearly buy out their bondage? None but the people of* Rome, *who were made accountable for the goods pulled from them, and tributary for the ship-wrack of their poverty?*

From thence the way is taken to the oppression of Magistrates, and some are perswaded, that throughly to mow the Meadow, you must humble the heads of plants most eminent, Paulinus *is despoiled,* Albinus *is guilty of Treason, they be culpable enough since they are rich and powerful. It is said, there can be no safety found, but in their disgrace. And who seeth not, that these proceedings tend to the ruine of that most noble body, which almost thirty years maintained your royal Crown?*

Out alas, Sir, if we exclaim against Witches, who poison Fountains, how can we be silent, seeing endeavour is used to invenom the soul of the Prince, who is the source of all counsels, to the end we may hereafter find poison, where we hoped for remedie?

Sir, onely behold and imitate your self; re-assume that spirit which made you reign in our hearts, as well as in our Provinces: distinguish flatterers from true friends; hearken to those, whose loyalty you have known in the succes of so many prosperities.

Remember your self, that you were made to reign over men, not as a man, but as the law: to bear your subjects in your bosom, and not trample them under-foot; to teach by example and not constrain by force, to be a Father of Citizens, and not a Master of Slaves.

Remember your self, Kings are given by Heaven for the use of people, and that they ought not to have so much regard to the extent of their power, as not to consider the measure of their obligations. Handle the matter so, that the greatness of your Majestie may appear in its goodness, and that this word which you heretofore had in your mouth, may stick eternally in your heart, when you said: A good Prince ought not to fear any thing so much, as to be too much feared.

This oration greatly enkindled minds, and King *Theodorick* was so much amazed at this liberty, that he seemed not wel setled in his countenance, he onely said in few words, he would give all satisfaction to the Senate, when time had cleared this business, whereof he would inform himself, that it might be treated at the next Session.

Trigilla

Trigilla, *Conigastus*, and *Cyprianus* the principal of the faction of the *Goths*, seeing themselves touched to the quick, resolved the time was now come, wherein either they must be lost, or *Boetius* undone; so that after this assembly, they ceased not to besiege the soul of the King, who was become jealous, melancholy, and timorous, with a thousand objects of distrust upon the practice of *Boetius*, assuring him the conspiracie was wholy contrived and plotted at *Constantinople* by Pope *John* and his Complices, at *Rome* by *Boetius*, *Paulinus* and *Albinus*, who had marvellous correspondencies. Not content with this, they gained some mercenarie people, they practised with false witnesses, they counterfeited letters, forged and sealed in the name of *Boetius*, and said all that which their passion suggested.

This is it which gave the most dangerous assault upon the mind of the Prince, for he having read their papers, and heard some depositions, which they gave him notice of, would have no further information to be resolved, but speedily assembling the Senate, entred with his papers in hand, shewing in his countenance the trouble of his thoughts, and spake in these terms:

This last Oration, which Boetius *made in this place, was the Trumpet of a conspiracie plotted against my State. I wonder not a whit that he made it his task to disgrace our government with so great ornament of eloquence, to transport your minds into rebellion: but I marvel much how he would promise himself to draw to his partie, complices from a bodie so innocent as yours. All my officers displease him, as an enemy of the good offices are done me; and all the favours which I allot to the merit of mine, are so many crimes in mine own person with this man, who draweth poison from all that which serveth others for nourishment. He, whom the Prince raiseth, serves as an object for his envy, and it hath ever been an injury to appoint him a companion in his honours. He deploreth the miseries of the publick, as if he were father thereof; and it seemeth to him all is lost, which justice putteth into any other hands then his own.*

Had the Gepides *and* Bulgarians *forraged over all* Italy, *he would not frame any other complaints, then he doth of the State of our Kingdom; where thanks be to God, there is nothing so grievous, but it may seem a silver Age, if we compare it to the Empire of those who have gone before us. Besides, our good subjects esteem not themselves so unhappy under me, but that they think my preservation is the source of their felicities. But needs must he have pretext of piety to colour his design, and to take upon him a title of Protectour of the people, to make himself usurper of mine Empire. Verily would ambition be satisfied, I have performed for this man all that, which may be done to such as are the most greedie of honour, raising him to all eminent charges, and given even to his children almost in their infancie, dignities, which have been reputed in this Commonwealth, as prodigies. But in doing this, I sought bottom in an abyss, where it was not to be found.*

I have suffered all these extravagancies so long as I could possible, ever thinking to complain of him, was to draw convulsions upon mine own proper entrails: but since forgetting all respect of dutie, he cannot be unmindful of his own nature, which is to do evil to those who wish him well, I demand of you in the quality of a King, that justice which you would afford to the meanest of my Kingdom.

I have not his eloquence to amplify Impostours, but I enjoy some strength of understanding to judge of a truth. Behold here, most loyal subjects, those who will depose the conspiracie he hath plotted against my state. Behold here letters signed with his own hand, which were dispatched to the Emperour Justine, *to call him to my ruin. You may judge hereupon, and ordain what shall be reasonable, it being not my intention to pretend here any other satisfaction, then what the laws afford me.*

As soon as he had spoken this, he caused his witnesses to come in, who were one *Basilius*, *Opilion*, *Gaudentius*, men of lost conscience and reputation. *Theodorick* notwithstanding caused them to be openly heard, and without exception, against the innocent. Then he began to produce that goodly letter, addressed to the Emperour of the East, which was wholy counterfeited by the damnable impostures of one named *Cyprian*.

The poor *Boetius* found himself at the instant like the just *Naboth* in the midst of these perverse creatures, & what industrie soever he used for the declaration of his innocency, it was oppressed by a powerful faction, which transported minds either through corruption or weakness, to the ruin of virtue.

The King pressed the Senatours to deliver their opinion thereupon: they, who were desirous not to appear suspected, confidently cast the stone against the accused, and thought his condemnation would be their freedom; others who were enemies, bare themselves in it with much animositie, there remained some few feeble souls who followed the course of violence: so that banishment was decreed against *Boetius*, according to the intention of *Theodorick*.

Verily, if there be any thing worthy of commiseration in the world, it is to behold offenders sit as Judges upon the blood of an innocent, and to consider that afflicting a man with all extremitie, they also deprive him of the precious jewel of reputation, which maketh us live in the estimation of honest men, a pleasing and spiritual life, as do many great ones in the memory of all ages.

The wise *Boetius* after he had wasted himself with love and travel for his Country, is taken out of the bosom thereof, as a man treacherous, and put into the hands of the Guard to lead him to *Pavia*, the place of his imprisonment.

He was not suffered to speak with his father-in-law *Symmachus*, for all those who were honoured with his friendship are sequestred; scarcely had he the means to give the last adieu to his wife *Rusticiana*, who seeing her husband suddenly fallen from so eminent a dignity into such disaster, could not contain from saying unto him with scalding tears:

Sir, is this then it, which your innocencie hath deserved? If the King be resolved to put you to death, why suffereth he still a piece of your selfe to live, which hath ever been so dear unto you? I have courage enough to follow you either in exile, imprisonment, or death. But *Boetius* replied again in few words, that he might not any further increase her grief: *Madam, the hour is not yet come, trouble not your self to see me suffer for justice. It is a title of honour which God hath reserved for his children. The education which you have derived from your good father, and the instructions you have received from me, give me occasion to hope you will bear this accident with a Christian resolution. My daughter, it is not fit that our tears, which fall from so much a higher place as we have been bred in greatness, may shew any dejection in the estimation of men. Support your self a little under your burthen, and open your heart to the consolations of heaven, since those of earth are mingled with so much acerbities.* Then turning to his children all dissolved into tears: *My children,* (saith he) *God hereafter will become your father. Make provision of great virtues, which have ever been the inheritance of our house, for all other blessings are but dust and wind. This is the lesson which God giveth you in the change of my fortune. Comfort your good mother by the dutie of faithful obedience, and live in hope: Perhaps you shall see me again, if it please God, sooner then you imagine.*

These words were arrows that pierced these faithful hearts with most just resentments of nature, which could not quickly end, notwithstanding all the lenitives that might be applied.

The sixth SECTION.

The imprisonment of Boetius.

THe great changes of fortune, which suddenly happen, have this property in them, that they strike our souls as waves not foreseen, and give us the blow before we have leisure to understand our selves. The poor *Boetius* seeing himself between four walls, sequestered from the City, which had served as a theater of glory for all his house, taken away from the love of his own, bereft of his Library, and

all the most precious accommodations of life, shut up as a victim destined for a bloody sacrifice, found himself in the beginning surprized with an overwhelming sadness, as he hath left expressed in writing. He bewailed with broken sighs his innocency unworthily handled; he traced in his thoughts the marks of his former fortune; he cast his eys upon his forsaken family, which seemed to him in the Lyons throat; he called into memory the unworthiness of his accusers who had been heard against him, the ingratitude of the Senate that had condemned him for being faithful unto them, the cruelty with which this sentence was executed, the wrack of his means, the loss of his reputation, and all the black horrours which a man declared criminal of treason, figureth to himself.

Then I can dure misfortuns averteris à te, Et flentes oculos claudere fœva negas. Lib. 1. Metr. 1.

In this abyss of disturbances, he was displeased as it were with death, which layeth hold on so many young men that desire nothing but to live, and deigned not so much as to shut up his eys, which he perpetually moistened with his tears. Hereupon we may see, that the most couragious spirits, in these accidents so strange and unexpected, ever pay some tribute to the natural passions of men. But likewise on the other side, we shall observe the power which a well rectified judgment hath over it self, when we behold it to dissipate all the troubles and agitations of the heart by the vivacity of reason, and use of precepts of wisdom, which he most exactly practised in this his captivity.

We have also the book of his Consolation, composed in this prison: which is verily in the judgment of learn'd men, one of the most excellent pieces of work that may be framed on this subject; where he introduceth Philosophie, who visiting and awakening him from this dead sleep of sadness.

What Boetius (saith she) *are you be then, whom I have fed with my milk, whom I have cherished with so good nutriments, and bred up until you arrived to the strength of mans estate? Verily I have given you arms, which would strengthen you against all the strokes of fortune, were it not that you have forsaken them. Know you me no longer? From whence proceedeth this silence? Tell me, is it out of shame or stupidity? I had rather it were derived from a just bashfulness, but as far as I can perceive, you are become wholly senseless. Will you say nothing to me? Ah poor man, he is not absolutely lost, but so neer as I can guess, he hath a Lethargie, a common disease with those, who suffer themselves to be transported with illusions of the mind. He hath forgot himself, but he will recover, when he shall know me. Let us onely wipe his eys surcharged with terrestrial humours, and covered with a thick cloud of the world.*

This done, *Boetius* came to himself, and framed an admirable Dialogue with this Queen of spirits, to which I remit the Reader, contenting my self to observe here the principal arguments, which served him for his Consolation, to the end we may learn with him in our afflictions, to fix our resolutions on the will of God, and suck honey from the Rock, as the Scripture speaketh.

Lib. 1. prof. 6. *Maximus fomes salutis, vera de mundi gubernatione sententia.*

The first reason proposed to him by this Wisdom descended from Heaven, was to ask of him, what opinion he had of the Providence of God, and whether he thought the world moved by chance, or were governed by reason? *God forbid* (saith *Boetius*) *that I ever come to th s degree of folly, to think that all here below is casually done. I know God ruleth in the world, as in an house built by his own hands, and that nothing happeneth in the affairs of men, but either by his command or permission.* Thereupon Philosophie crieth out. *Just God! it is verily marvellous, that a man who hath such an understanding of the Divine Providence can be sick of the disease, wherewith I see you surprized. My friend, you entred into the world, as into a list or circle, whereof this Providence hath made the circuit with his own hands. It is fit you patiently* Lib. 1. prof. 1. & alibi. *suffer all that happeneth to you, within these limits, as an ordinance of God, to which you have submitted your self. It is he who governeth our lives, our conditions, our fortunes. If you be resolved to give law to the policie of the Omnipotent, from whom you ever ought to receive it, what else will you gain, but to make your self mutinous, and to render your condition more troublesom by your impatience?*

I pray you think with your self, if you were embarqued in a vessel, you must go according to the impulsion of winds, and not the motion of your affections. If you till and sow, you shall have fruitful and barren years, according to the diversity of seasons; and you would have a fortune ever equal and perpetually stable? you would hold back by force of arms its chariot incessantly circumvolving? Are not you very simple not to know, that if she were not inconstant, she could no longer be fortune?

Go not about here to question with me upon the afflictions of good men, and the prosperities of evil. What injurie doth God to an innocent, if he allot him the share of all those great souls, whom he will not entertain in the pleasures of an idle life, but in the exercise of vertue? Know you not there are fishes that die in standing waters, and are delighted in the bubling of sluces? Great spirits go all that way, they no more loose themselves in tribulation, then the sun in his eclipse, which onely serveth to make him more resplendent.

Si miserum est volusse prava, potuisse miserius est. Lib. 4. Prosa. 4.

And what advantage, think you, do the wicked derive from the benefits of this life? Is there any thing more miserable then to be transformed into a beast by the enormities of vices, and to add impunitie to so many crimes? You say, they do whatsoever they list; and I say they are thereby so much the more miserable: for if it be an unhappiness to desire an evil, it is a double misery to have the power to execute it,

If all offenders were punished according to their demerit, they should have some benefit which they have not, to wit, the punishment of their misdeeds, which being a work of justice cannot but be good; they should have some bridle to stay their exorbitancy, some apprehension of the judgments of God; which being stole from them by long prosperities, what else remaineth for them but to pass to extremity of punishments by the extremity of crimes? For my part, if I should throughly punish a depraved man, I would ordain for him neither wheels, flames, nor tortures, but I would burst him with honours, gold, silver, and riches; and when he were full up to the throat, I would draw aside the curtain, to let him see virtue and Paradise, of which he had betrayed the one and lost the other, by the disaster of his carriage.

Lib 3. Met. 2. *Quid dignè flebilibus mentibus imprecer, &c.*

The second question which *Philosophie* asked him, was, if he knew well who himself was? And *Boetius*, answering, He was a man of honour, reviving the memory of the great riches and dignities he had enjoyed heretofore. *Verily* (saith she to him) *I well see there is much forgetfulness of your condition, and niceness in your complaints. If God had put gold as well as blood into your veins, and given you leave to be born full stuffed with precious stones, or laden with honours and dignities from your mothers womb, you had some cause to deplore, that the inheritances of your birth were taken from you: but who are you, or from whence come you? I could tell you how many years it is since you were born a little infant, all naked, creeping on the earth, and having a mouth open to cries and hunger, which had not so much as one little hair on the body to cover it; and now you take upon you the spirit of a Monarch, and think you have nothing, if you possess not all? Verily are you not one of the most miserable, if you do not know how to take contentment in that which is left you, and not still to tie your selfe to sorrows for that which you have lost? You have a father-in-law which is* Symmachus, *one of the most excellent men in the world, you have a wife, the pearl of her sex, you have children of great hope. How many things would you buy at the price of your life, if you had lost them? And yet you think you are miserable when you possess them, and when they are employed with all their endeavour for your deliverance.*

vide Tem. Lib. 2. de Consideratione cap. 19.

Your vessel doth yet lie at anchor, and is not altogether broken: I see comfort in something for the present, and hope for the future; and happen what soever will, I will save you by swimming. But needs must I freely confess, that I find a little niceness in this your act, when you deplore with so much bitterness and affliction the petty wants of your condition. Tell me, I pray you is there any man in the world, who possesseth a felicitie so full and free, as not to dispute with his fortunes, to make his estate more happie? The condition of worldly goods, findeth every where thorns; prosperities never come all together, and although they arrived in heaps, they ever would have a slippery place.

Lib. 2. Pros. 4.

One is accommodated with honest means, but is of base extraction, which maketh him to blush in good companie. Another is very Noble, but is so poor in his estate, that it were much fitter for him to be unknown. Another is born of good rank, and hath no want of riches, but he bewaileth that part which he hath lost, consecrating himself to retirement with wilful tears. Another hath met with a good marriage, but his barrenness maketh him amass riches for a stranger. Another hath

children

children, to have cause of great miseries: and to speak in a word, you shall finde very few, who well agree with their condition. Through all, there are evils, which give happiness to those who are ignorant of them, & horrour to such as have tried them.

Add also a reason, that these men, very fortunate, are extreamly sensible upon the touch, and as there needs not any thing but a pegg to stay a piece of artillerie upon the way, so the least accident hindereth the glory of their greatnes. How many think you are there, who would touch Heaven with a finger, if they had but onely the surplusage of your fortune? This place, which you call your banishment, is the country of so many honest men as inhabit it, and if you reason well, you shall finde, that there is as it were nothing miserable, if not made so by opinion.

Finally I ask you, whether ever you have had any thing in the world more precious then your self? If you answer truly, you will protest unto me, assuredly no: and yet notwithstanding, behold you, thanks be to God, if you will, to have so much and more for your self, then ever you had, and that neither prison nor fetters may prejudice the liberty of your spirit.

The third reason, which is very much at large deduted in this divine work, is drawn from the vanity of all temporal goods, where wisdom proveth by very good reasons, that if the sorrows we have for the world, might be measured at the rate of the things which contristate us, as there is nothing great in this vale of tears, so should there not be any thing capable of much disquiet. Mourn we for mettals, which are the nest of rust, and the tinder of concupiscence? for attires, which are the nourishment of mothes? for bodies, which are the food of worms? for houses which are the bones of the earth, piled one upon another with cement and morter? for precious stones, which are the excrements of an enraged sea, borrowing their worth from our illusion? for honours, which are golden masks and weather-cocks of inconstancie?

What a folly is it to hold retirement for a punishment, which so many brave spirits have taken for a Paradise, and to think our selves sharpely punished, when we no longer behold behind us great trains of servitours, who burden us with their crimes, and make us become answerable for their souls.

What an errour is it to desire to hold riches locked up, which never are what they ought to be, but when they are distributed? For they resemble a dung hil, which stinketh when it is together heaped, and fatteneth the fields when it is spread abroad. We move Heaven and Earth to flie from povertie, and finde it in our riches; for great fortunes are now adays so hungrie, and have so much ado to maintain themselves, that although the needie are ever the most poor, yet is there nothing more beggerly then the rich, who have a thousand dependances, and a thousand necessities, whereunto their felicitie is fastened, as with a chain.

What a charm is it to think then to be happie, when you manage the affairs of Great-ones; where never is any thing done to please them, if you make not your self a slave to all their passions, where favours are granted of feathers, and disgraces inflicted of lead? Where your sleep, your life, and your faith is sold for a pleasing fantasm, which lasteth no longer then the dream of one night?

Deserveth not a man to be strucken down as an enemy of reason, when unloosened from this slaverie, he withereth, languisheth, and sighs for his fetters, ready prest a thousand times to kiss the hands of him, who again would enchain him.

What a mockerie is it to affect greatnes among men? as if a rat would make himself a Lord among mice, and to feed himself with glory, which is nothing but a swelling of the ear. Oh Boetius, Seneca *desired under* Nero, *and* Papinian *under* Antoninus, *the solitude which thou now enjoyest; but whilst they endeavoured to break their bands, and leaned to a ruinous wall, the mass of their greatnes transported and buried them. Behold thy self retired from affairs, into a chamber of* Pavia: *behold thy self in repose, and among books, the first entertainment of thy young days; why dost thou not now presently make a virtus of the happiness, which the providence of God offereth thee?*

Prof. 6. l. 3. *O gloria, gloria! mille libus hominum mortalium nihil aliud nisi auricum in statio magna. Dum vaiturus moles ipsa trahit.*

For a third point, he considered the fruits that might be derived from tribulation, when it is well managed. *Prosperitie* (saith this wisdom unto him) *is windie, open, slipperie, and inconsiderate. Adversitie quite otherwise, is sober, reserved, prudent, and circumspect; the one under appearences of felicities, bringeth unto us an infinite of lies; the other, is ever grave and sincere; the one deceiveth us, the other instructeth us; the one blindeth us, the other enlighteneth us; the one polluteth us, the other purifieth us; the one charmeth us, and tieth up our understanding, the other enfranchiseth us; the one separateth us from our soveraign good, and maketh us fall into a thousand sorts of vanities, the other draweth us back, as with a hook, to the consideration of eternitie; the one createth for us many flatteries, the other discovereth unto us many true friends. Let us suffer a little,* Boetius, *and if this seem troublesome, think, that as thy prosperities have passed away, so shall thy adversities. The last day of thy life, which cannot be far off, will ever be the last of thy ill fortunes, if thou leave not it, it will forsake thee: it is an ordinance of God, that favours and disgraces cannot be of long continuance, and that for mortals there is no evil immortal.*

Finally, for the last reason, the holy man, who had composed so learned books of the mysteries of our faith, forsaking all the comforts of humane things, drenched himself very far into the consideration of blessings in the other life, of eternity, and the excellency of God. He considered it, as an infinite sea of essence, bounty, beatitude, which encloseth in it self all being, all good, all verity. He saw the whole. Universe in this immensity of God, as a spunge would be in the midst of the Ocean, an atome in the air, and a little globe of glass, enchased in the first Heaven. He saw in his bosome all glory, all dignities, all riches, all treasurs, all pleasures, all consolations, all delight, all joys, and all beatitudes; he walked at ease in those fourteen abysses of greatnes, which are in God, to wit, *infinity, immensity, immutability, eternity, omnipotency, wisdom, perfection, sanctity, benignity, power, providence, mercy, justice, and the end whereunto all things tend.* This is insetted in my Journey.

From thence he beheld the Word Incarnate, the true King of the afflicted, and all the Saints laden with crosses and persecutions, thinking himself very happy to mingle his tears with the bloud of so many brave courages, who had gained Heaven with violence.

This consolation overflowing his heart, drowned all his acerbities, and infinitely sweetned the sharpness of his captivity.

Behold the fruits, which the wise *Boetius* gathered in his prison; well shewing, that virtue is an hostess tractable in every lodging, and who looseth no part of her liberty in chains. It onely appertaineth to huge mountains, to bear snow and verdure at one and the same time, and to great souls to retain a holy vigour in the strength of afflictions.

The seventh SECTION.

The death of Boetius.

IT is a loss, that the Authours which have written of this death, have cut off so short the last act of a life so eminent. There is not any thing, saith one, so curious in a statue, nor so hard to polish, as the nails; and nothing which more clearly maketh the perfection of a man accomplished in virtues to be seen, as a good death. I will here speak that, which I have drawn from the most probable authours, touching the death of *Boetius*.

It is certain he was very long in this prison, since he complaineth in this Preface of a book, which he composed during the time of his captivity, that his spirit was in declination, his body being worn with the torments he endured by the rigour of a King of the *Goths*. Death in the end came to unloose his fetters, by an act very barbarous, exercised by *Theodorick* on this admirable man.

He seeing Pope *John* had done nothing in his favour at *Constantinople*, but in stead of causing the Temples of the *Arians* to be restored, had purified and changed them into *Catholick* Churches, entred into a fury more exorbitant then ever, and kept this good Pope in prison at *Ravenna*, until he was wasted with diseases, yielding up his most blessed soul in fetters, to hasten to enjoy the liberty of the elect.

Cyprian and *Basilius*, accusers of *Boetius*, failed not to kindle the fire with all their power, to ruin him whom they already had wounded. There was sent unto him a Commissary, who was Governour of *Pavia*, to interrogate him upon matters, wherewith

with he had been charged. The King promising him by this instrument a reasonable usage, if he would confess all the process of this imaginary conspiracy, *Boetius* having heard what his commission imported, replieth:

Tell the King your master, that my conscience and age have reduced me to those terms, wherein neither menaces nor allurements can work any thing upon me to the prejudice of reason. To require the proceeding of my conspiracy, is to demand a Chymera, which hath never been nor ever shall. Is the distrust of his witnesses so great, that needs he must exact from my mouth the articles of my condemnation? Verily he hath as much cause to doubt my accusers, as I matter of glory to be accused by mouths so impure, that they would as it were justifie the greatest delinquents by their depositions. One Basilius *chased from the Court, and charged with debt, hath been bought to sell my blood, and having lost credit in all things, finds more then enough for my ruin.* Opilion *and* Gaudentius *condemned to banishment, for an infinite number of wicked practises, they being fled to Altars, the King redoubleth an Edict, by which he ordained, if they instantly went not out of* Ravenna, *they should be branded in the forehead with an hot iron. What may be added to such an infamy? Yet notwithstanding the same day they were received and heard against me. Arrows are made of all wood to transfix me, and the most criminal are freed in my accusation. Some being not ashamed to employ against the life of a Senatour those, who would scarcely have been set to confront very slaves.*

This makes me say my condemnation is premeditated, and my death already vowed, and that this search is made for petty formalities, to disguise an injustice.

King Theodorick *playeth too much the Politician for a man, who hath full liberty to do ill. What need is there to use so many tricks? Tell him boldly from me, that I submitt to his condemnation. I was willing to save the Senate, though little grateful for the sincerity of my affections: I wished the repose of the Catholick Church: I have sought the liberty of the* Romane *people: Here is all that I can say. As I am not in condition to tell a lie; so am I not on terms to conceal a truth. Had I known the means to reduce the Empire into better order he should never have understood it. Finally, if he be resolved to put me to death thereupon, let him hasten his blow. It is long since I have had death in desire, and life in patience.*

The Commissary much amazed at this constancy, made his relation to the King in very sharp words, which put oyl afresh into the flame, to thrust affairs into extremities. The poor *Rusticiana* wife of *Boetius*, knowing the point whereunto the safety of her husband was reduced, made use of all the attractives she could, to mitigate the fury of the Prince: and observing *Amalazunta*, the daughter of *Theodorick*, to be an honourable Lady, and endowed with a singular bounty, she recommended her petitions and tears to her. This Lady gave her access to the King, to whom she with her children presented her self in a most deplorable State, able to soften obdurate rocks.

Alas, Sir Said she, *if you once more deign to behold from the throne of your glory the dust of the earth, cast your eys upon a poor afflicted creature, which is but the shadow of what she hath been. I no longer am* Rusticiana, *who saw palms and honours grow in her house, as flowers in meadows: Disaster having taken him from me, by whom I subsisted, hath left me nothing but the image of my former fortune, the sorrows of the passed, the grief of the present, and horrour of the time to come.*

I would swear upon Altars, that my husband hath never failed in the duty which he oweth to your Majesty; but calumny hath depainted his innocency unto you with a coal, to inflame you with choler against a man, who ever held your interests as dear unto him as his own. I know what he hath so many times said unto me thereof, and how he hath bred his children, whom your Majestie now beholdeth at your feet. If we no longer shall take benefit of justice, Sir, I implore your mercy. Look on a woman, worthy of compassion, tossed in the storm, and who beholdeth in the haven the Olives of peace, which you always have desired to equal with your laurels. Suffer me, I may embrace them: The world already hath cause enough to dread your power; give us cause to love it proportionably to your bounty. Alas, Sir, on whom will you bestow it? Fire, which consumeth all, burneth not ashes, and behold us here covered with ashes before your eys: what more desire you of us? A miserable creature is a sacred thing; the God of the afflicted taketh it into his protection, and will no more have it touched then his Altars. If my unhappiness have set me in that rank, and my sex made me a just object of your pity, Sir, render that to me, which I in this world do hold most precious; and think not we ever will retain any resentment of what is past, when we shall see our selves re-established in our former fortune. It is in you to command, and for us to obey your ordinances, and even to kiss the thunder-bolt that striketh us.

It is to much purpose to present musick to the ears of Tygers, it hath no other effect but to enrage them the more. The cruel Tyrant presently commanded the Lady to withdraw; adding he would do her justice. And they ceasing not still to multiply suspitions with him upon this pretended conspiracy, as if *Boetius* had now been presently with sword in hand with the Emperour *Justine* at the gates of *Rome* or *Ravenna*, he fell into such fear, gall, and choller, that without any other formal proceeding of justice, he dispatched the afore-mentioned Commissary with a Tribune, to put him to death, whose life was so precious to the *Romane* Empire.

Boetius, who had a long time been prepared both by prayers and the sacraments of the Church, for this last hour, knowing the cause wherefore they came, beheld them with a confident countenance, and said: *Performe your commission boldly: It is long since I knew, that death alone must open the gates of this prison for me.* And having spoken this, he contained himself some while in a deep silence, recommending to God this last act of his life, and consigning to him his soul, which during this imprisonment he had so often whitened with his tears, and purified as in a precious limbeck of eternal charities, wherein all great souls are deified.

This done, he went forward with a settled pace to the place of execution, which the King would have very secret, not to excite the people; where seeing himself, *Behold here* (saith he) *the Theater which I have so long desired. I protest before the face of the living God, and his holy Saints, that I have ever had most sincere intentions for the good of the State, nor am I culpable of any of these crimes objected against me. If my innocency be now oppress, there shall come a better posterity, which shall draw aside the curtain, and entertain the rays of truth.*

O Rome, *O* Rome, *would to God thou mightest be purified by my blood, and I to be the last victim sacrificed for publick safety! I will not now accuse him who condemned me, desiring God rather may open his eys to see the justice of my cause, and the plots practised upon his own soul. Behold the recompence I gain, for becoming hoarie in his service; but God is the faithful witness of all my actions, and in his bosom is it now, where I lay down my life, my body, my soul, and all my interests.*

There was but one poore gentleman-waiter, that accompanied him in this passage: who, as he poured out tears near unto him, *Boetius* earnestly beholding him, said: *where is your resolution, leave these tears for the miserable, and tell my father-in-law, my wife, and children, that I have done nothing here unworthy of their honour, and that they act nothing unworthy of me, by bewailing me with plaints, which would be little honourable for the condition of my death, but that they rather take this accident as a gift from Heaven. They well know I have ever told them, it is not here, where he should expect repose, but in the place, where I hope to prepare them a room.* These words spoken, they proceeded to execution by the barbarous commandment given by *Theodorick*.

I have read in a very antient manuscript, from whence I have drawn som particulars couched therein, that a cruel torture was inflicted on this holy man, long time strayning a cord about his forehead, in such sort, that his eys started out of his head, and that in the end they knocked him down with a leaver: which I cannot think to be probable, seeing all other constantly affirm his head was cut off by the hand of a hangman: and *Martianus*, who most eloquently wrote his life, addeth, that by miracle he some space of time held his head in his own hands, like another S. *Denis*, until he gave up the ghost before the Altar of a Chappel very near to the place of his execution.

His

His body was interred in the Church of S. *Auguſtine*, to whom he had a particular devotion, and his name put among the Martyrs, as *Baronius* obſerveth, becauſe he died partly for the defence of the Catholick Church againſt the *Arians*. The place of his impriſonment hath been preſerved as a great monument of piety, his Tomb honoured with Verſes, ſuch as that time could afford, where among other things this title is given him:

BOETIVS IN COELO MAGNVS, ET OMNI PERSPECTVS MVNDO.

The King ſtayed not a whit after this to put *Symmachus* his father-in-law to death, and to confiſcate all the goods both of the one and other, which was a very lamentable thing; yet notwithſtanding the courageous *Ruſticiana* bare the death of her father and huſband with ſo great conſtancy, that ſhe deſerved to draw all ſucceeding Ages into admiration; for ſhe ſpake moſt freely to the King reproaching him with his diſloyalty, and honoured theſe two eminent ſouls as Saints, much offended with her ſelf, if at any time nature won tears from her eye, as judging them too baſe to be ſacrificed to ſo flouriſhing a memory.

Procop. l. 1. The vengeance of God ſlakened not long to fall upon the guilty head of *Theodorick*; for few days after this act, as he continually lived in the repreſentations of his crime, his imagination was ſo troubled, that being at the table, when they came to ſerve up the great head of a fiſh, he figured to himſelf it was the head of *Symmachus*, the laſt of all butchered, and although much endeavour was uſed to remove this fantaſie from him, it was impoſſible to give remedy, but he roſe from the table like a man affrighted, crying out murther, and felt inſtantly ſuch a quaking over all his body, and beſides ſuch convulſions in all his members, that he muſt needs preſently be carried to his bed; where he was viſited by his Phiſician, to whom he complained with much horrour, that he had ſhed blood which would perpetually bleed againſt him. The feaver and frenzie carried him hence into the other world, where he had a marvellous account to make; of whom we know no more particulars: yet Saint *Gregory* witneſſeth that he learned from the mouth of a man worthy of credit, that the ſame day he died at *Rome*, certain honourable perſons being at *Lipari*, a little Iſland of *Sicilie*, in the Cell of an Hermit, who lived in the reputation of great ſanctity, he ſaid unto them: *Know ye, that King* Theodorick *is no more?* They replying, *Nay not ſo, we left him alive, and in health. Notwithſtanding* (ſaith he) *I can well aſſure you he died to day in* Rome, *and which is more, is judged, condemned, and thrown into the ſtore-houſes of ſubterranean fire, which we here call the Cauldron of* Vulcan. And it was a ſtrange thing, that they being returned to *Rome*, underſtood the death of this wretched King to have been at that very time, told by the Hermit; which was held for a moſt manifeſt judgment of God, and made all thoſe to tremble, who heard the relation thereof. *Greg. l. 4. & 30.* *Olla Vulcani.*

Athalaricus his grand-child by his daughter, although an infant, ſucceeded to his eſtates, under the regency of his mother *Amalazunta*, who reſtored all the goods had been confiſcated to the Widow, that lived afterward, until *Juſtinian* got the Empire from the *Goths*, by the means of *Beliſarius*: at which time ſhe made all the Images and Statues of *Theodorick* to be broken, cauſing alſo another proceſs to be framed againſt him after his death.

Alas, great God, who governeſt the ſtate of this Univerſe, and makeſt the pillars of Heaven to ſhake under thy foot-ſteps! what is man who will practiſe wiles in a matter of policie, contrary to thy eternal Maxims? How hath this wretch ended, looſing ſoul, Empire, and ſalvation, to purſue a phantaſm? He roared like thunder in the clouds, on the theater of humane things, and then paſt away, leaving nothing behind but ſtorms, dirt, and morter: at which time thy good ſervant *Boetius*, walking in the ways which thou preſcribedſt him, is mounted to the glory of the elect, leaving here behind him the precious memory of his name to all poſterity.

THE LADIE TO LADIES

LADIES,

I Should do an injurie to Sanctity, even in the Holy Court, *if having undertaken to ſpeak of Piety of Great-ones in theſe Treatiſes, I ſhould paſs Ladies under ſilence, who in all times have contributed to the glory of Chriſtianity ſo much force beyond their ſex, as virtue's above nature. God hath employed them in the great affairs of all Ages, ſince the Word, which from all eternity acknowledged but one Father in Heaven, hath been pleaſed to acknowledge in latter times, one Mother upon earth: and that he who is able to cloath the Meadows with the enamel of Flowers, and Heaven with the beautie of Lights, took fleſh and blood of a Virgin, to make himſelf a garment, and frame to himſelf a body. And as the chaſte womb of a woman ſerved him for a lodging at his firſt entrance into the world: ſo when he would iſſue out amongſt ſo many horrours, puniſhments, and images of death, when ſtones were rent aſunder for grief under his feet, and Heaven diſtended it ſelf with ſorrow over his head, women were alſo found near to the Croſs, as witneſſes of his laſt words, and ſurvivers of his blood.*

Here, O Ladies, are eternal alliances, which you have contracted with devotion; and he who would bereave you the ſweetneſs of its repoſe, ſhould baniſh you from your own houſes. So many men as ſtir up quarrels, ſeem now adays to have no other profeſſion, but to kill and die upon credit. Thoſe, who are converſant with books, waſte themſelves in the pleaſing tortures of the mind. Others, who are involved in the turmoils of publick affairs, oftentimes gain nought elſe but ſmoak and noiſe. But when I behold you under the title of the Devout Sex, which is given you by the Church, I hope your bleſſing is in the dew of Heaven, and that you reſemble Bees, which are born in honey, or rather thoſe birds of the fortunate Iſlands, nouriſhed with perfumes.

Believe me, thoſe of your Sex who have not true piety, had they a world of greatneſs and beauties, and were it that all the riches of this world had rendered it ſelf tributary to their intemperance, would be no more eſteemed before God, then the flower of graſs, or ſcum of earth. But ſuch as take the way of holy and ſolid virtues, enter into a life wholly Angelical, which forgetting Sex and natural imperfections, furniſheth it ſelf with the moſt perfect idea's of the Divinity.

Behold hereof a model, which I preſent unto you in this Treatiſe, where, after I have obſerved, rather by ſpeculation then practice, ſome blemiſhes, which might varniſh the luſtre of ſo many celeſtial beauties, I reduce the piety of Ladies into ſuch bright ſplendour of day-light, that it were to have no eys, not to admire the merit thereof.

I have been willing to make this ſervice ſuitable to my habit, and not unworthy of your conſiderations, thereunto invited by Ladies, who have happily allied virtue to the moſt eminent qualities of the Kingdom, and who might ſerve me for a Model, were they in a much better Age then my ſelf. If God, who hath inſpired me with theſe contemplations, grant your performance, I ſhall have the Crown of my vows, and you, that of your perfections.

THE

THE LADIE.

The first SECTION.

That the HOLY COURT *cannot subsist without the virtue of Ladies, and of their Piety in the advancement of Christianity.*

BEhold where I purpose to shut up this Work of the HOLY COURT, which I have brought thus far with labour enough. And since God after those great works of the Creation, reposed, so soon as he had made woman, he thereby shews me an example to give some rest to my pen, when I shall have represented unto you the perfections of a Lady, such as I would wish her, to serve as an ornament for Christianity, and a model of virtue.

Yet Reader, I must needs tell you, I feared this haven, whereunto I see my self arrive of necessity, as well for that I learned of the great Martyr S. *Justin*, that a singular discretion must be had to treat with women, and that he doth very much, who can love their virtues without danger: besides, being naturally disposed to brevity, I somewhat doubted least they might insensibly communicate by my discourse some touches of those great delays, which they use in attiring themselves: & verily I see there are many things may be said both of the one side and other: But as it is an act somewhat uncivil to run inconsiderately into invectives against the sex, so it is an unworthy servitude of mind to be too obsequious to them, and render vices incorrigible, by a false presumption of virtues.

Justin. ad Zenam. Serenum. Τὸ δὲ ὅπως ἀγαπᾶν μὲν τὸ μὴ κακῶς δυμένων.

I am much bound to my profession, that it sequestreth me from these two rocks, where so many vessels suffer shipwrack. If I must blame you, I will do as he who slew the serpent, not touching the body of his son twined up in his folds; I will strike vice without slandering the sex, and if they must be praised, I look on them as the idæa's of *Plato*, which have nothing in them common with matter.

Alcon of Creet.

I begin to verifie my first proposition, and say, the good life of women is a piece so necessary for Christianity, that it cannot be cut off without introducing a notable disorder: and this I say, because there are many uncollected spirits in the world, who make it their glory to act all against the hair, to oppose the most sound opinions, to give the lie to nature, and do that in the world, which *Momus* did in fables. Sometimes they set themselves to censure the State, and find somewhat to say of military matters, treasures, laws, and offices: sometimes they frame Common-wealths of *Plato* in their empty brains, and constitute new forms of government, which never will have being but in their chymæra's. When they have touched upon the Purple and Diadem, they busie themselves to controle God upon the masterpieces of nature, and among other things, that he hath done ill to create a woman.

Si mundus absque mulieribus esset, conversatio nostra non esset absque Dii.

Cato the Censor said in his time, *That if the world were without women, the conversation of men would not be exempt from the company of Gods.* And a Doctor of the Jews yielding a reason why the Eternal Word had so long time deferred its Incarnation, said nothing else, but that the world was then replenished with bad women, and that four thousand years were not able to furnish out one good one, to serve as an instrument suitable to the greatness of this Mystery. Another having lived free from the bands of marriage, caused to be set on his tomb: *Vixit sine impedimento, He lived without hinderance*, which was a phrase very obscure to express what he would say: Notwithstanding it was found this hinderance, whereof he spake, was a woman. This may well happen through the vice and misery wherein the state of this present life hath confined us: but to speak generally, we must affirm, had it been the best way to frame the world without a woman, God had done it, never expecting the advise of these brave *Cato's*; and whosoever endeavoureth to condemn marriage, as a thing not approved by God, sheweth, that he is either out of his wits, or a publick enemy to mankinde.

Tripsa. fol.

S. Zeno homil. de continent. Aut hostis publicus, aut insanus.

The great S. *Peter*, in whose heart God locked up the Maxims of the best policy of the world, was of another opinion, when he judged the good and laudable conversation of women, rendered it self so necessary for Christianity, that it was a singular mean to gain those to God, who would not submit themselves to the Gospel. Whereupon he affordeth an incomparable honour to the virtue of holy women, disposing it in some sort into a much higher degree of force and utility, then the Preaching of the word of God: and in effect it seemeth this glorious Apostle, by a spirit of prophesie, foresaw an admirable thing, which afterward appeared in the revolution of many Ages, which is, that God hath made such use of the piety of Ladies for the advancement of Christianity, that in all the most flourishing Kingdoms of Christendom, there are observed still some Queens or Princesses, who have the very first of all advanced the Standard of the Cross upon the ruins of Infidelity. *Helena* planted true Religion in the *Roman* Empire, *Cæsar* in *Persia*, *Theodelinda* in *Italy*, *Clotilda* in *France*, *Indegundis* in *Spain*, *Margerite* in *England*, *Gysellis* in *Hungary*, *Dambruca* in *Poland*, *Olga* in *Russia*, *Ethelberga* in *Germany*, not speaking of an infinite number of others, who have happily maintained and encreased that, which was couragiously established.

1 Pet. 3. Ut qui non credunt Verbo, per conversationem mulierum sine verbo lucrifiant.

Reason also favoureth my proposition; for we must necessarily confess, there is nothing so powerfull to perswade what ever it be, as complacence and flattery; since it was the smoothest attractive, which the evil spirit made use of in the terrestrial Paradise to overthrow the first man, setting before him the alluring pleasures of an *Eve*, very newly issued out of the hands of God.

Now every one knows nature hath imparted to woman a very good portion of these innocent charms: and if many by these priviledges are also powerfull in actions so wicked, why should not so many

many virtuous ſouls generouſly employ'd in the ſervice of the great God, bear as much ſway, ſince he accuſtometh to communicate a grace wholly new to the good qualities, that are aimed to his honour?

I conjure all Women and Ladies, who ſhall read this Treatiſe, to take from hence a generous ſpirit, and never permit vice and curioſity may derive tribute from ſuch ornaments, as God hath conferred on them, it being unfit to ſtuff *Babylon* with the gold and marbles of *Sion*.

The ſecond SECTION.

That women are capable of good lights and ſolid inſtruments.

SInce I ſee my ſelf obliged by my deſign to make a brief model of principal perfections, which may be deſired for the compliſhment of an excellent Ladie, and that this diſcourſe cannot be throughly perfected without obſerving vicious qualities, which are blemiſhes oppoſite to the virtues we endeavour to eſtabliſh; I will make uſe of the clew of ſome notable invention in ſo great a labyrinth of thoughts, the better to facilitate the way.

I remember to have heretofore read a very rare manuſcript of *Theodoſius* of *Malta*, a Greek Authour, touching the nuptials of *Theophilus* Emperour of *Conſtantinople*, and his wife *Theodora*, which will furniſh us with a ſingular entrance into that, which we now ſeek for; ſo that we add the embelliſhment of ſo many Oracles of wiſdom to the foundations, which this Hiſtorian hath layed.

Anno 830. *Zonaras* ſaith, that ſhe was onely ſtepmother, and relateth it ſomewhat otherwiſe, but let us follow our Authour.

He recounteth, that this *Theophilus* being on the point to diſpoſe himſelf for marriage, the Empreſs his mother, named *Euphroſina*, who paſſionately deſired the contentment of her ſon in an affair of ſo great importance, diſpatched her Embaſſadours through all the Provinces of the Empire, to draw together the moſt accompliſhed maidens which might be found in the whole circuit of his Kingdom. And for that purpoſe ſhe ſhut up within the walls of *Conſtantinople*, the rareſt beauties of the whole world, aſſembling a great number of Virgins into a chamber of his Palace, called for curioſity, *The Pearl*. The day being come, wherein the Emperour was to make choice of her to whom he would give his heart with the Crown of the Empire, the Empreſs his mother ſpake to him in theſe terms:

MY LORD AND SON, *Needs muſt I confeſs, that ſince the day nature bound me ſo ſtreightly to your perſon, next after God, I neither have love, fear, care, hope, nor contentment, but for you. The day yieldeth up all my thoughts to you, and the night, which ſeemeth made to reſt the agitations of our ſpirit, never raiſeth the remembrance of you from my heart. I acknowledge my ſelf doubly obliged to procure with all my endeavours what ere concerneth your good, becauſe I am your mother, and that I ſee you charged with an Empire, which is no ſmall burthen to them who have the diſcretion to underſtand what they undertake.*

It ſeems to me ſince the death of the Emperour your father, my moſt honoured Lord, I have ſo many times newly been delivered of you, as I have ſeen thorny affairs in the manage of your State. And at this time, when I behold you upon terms to take a wife, and that I know by experience to meet with one who is accompliſhed with all perfections neceſſary for your State, is no leſs rare then the acquiſition of a large Empire; the care I have ever uſed in all, concerns your glory and contentment, is therefore now more ſenſible with me, then at any other time heretofore.

It is true, O moſt dear Son, that the praiſe-worthy inclinations which I have obſerved in your Majeſtie, give me as much hope as may reaſonably be conceived in the courſe of humane things: yet notwithſtanding the accidents we ſee to happen ſo contrary to their proceedings, do alſo entertain my mind in ſome uncertainty.

That you may take ſome reſolution upon this matter, behold in the Pearl *of* Conſtantinople, *I have made choice of the moſt exquiſite maidens of your empire, to the end your Majeſtie may chuſe her, whom you ſhall judge moſt worthy of your choſt affections. I beſeech God, who is Authour of Marriage, to direct your ſpirit in this choice, & diſpoſe it to that which ſhall be to his greater glory, wherein you ſhall ever find your contentments.*

When ſhe had ſpoken this, ſhe drew out of a box a golden apple, enameled with precious ſtones, which ſhe had purpoſely cauſed to be made, that it might be preſented to her, who ſhould be choſen out for the bed of her ſon, and putting it into the Emperours hand:

Behold (ſaith he) the golden apple, which I leave to your diſcretion, to give it to the moſt abſolute. You have the Commiſſion of Paris *in your hands, but you ſhall do well to diſpoſe of it more diſcretely then he.*

The Emperour, after he had moſt affectionately given thanks to his mother for ſo many excellent proofs of her affection, asked of her by what note might one know a wife truly virtuous, and ſo accompliſhed as ſhe wiſhed.

Euphroſina replied: *It is no ſleight demand, O Emperour, nor can that ſo readily be reſolved; yet by your good favour, I will roughly delineate this diſcourſe with ſo much ſincerity, as not to attribute any thing to my ſex, to the prejudice of truth.*

There are three ſorts of men, who cannot ſpeak well of us: whereof the firſt are certain ſcoffers, who to put themſelves into an humour, and to give ſcope to their wits, have no diſcourſe more familiar in their mouthes, then the condemnation of women: and God forbid, theſe ſhould be any other then Poets or Philoſophers; for they frame diſcourſes of our nature, and extravagancies to no purpoſe.

I revenge my ſelf commonly upon theſe kind of men by ſilence: for it is to caſt water on coals, to hear them without reply, and to puniſh their tattle by contempt.

Others are men wounded in ſport, and who have not well digeſted ſome diſgraces they have received from women, to whom either vice, folly, or malice hath engaged them more then was expedient for their quiet. Theſe are, as if a dog hurt with a ſtone, ſhould run up and down to bite all the ſtones he findes in his way; yea, thoſe which are laid by work-men in the buildings of Churches and houſes. They fall upon all women for having been deceived, as they ſay by a woman; and ceaſe not to ſcratch the wound, to renew the ſmart of it. But who ſees not it is a metr paſſion, to blame the general for the deſerts of particulars?

In the third rank, are certain melancholly furious creatures; or ſuch as have ſomething worſe in them then fury, who have not ſo much proclaimed war againſt our ſex, as denounced it againſt total nature, which covereth us with its arms in this point, and confirmeth us in our right by their ſilence.

Some of theſe, who are ſtrong in paſſion, and diſcover their revenge with pretext of learning, would perſwade us, that the meaneſt ſpirit of all the men in the world, is more eminent then that of the moſt capable woman.

Verily, I will not raiſe my ſex above the merit thereof, thinking we ſhall ever be high enough, if we abide in the rank which God hath given us.

But whether we conſider reaſon, or whether we regard experience, they very pertinently make void this Chymera of conceit which hath taken birth from ſelf-love and folly, as from its two moſt ſuitable elements.

I would willingly demand of theſe diſcourſers, whether they hold ſouls to have a ſex? Never will they avow this opinion, unleſs they mean to renounce faith and reaſon. And if our ſouls be indifferently created by God, why do they thereupon go about to forge diſtinctions, which have not any ſubſiſtence, but in their depraved imaginations. *Tertul. l. de anima. Anima non habent ſexum.*

If ſome ſay this diverſitie proceedeth from the bodies; who knoweth not, that the diſpoſition of Organs, from which it is thought the goodneſs of wit proceedeth, is as advantagious in women as men? See we not even at this day in all ſorts of conditions, men ſometimes ſo abject in wit and capacitie, that if one degree ſhould be taken from them, it ſeems they would have but ſufficient to become beaſts? And have we not ſeen in all times women intelligent and capable, ſome whereof have made themſelves appear as miracles in arts, and others ſhewed, that if they were ignorant, we could attribute it to no cauſe, but to the modeſtie of their condition.

I ſhould be to copious if I now went about to enlarge my ſelf upon the goodly works of Sophina, Erinna, Soſipatris, Cleobulina, Theoniſtoclea, Teleſilla, Zenobia, *and* Eudoxia. *Thoſe who condemn in us the want of wit, oſtentimes wiſh we had leſs, and would ſettle a good part of their contentment in our ſtupiditie.*

We hold for an undoubted truth, that God having created us with this equalitie of ſouls, we have as much right in knowledges neceſſarie, for us in matter of grace,

virtues, and glory, as men can have. One thing I may well say, that the complexion of feminine bodies, may distil into our souls inconstancies, infirmities, and passions, which perhaps would take an irregular flight, were they not repressed by pitty and reason.

For my part, I think Simonides *hath not very ill expressed the ten Orders, wherein he hath made of the humours of women, and that will much help you in the choice you are to make, if your Majesty will take so much pain as to be informed thereof.*

In saying this, she caused her Virgins to draw near; and as heretofore those of *Sparta* shewed drunken men to their children, to make them to abhor drunkenness, so framed she a description of the bad natures of women, to procure a detestation thereof, and exalt the merit of the virtuous, by the counterpoize of their contrary.

The third Section.

The ten Orders of women, and the vitious qualities which Ladyes ought especially to avoid.

BEhold Maidens (*saith she*) and advise in good time to lay hold on the tenth rank: for there are nine neither pleasing nor laudable.

Sus luta & volutabro Pet. 2. 2.

In the first sphere are those, which are of the nature of a hog, creatures unworthy to be named, who soil the honour of their sex, by the disorder of their carriage: for leaving all that which is either honest or generous in our manners, they let themselves loose to all kind of infamous pleasures, of gluttony and lust, which ruineth them in conscience, fortune, & reputation. They are whoups, proud birds, which have nothing but crest, and naturally delight in ordure: they are bats, which cannot endure one little ray of light, but seek to hide themselves under the mantle of night: they are horse-leeches, which draw blood from the veins of a house & state, where they exercise their power. They are *Syrens* of the earth, which cause ship-wracks without water. They are *Lamia*, who have hosteries of Cut-throats, that kill men under pretext of good usage. They are harpies, who surprize even from Altars, and in the end become envenomed dypsades, which enforce an enraged thirst upon those whom they have once bitten. He that speaks this vice of a woman, hath as it were nothing to say of all the evils in the world. And when impudence hath given them a brow of flint and steel to sin, the bankrupting, which is made upon honor, is attended by that, which is committed on virtues and Altars, and there is not any vice in the world, which will not seek to possess it self of the throne, from whence shamefac'dness is banished. I beseech you I may speak no more of these scandals of nature, least I may poison my tongue by the recital of their deportment.

Vide Petrum Damianum in Gomorrheanis.

Eccles 9. Laqueus venatorum.

In the second rank are those, who have the skin of the fox, and the snares of the hunter, to surprize the simple. I speak not at all of certain creatures, who use pleasing and innocent subtleties, as were those of *Rebecca* and *Rachel*, which rather relished of prudence then craft: but I discourse of some women, cunning, inconstant, ingenious, and practick. We see by experience, that creatures the less strong, have the more sleights, as if nature were willing to recompence the defect of one part, by the excess of another? So it often happeneth that we our selves being destitute of forces, which is more proper for men, have recourse to an infinite number of deceits: wherein we think to have some advantage, & by the cunning of our wits, which are nimble enough, & by the superabundance of leisure we enjoy in a sedentary life, and by the fervour of our passions, which being almost never in the mean, do stir up our understanding, to make it produce an infinity of designs. There are women able to give a lesson to the greatest Lawyers in matter of process, so well are they versed therein: they know all the terms of litigious pleadings, better then ever did *Labeon* or *Tribonius*, & they so cunningly make use thereof, that they tire the strongest patiences by the tricks and flexibilities which they invent. There are some, who have a sent so penetrating, that they smell from far all that which is done in a City, & discover the most secret things to find in some sort their own interests. Others perpetually bear a snare on their tongues, such words have they of double meanings; they know how to measure their dalliances to their own profit; to counterfeit friendship where there is not any; to hide hatred under flattery; to put Rivals into passion and quarrels; to make them fight and play the Fencers at their pleasure, and afterwards to pull some feather from those that are beaten. We do not so much advance our affairs as we would wish by these tricks; for that maketh us odious, & taketh the credit from us, which we should rather derive from the goodness of our manners. And besides, as there is no policy, which hath not in the end its countermine, whilest passion holdeth us in breath to deceive others, oftentimes we suffer our selves to be surprized by a certain levity, of easily beleiving all those which flatter us. Fair maids believe me, as there is nothing more lovely then goodness, so is there not any thing more stable then an honest simplicity. We are not born to be *Circes* and *Medea's*, nor to open a shop of all subtleties; let us be contented that Poets have made a monster of a creature of our sex, which commonly spake in very ambiguous terms, and they named it *Sphinx*; let us speak truths to make fables false, and beware of the art which they profess.

Malier finita & clamosa, nihil omnino suave.

Eccles. 9. Tolla a pertinacia in die frigoris, Prov. 17. Ulysses Aldebrandinus.

In the third rank go along certain natures endowed with dog-like qualities, most insupportable, as are so many women troublesom, importunate, & slanderous, who do nothing perpetually but bay, bawl, or bite. To live with such a creature in a house, is to have a rotten roof, which letteth rain & tempests drop in winter upon the head of the host. There are men who becom familiar with Lions, Bears and Dragons; but where shall you find one, who hath made tractable such like humours? The habitations of deserts are delights in comparison of such company. A film in the eye, the gout in the foot, the ston in the reins, the hissing of aspicks, thunder, lightening, rasors, hooks of iron, make less noise, and do less hurt, then these poisoned tongus, which penetrate even into the entrails.

A husband which meeteth with so ill a chance, daily acteth that part in his house, which did heretofore *Prometheus* on the mountain of *Caucasus*, when a vultur rent him alive, and gnawed his heart, which was only fruitful for his punishment. The wise that meets with a bad husband should not much complain, but yet she findeth that being in subjection, she is not so far distant from the degree, wherein nature hath placed her: but on the contrary side, to see a man ill handled by the impudent exclamations of an imperious woman, is a kind of monster in nature, which moveth pity in some, & astonishment in others. All husbands have not the resolutions of the Philosopher *Socrates*, who held opinion we must endure women, as the dung of pigeons, which pay our patience with their fruitfulness. For verily being crowned with a bucket of water by his Mistress *Xantippe*, after a great noise of bitter words, he replied, Such was the nature of the world, because after the thunder-clap followed rain. Our age is not so fruitful in such insensibilities: but in like occasions the husband and wife coming to contend with words, a wind is raised at the door and window, which bringeth a storm into the house. In all times our tongues have been censured, as tempests

Ulyſſes Aldobrandinus

peſts oppoſite to publick repoſe: ſome have compared them to thoſe bells of the Forreſt of *Dodona*, which made a prodigious jangling: others have ſaid, there needeth not above three of them to make up a Faire; and others have added, It was ill done to ſay, there were words which came from our mouthes, but rather waves and froath of the Sea. I cannot but think theſe Cenſors ſpeak out of exceſs; but let us prove them lyars by our diſcretion, and perſwade our ſelves, that diſcourſes of a woman which have been purified by ſilence and conſideration, have a marvellous virtue.

Mulierum verbales unda. Fulgentius.

Mulier fatua. Prov. 1.

In the fourth order are women of the earth, who are of a nature groſs, ſtupid, and dull, that live in the world as ſuperfluous creatures, and know as it were, neither good nor ill; the care of their houſe very little toucheth them: the leaſt buſineſs is of power much to perplex their mindes; their kindred and allies finde little friendſhip with them, ſince they themſelves have oftentimes the heart of an Oſtrich towards their own children, whom they regard as if they were ſtrangers. In the end, they have much ado to endure themſelves, ſo unprofitable they are, and malignant towards civil life, : which happeneth to them through depraved habits, and inordinate idleneſs, whereinto they have ſuffered themſelves to ſlide from their tender years or by ſome other corruptions of a melancholy ſpirit, which they foment to the prejudice of their repoſe.

These kinde of natures are good neither in the Country, City, houſe-keeping, nor in religion. For we finde that in all things we muſt uſe endeavour, and that we came into the world, as into a Galley, where, if one cannot manage either the Stern or Oar, he muſt at the leaſt make a ſhew to ſtir his arms, and imitate the Philoſopher *Diogenes*, who rolled his Tub up and down, wherein it was ſaid, he inhabited, to buſie himſelf. For my part, I like well thoſe people who baniſhed all idle gods out of their walls, and retained ſuch as enjoyned travel. For, to live and take pains, is but one and the ſame thing; and that, which the nouriſhment we take, operateth for the preſervation of life, labour doth the like for accommodation thereof.

Augull. l. 7. de Civit. Dei. Philo de ſacrif. Abel & Cain.

In the fifth ſtation you have women of the Sea, who much deceive the world by their fair ſemblances: for they at firſt appear quiet & peaceable, as a Sea in the greateſt calm, having no want of grace or beauty, which promiſeth much good to thoſe who know them not, but one would not believe how they ſhift away upon the leaſt wind of contradiction which is raiſed: how they are puffed up, and become unquiet with anger, love, avarice, jealouſie, and other paſſions very active. Such an one ſeeth the flower of the thorn, who knoweth not the pricking thereof, and ſuch an one beholdeth with admiration thoſe excellent beauties, who cannot believe how many pricks and ſtings they cover under theſe imaginary ſweetneſſes. You ſhall therein ordinarily obſerve very great levity & impatience, which maketh them hourly to change their reſolution, in ſuch ſort, that they think nothing ſo miſerable, as to remain ſtill in one and the ſame condition. I have ſeen young widows, who had waſhed the bodies of their husbands with their tears, wiped them away with their hairs, and, as it were, worn it by force of kiſſes, and who not content with theſe ardent affections, diſcharging the ſurpluſage of their paſſion upon their own proper bodies, toar their hair, pulled their cheeks, and were rather covered with duſt then apparel; they died every hour, ſaying, they could not live one ſole moment without their beſt-beloved, and filled the air and earth with their complaints; which was the cauſe why ſuch as came to the Funerals, knew not whether they ſhould bewail the dead, or the dying. Notwithſtanding, preſently after theſe goodly counterfeitings, they began again to reform their hair, and change the duſt of the pavement into the powder of *Cypreſs*, to put painting upon their tears, to adorn with a carcanet of pearl the neck, which they ſeemed to deſtine to a halter, to ſeek for Oracles from their looking-glaſs, and to do all things as if death and love conſpired to make their feaſt in one and the ſame Inn. I have obſerved others, who being yet under the yoak, were the beſt ſervants in the world; but as ſoon as they ſaw themſelves at liberty, there were no worſe miſtreſſes then they. There are noted to be in the heart of a woman the paſſions of a tyrant, and ſhould they continually have wheels and gibbets at their command, the world would become a place of torture and execution. Never have I ſeen paſſions more hard to vanquiſh: for in the end the Sea which threatneth the world to make but one element, ſuffereth it ſelf to be diſtinguiſhed into ditches by little grains of ſand, which ſtaied it with the commiſſion they received thereupon from God: but when a woman letteth the reins of her paſſion go, there is not, as it were, neither law divine nor humane, which can recal her ſpirit to reaſon. Fair maids, take ever from the modeſty of your hearts, the laws which may be given you by juſtice.

Non eſt ira ſuper iram mulieris. Eccleſ. 25.

In the ſixth degree are the natures of the Ape, who have a certain malice ſpightful and affected, and ſuch ſpirits may be found of this kind who day and night dream on nothing but miſchief. They are filled with falſe opinions, ſiniſter judgments, diſdains, ſmothered choler, diſcontents, acerbities, in ſuch ſort, that the ray of the proſperity of a neighbour reflecting on their eys, makes them ſigh and groan. And as thoſe Apes which ſculk in the ſhop of a Tradeſman, mar his tools, diſturb his works, ſcatter his labours, and turn all topſie-turvy: So theſe malicious creatures ſpy occaſions to trouble a good affair, to diſſolve a purpoſe well intended, to over-throw a counſel maturely deliberated, to cauſe a retardation on the moſt juſt deſires, and fruſtrate the moſt harmleſs delights. How many times do we behold the ſun to riſe chearful and reſplendent in a bright morning, and every one is abaſhed to ſee a miſt ariſe, which in this ſerenity doth that which blemiſhes on a fair body? It is ſaid, it ſometimes proceedeth from a ſorcereſs, which darkeneth that glorious eye of the day with her charms: and how often have you obſerved proſperities more radiant then the cleareſt Summers day, which have been cloyed with dusky vapours by the ſecret practiſes of a woman, who biteth the bridle in ſome nook of a chamber? Fair maids, malice is an ill trade: it ever drinketh down at leaſt the moiety of the poyſon which it mingled for others.

Cuſtodi te à muliere mala. Prov. 6.

S. Zeno Hom. de continent.

In the ſeventh Region, there are ſome kinde of Owls, or Wild-cats, certain creatures enemies of day, of all converſation, all civillity, and all decorum: who having received from God many honeſt enablements to adorn life, and to do good to perſons neceſsitous, ſo lock up their entrails, that you may ſooner extract Honey and Manna from flints, then get a good turn out of their hands. How is it poſsible they could be courteous to oblige their likes, ſince they are many times cruel to themſelves, defrauding themſelves of the neceſsities of life, which are, as it were, as common as elements, to ſatisfie a wicked paſsions of avarice that gnaweth them with a kind of fury? For they endure in abundance part of that, which the damned ſuffer

Mulierum genus avariſſimum.

in flames perpetually, and fearing leaſt the earth may fail them, they bewail what is paſt, they complain of the preſent, they apprehend the future, they love life, onely to hold money in priſon; and fear not death, but for the expence muſt be made at their funerals.

Fountain of Gatamam. *Helmicus, S. Bonaventura in dicta.*

Let us take heed we reſemble not thoſe fountains, which are ſo cold in the day, that they cannot be drunk, and ſo hot in the night, that none dare come near them. Let us do good both in life and death with the goods which God hath given us. If men be ungrateful, he will ſuffer us to reap reward even from his hands. A covetous ſoul, which in the proſperity of its affairs, and ſuperabundance of riches, hoareth not the clamours of the needy, is as the hen, which is ſaid to be deaf in ſummer; is like a bottle full of ſilver which affordeth nothing till it be broken; is a mil-wheel which much laboureth, and gaineth nothing; a hog, which never doth good, but at his death. It hath always folly for guide, ſervitude for dowry, and miſery for recompence.

Invoni a-mariorem meis moribus. Eccleſ. 7.

In the eighth are thoſe, which are ſaid to be compoſed of a certain mixture of powders very different, which cauſeth them to be of humours light, giddy, fantaſtical, in ſuch manner, that they daily make an infinite number of metamorphoſes, and one knoweth not in what mould they muſt be caſt, to put them into a ſtate of conſiſtence. You may there obſerve a ſpirit, which is perpetually upon change, which ceaſeth not to jump from deſire to deſire, like a bird from branch to branch. A ſpirit, which will, and will not, which ſaith, and unſaith, doth and undoeth, and which continually hindereth it ſelfe in its thoughts. All that which you think to be very firmly ſetled with ſuch kind of perſons, is tied with a ſliding knot, and there needeth but the turn of a hand to overthrow what is thought to be beſt eſtabliſhed. One thing they retain very conſtantly in ſuch an ebb and floud of inconſtancies, which is obſtinately to fix themſelves upon their own opinions, and no more to give way to reaſon, then rocks to waves. It is verily one of the greateſt vices which may be in a woman, as being the ſeminary of all diſorders that grow in houſes. I have ever learned from Antiquity, that the nobleſt Spirits are thoſe, which give good counſels, and that ſuch as willingly hearken unto them, come neareſt, and joyn with them in a laudable degree of goodneſs. But ſuch as neither can give good advice, nor receive it from others, are the very worſt natures of the world. Preſerve your ſelves, Maidens, from this imperfection, which is the blemiſh of a noble courage, the worm of concord, the poiſon of life, the inſeparable companion of folly. Make it not your trophey to be refractory againſt the advices and remonſtrances of thoſe, to whom nature, juſtice, and reaſon hath ſubjected us: otherwiſe you would travel much, and get nothing in recompence, but the perfection of a mule.

Malier compta. Eccleſ. 9.

I ſet in the ninth place maids, who are of the nature of thoſe proud kinde of creatures, as of peacocks, or little dogs, which are glutted with curioſities, whileſt ſo many poor people die for hunger in the ſtreets. This order is now adays much ſpread over the world, for it is filled with nice women, who ſeem to be born for nought elſe, but to make it appear how high the deſires of exorbitant nature may mount, when a great fortune ſupporteth them. Many little fisking goſſips are ſeen, who are made up like puppets, ſo curiouſly bred, that they ſeem to be fed with potable gold between cotten and ſilk. Thoſe are the divinities of fathers and mothers, who raiſe rain and fair weather in their houſes, at the onely aſpect of their countenances. The joy and ſadneſs of the whole family waiteth on the condition of their humours; they muſt no more be offended then thoſe ſtars, which are thought to ſend tempeſts upon ſuch as have not ſaluted them. What may one hope from a ſoul altogether drenched in theſe delicacies? follies attend the increaſe of age, and multiply by infinite degrees. Reaſon is trampled under foot, and paſſion armed with a great power makes it ſelf to be carried on the ſhoulders of men. Deſires are without meaſure, wills without bridle, paſſion without moderation, and ſenſuality without reſiſtance; bravery, tattle, impertinent babble, toyiſhneſs, love, afford no paſſage to truth, and if there be any devotion, it is altogether ſilken; ſo coy and curious it is in the choice of perſons. Sacraments are good, if they be not tied to hands, where vanity ſeeketh its intereſts; yea, pride is planted upon the hair-cloth of pennance; and if God would chaſtiſe ſuch creatures to their liking, he muſt tie up his rods with ſilk, or elſe they never would receive correction.

When they leave their parents to be delivered to husbands, they go to change power, and not nature. A husband is ever uncivil, according to their ſaying, if they have not permiſsion to do any thing. And as it is ſaid the moon never agreeth in qualities with the ſun, but when ſhe hath eclipſed him; ſo they find not any concord in marriage, but in the dimunition of his authority, whom God hath given them to be their head. They carry along with their portion all the vices of their childhood, which oftentimes accompany them even to the grave. They have no eyes to ſee adverſity, no nor ears to hear it; the miſeries of the poor touch them ſo little, as if they were made of marble, and the care of their family ſhall never interrupt their pleaſures. What a life is it to behold a woman, who although ſhe riſe in a time when the ſun is near noon-tide, notwithſtanding, as if ſhe feared the vapours of the ſerain, ſhe is armed before ſhe come out of her bed, with a reſtorative from the kitchin, to keep her colour the more freſh. *Ptolom. Almag. 2.*

From that time ſhe cauſeth her ſelf to be attired, and clothed like an Idol, by three or four ſervants, who have more ado to preſerve her beauty, then ever had the Veſtals of *Rome* to maintain the ſacred fire. One preſenteth her with red, another with white, one holds a looking-glaſs, and another dares not tell her that the time of Maſs is already paſt, whileſt my Lady taketh her head-dreſſings: yet muſt the Canons of the Church be broken as eaſily as a glaſs, to obey the humours of a woman, and to celebrate then, when it is to be doubted whether the ſun begin not to bend already to his ſetting. Maſs is paſt over with making ſowr faces, and looking ſcornfull with a good grace, with ſome ſlight ceremonies of devotion, which go no further then the outward parts. There it is, where reſolutions are made of entertainments of time, to be choſen for the reſt of the day. Then follow the viſits of child-bed women, gaddings, and coachings, dances and banquets, where the prattle is ſo loud, that a few women could ſuffice to make the noiſe of a mil. They much love to hear diſcourſe upon all kinde of affairs. They that have not their ſpirits ſo ſubtile, entertain themſelves upon trifles, and ſlight complements, which they have ſtudied for the ſpace of ten years. Others, who can ſhew they have read a great quantity of love-pamphlets, or ſuch like, would ſeem of ability, ſo far as to give law to Poets and writers. Others, who have not this kind of reliſh, love not to pleaſe any thing ſo much, as their own ſenſuality, and in theſe looſe companies take fire and winde on all ſides, to the great prejudice of their reputation.

I leave it my Daughters, to the repose of your recollected cogitations, to think what Epitaph may be bestowed upon gentlewomen that lead such a life, but that they have employed themselves in the customary actions of a beast, nay, which a beast daily performs better then they; with this disparity, that they have been more inventive to season their sin.

Behold what honest women commonly most condemn in the carriage of the vitious and imperfect, which I have abbreviated in few words; being unwilling to enlarge any further upon the other imperfections, whereof I have no experience, having ordinarily so much entertainment with my books and employments, that I have no leisure to study on the manners of this sex.

The fourth SECTION.

The tenth Order of Women, full of Wisdom, and Virtue.

THe young Emperour took great pleasure to hear the Empress his mother speak so freely concerning the nature of women; and he prayed her to perform her promise touching the characters, which might serve him in the choice he meant to make; whereupon she replied:

"The last and most excellent Order of women is that, which heretofore was called the order of Bees; women truly divine, who seem to have been made upon Celestial globes by the hands of Angels, so sweet is their nature, their virtue so rare, & price so unvaluable. They are in houses as the sun in his Orb, (a) and he that would equal their worth, should he draw out all mettals and precious stones which the earth hideth in its veins, would rather finde insufficiency in his purpose, then want of merit in his object.

(a) *Sicut sol oriens in mundo, in altissimis Dei.* Eccles. 26.

Bees (as said an (b) Ancient) having nothing mortal in them but death: they perform actions worthy of immortality. Bees are labourers from the day of their birth; and it seemeth these are framed for the practice of virtues from their cradle. Bees have their little wings; these meditation and action. Those have a sting, these a point of vigour, which is the instrument of all perfections. Those live under a King, and these consecrate themselves to the obedience of laws both divine and humane. Those are great enemies of ordure, and these live in the delights of chastity. Those travel incessantly, and lose not a day unless heaven enforce it; (c) these are perpetually in the exercise of good works, and loose no time but to give it unto God. Those never stay upon withered flowers; and these set not their hearts upon any fading things which are under the Moon. Those have their hives rubbed with bitter herbs, to defend them from venemous creatures; and these use mortification of flesh against the poison of pleasures. Those make themselves connterpoises with certain little stones to fly the better; and these make a counter-ballance with humility to soar the higher. Those make honey which serves for nourishment and medicine; these have ever charity in their hands to cure the wounds and acerbities of the life of the poor, succouring their want by their liberalities. Those make the Altars to shine by the help of wax, which they produce; these adorn and enrich all the Church with the travel of their hands, or wealth of their Cabinets. What, would you to be more noble or divine? Why then are you amazed, if the Scripture (d) hath said, That houses and riches came from Parents, but a wise and a virtuous wife from the hand of God?

(b) *Nihil habet mortale, nisi quod moritur. Apis nulla nisi artifex nascitur.* Quintil.

(c) *Nullus diem per eum lucit, nisi peritis die;* Plin. l. 11.

(d) Prov. 19. *Domus, & divitiæ dantur à parentibus, à Domino autem propriè uxor prudens.*

The fifth SECTION.

A brief Table of the excellent qualities of a Lady; and first of true Devotion.

THe Gentlewomen that stood round about the Empress, expressed much earnestness to know in few words the excellent qualities of a woman truly virtuous; and *Euphrosina*, not to frustrate their desire, proceeded in these terms:

"A Lady well accomplished, is like a star with five rays, which are the five vertues, of Devotion, Modesty, Chastity, Discretion, and Charity (a.) Devotion formeth the interiour, Modesty makes it appear in the exteriour with a requisite comelines, Chastity perfecteth both the one and the other, Discretion applieth it to the direction of others, and Charity crowneth all her actions.

(a) These are the qualities which the Scripture giveth her in divers places.

(b) A woman without Devotion, were she composed as a *Pandora*, & had she all the beauties which the heart can desire, and the imaginations feign, is a Bee without a sting, which will make neither honey nor wax, is a savage beast that nature hath lodged in a painted house, is a case covered with precious stones, to preserve a dung-hil, is a *Michol*, who appeared outwardly with a Crown, and lived inwardly a slave to her passions, is a piece of flesh already halfe rotten, having not so much as one grain of salt in it. Corruption will creep into her life, disorder into her manners, infamy into her reputation, and despair into her salvation. Devotion is a virtue hereditary to our sex; it is the first portion which God hath granted us; it is the title which the Church hath given us; it is the most eminent mark of our Nobility. If we loose this ornament, I cannot see why we should pretend to live, having renounced the honour of Christianity.

(b) The first title of a woman, which S. *Paul* observeth in the Epistle to *Titus*. c. 2. when he calleth her by a Greek word σώφρονας, as one would say, suitable to holy things.

But to tell you my opinion, Devotion being no other thing but a prompt and vigorous affection, which disposeth us to all that which concerneth the service of God, it seemeth to me, that many among us have great illusions in this point, and oftentimes court a fantasie, thinking to entertain a truth.

There are of those, who by over-much embracing Altars have overthrown them, (c) and broken the Idol of *Dagon*, to set their own judgement up in the place thereof.

(c) *Altaria dum venerantur, evertunt.* S. Zeno. hom. de patientia. Strabo lib. 1. Alian. de animal. l. 7.

I have seen very many, who have a slight devotion of apish tricks, which onely consisteth in a certain light and childish imitation of countenances and gestures, having not any solidity in the interiour. For my part, I imagine when I think upon such apparences of piety without effect, that if apes had a little studied our countenances, they would much exceed us in this point: For they are great and mischievous imitatours of all they see; witness those, who washed their eyes in a bason full of glew, having observed a huntsman, who washed his with fair water; and he who being desirous to bathe a little infant in imitation of its nurse, hastened to plunge it in a boyling cauldron. How many do we daily see in the seemings of affected piety, who so well act all countenances, as if with such merchandise Paradise were to be purchased? And in the mean space they are altogether devoid of true virtues; so that he who could penetrate into their hearts, should finde they were like to those pearls, which in stead of a solid body, have nothing but the husk.

Some take devotion as a slight pastime, others as a light complement; others bend that way for complacence to the humours of another; others for glory: and although they have consciences as rude as those

of

of the Countrey, they would willingly draw Seraphins, out of Heaven to govern them, to the end that although they cannot have devotion, they may at the leaſt gain the reputation to ſeek after the perfecteſt: others are thereto tranſported for ſome ſlender cloak of liberty, and certain accomodations of their own proper intereſt.

I do not ſay, but that there are a great number who have intentions moſt pure, and proceed very piouſly, but we muſt affirm, that the defects whereof we ſpeak, may craftily ſlide into the infirmity of our ſex.

For, what may we ſay of a creature to whom ten years of devotion, twelve hundred communions, and a thouſand exhortations have not yet taken off one hair of vanity? What may we think of her, who eateth the immortal Lamb twice or thrice a week, and daily on all occaſions becometh a Lioneſs in her houſe? What may we judge of her, who ſo many times layeth the holy Euchariſt on her tongue, as a ſeal of the ſpouſe, not being able to bridle or reſtrain it ſo far, as to forbear ſo many indiſcreet and evil words? what may one preſume of her, who makes a ſcruple to drink cool in ſummer, and to behold a flower with delight, yet feeleth no remorſe of conſcience to have ſpoken more ſlanders in one dinner, then ſhe hath eaten morſels? Verily we betray devotion, which is of it ſelf fair and glorious, when we uſe it in ſuch ſort; and we give matter to exorbitant ſouls how to juſtifie their ſins by our deportments, to which they ever have but too much inclination, & think that in depainting us with a coal, they make themſelves as white as ſnow. There are others, who deſire devotions extatick and raviſhing, diſguiſed in ſtrange words, in faſhions never heard of, in ceremonies not accuſtomed. All that which is juſt, prudent, and moderate, taſteth too much of common; other paths muſt be found to Paradiſe; new habits muſt be cut out for God under the mould of their fancy, to make him known. I am not ignorant, that there are in religious orders ſouls purified from the dregs of the world, which have apprehenſions of God moſt elate; nor would I for any thing condemn ſuch bleſſings. But when in ordinary life they ſpeak to me of faſhions ſo extraordinary, I ever go along with a leaden pace, ſo much do I fear, leaſt for a ſtrong piety, I find a body of ſmoke. I add alſo others, who make to themſelves a devotion hideous, penſive, and melancholly, which amazeth thoſe who behold it with the only ſight thereof; they voluntarily reſigning themſelves to, as it were, perpetual tortures of the mind. This virtue hath but too much ſlander in the world; we have nothing elſe to do, but to hide its beauty, and to give it a maſk of terrour, to affright thoſe, who have buſineſs enough to free themſelves from their ſenſuality. I eſteem the devotion moſt proper for our ſex, is that which hath leaſt of affectation, & moſt of effect. Every one will be able to direct the prayers ſhe ought to make, confeſſions, communions, according to her own capacity, profeſſion, and leiſure, uſing therein the counſel of ſome that govern her conſcience; but let her aſſure her ſelf, ſhe ſhall never taſt devotion at the fountain head, but in the practiſe of virtues, and the conſtancy of good reſolutions.

The ſixth SECTION.

Modeſty.

AFter the interiour is directed by the motions of piety, followeth the virtue of modeſty, which proclaimeth us exteriourly. It is the needle of the dyal, which ſheweth how our ſouls circumvoleth times, and the hours of the day: it, which witneſſeth the power we have over our paſſions; it, which formeth us after the model of great ſouls; it, which cauſeth us to appear in converſation, in a manner not only regular, but ſweet, honeſt, & exemplar.

In incorrupibilitate quieti & modeſti ſpiritus. 1 Pet. 3. 4.

It is the virtue, which S. *Peter* the Apoſtle required of our ſex, when he adviſed us to hold the inward man in the incorruptibility of a ſpirit peaceable and modeſt. This is ſeen in the carriage, geſtures, and countenances; but eſpecially in ſpeech, and habits. We cannot believe how wiſe we are in ſimplicity, and how powerful in mildneſs.

It is the ſtrongeſt armour we have from nature. When we manage a ſpirit, and govern an affair by theſe ſweet and peaceable ways, we aſtoniſh the moſt confident, we diſarm the ſtouteſt, and triumph over conquerours, we have nothing to do but to hold our peace, and our ſilence ſpeaketh by us. But when deveſting us of this ſpirit of ſweetneſs, modeſty, and docibility, we put on a faſhion haughty, ſcornful, & turbulent, we are onely able in loud noiſes, which render us contemptible to thoſe who are more powerful then we, troubleſome to our equals, intolerable to our inferiours, and hateful to all the world. With this mild temper of ſpirit, *Heſter* changed King *Aha ſuerus* into a lamb, with the ſame, *Abigail*, was much ſtronger then the arms of *David*; and *Jeſabel* with her natural cruelty having ſlain Innocents, ruined Cities, diſturbed States, was thrown out of a high window on the pavement, to be trampled all bloudy under the feet of horſes.

But as concerning Modeſty, which regardeth the comlineſs of body and attire, it is a ſtrange thing, how many complaints are made againſt us upon this point. We have already ſerved for the ſpace of ſo many Ages as a common place to Preachers, matter of cenſure for Edicts, a fable for Cities, and laughter to our ſelves. In the mean time this love of bravery is ſo throughly engrafted in our ſpirits, that we will not deſpoil us of it, but with our skin. It is an original ſin, which all women carry with them from their mothers womb, for which there is no Baptiſm to be found, and he that ſhould go about to waſh us from this ſtain, we would have an action againſt him. Yea, were this onely usual among great Ladies, for whom earth, rivers, and ſeas, ſeeme to produce wherewith to ſatisfy their curioſity, it would appear leſs ſtrange, but all women are born with this paſſion and they ſo heartily hug it, that there will be almoſt no diſtinction made in orders, ſince there is ſo much confuſion in habits.

Citizens wives will become Queens; and if we hereafter would be taken for Queens, we muſt become Citizens wives. Perhaps thoſe who cenſure us in this point, require too much of us, and ſome are therein tranſported with ſo much zeal, that if we would believe them, we ſhould make all the *Maries* of Egypt to be at Court. Thoſe who intend to treat with us in this manner, by falling upon our hair and attires, touch not our hearts, for could any one truely perſwade us to virtue, we ſhould cover our ſelves with a ſack, ſo that it might advance the glory of God, and the profit of our neighbour: yet do I think we have ſome right to comlineſs, and propriety in our garments, ever abiding within the limits of the moſt regular in ſuch ſort, that the wiſe may not blame our ſuperfluities, nor thoſe who are more favourable accuſe our defects.

But to ſpeak ſincerely, there is a kind of frenzy in our proceeding. He who ſhould ſee the ſtuffs taken up ſometimes at the Mercers to cloath a little body, whereof the worms will quickly make a dung-hill, would

would say they had undertaken to cover some huge whale: & he who should reckon up all the furnitures of a Lady, as they ly on a table, having never seen any woman, would think it were a Mercery to furnish a little City: we resemble those birds, which have no body, and are as it were nought else but feathers; we use therein so many fashions, disguises, and inventions, that we tire our spirits, so much study and affection, that many of us make so much business about a ruff, as if we had a Commonwealth of *Athens* to manage.

And that which is most horrible, is, these vanities are drawn from the bloud of the poor; and in the same proportion as they are extracted, they so impoverish, as I fear posterity may have more cause to curse our dissolutions, then cherish them. Nay, worse is done, when they so vehemently affect to begin the adultery of their bodies by that of the face, that it is insensibly eaten into with painting and poyson, as if they would derive beauty from *corruption*. Then certain fashions of apparel are found out, which seem to be made rather to sell bodies, then to cover them. I do not know what may be reserved for the eyes of a chast husband, when through all markets the secret parts of his wives body are expoled as open, as if they were ready to be delivered over to the best bidders. I cannot tell what husbands can be pleased with the publication of this nakedness, if not certain *Platonists* who would approve the law this Philosopher made, as it is said, of community of beds, then the doctrine of Idea's, which would be viands too empty to satiate the hunger of concupiscence. Verily, if we yet retain a vein of the perfect Christianity which swaied in the golden age, we ought to stifle by a generous consent, all these abuses, and make of the spoils of superfluity a Sacrifice of mercy, giving in part for the relief of the poor, that, which hitherto we have dedicated to the fantasies of our spirits. Since we are born with some supereminencies of body, and are the goodliest creatures of the world, why should we go about to beg glory from poisons of the earth, from worms, and spoils of the dead? If opinion have put us unto it, it is now long since withered by the confusion of so many hands, who incessantly gathered it. The glory of the greatest Ladies shall not hereafter survive, but in great modesty.

The seventh SECTION.

Chastity.

It is the quality S. Paul calleth sanctification. 1 Tim. 2. *Exhortabitur per sermonem, & per assistentiam in fide, & dilectione, & sanctificatione cum sobrietate.*

THis is the shortest way we have to the preservation of Chastity, an incomparable virtue, & the richest jewel of our sex. It ought to be as natural to us, as flight to birds, swimming to fishes, beauty in flowers, and rays in the sun. You need not ask, what may become of a maid or wife, who is prodigal of a good, which should be as firmly united to her body, as her hearts: She is capable of all sorts of crimes, and were there question to open all the gates of hell, incontinency alone would put the keys into her hands. There is no beast in the world that is not better then a prostitute, who by the dishonour of her bed hath charged her soul with sins, her body with intemperance, her renown with reproaches, and her memory with execration. We sought so to instruct your daughters in the virtue of purity, that they may not know the least shadow of sins which are committed in the world. I approve not those little *Dina's*, who will see and smell out so many customes of Countries, and entertainments, for they too soon learn that, which they too late will forget, and take so much fire in at the ears and eyes, that water enough will not be found to extinguish it. I do not wish a maid, though very young, should be delighted in the company of children which are not of her own sex. I likewise fear those of her sex, who are too curious, their company is sometimes so much the more dangerous then that of men, as we least take heed of a domestick enemy. That Chastity is ever the most stable, which knoweth not so much as what voluptuousness may pretend unto. I will think crows might become nightingales, when any one should make me believe that a creature of our sex, which is delighted to hear or utter scoffs, and speeches of double sense, which cover ordure under golden words, either is chast, or can any long time continue as she is.

Simon, ad Lætam. Sæuriorès of continuatio nescire quod quærat.

Let us guard the eyes, mouth, and ears of those young maidens, as Temples dedicated to Honour, let us do nothing in their presence, which they cannot imitate without sin: let us teach them not to addict themselves, either to pleasures of the mouth, or sleight desires, to take and freely possess any petty favours. A creature which much covereth to have that which her condition cannot afford, hath many enemies in her heart, which will deliver her body over to dishonour, and her soul to confusion. Let us cut off as much as we may so many wanton songs, idle books, infamous pictures, gossipings, dancings, and banquets: never is a beast taken but with some bait, nor chastity lost, but that such attractives serve as fore-runners.

There are not so many lost spirits to be found among women well bred, who in sin pretended nothing but sin: but the love of divers Ladies proceedeth rather from vanities of the mind, then weakness of the body. They desire to be in some esteem and admiration of those, who can neither esteem nor admire them, but in the pretensions of their own interest: they take delight to be commended for their beauties, which never any man so profusely applaudeth, as not to hope to be paid for his praises. They are subject to much credulity, whether it be through some easiness of nature too weak, or by overmuch presumption and self-love, in such sort, that they quickly esteem themselves fair, and worthy to be beloved by those who feign affection, not seeing that fishes are taken with nets, and women with the credulity of their light belief. They unde take designs to make servants, who are not of the order of Arch-angels, to serve them as *Raphael* did *Toby*, not pretending power over their hearts and honours. They are infinitely delighted to see a man prostrate at their feet, especially when he hath some qualities, which put him into the estimation of the world. It is a glory among the quaintest to have gained slaves, who love their chains, and who will no longer live nor dy but for them. This is the cause they counterfeit themselves to be little Idols and take many sacrifices of smoak, and although they at the same time have not any intention to offend God, notwithstanding they suffer themselves to dissolve at sight of so many offers of services, complements, and protestations, and in the end feel, it is a very hard matter to defend ones self from an enemy, who onely administreth us with gold or incense. Drops of rain are composed of nothing but water, and do by their continual fall penetrate the stones, so much sweetness of words, submissions, and observancies redoubled one upon another are able to make a pock-rent in the soul: how can they but transport a woman, who is more frail then a bone, faileth not to retain all the softness of flesh.

Love sometimes hath wings to fall upon its prey with a full souce, and sometimes it goeth slowly with a crooked

a crooked pate. That which it cannot obtain by a prompt heat, it expecteth from a constant importunity. From thence ensue private conversation, and disorders, which make tales in cities, stage-plaies, and bloudy tragedies, which being begun behind a curtain, are many times ended at the gallows. I do not find a better remedy to stop the beginnings of lust, then to behold the end thereof. A Lady who solicited in matter of dishonour, in the first baits shall draw the curtain, and behold a huge gulf of scandals, injuries, rages, and despairs, will as willingly descend into Hell alive, as consent to this brutish passion. She will seasonably proceed to remedies, and unfolding her heart in the secret of Confession, will discover the deceipt of it, and by this means avoid an infinity of disasters. Thrice, yea four-fold happy is she, who will take these words as an Oracle, and enchace them in her heart to remember them eternally.

The eight SECTION.

Discretion in the manage of affairs.

A title which the Wiseman expresseth by the word Sensata, Eccles. 7. And S. Paul useth the word σώφρ, Tit. 2. much recommending to women the care of household affairs.

WHen we have begun to polish our selves by these virtues; Discretion will regularly apply us to conversation and affairs, every one according to her qualities.

A woman is a poor thing, which hath no imployment nor discretion; as there are many to be found, who having lived to the age of ninety years have not learned any thing, but to dress and undress themselves. Why should we have a reasonable soul, were it not to enrich it with knowledges, which are necessary to us, both for our selves, & the government of those which fall into our hands? As we profess not to be wise, so we have not made a vow of stupidity. We should love as our eye-sight the reading of good books, which teach us how to become better; for they are wise companions, and honest entertainments, from whence we never behold jealousies nor scandals to arise. It is not a very barren delight to behold women, who as soon as they have made a silly complement, have nothing else to say, unless they talk of their ruffs, or some such kind of trifles? At the least, I wish those, who never have been willing to learn to speak, would one day practise to hold their peace: But they deafen the world with their prattle, and daily deliver an Iliad of speeches, wherein there is not so much as one good word. Tell me not these maids so knowing, are more subject to caution: I would not have them, I say unto you, all learned, as the *Sybils* and *Muses*, but who will envy them an honest science of things, which serve for the direction of manners? There is none but spiders, and such little creatures, that turn flowers into poyson. We ought not to fear that a maid, to whom good foundations of humility & devotion are given, will abuse this celestial manna, which is found in sage Writers.

I have learned from one full of wisdom and experience, that for one young virgin instructed in learning, which hath failed in her honour, twenty other have been found of the ignorant, who have so much the more grossly erred, as they had the less knowledge of their fault. I intend not by this counsel proposed, which is, to perfect them by reading that therefore we give liberty to the curiosity of reading of all sorts of books, and namely those which treat of loves, though in a very gentle manner; for they have a little sting in them as soft as silk, which insensibly enters into the heart; and when they describe this passion unto you with so many exquisite terms and honest inventions, they create so beautiful loves, that in seeking to imitate them, we produce such as are deformed. If we must become learned, we ought to do it in that manner as the Sts. *Tecla*, *Catharina*, *Eudoxia*, *Marcella*, *Paula*, *Fabiola*, *Eustochium*, who with the spoils of *Egypt*, furnished the Cross and Altars of our Saviour: Nor would I advise a virgin to go and hide her self in a granary or cave, to devour books: It is fit she season her reading with works proper to her profession. Let us never suffer her to be idle, but so soon as age rendereth her capable, let us give her some little direction and exercise in the house. For why should we be ashamed to work with the needle, since *Augustus Cæsar*, the founder of Empires, reputed such kind of imployments not unworthy of his daughters; and that the *Romans* many years preserved, as a relick, the distaff of Queen *Tanaquilla*, much more charily then the lance or sword of *Romulus*; thinking it was more necessary to give women examples of industry, then furnish men with idæa's of war? One would not beleive, how much the earnestness some have upon a good piece of work, diverteth all other passions, which may embroil the spirit; but whosoever will make trial, shall find that innocency is never better lodged then at the sign of labour. I leave you to think, when a maid hath endeavoured to learn from her tender years, matters fit for housewifery, even to the kitchin, what a goodly light is in that house, whether it proceed from a father, or from a husband for the direction of the family, the government of men, and maid-servants, the example of youth, and the comfort of the family. She maketh her self necessary in the best affairs, there is much repose in her prudence, her health is accounted important, her life precious, her death deplorable, and her memory replenished with honour. The wisest of men *Solomon*, hath given no other marks to know a virtuous woman then the Oeconomy she holdeth in the government of her family. *She hath considered* (saith he) *the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread in idleness; she hath taken pains in linnen and wollen. She is become as a ship laden with victuals and riches. She riseth before day to provide fitting food for her family. She hath made purchase of farms, and entertained traffick. She hath put her hand to work, then opened it to the necessity of the poor. All her servants are in good order; her husband, and children cannot sufficiently praise her for her great wisdom. She is a lamp which will never be extinguished in the darkness of night.* Behold some what near the tearms which he useth, to reckon up the perfections of a wife, ending with wisdom, and fear of God, which is the first and last ornament.

The ninth SECTION.

Conjugal Love.

IN the end; as love is a generous passion which by its good government crowneth all virtues, I would advise a married Lady, for the accomplishment of her perfection, to bear a most cordial charity towards her husband. This is no hard matter when there is good fortune and correspondence in marriages: for complacence ever maketh wings for love, and it is held a happiness to love that, which pleaseth our passion. But it is a most pitiful thing, when parents blinded with avarice, and charmed with the sweetness of pretended interests, renew the example of cruel *Mezentius*, who tyed the living to the dead & endeavoured to match a poor young maid, who surviveth in favour & blessings from heaven, with a husband putrified in vices, ordures, and diseases of body. Then in a time when much virtue is to be shown, in putting on a resolution to love a monster, from their most tender years to their tomb. what should we do therein? The law of nature gives us free permission to desire good husbands, but the

It is the Epithete which S. Paul giveth to virtuous women, calling them Tit. 2.

laws

laws of marriage exhort us to bear with them as much as we may howsoever they prove. if we love for our selves, this is impossible; but if for God, we therein shall find duty and facility. A woman cannot seek out a shorter way to the perfection of her sex, then by wedding the humours of her husband, so that they be not opposite to the commandments of God: she who well obeyeth, commandeth well; and when we once have surprized the heart of a man, there is not any thing resisteth our wills.

Union is a marvellous cement, which so straightly knitteth obedience and power together, that it is a very hard matter to distinguish him who obeyeth, from him that commandeth. We have in all ages excelled in this conjugal piety, and there are hereof so many rare examples to be found, that pens are troubled to express, as well as ears to believe them. Tender and delicate young maidens have been seen, who inconsiderately married to husbands, worn out with maladies, perceiving from the first night of their nuptials, unguents, ulcers, and evil savours, and finding a counterfeit health in bodies, more fit for a tomb then a marriage bed, yet have not abandoned them, but loved, honoured, and served them, watching sometimes fourty days, and fourty nights about their beds, never disarraying themselves. Some one man hath been found among others, whose indisposition drawing along with it seven years together the stench of wounds that were incurable, the horrible infirmity of members which appeared wholly disfigured, did weaken all the forces of those who were willing to assist him, overthrew the patience of the most faithfull, wasted the charity of the most zealous, yea even such as do all for money, abhorred to come near him. And then to see a young maiden of sixteen years of age, weak of complexion, handsom of body, and endowed with a beauty which the most flourishing husbands would have coveted, to tie her self to this dead body, to stir it, touch it, cleanse it, to give it broths, to blow the powder of herbs into the nostrils of it, which distilled an humour insupportable to all the world, to cut his beard, and hair, when no man would undertake this adventure, is it not a miracle of our sex worthy of the admiration of men, the applause of histories, and love of all posterity?

Vives relateth this in the second book of a *Christian Woman*, of one named *Clara*.

See *Lipsius* in his Politicks.

What shall I say of one *Eponina*, who having espoused a husband much clogged with troublesom affairs and crimes, yea even of treason, was nine years shut up with him in the vault of a sepulchre; and afterwards seeing him to be discovered, and condemned to death by the Emperour *Vespasian*, would needs accompany him to execution, and die with him, saying, she already was prepared for a tomb, and that she could better tolerate it dead then alive? What should I speak of a *Persian* Queen, named *Cabadis*, who seeing her husband detained in prison, came to visit him, not suffering her self to be known; and giving him her garments of a wife, to put on those of a husband, afforded him opportunity to escape, paying afterward with her noble blood the errour of her piety?

Are not these prowesses worthy to be written in letters of gold and azure, to be exposed to the view of all Ages? A thousand-fold happy they, whose concord hath bound love up with chains of adamant, separation never finding place in the knot of marriage, which God hath been pleased to tie with his own hands. Let us for this cause preserve us from jealousie, which useth to grow from the most beautifull loves, as those worms, which are said to issue from the fairest flowers. It is a most unhappy passion, formed by fantasie, attired by suspitions, darkened by discontents, fed with bad humours by curiosity, entertained with impostures by slander, which gnaweth asunder all that which there is of virtue in chast affections, troubleth the repose of beds, embroyleth the affairs of houshold, renteth alliances, produceth monsters, soweth fury and rage, and having tormented all the world, devoureth it selfe. If our husbands fall into this misery, let us pity them as franticks, and take away from them all manner of occasions which may stir up their imaginations, and if the like malady surprize us, let us not resemble those women, who have travelled in the dead time of night through hugh forrests full of horrour, that they might hasten to watch their husbands, accompanied onely with their passions, whereof some fell between the teeth of wilde beasts, which to them were more pleasing then the executioner they retained in their own proper entrails.

We oftentimes in this point more bewail our own interests, then the offence done to God; and it is no strange thing, that she who loveth ill, should be deprived of what she affecteth. When there is sin in it, let us deplore it, let us endeavour to remedy it by prayers, by discretion, by patience, by all the most holy industries we may use therein. We shall find our selves strong in silence and hope; and not in ceaseless complaints, which have no other effect, but to fret wounds, and renew disasters.

The tenth SECTION.

The care of children.

TO hide nothing from you, women, who are called to the Sacrament of Marriage, ought to be very perfect, because they have as it were in their manage the most precious interest of posterity, they being chosen out to bring forth, and educate Children, which are to be members of the body of State.

It hath often been questioned from whence proceeded the good and evill nature of men; and I find that many have attributed it to the divers aspects of Planets, as by a fatal necessity: But to say truly, this Astrology of fools, and webs of spiders, are as it were but one thing, both being fit to catch flies, and not deceive understanding men. I hold opinion, good mothers make the good nature of children; and it hath ever been observed, that great personages who have flourished in some eminency of virtues, have taken from thence as it were generally the first impressions of sanctity.

If chast daughters chance to be born of incontinent mothers, it is almost as rare, as to see nettles bear gilliflowers. Let us preserve our bodies as temples, to bring forth more virtues then flesh for the publick, and when God affordeth us issue, let it be one of our chiefest cares to train it up in his service. My heart bleedeth when I consider how now adays many children of quality are bred, which are stifled with servile indulgences under the shadow of dandling them. God sends them as creatures, with which he intendeth to support the world, govern Common-wealths, people heaven, and adorn even the conversation of Angels: but to see how they are used, it seemeth that pieces of flesh are ingendered, which are onely to be licked as bears, to give them true perfections. They are loaden with fat and the kitchin, they are entertained in the full fruition of all the desires of their hearts; they are observed like little kings, who are not as yet many times above five years of age, & already exercise a Monarchy in the houses of their parents. Jesus Christ banished Idolatry from the world with so

much sweat and blood, and it is again daily renewed, when children are set up as certain little Idols, to whom all hearts, respects, hopes, fears, and homages are sacrificed. I beseech you, let us not cause them to learn that which we should make them forget; let us not accustom them to mimick affectation of words, to pomp of habits, to liberty, to pleasures. Let us attire them for the service of God, and exercises suitable to their sex and condition; and above all, let us take heed they be not poysoned by the ear, in the frequent conversation of such bad company, who seem to be born for nought else, but to infect purity.

The eleventh SECTION.

The conclusion of the Discourse.

THe Empress held ears and hearts suspended with this her discourse, when seeing the hour approach, wherein choice should be made of a wife for the Emperour her son: *Behold the time* (saith she) *my Lord and son, when your Majesty must consign the golden Apple into the hands of her, whom you shall judge to have the best portion of those excellent qualities, which I have recited.* And saying that, she caused a goodly room to be opened, where upon one side were seen pictures of Ladies, who flourished in the more elder Ages, in sanctity, in spirit, in courage, and in all virtues mentioned by us, which composed a triumphant Court. There was *Sarah, Rachel, Lea, Deborah, Abigail, Susanna. Ester, Judith, Mariamne, S. Agnes, S. Cecily, S. Helena, S. Monica. S. Felicitas*, the ten *Sybils, Zenobia, Amalazunta, Placidia, Pulcheria, Eudoxia, Theodora, Marcella, Paula, Eustochium, Victorina, Clotilda, Radegundis*, and very many other, not comprizing those who have flourished within these eight hundred years; which much amazed me, and made me say, that such as affirmed women of honour were so rare to be found, would perhaps have some trouble to finde leaves on trees, and water in the river. All these pourtraits appeared with lights of glory in a most pleasant manner, having enchasements all enriched with pretious stones. *Behold*, saith *Euphrosina, O Virgins, how pretious is the memory of holy Ladies.* Then turning her self to the other side, she shewed with her fingers the figures of such as had forsaken honour and virtue, which were pale, pensive, cloudy, and encompassed with flames, as if they came out Hell. There was *Semiramis, Phædra, Thisbe, Phillis, Helen* of *Greece, Clitemnestra, Cleopatra, Agrippina, Julia, Messalina, Calirrhoe, Thais, Phryne, Rhodope, Flora*: and in perspective so great a quantity, that it seemed to equal the sands of the Sea, not accounting those therein, who afterward had a share in their misery.

The Emperour having observed them, entred into the room called the *Pearl*, where he saw so many pearls selected from all the Provinces of his Empire. There was nothing to be seen but stars, lightning, and rays, so much these beauties on every side mingling their lights afforded lustre, which gave him much difficulty how to resolve. There was among others one named *Iceſia*, a maid of much knowledge, to whom the Emperour *Theophilus* spake a Greek verse, to which she replied with an admirable promptness, notwithstanding he relished not this spirit, finding it too curious for his humour: but after information taken from his eys, his ears, and the mouthes of those who bred these creatures, he gave the golden Apple to one named *Theodora*, a Paphlagonian by Nation, whom I notwithstanding cannot think to come near, whom I here represent for a model.

CLOTILDA.

The first SECTION.

Her Birth and Education.

Ex *Greg. Turonensi, Ammonio, Hincmaro, Philippo Bergomensi, Baronio, &c.*

THE number of Ladies eminent in sanctity is so great, that it rebateth the point of wit to think thereon, and the virtues are so resplendent, that in the commixtion of their lights they dazle all eys in such manner, that it is a hard matter to speak of it, unless we put some limits upon the discourses of so many singular subjects, who set none on their merits. And that is the cause, why out of a great number of Princesses, some of those whose names I have produced, I here undertake one, raised upon the most perfect Idæa's, which is the first Christian Queen of *France*, I mean the most glorious *Clotilda*, wife of our great *Clodovæus*, who verily is much bound to Heaven to have been chosen out for the advancement of the affairs of Christianity in this flourishing Monarchy, with prowesses and successes encomparable: so likewise are we tied to her in an immortal obligation, to have cast the first seeds of piety into the Court of our Kings, that it might with the more authority, enter into the souls of all their subjects.

The good Princes like to a pearl which cometh from the salt Sea, beheld her self involved almost from her birth in great acerbities and horrible confusions, from whence she arose with so much lustre, as she made of adversities the steps to the Temple of glory. She was daughter of *Chilperick*, who contending for the Scepter against *Gombaut* his elder brother, King of *Burgundy*, with more temerity then reason, sunk down to the ground, and was forsaken by the people, whom he had excited against this his brother, who verily was a bad King. But God who giveth Soveraigns leave to reign, favouring a just cause even in the person of an evil man, gave victory to the elder. He most truly made use of his fortunes, for having surprized his younger brother at the siege of a City, he caused him to lose his head on a Scaffold: and not content with this murther, extended his vengeance against the wife of the deceased, by an act most unworthy. For causing a stone to be tied to her neck, she was thrown into the river, and it was a great chance he had not inflicted the like upon two other Virgins, the lamentable remainders of this unfortunate marriage. But beholding them as yet so young and innocent, he thought their life could not be prejudicial to his estate, and their death might be ignominious to his reputation. Behold the reason why he contented himself to shut the one of them up in a Monastery, and retained the other, which was our *Clotilda*, with himself, that she might be bred in his Court.

The holy Maid entreth into the palace of her Uncle, as a Sheep into a Lion's Den, having no reason to repose such assurance in a man, who still had the blood of her father and mother in his hands. Notwithstanding, great is the power of virtue, when it is enchased in beauty. For this cruel *Basilisk*, who had an eye of blood and poyson, no sooner considered the praise-worthy parts of this Princes, but that feeling himself dazeled with her aspect, and his heart softned with the innocency of this poor Orphan, he instantly took compassion upon her, who never inclined to it before.

He began to behold her with a pleasing countenance, to endear her, to wish and promise her much good. But the good creature, who could not think after so strange an affliction she was any more to pretend to greatness, and pleasures of the world, threw her self between the arms of the Cross, that there she might finde those of God: and though in publick she stifled the resentments of her sorrow with a discreet patience, nor resisting the storm, nor striking her head against the rocks, yet in the secrecy of her retirement she daily dissolved her self into tears, and found no comfort but in the wounds of the World's Saviour.

'My God (*said she to him*) I adore your holy 'providence, which drencheth me with Gall and 'Wormwood, in an age wherein Maidens of my 'quality accustom not to walk but on roses; perhaps you know my pride hath need of such a counterpoise, and you in all equity have done that 'which your wisdom thought good. Behold I have 'my eyes still all moistned with the blood of my father, and the body of my poor mother, which being covered with so many waves, cannot have over 'it one silly tear from the eyes of her daughter, 'which fail not every night to pour forth streaming rivers. My God, *Your name be blessed eternally.* 'I require nought else of you, but the participation of your sufferings. It is no reason I here should 'live without some light hurt, seeing you wounded 'on all sides for my example. Some have been pleased to wish me I should receive and take contentments in the hope of a better fortune: where 'would they have me gather those pleasures? I am 'yet upon the weeping shores of the river of *Babylon*. I fix all my consolations and songs at the feet 'of your Cross, promising to desire nothing more 'in the world, but the performance of your holy 'will.

There is I know not what kinde of charm in holy sadness, which cannot be sufficiently expressed, but such it is, that a soul contristated for God, when it is fain into Abysses, wherein all the world reputes it lost, findeth in the bottom of its heart lights and sweetnesses so great, that there is not any comfort in the world to be compared with them.

Clotilda was already come to these terms, and if for obedience she had not learned to leave God for God, she had been softned with those tears by suffering her self voluntarily to slide into a lazy sorrow. But considering that whilest she was in the house of this Uncle, an *Arian* Heretick, she was bound by God to instruct with her example all those who were to be spectatours of her actions, she set her hand courageously to the work, and shewed her self so able of judgment in her carriage, and so regular in all her deportments, that her life became a picture of virtue, which past to all the world. Although she were derived from the blood of Kings, she shewed to have no other nobility, but that which springs from worthy actions. As her face was free from adulterate beauty, so her soul was exempt from those affected authorities and disdains which ordinarily grow with great fortunes. Her aspects were simple and dove-like, her words discreet, her actions sober, her gesture measured, her carriage honest, her access affable, her conversation full of sweetness and profit. She was a virgin in minde and body, living in marvelous purity of affections and

amities, which she fomented by the virtue of humility, which the Ancients esteemed to be as the wall of the garden of charity: God oftentimes suffering impurity of body to chastise the rebellion of the soul. She was so humble of heart, that she accounted her self as the meanest servant of the house, not scorning at all to apply her self to inferiour offices; which she notwithstanding performed with so much majesty, that even in spinning with a distaff she seemed a Queen.

She was marvellously wise in her counsels, prompt and agil in execution, moderate in all good successes, constant in bad, ever equal to her self. She spake little, never slandered, envied none, did good to all the world, not pretending her own interests, expecting from God alone the character of her merit, and the recompence of her charities. She had no worldly thing in her person, and as little regarded her attires, as the dust of the earth. She knew almost but one street in the City where she dwelt, which was the same that led to the Church. Sports and feasts were punishments to her, and she was seldom found in the company of men, unless it were some beggers, whose misery she assisted. Her whole heart went towards God, her feet to the Church, her hands to alms, her eys to reading books of devotion, her arms to exercises and works of her sex; all her body to sacrifices and victims of her soul.

Observe, you young maids, who read these pages, of what wood God useth to frame Saints, and that never any happeneth to produce the miracles which *Clotilda* did in the conversion of a Kingdom, not acting wonders of virtue in the interiour of the soul.

The King her uncle was so ravished with these precious parts, that the excess of his admiration turned into a furious jealousy; for beholding this spirit more masculine then he could have wished, and fearing least she might be possessed by some other besides himself, he had no purpose to *marry* her, but kept her so straightly, that one would have said to have seen him, he was the dragon in fables, that ever stood centinel near the golden apple.

But, oh silly humane prudence, which still rowing against the *current* of the providence of God, findest as many precipices in passion as thou openest snares for innocency! This man notwithstanding all his endeavours, which went the contrary way, bred up in his house a maid, whom God had already destined to chastice his cruelty, and make, he unwitting thereof, his Scepter tributary to a valorous husband, who was to marry *Clotilda*, and joyn the Kingdom of virtues to the force of his arms.

The second SECTION.

Clodovæus *requireth* Clotilda *in marriage.*

Clodovæus King of *France*, a man born to make it appear what valour may produce when, it is supported by piety, daily advanced his conquests among the *Gauls*, yet in so many victories remained a slave to Idolatry. God was willing to win him to himself by the ways of chast love, and by the means of a wife, which should sanctify his person and house.

The fame of the beauty and virtues of *Clotilda*, which spread through neighbour Kingdoms with so sweet an odour, failed not to approach him at that time, when he was upon tearms to take a wife in lawful marriage. Love, which many times surprizeth as well by the ear, as the eye, so enkindled him at the report made by his Embassadours of the perfections of this divine maid, that he no longer retained either heart or thought, but for her. He affected what he never saw, with a love mixed with reverence, felt a more noble flame then he was wont, which scorched him with a generous passion, and excited him to require this Princess, as the type of his felicities. The difficulties proposed upon the effecting of this marriage, augmented desire in him. For he was of a vigorous spirit, who measured all by the greatness of his own courage, and resolved to break through obstacles, to crown his purposes. He addressed himself to his great favourite *Aurelianus*, and having opened unto him the project of this marriage, would needs instantly dispatch him upon a solemn Embassage to confer with the maid, and treat with the King her uncle. This man who understood the suspicions and apprehensions of *Gombaut*, made it appear unto him, that the conquest of the golden fleece, & the marriage of *Clotilda* were almost one and the same thing; and that no access could be had to this maid, without first speaking to this bull, who threw flames and fire through his throat. *Clodovæus* conjureth him to use all possible industries to satisfie his passion, assuring him he could not oblige him in any matter, whereof he would be more sensible. *Aurelianus* obeyeth, and taking a ring from the Kings finger, with certain other Jewels to present the Lady, hastened towards *Burgundy*.

I cannot here conceal, that which *Baronius*, the Father of Ecclesiastical History was unwilling to omit, seeing it is witnessed by good Authours, and hath nothing incredible therein, but onely with such who think it is a note of wisdom to seem very incredulous,

We know by what hath been spoken before, that *Clotilda* seldom appeared in publick, if it were not at Church, and cast her eyes on very few, but the poor. God made use of this disposition for her good: for *Aurelianus*, having learned this Lady daily conversed willingly with needy persons, and that it was necessary to seem of this quality to speak unto her without suspicion, took the habit of a begger, and as the servant of *Abraham*, sent by the first Father of Believers, treated the loves of *Isaac* in requiring water of *Rebecca*, who was to be his future spouse; so this man managing the commission of marriage, for the prime King of the faithful, resolved to beg alms of *Clotilda*, to find means of access to her; and for this cause he stood at the gate of a Church among a great rabble of beggers, expecting till Mass were done, that he might see the Princess come forth. She failed not to perform acts of charity to all the poor according to her custom, & perceiving this man who seemed of a generous aspect in these miserable rags, felt her heart seized with extraordinary piety, beholding one of so good carriage reduced to such misery, and without any further enquiry she gave him a piece of gold. *Aurelianus* seeing this royal hand so charitably stretched out to succour a counterfeit want, whether he were transported with joy, or whether he were desirous to make himself observed by some act, he lifted up the sleeves of the Princess, which according to the fashion of robes then usually worn, covered all even to her hands, and having bared her right hand, kissed it with much reverence. *Clotilda* blushed heartily thereat yet passed on further not shewing any resentment, nor blaming the begger as some Authours add. Well saith she in secret to an old Lady, who was her confident friend, Have you observed what this begger did? The other replied: It was a very easie matter to note it, since this act had painted her forehead with a most lively scarlet: But yet (said

Clotilda

Clotilda to her what think you of it? The Lady answered smiling, what can I els think, but that your rare perfections joyned to your liberality have transported him? For my part I suppose (said the Princess) he hath some other design, and if you think good we will cause him to come to the Palace to beg alms, and thereupon take occasion to be informed of his person.

Aurelianus failed not to entertain this commandment, which was the scope of his desire, and accordingly to pass to the place assigned him, where *Clotilda* beholding him soundly chid him for his boldness, in lifting up the sleeve of her garment and kissing her hand. He who was a most quaint Courtier, found out his evasion, and said: The custom of his Country permitted to kiss the lips of Ladies at salutation: but the happiness of his condition having abased him so low, he could not aspire to the face: Behold the cause why he contented himself with the hand, it being a thing very reasonable to kiss a hand, which is the source of so many charities, since the doors of Churches from whence we expect good, are kissed. *Clotilda* was much pleased with this reply, and well saw this man belyed his habit by his discourse and garb. She therefore importuned to tell who he was, and from whence it proceeded that he was reduced to such misery as to beg his bread. Madam (saith *Aurelianus*) since your Greatness presseth me thus far, you shall know I am born of a good place, and that it, which hath brought me to this state, is nothing els but the love of a Lady, whom I court, not for my self, but for one of the greatest Princes under Heaven. The maid was very curious to know who this Prince was as also the Lady, sought unto with so much pains. *Aurelianus* seeing it was now time to speak to the purpose, said: The Lady is three steps from me, for indeed it is your self. At which she began to blush again, and to shew some disturbance of mind: but (quoth he) Madam, trouble not your self, since I am in a place where I with confidence may speak unto you, your Excellency shall know, I am sent by *Clodovaus* King of *France*, my Master, who is the best Prince, and the most valiant Monarch in the whole World. The fame of your most precious and eminent qualities coming to his ear, he desireth to *marry* you, and hath dispatched me to give you notice thereof, and require your consent. I could have entred into the Court with some solemn Embassage; but the difficulties the King your uncle enforceth upon you, made me resolve to take this attyre, to speak to you with the more freedom. You may well assure your self, this marriage shall make you the prime Queen of the West, and the most happy in the world; and to approve the authority of my commission, behold the ring of the King my Master, which I present unto you.

There is not any woman so holy, who is not capable of much delight upon praises afforded her, and who doth not willingly open her eyes to greatness. *Clotilda* was not so insensible, as not to be touched to the quick with such an Embassage, howsoever she shewed in this surprisal, she had within her a heart very faithful to God: for most freely refusing the ring, and interrupting the Embassadour: Speak no more Sir (saith she) I know your Prince is a Pagan, and I a Christian: God forbid that I ever marry an Infidel, were he the Monarch of the world. Madam, replieth the Gentleman, frame to your self no difficulties upon the difference of Religions, my Prince is not so tyed to his Sect, as not to forsake it for your love. But what means will there be said (*Clotilda*) to gain my uncle? I do not think he hath any purpose to *marry* me. The Embassadour answereth: If you give me your consent, we will find opportunity to bear you from hence. Not so (replied the prudent maid) it is a course I will never admit. Ah, why Madam? saith *Aurelianus*: should you do it, who would condemn your discretion? Is it a sin in your Religion to fly from the den of a furious wretch, to resign up your self into the hands of a King? We know how he used your father and mother, and how he also treateth you at this time.

At this word the Lady poured fourth some tears, and said: Do by Embassadours all that possibly you can, and assure the King your Master, that I hold my self much honoured by the choice he hath made of me, and that he cannot be so soon for God, as I for him, at least in heart and body, when the King my uncle shall give me leave. Upon these conditions I take your Ring, which I very charily will keep. All this passed very happily in a Court of the Palace, where she ordinarily spake to the poor, interrogating them of their necessities; and none perceived there was any other business but the care of the poor, her confident friend onely excepted, who had a share in the secrets of *Clotilda*.

The third SECTION.

The Embassage to the King of Burgundy *for the marriage of* Clotilda.

Aurelianus touched Heaven with his finger, that he had so successfully thrived in his commission; and forgot not parcel-meal to relate to the King his Master all the particulars of his voyage entertaining him above all with a curious discourse made upon the admirable beauty and singular prudence of *Clotilda*. *Clodovaus* burnt with impatience, and would presently have taken the King of *Burgundy* by the beard to make him let go his hold: but wisdom adviseth him, he must observe therein requisite formalities, and that it was fit to send his Embassadours to *Gombaut* to require of him his neece in *marriage*, which he speedily did, appointing thereunto his faithful *Aurelianus*, to whom he allotted a flourishing company of Nobility; which caused such apprehensions to arise in the mind of the *Burgundian*, that he slept not upon it either night or day. From whence proceeded it, said he to himself that *Clodovaus* knoweth my neece, since I have hitherto kept her so close, that she hath seen nothing, but the walls of the Church, and my Palace? Is there some Cell under a rock? would he have my estate? This *French* man is too harsh: I would neither have him for a Son in law nor a neighbour. Besides, this maid, who hath seemed hitherto as a lamb in my house, being at my disposition, when she behold her self Queen of *France*, and have swords at her command, who can tell whether she will not shew me her teeth, & revenge on me the bloud of her father and mother? I must rather keep her immured within ten iron gates, that she may not escape my power. Behold a great act of State, which I must cunningly play.

This man environed with such thoughts recieved the Embassadour of *France* very slightly, and having promised with all speed to give them answer, he was wary enough not to discover all the thoughts he had thereupon: but taking the most pleasing pretext, answered, that he honoured the King *Clodovaus*, as one of the most valiant Princes of that Age,

Age, and ſhould ever account the ſervice done him, as one of the greateſt favours he could receive from Heaven; but as for this alliance which he ſought, it was a matter he could not think on. Firſt, becauſe his Niece had never raiſed her ambition ſo high as to pretend marriage with ſo great a King, having nothing in her perſon ſo eminent as might deſerve ſuch a husband: and although there were ſome equality on this ſide, yet was there on the other part an eſſential impediment, which was diverſity of Religions, it being a thing unheard of for a Chriſtian maid to marry a Pagan, nor could he permit it without betraying the ſalvation of his Niece, and diſgracing himſelf through the whole world. *Aurelianus*, who well knew where it itched with him, replied in few words, That for the qualities of his Niece he ſhould not trouble himſelf, that the woman beſt beloved, was ever beſt conditioned: that it was ſufficient ſhe pleaſed the King his Majeſty, who was not ignorant of her perfections; and for the matter of Religion, which was the moſt conſiderable, he hoped the King would put on a reſolution to become a Chriſtian. The *Burgundian* replied, this affair was of ſuch importance, that he would not confide in ſucceſſes upon hopes, which are always uncertain, but that he muſt ſee an expreſs promiſe from the King of *France*; and thereupon diſmiſſeth the Ambaſſadour, thinking he had ſufficiently hindred the buſines. But the brave *Aurelianus* ſpeedily diſpatched a Currier to *Clodovæus*, to ſhew unto him where the obſtacle lay, and to get a promiſe from him to become a Chriſtian.

The King, who was ſo tranſported with affection, that he was on terms to refuſe nothing, haſtily gave the promiſe required of him; which being afterward preſented to *Gombaut* by the Ambaſſadour, it made him ſweat apace, not knowing further what invention to make uſe of to avoid this fatal blow: notwithſtanding he anſwered, that this marriage was of ſo great conſequence, that it could not be decreed, but in an Aſſembly of his States, thinking by this trick he might diſſolve the deſign of *Clodoræus*, or draw the affairs out at length with ſuch delays, that he ſhould trouble all the world. But this was it which transfixed him: ſo far humane prudence is cunning to ruine it ſelf by its proper inventions. For the moſt active *French* Nobility ſojourning in *Burgundy* in the expectation of the States, ſowed in the ſpirits of the Magiſtrates aud people, the great good would enſue to their Nation by this alliance, when they ſhould come to be all united together, as brothers: but if they once refuſed the requeſt of a great Prince, ſo repleniſhed with honour and courteſie, they muſt neceſſarily proceed to arms which could not but be fatal to their Kingdom. The *Burgundians*, hungry after repoſe, very well taſted theſe reaſons; and the prudent *Clotilda* ſpared not ſilently to ſtrike her ſtroak, inſenſibly gaining the chief of the Council to follow her inclinations. *Aurelianus*, who had a very ſharp and clear-ſighted ſpirit, much preſſed the States, nor could *Gombaut* make ſo many knots, but that he ſtill diſſolved them.

In the end he muſt come to the point. The States aſſembled, and the King came thither with a ſtudied ſpeech, wherein he had heaped together with very great ſubtilty all the reaſons which made him apprehend this alliance with the *French*: but God, who maketh great alterations in Kingdoms, as billows in the Sea, ſo diſpoſed the hearts of the *Burgundians*, that all allegations oppoſed againſt the deſign of this marriage, ſeemed but dreams and Chimæra's. One of the greateſt States-men riſing up, made a long ſpeech, and declared to the King, That the repoſe of his Kingdom, at which he aimed in all his diſcourſe, conſiſted in this alliance; That marriages had in all times been rather the knots of peace, then incentives of war; that the comfort which might grow from ſuch an action, would deſtroy all the acerbities & diviſions of factious ſpirits: that the greateſt troubles of Kingdoms had been often pacified by good alliances; that the *French* were become ſo powerful, it was not fit to deny them any thing: that the requeſt of *Clodovæus* was ſo fair, it could not be rejected without a notable act of incivility: That there was not any beaſt more cruel in the world, then love changed into hatred, and that it was to be feared, leaſt entreaties of a lover might end in the fury of a Conquerour: That the offer he made to become a Chriſtian, would for ever be glorious to their Nation, for furthering ſuch a piety: That *Clotilda* had naturally affection for her Country, and wit enough to gain her husband, and wholly tranſport him to the love of her Nation: That the people were tired with ſo many wars, which would infallibly grow much more bloody then ever, if they ſlighted the faithful love of ſo great a Monarch.

This man connected ſo many reaſons one upon another, that he prevailed, and almoſt all came to this concluſion, that they muſt with all ſpeed ſend the Princeſs to the King of *France*, who required her. The miſerable *Gombaut* finding himſelf ruined on all ſides, ſaid he would uſe no obſtacle; but did think it fit to obſerve the deportments of his Niece; for ſhe had vowed her ſelf to God, and to enter into Religion. The Ambaſſadour underſtanding this laſt evaſion, extremely laughed from the bottom of his heart, and ſaid, if the Princeſs were that way diſpoſed, the King his Maſter would not be ſo earneſt in her purſuit, as to cauſe her to break her vow. But that it was fit ſhe ſhould be heard, which was done; and ſhe being asked thereof, anſwered, that her devotion had never hitherto tranſported her ſo far, as to make any vow of virginity: and although ſhe were infinitely pleaſed with the ſweet retirement ſhe enjoyed in the Court of her Uncle, notwithſtanding if it were his good pleaſure to marry her to the King of *France*, on this condition that he became a Chriſtian, ſhe would not be ſo indiſcreet as to hinder it. Upon this anſwer of the Princeſs, the Deputies of both Nations there preſent gave a loud applauſe, and cried out the marriage was concluded. The King himſelf diſſembling, his paſſion forced a ſmile, and well ſaw it was high time to forgo what he could hold no longer. He diſpoſed of her train very poorly, as a man naturally covetous, ſaying, His Niece was too fair for him to give her ſo many rich attires: That the Roſe was ſufficiently beautified with its leaves, and the Sun with his rays; and that all humane Arts arrived not to the perfections of Nature. *Aurelianus* did not with much earneſtneſs inſiſt hereupon, ſo much he feared, leaſt the diſpoſition of this man might change, and he invent ſome new tricks to hinder their departure. But he reſolved inſtantly to carry this Princeſs away. The Uncle ſeeing her upon her journey, began much to flatter her which he had never done before, ſaying:

Go too Niece, I well perceive, that notwithſtanding your devotions, you are of the humour of other women, and affect glory. You are weary to abide with an Uncle, you will have a husband, aud needs muſt he be a King. Proceed, I ſhall not be againſt it, let every one ſettle their affections where they may expect their felicity. Good daughter, you ſee how much I endeavour to content you, and how it being

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in my power to hinder this marriage, which I thought to be little advantagious to my Realm, yet have I been willing to cause it to be confirmed in a general assembly of my States, to render your desires the more assured. This affection, which I at this present witness, sufficiently declareth, that I for a long space have entertained most sincere and hearty affections for the good of your house. For that which passed concerning your father and mother, troubled no man so much as my self, God is my record thereof. But, dear daughter, there was a necessity in it. I must obey the advice of my Council; such are the priviledges of Empires: I could not otherwise save the repose of my people, and secure the lives of my subjects. Whensoever I shall fall into the like crime, I wish to be used in the same manner. Behold the true cause, most dear daughter, if there yet remain in you any resentment concerning this death, I suppose you are wise enough to do that herein which the law of God ordaineth, which is to forget what is past, and not to be ungrateful for the present. If I have hitherto detained you in my Palace very retiredly, it hath been to please your humour, which I saw had sincere inclinations to devotion; and to breed you as a childe of honour, which is the portion you are to carry presently with you to your husband. My well-beloved daughter, endeavour to love your Country, and to hold good correspondence with us. You submitted to my humours whilest you lived with me, you now must undergo those of a husband, and in complying with them shall be most potent. Forget not the fear of God, which ever hath been a faithful companion to you from your most tender years; and let us often hear good news from you.

In saying this he kissed her, and the virgin most humbly thanking him for so many remonstrances of affection, with promise to honour him all the days of her life, began to weep; which a *Burgundian* Gentleman perceiving, who was of her train, said, that so long as he lived he would never confide in the tears of woman: for were there a creature in the world which might make bone-fires of joy in her heart, it was his Mistress, who on this day was delivered from the Lion's throat, to become the wife of a great King, and Queen of a vast Empire.

The fourth SECTION.

The arrival of Clotilda *into* France, *and the life which she led in the time of her Wedlock.*

NEver Ship laden with Gold so gladly arrived at the Haven, after so many tedious tempests, and a thousand disasters among Pirates at Sea, as *Clotilda* seemed content to behold her self to tread on the ground, where she was to command, after so long a servitude suffered in a Palace, which had all her life-time, as it were, served her for a prison.

Clodoveus expected her at *Soissons* with so great impatience of love, that he would have willingly hastned the course of the Sun, to measure it by his affections. When he saw this most beautiful Princess, he found she surpassed all the Idæa's he conceived of her, and that her presence far prevailed above her fame. He then embraced her most lovingly, nor could be satisfied with beholding her. For God, who was pleased to make use of this maid for the conversion of a great King, had (as it is said) varnished over the Table of this mortal beauty, and imprinted with his finger, I do not know what kinde of graces and attractives, which *Clodoveus* never had felt before. She as an humble *Abigail* cast her self at the feet of a husband, calling him her Lord and King, and protesting she entred into his Palace to live there as his most humble hand-maid. The Court stood wholly rapt with admiration to behold the worthy qualities of this Princess, and took part in the contentment of their King. The people ran by heaps on all sides to see her; and so many poor Catholicks as were then in *France*, looked on her as the dawning of the day, which came to charm their cares, wipe away their tears, break their fetters, and gild the times with the lustre of her Majesty. There was nothing to be seen every where, but jousts, tournaments, sports, feasts, largesses to crown the solemnity of these great Nuptials. Notwithstanding the good Queen suffered not her self to be transported with the current of her prosperities; but that in the midst of pomps she held her eys firmly fixed upon the many benefits she had received from God, and sought out in mind the ways she should take to testifie her gratitude, and pour her self as incense upon coals towards the divine Majesty. She had one thorn in her heart, which then entred very far therein. It was, that she saw the King spake not at all of the promise he had made to become a Christian, and that she having attempted to put him on this discourse, he subtilely declined it. She knew not in what manner to speak to him of it, nor where she might take entrance into his heart.

In the end she resolved to say unto him: *Sir, I see your Majestie exerciseth at this time your liberalities towards all the world, and I would gladly partake therein, and receive a favour.*

The King thinking she would beg a gift for a Favourite, or some other: *Ask* (saith he) *confidently; for you must not be denied.* Thereupon she replied: *If your Majestie bear so sincere an affection to me, as you make shew, I most humbly intreat, that on the first night of my nuptials, I enter not into the bed of a Pagan.*

Clodoveus answered: *Madam, I understand what you would say, It shall be done, but it is not yet time; suffer the fruit leisurably to ripen, and then either you shall gather it, or it will fall of it self. Alas, would you now speak to me of Baptism, and all your ceremonies? Your attractives are not so faint, as to permit me to entertain any other thoughts, then of you: all my devotion should be but of love, and my piety should have nothing but shews; but this is not it, you desire of me. Give me time to look about me, and I will advise on the means, which I will use for the accomplishment of my promise. As for the rest, you ought not to have any scruple to lye with a Pagan husband; for your law saith, as I understand, that the unbelieving husband is sanctified by a believing wife.*

The Queen doubted whether that she should entreat him to defer the Nuptials at the least for some time, and deny him all conjugal company till the accomplishment of his promise; but she considered that her conscience was not interessed therein, and the law of God commanded her not to separate her self from her Pagan husband: that if she used so much cunning, it would cause of two things, one; which were either to exasperate, and put him off for ever from Christianity, or make him to undertake a dissembled piety, which would still be said to have been besieged with importunities and allurements, and consequently, would never be constant. She resolved to render him all the duties of marriage, and to gain him rather by the example of a good life, and her humble prayers presented on Altars, then by any other way.

Clodoveus very well liked her humour in this proceeding, and well saw she was wise, which gave him occasion to honour her much the more. He was about the age of thirty years, when he married *Clotilda*, and as a Pagan bred up in the liberty of Arms, he had not spared to use many love-dalliances; but the affection she bare to this good Queen was so great, that it razed out of his heart all other love, as the ray of the Sun scattereth the shadows and phantasms of the night. The holy Lady perceiving

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the spirit of her husband already moved in hers, and that there was no need of power, but example, so composed her manners in her marriage, that she made her self a perfect model of perfections, requisite for this estate.

Royal Crowns lose their lustre on heads without brains, and brows without Majesty. But this Lady made it presently appear, that although her birth had not made her worthy of a Crown, nor her good fortune had afforded it, her merit alone had been of power to make her wear the best Diadem in the world. She practised in the Court of a Pagan King, a strong and vigorous devotion, which was not puffed up with outward shews and vapours, but wholly replenished with wisdom. For she had a fear of God so chast, that she apprehended the least shadows of sin, as death; a love so tender, that her heart was as a flaming Lamp, which perpetually burned before the Sanctuary of the living God. Her faith had a bosom as large, as that of Eternity; her hope was a bow in Heaven, all furnished with Emeralds, which never lost its force, and her piety an eternal source of blessings.

She had made a little Oratory, as *Judith* in the Royal Palace, where she attended as much as time would permit to prayers and mortifications of flesh, abiding therein as in a fortunate Island, which made the sweetness of her immortal perfumes to mount up to Heaven. Yet did she manage all her actions with singular discretion, that she might not seem too austere in the eys of her Court, for fear weak souls might be diverted from Christianity, by observing in her carriage perfections transcendent above ordinary capacities. But all that which most passed in a common life, was done by her and her maids with much purity, fervour, majesty, and constancy. It was an angelical spectacle to see her present at Mass, and dispose her self to receive the blessed Sacrament, which she very often frequented, to draw grace and strength from its source. She honoured Priests as Messengers descended from Heaven, as well to discharge her conscience, as to hold her Religion in much estimation among Pagans. The zeal of the houses of God, which are Churches, enflamed her with so much fervour, that she had no delights more pretious, then either to cause new to be raised, or to adorn those which had been erected, so far as to make them receive radiance from the works of her royal hands. Her charity towards the poor was a sea which never dried up, and her heart so large, that all the hearts of the miserable breathed in hers. She composed and decked her self daily before the eys of God, putting on all virtues, as it were, by nature, and rich attire of Ladies, for necessity. But the King her husband she honoured, as if she had seen the Saviour of the world walking upon the earth: and not staying alone on the body, she penetrated even to the center of this infidel soul, which she beheld with eys of unspeakable compassion. She most particularly endeavoured to observe all his humours, and follow the motions of his heart, as certain flowers wait on the Sun. All that which *Clodevæus* affected, took presently an honourable place in the soul of *Clotilda*; if he delighted in Arms, in Dogs, in Horses, she for his sake praised Arms, Dogs, and Horses, regarding even the objects of the honest pleasures of her husband, as her best entertainments. Her conversation was full of charms and attractives, which ever carried profit along with them: Sometimes she sweetned the warlike humours of her husband with harmony of reason, sometimes she comforted him upon occasion of troubles, which might happen in the world: sometime she withheld very soberly, and with prudent modesty his spirit, which took too much liberty, sometime she repeated unto him certain precepts of wisdom, and practices of the lives of Saints, and worthy personages, that he might love our Religion; sometime she pleased him with an eloquent tongue, and an entertainment so delicate, that nothing might be said more accomplished. She was magnificent and liberal towards her household servants, most exactly taking notice of the faithful services they yielded to her husband, and kept her house so well united within the bands of concord and charity, that it seemed, as it were, a little Temple of peace. Slander, uncleanness, idleness, impudence, were from them eternally banished; Virtues, industries, and arts, found there a mansion, and the miseries of the world a safe Sanctuary. For she embraced all pious affairs of the Realm, and governed them with so much equality of spirit, that she resembled Angels, who move the Heavens, not using in themselves the least agitation. May we not very well say, this Divine woman was selected out by God, to set a golden face on an entire Monarchy, by the rays of her piety?

The fifth SECTION.

The prudence which the Queen used in the conversion of her husband.

THe holy Queen brought forth a King, and a great Monarch to *Jesus Christ*, bearing perpetually his Court and the whole Kingdom in the entrails of her charity. She had her Centinels day and night before the Altars, who ceased not to implore the assistance of Heaven for the salvation of her husband, and she her self often in deep silence of darkness, caused her weeping eye to speak to God, & addressed many vows to all the elect for the conversion of this unbelieving soul. She very well considered, that that which oftentimes slackneth these wavering spirits in their endeavour to find the way of eternal life, is certain interests of flesh and blood, certain impediments of temporal affairs, some inordinate passion, which tortureth and tyrannizeth over the mind. Behold the cause why she took great care to sweeten the dispositions of her husband, calm his passions, and through a certain moral goodness facilitate unto him the way of the mysteries of our faith. This being done, she took her opportunity with the more effect, and found the King daily disposed better & better for these impressions.

He already had the arrow very deep in his heart, and began to ask questions, proposing conditions, which shewed he would one day render himself. He said to Clotilda: *Madam, I should not be so far alienated from your Religion, were it not that I saw therein matters very strange, which you would have me believe by power and authority, not giving any other reason thereof. You would have me believe, that three are but one in your Trinity, that I adore a Crucified man, and that I crucifie my self in an enforced and ceremonious life, wherein I was never bred. My dearest, had I your good inclinations, all would be easie to me: but you know, that all my life time I have been trayned up in arms. If I should to morrow receive your Baptism, which blotteth out all sins (according to your maxims;) I were no sooner washed, but I should fear to plunge my self again into an infinity of occasions, which might daily present themselves to my understanding. Then would you threaten me with the judgment-day, and Hell, with terrours able to overwhelm my mind. Consider whether it would not be more to the purpose, to let me persevere in my Sect, therein performing all the good I may: Can you think, that for all this I should be excluded from the mercy of God, who will save all men?*

The wise Clotilda replied thereunto: *Sir, I beseech your Majestie not to flatter your self with this specious title of mercy, for there will be none in the other world for those, who have not performed*

formed it in this without profit. Now is the time, that God spareth not to stretch out his arme for your obedience: if you despise him, you will loose him without recovery. One can never do too much for eternal life; and whatsoever we suffer, Paradise may still be purchased at a good penny worth. Alas, Sir, why do you find so many difficulties in our Religion? Think you that God doth wrong in desiring to make you believe things which you cannot conceive by humane reason? It is he, who hath made the soul of man, and who accommodateth all the wheels thereof, nor is there any one of them which moveth not at his pleasure. What marvel is it, if man offer the homage of his understanding to God? If weakness submit to strength, littleness to greatness, the finite to the infinite, that which is nothing, to him who is an abyss of essence, goodness, wisdom, and light?

If you make a promise to any of your servants, although it be unreasonable, and almost incredible, yet would you have him to believe it without reply, and that he take no other ground for this belief, but the greatness and infallible word of your Majesty. One man exalteth faith of another, though both of them are but earth and dust: and you think the Soveraign Creatour of Heaven and Earth is unjust, to make us believe that, which our brutish senses cannot comprehend: is this the submission and obedience we ow Eternal Truth? why should not I believe, that three are but one, that is to say, three persons, one onely God, since I daily finde my memory, understanding, and will, make but one soul? Wherefore should we scorn to adore a Crucified man? The Cross is so far from weaking my belief, that there is not any thing which more confirmeth it. For if the Saviour of the world had come, as your Majesty, to the conquest of the Universe with Legions, Horses, Treasures, and Arms, he should in my opinion retain that esteem, which great Captains hold: but when I consider, that by the punishment of the Cross, he hath reduced the whole world under his laws, and planted the instrument of his excessive dolours even on the top of Capitols, and the heads of Monarchs, I affirm, that all is of God in such an affair, since there is nothing in it of man. Alas, Sir, if you have a faithful servant, who would suffer himself to be tormented and crucified, to make you master of a rebellious Fort, would you not find more glory in his loyalty, then ignominy in his torments? And think you if the Eternal Wisdom having taken a humane body, and voluntarily exposed it to extream rigour to wash our offences in his blood, and subdue the pride and curiosities of Earth to the power of Heaven, it hath done ought therein reprehensible? Have we not much more cause to adore the infinite plenty of his charities, then to dispute upon honours, which onely consist in the opinion of the world? I beseech your Majestie, figure not to your self our Religion, as an irksome and austere Law: when you have submitted to the yoak, God will afford you so much grace, that all these difficulties which you apprehend, will no more burthen you, then feathers do Birds. And although it should happen you after Baptism fall into some sin, which God by his grace will divert, the blood of Jesus Christ is a fountain, which perpetually distilleth in the Sacraments of the Church to wash away all our iniquities. Sir, I fear least you too long defer to resign your self to the many advertisements which you have received from Heaven: if you weigh the favours that God hath done to your Majesty, having set a Crown on your head at the age of fifteen years, having preserved you against so many factions, defended you from so many perils, adorned you with so much glory, honoured you with so many prosperous successes, you shall find, he hath reason to require at this time from you, what he demandeth of you by my mouth. What know you, Whether he have chosen out your person to make you a pattern to all other Kings, and constitute you such in France, as Constantine hath been in the Roman Empire, which will render you glorious in the memory of men, and happy in Heaven to all eternity? Verily, Sir if you yield not your self up to my words, you ought to submitt to the blood of so many worthy Martyrs, who have already professed this faith in your Kingdom: you ought to submit to so many great Confessours, as knowing as Oracles, of as good life as Angels, who denounce truth unto you. You ought to submit to miracles, that are every day visibly done at the Sepulcher of great S. Martin, which is an incomparable treasure in your Kingdom.

Sweet-heart (answereth the King) say no more, you are too learned for me, and I fear least you should perswade me to that, which I have no desire to believe; and although you had convinced my soul to dispose it to this belief, think you it would be lawful for me so soon to make profession of your faith? You see I am King of an infinite people, and have ever at my command a great Nobility, who acknowledge no other Gods but those of the Country. Do you believe that all spirits are so easy to be curbed, and that when I shall go about to take a strange God, will it not make them murmur, and perhaps forge pretexts to embroil something in my Kingdom? For Religion and the State are two pieces, which mutually touch one another very near; one cannot almost stir the one without the other: the surest way is not to fall upon it, and to let the world pass along as our predecessours found it.

Clotilda well saw this apprehension was one of the maineſt obſtacles of his ſalvation, and ſhe already had given good remedy thereunto, practiſing the diſpoſitions of all the greateſt of the Court. Behold the cauſe why ſhe moſt ſtoutly replied thereunto:

Sir, is it to apprehend fantoſmes, to form to your ſelf ſuch imaginations? You are a Priace too abſolute, and too well beloved to fear theſe commotions, but rather much otherwiſe, I aſſure you upon mine honour, your people are already much diſpoſed to receive our Religion, and your Nobility, which hath ſufficiently underſtood the vanity to Idols, expecteth nought elſe but your example to embrace Chriſtianity: Nay, if need were to penetrate rocks, and cut through mountains to gain ſucceſs for ſuch an enterprize, your travells would therein be very well employed, nor is it fit you fear to looſe earth to purchaſe Heaven. But all the facility is in your hands, the grape, which you ſaid was not yet ripe almoſt five years ſince, is now mature and it is neceſſary you gather it.

Theſe words oftentimes preſented upon occaſions, had quickly a marvellous power over the mind of *Clodoveus*; and the iron began in good earneſt to wax ſoft in the fire. For he honoured Churches and uſed Eccleſiaſticks with a quite other reſpect then he accuſtomed, whereof he gave a moſt evident teſtimony in the buſineſs which paſſed with S. *Remigius*.

The Hiſtory ſaith, the ſouldiers of *Clodoveus* forraging the Country in their liberty of arms, had pillaged in the Church of *Rhemes* a goodly and large veſſel of ſilver to pour water into; at which the good Biſhop being ſomewhat troubled, for the reverence he bare to all that which appertained to his Miniſtery, he ſent his commiſſaries to the King to make complaint thereof, which was not loſt. For *Clodoveus* commanded them to come to *Soiſſon*, where diviſion ſhould be made of the booty had been taken from all parts, which was done, and they coming to unfardle all theſe pilfries, the King being there preſent in perſon, found the veſſel, which he preſently commanded to be reſtored to the Commiſſaries of the Church; but a ſouldier becoming obſtinate thereupon, and much diſpleaſed that ſo goodly a piece ſhould eſcape his hand, gave a blow with a halbard upon it to cleave it aſunder, which *Clodoveus* for that time diſſembled, fearing to proceed to a reaſonable chaſtiſement with any paſſion: but afterward ſeeing this fellow much out of order, *How?* ſaith he, *is there none but you that grow mutinous, and yet are the worſt armed of all the troops?* And ſaying ſo, he took the halbard out of his hand, and threw it to the ground, the other ſtooping to take it up again, felt a furious blow from the hand of the King, which bereaved him of life, in puniſhment of his temerity.

The Queen underſtanding this news, held it a good preſage of his converſion, and that which much more confirmed her in this hope was, that being delivered of a goodly ſon, ſhe obtained love of the King it might be Chriſtened, which ſhe ſpeedily did: but the infant ſtayed not long after his Baptiſm, to forſake an earthly Crown, to take in Heaven a Diadem of eternal glory.

Yet *Clodoveus* found ſome ſlakneſs in his good purpoſes, and chid the Queen, as being too vehement to diſpoſe all the world to her own Religion, ſaying, this Baptiſm might very well have procured hurt to the health of the child: but ſhe replyed, that life and death were in the hands of God; that this child was not ſo much to be lamented for having ſo ſuddenly changed from the life of a fly, to that of Angels; but that the Saviour of the world, who holdeth in his hand the keys of fruitfulneſs could bleſs their royal bed with a fair iſſue, when he thought good; and that we ſhould not be amazed at the death of ſo frail a creature, nor attribute the cauſe thereof to Baptiſm, which operateth nothing but good. She knew ſo well how to excuſe her act, that,

being the second time delivered of a male child. Baptism was as well conferred on this as the former, after which it deceased; whereat the King offended more then ever, blamed her very sharply, saying, that he from this time forward well saw these waters of Baptism were fatal to the death of his children, and that she should take heed how at any time to open her mouth to obtain of him such like liberty.

She endowed with a constant heart, and having taken very deep roots in faith, made an answer worthy of her piety, saying to her husband: *Ah, how Sir! What if God had thought me unworthy ever again to have any issue by my child-beds, were it not reason I adore his holy Providence, and kiss the rods of his justice? I humbly beseech your Majesty not to cast upon the baptism of Christians that, Which you should rather attribute to my sins.*

The King all enraged with choler, was so edified with this word, that from this time forward he retained it in memory with much admiration, not being able to wonder enough at the great courage and modesty of his wife.

The sixth SECTION.

The conversion of Clodovæus.

IT is to sail without Stars, and to labour without the Sun (saith *Origen*) to think of coming to God without a particular grace of God. After so many humane speeches redoubled one upon another, the Holy Ghost, worker of all Conversions, spake with a voice of thunder to the heart of *Clodovæus* in the middest of battels, and caused him to settle upon this resolution, which he had pondered the space of many years.

The occasion was, that the *Suevi*, a people of *Germany*, passed the *Rhein* with great forces, commanded by many Kings, who were personally in the army, & came to rush on the *Gauls*, with intention to destroy the beginnings of the *French* Monarchy. *Clodovæus* having received news of this preparation, speedily opposeth them with good troops: for he likewise had drawn together to his aid the *Ribarols*, people near bordring on the *Rhein*, who were allied to the *French*, and had first of all given notice of the enterprize of the *Suevi*, who in a near degree threatned them.

The encounter of the two Armies was at *Tolbiac* near *Colen*, which verily was one of the most desperate that is found in Histories. The King undertook the conduct of the Cavalry, and had given to Prince *Sigebert* his kinsman, the Infantery. All of them were extremely inflamed to shew themselves valiant in this Conflict. *Clodovæus*, who proceeded to lay the foundations of a great Monarchy, wherein he would have no companion, thought he must either triumph or be lost. His allies, who were interessed very far in this war, failed him not in any kind. The *Almans* on the other side, had an extreme desire to extend their conquests, and thought their fortune depended on the success of this battel. There was nothing but fire tempests, deaths, and slaughters; so great was the resistance on either side. In the end, *Sigebert* valiantly fighting, was wounded with an arrow, and borne all bloody out of the battel by his son. The Infantery, through the absence of their Colonel, was defeated and put to rout. All the burthen of the battel fell upon the Cavalry, which did marvellous exploits, fighting before the eys of their King: but in the end the shock of enemies was so impetuous, that it brake through and scattered them. *Clodovæus* bare himself like a Lion covered with blood and dust, among the ranks of those affrighted men, cried out with a loud and shrill voice, to rally their troops, he in the mean time fighting in his own person, and withall performing the duty both of a great Captain, and valiant souldier. But notwithstanding all his endeavours, terrour had so seized on these flying men, that the affair grew desperate.

And as remedies are sought from Heaven when those of the earth are of no effect. *Aurelianus* the great favourite of the King approaching near to his Master, perswadeth him to make a vow unto God, to fulfil the promise he had made to the Queen his wife, which was, to be baptized, if he returned victorious from this battel: which he did, calling aloud upon the God of his wife, and promising an absolute conversion to the Catholick faith.

The word was no sooner spoken, but that his troops rallied themselves up, made head against their enemies, pursued them, ran through, and routed them with so great a massacre, that the fields were all covered with dead bodies. The discomfiture so terrified them on the other side of the *Rhein*, that the *Almans* which survived, fearing least the King puffed up with his victories, might pass the river, dispatched a speedy Ambassadour unto him, to yield themselves tributaries to his Majesty.

Clotilda hearing the news of this battel, and of the holy resolution of her husband, was transported with so great joy, that she went out to meet him as far as *Champaign*, accompanied with the great Archbishop S. *Remigius*, a man whom God was pleased to make use of to crown this great work of the salvation of *Clodovæus*. For besides his admirable sanctity, acknowledged throughout all *France*, he had the reputation to be one of the most able & eloquent men of his time; witness *Sidonius Apollinaris*, who speaketh of his eloquence with admiration, saying, He thought there was not a man living upon the face of the earth, whom S. *Remigius* surpasseth not, without any elaborate study at all, through the experience he had acquired of well speaking. His conceptions were inimitable, his language so sweet and polite, that it resembled a piece of Ice very smooth, whereon nothing might be seen unequal. His sentences were full of weight, his arguments of force, and his words glided along like a river, and ever bare in them some flashes of lightning at the end of his periods.

Sidon. Apollinar. ep. 7. c. 9. *Flumen in verbis, tamen in clausulis.*

So soon as the King, who was still repleniſhed with sweet Idea's of his victory, saw the Queen his wife, *It is now, Madam* (saith he) *that you have gained*; Clodovæus *triumpheth over the* Almans, *and you triumph over* Clodovæus. *The deed is done, my Baptism must no longer be deferred.* The Queen infinitely comforted with this word, answereth: *Sir, To the great God of Hosts is due the glory of these two triumphs; and your Majesty doth most wisely to render him with the first opportunity what you have vowed. That man giveth doubly, who affordeth readily. Behold one of the greatest Prelates of your Kingdom, whom I have brought along to serve your Majesty in an affair of such importance.*

Thereupon S. *Remigius* was presented, whom the King most honourably entertained, and signified he much desired to be rectified by his good instructions: whereat the holy man exceedingly rejoycing for the good which he hoped to derive from thence, made him on the day assigned a Sermon of the knowledge of God, and of the glory of Christianity, against the vanity of Idols, so ravishing, that it transported the King, and all his Court, who ceased not afterward to confine himself to the lips of S. *Remigius*, as to a stream of living waters. It is true that S. *Vedastus*, who was afterward Bishop of *Arras*, had

already

Anno Christi 499. Clodovæi 15.

already begun to catechise *Clodoveus*. But as these holy men pretended nothing but the interests of God, not having regard to any thing which touched their own persons, he most willingly gave way to the dignity of an Archbishop, and to the great ability of a man accounted as an Oracle, contenting himself to assist S. *Remigius*, and to contribute in this action all which his ministry and service might afford.

This King going to *Rhemes* disposed himself religiously to receive Baptism under the direction of of this Prelate, daily hearkning with singular attention unto the instructions of faith, and informing himself with much judgment, in all that which was necessary for his salvation. It is written among other things, that when S. *Remigius* came to explicate the mystery of the passion unto him, he was much moved thereat: so that transported with a generous impatience, he put his hand to his sword, and spake aloud in anger, That had he with his *French* been present in the place where this act was committed against his Master, he would have revenged it, with the utmost ability of his forces. The holy Prelate sweetned his warlike humours, and made him capable of every mystery, using therein much endeavour and great perspicuity of discourse. After these instructions, they proceeded to confession, and ordinary penances, wherein the King shewed so much devotion, that laying aside the Purple Robe and Crown, he covered himself with ashes, imploring the mercy of God in his most fervent prayers.

Chronicum manuscriptum.

When the day of Baptism came, which was the Eve of *Easter*, Saint *Remigius* caused the Church of *Rhemes* to be excellently adorned, as the custom of those times would permit, commanding it to be hanged with the richest pieces of Tapestry he could finde, to be perfumed with sweet odours, and lightned with a great quantity of wax-lights, composed of certain perfumes, which rendred a delicate splendour, in such manner, that Saint *Gregory* of *Tours* saith, this place resembled a little terrestrial Paradise.

Some while before the Baptism, the King and Queen sitting with S. *Remigius* in the Oratory of S. *Peter*, attended by few persons of note, behold there came on a sudden a most resplendent light, which appeared unto the eys of all the world with rays so sparkling, that scarcely it might be endured; and at the same instant was heard from Heaven a voice, which said, *Peace be with you, fear nothing, persevere in my love.* This was the time when the new *Constantine* set forward towards holy Baptism; where being arrived in the presence of all the world, S. *Remigius* spake to him these words: *Mitis depone colla Sicamber; Adora quod incendisti, incende quod adorasti. Bow thy neck (O French man) under the yoak of God; adore that which you have burned, and burn what you adored.*

Omnipotentem Deum in Trinitate confessus. Gregor. Turon.

Thereupon pronouncing his profession of faith, and especially that which concerned the mystery of the holy Trinity, he was baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the holy Ghost.

The hand of God, that is not shortned, and which being the Work-master of Nature, operateth when it pleaseth him above nature, useth to honour with some great miracles, the foundations of Religion in certain places, where it is planted. Here he was pleased to consecrate the Kings of *France*, & the whole Realm to his Majesty, to derive from hence an infinite number of services; and as those great Kings are the first of the Church, and the most perfect images of the Divinity among all Monarchs, especially when they declare themselves imitatours of the piety of *Clodovæus*, so God was willing to renew at their consecration, the wonders he did at the Baptism of his Son, to the end, the workmanship might have conformity with its model: for he caused a Dove visibly to appear, which bare in her beak the holy Viol, filled with the unction wherewith *Clodovæus* and his successours were afterward anointed.

In baptismate ejus Angelus ampullam sacri Chrismatis detulit. Vide Morum de sacris unctionibus l. 2. c. 7. *Clemens quartus*, alias *Guido*, scripsit in Jus civile.

It is a thing so authentical, that it is rather to be reverenced, then disputed; the memory thereof is still preserved in the Epitaph, set over the ashes of *Clodoveus* in the Church of S. *Geneveſue* of *Paris*, which said, this Dove was an Angel: in S. *Thomas* in the second book of the institution of Princes, in *Clement* the fourth in his Questions, and so many other Authours, that it were to do a thing already done, to distend my self any further upon this subject.

Ita *Savarus* in Tractatu de sanctitate Regis *Ludovici.*

Others have added, That the Flower-de-luces were brought at the same time by the help of an Angel, to be set in the Arms and Scutcheons of the Kings of *France*: but that is not well proved. I should rather believe that the Lilies were the Symbole of the *Gauls*, as the balm of *Judæa*, long time before *Clodovæus*: for there are yet certain Medals found, stamped in the time of the Emperour *Adrian*, who was little above one hundred years after our Saviour Christ, whereon the figure of *Gaul* was to be seen, formed as an honourable Lady, which seemed to hold in her hand a Flower-de-luce, offering it to the Emperour, and yielding thanks for its preservation by this Title engraven on the same coyn, *RESTITUTORI GALLIÆ.* I cannot likewise understand, who is that *Cilurus* cited by Monsieur *Capet*, in his pleadings of Rights and Liberties, that maketh mention of a Rod sprinkled with Flower-de-luces, which then appeared in Heaven, to witness the Kings of *France* should be the true Defenders of the Catholick Church.

We have no want of true miracles, nor need we go about to entertain ill grounded fantasies: they who desire to establish false things, gain nought else upon the credulity of humane spirits, but to make truth to be doubted.

That which I finde in this Baptism most probable, is, that *Clodovæus* was baptized with his children, his sisters, and more then three thousand Cavaliers, Captains, Souldiers, and other Courtiers, not numbring women and little children; and which is more, the King made an Edict so favourable for Christian Religion, that being published, it converted to the faith almost all the rest of the *French* Nation, in such sort, that every where there was nothing to be seen, but burning of Idols, and erecting of Altars.

The admirable *Clotilda*, who had so long time sighed after this most happy day, being wholly absorpt in reverence & thanksgiving rendred to God, beheld her self crowned with so many thousands of children; and if those women of the old Testament for a slender carnal race, sing Canticles of triumph, what might this Lady both say and do, who, after her coming into *France*, saw the face of a Monarchy absolutely changed, the Kingdom of God established, and so many souls aranged under the banner of our Saviour, who was pleased so powerfully to make use herein of her prayers and industry?

The seventh SECTION.

What Clodovæus *did by the perswasion of* Clotilda *after his Baptism.*

THe holy woman daily building upon her foundations, ceased not to dispose her hus-

band to all the holy and glorious actions, which she could think on, that he might in some sort answer the favours he had received from the Divine Majesty, she caused him to bend his affections to the embellishing and enriching of Churches; which he did, beginning with that of *Rhemes*, with so much magnificence, that S. *Remigius*, who was of a noble and generous courage, had much ado with himself to take all which the King was willing to give: humbly beseeching his Majesty he would apply his liberalities to other places that had more need thereof.

Thereupon he disposed himself to build the Church of the Apostles S. *Peter* and S. *Paul*, whom he honoured as the Fathers of Christianity. It is now dedicated to S. *Genovefue* of *Paris*, which the King and Queen afterward chose out for the place of their sepulchers.

One cannot too much glorifie this holy place, which hath been as the cradle of the piety of *Clodovæus*; and it is a most manifest blessing from Heaven, that it fell into the hands of that sage and religious Prelate, the Lord Cardinal of *Rochefaucault*, who by his zeal (a most powerfull alchymie) daily changeth the bricks and morter into marbles and gold: and not content with dead stones, hath assembled the living in so many good Religious men, there eternally to praise the greatness of God, and of this heavenly Virgin, Patroness of the place. He could not better serve our great King, then by so preciously honouring the ashes of the first most Christian Prince, and of his holy spouse *Clotilda*, to tie their protection to his standards.

In the third place, the blessed woman very deeply impressed in the soul of her husband, the devotion of S. *Martin*, in such sort, that in all his most thorny affairs he had a singular recourse to this great Apostle of *France*, making there many vows, and sometime praying prostrate at his tomb, with the fervour of an incredible piety.

From whence also proceeded, that not satisfying himself with giving large donatives to his Church, he treated the whole Dioces with marvellous reverence; forbidding his troops when they marched upon any exploit, to take ought else in those precincts, but salt and herbs. Which was so streightly observed, that he caused a souldier to pass through the pikes, who had taken hay from a Countreyman, saying it was herbs.

Moreover, to imitate in all eminency the piety of great *Constantine*, he procured a national Council to be held at *Orleans*: where he witnessed much respect to the Prelates assembled in that place to decide Ecclesiastical affairs, writing unto them a notable letter, by which he confirmed the rights and immunities of the Church, according to the form of ancient Canons.

Baron. tom. 5. anno. 514.

In the end Pope *Hormisdas*, coming to succeed *Symmachus* in the holy See, *Clodovæus* was the very first dispatched Embassadours unto him, with a very beautifull Crown, surnamed the *Realm*.

It hath been a custom very ordinary in all times, to offer Jewels and Crowns to Altars, in gratefull acknowledgement towards the Divine Majesty. So *Constantine* tendered his Diadem to the Saviour of the world, which is yet at this time to be seen hanging over the Altar of Saint *Sophia*. So did *Mauritius*, so *Henry* the Emperour at *Clunie*, who made offer to the Church of a *World*, all over diversified with most exquisite precious stones.

Flodoardus Philippus Bergomensis.

This is the cause, why the King sent this present, as the History expressly mentioneth, to be hanged up before the chief Altar of Saint *Peter* at *Rome*, in token of the offer he made to God of his person and estate, as the eldest Son of the Church. And he that would well consider the foundation of the History, shall finde this Diadem, called the *Kingdom* or *Realm*, was a kind of crown come from *Constantinople*: For it is said, that the Emperour *Anastasius*, who sought support from the favour of the King of *France*, against the *Goths* that swayed in *Italy*, understanding the great feats of arms done by our *Clodovæus*, sent a solemn embassage unto him, to congratulate, and offer him the title of an honourable Consul, the purple robe, and the Crown, which the *Grecians* at this time called Βασιλεία.

Savaro. p. 15. de pietate Regis Ludovici.

Clodovæus very gladly entertained this Embassage, and shewed himself attired with those ornaments in the Church of S. *Martin*, where he made a largess of gold and silver: then acknowledging all these prosperities came to him from God, after he was baptized, he consecrated this rich jewel, which had been presented to him by the Emperour, in the chief Church of Christendom, to serve as an eternal monument of his religion. Behold how this illustrious Monarch began at that time to manifest the marks of his zeal, and to cement together the good intelligence which *France* afterward had with the Pastor and spiritual Father of the whole world.

I am bound to touch this as I pass along with all sincerity, being naturally an enemy of these questions which are many times moved with too much fervour and inconsideration, in the point of contestations of the jurisdiction of Soveraign authorities. We are learned enough, when we know that *Jesus Christ*, who had the source of power in himself, distributed it to Popes and Kings: constituting the one for spiritual government, the other for temporal. It is his pleasure we honour the character of his authority, both in the one and other, and not to argue upon fantasies. God hath set them over our heads to admire their lustres, & not to controul their power.

Amongst the follies of *Nero*, it is reported, that one day beholding a space of land, which separated two seas, and held them in excellent order, he had a desire to cut it, that these two seas might encounter, and himself see what countenance they would carry, when they commixed together. Take you good heed (saith the Oracle unto him) otherwise they will overflow to drown you. Leave matters as God hath appointed, and confound not the limits of nature. It is true, Ecclesiastical and Civil power are two great seas, God hath limited and divided them by the interposition of spiritual and temporal administration: Both exercise their functions, and live in fair peace. God preserve us from those miseries, which may dis-mantle the wall, and cause them to intermingle together, so, that we may behold the world in a deluge of calamities.

Communis Episcopus eorum quæ extra eccles. siam.

To what purpose is all this? The Sun doth not the work of the rain, nor the rain of the Sun. *Constantine* said, the Bishops were Bishops in their Churches, in that which concerneth Religion, and God had appointed him for the government of his Empire in matters temporal. Let us rest in these limits, *Give me to* Cæsar, *that which belongeth to* Cæsar: *to God what appertaineth to God*. We have better learned to live then dispute, and our Ancestours have preserved a Monarchy so flourishing, the space of twelve hundered years, not with disputations and unprofitable wranglings, but with the arms of wisdom, obedience, and courage.

We have always rendered to the Pope the honour he deserveth, as to the Soveraign Pastour of the Universal Church, which is under Heaven. We have confessed,

1 Pet. 2.

Subditi æstue omni humana creatura propior Deum, sive Regi quasi præcellenti, sive ducibus tanquam ab eo missis

sessed, and do acknowledge the King true and absolute Monarch in the government of temporal things, singularly honouring him, and with most cordial affections loving him, as an animated protraicture of the greatness of the Divine Majesty. God thereupon maketh us to prosper, and tast by experience, that there is no science more noble then obedience, nor any felicity, but the accomplishment of the will of the soveraign master. On the contrary, it is observed in the History of so many Ages, that the wounds from Heaven have on all sides fallen upon those, who have sought to cast the apple of discord into the house of God: The winde blown from their mouths, returned on their heads, since it is fit, iniquity should first kill it self with its own poison.

The eighth SECTION.

The good success which God gave to Clodovæus *after he became a Christian.*

Clodovæus was no sooner become a Christian, but that it seemed God had tied to his arms some secret virtue, which made him triumph over his enemies, and crown all his enterprizes with most glorious successes.

The first war he undertook after his Baptism, was against *Gombaut* King of *Burgundy*, of whom we have very amply spoken heretofore. I much wonder at certain Authours, who measuring the affections of Saints, with the weaknesses of their own spirits, and esteeming it a sweet glory to be revenged upon enemies, from whom some notable injuries are received, have said, that *Clotilda* excited her husband to the ruin of her uncle, to derive an account from him of the death of her father and mother. This is too inferiour a conceit of a Lady, who was arrived to so high a degree of perfection: nay, it was so much otherwise, that she should enkindle the fire of this war, that *Gombaut* being in the full possession of *Clodovæus* to bereave him of life, she withheld the fatal blow, and afterwards seeing he by his ill deportment had lost his Kingdom, she did all that possibly she might to preserve a part thereof for *Sigismond*, son of *Gombaut* her cousin-germane.

Paul. Æmil.

That which first of all ruined this unhappy King of *Burgundy*, was his heresie, which drew upon him the vengeance of God: for it being often preached unto him, and he convinced by reasons, offering himselfe in private to become a Catholick, yet still retained Arianism in publick. Behold the cause, why he having divided his heart, God divided his Kingdom.

The second cause of his ruin was his nature, cruel and covetous, which rendered him uncivil, and an enemy of all order. He sent his Neece as it were in anger to *Clodovæus*, giving her not any thing in marriage, but many complements: Whereupon the King making sundry remonstrances, and afterwards complaints, he neglecting both the one and the other, and answering the Embassadours, sent to treat with him very perversely, he resolved to make war upon him.

Add hereunto, that having already put two of his brothers to death, he tyrannized over the third, who to get shelter from the tempest, had recourse to the King of *France*, who was no whit displeased to take this occasion to possess himself of the Kingdom of *Burgundy*, which he saw to be very fit for him. *Gombaut* having learned that *Clodovæus* armed in good earnest against him, would needs flatter his brother, whom he had before much exasperated, to win him to his party: but he playing the fox against a fox, having given him fair promises, turned his back towards him, and yielded to the *French* with all his troups.

The *Burgundian* affrighted, fled, and cast himself upon the *Rhosne*, untill such time that he was shut up in *Avignon*, where *Clodovæus* desperately pursued him, pressed him, and thrust him upon extremities: so that the least word of Queen *Clotilda*, had been sufficient to take away his life. But the King contained himself both for the respect he bare to his wife, whom he well knew not to be delighted with the blood of her allies, and for the discretion which *Arredius* a Counsellour of *Gombaut* used toward him. The vanquished King yielded to all the conditions proposed by the Conquerour, so far as to become tributary to *France*.

Afterwards the troups of *Clodovæus* being retired, this man full of gall and bitterness against *Godegisilus* his brother, who had levied arms against him, besieged him in *Vienna*, contrary to all promises made to *Clodovæus*, and having surprized him, slew him in the Church with his own hand: which was an act barbarous, and only worthy of a man abandoned of all sense of Religion. This cruelty was the cause that *Clodovæus* returning back again, entred into *Burgundy*, and possessed himselfe thereof, to punish the exorbitances of a man, who was as outragious to offend those who might hurt him, as unable to resist the justice of arms raised against him.

There remained nothing for him in this shipwrack, but an ignominious and miserable life, which God oftentimes inflicteth for punishment of brother-slayers, as he did to *Cain*; which he finally ended in Arianism. The holy *Clotilda* (as I said before) taking pitty of the issue of this wicked father, employed all her endeavours to preserve for *Sigismond* the title of King, and some competent remainders of a fortune, horribly dis-membred by the evil manage of this Prince, blinded with errour and impiety.

From thence, *Clodovæus* transferred his arms into *Aquitaine*, where he had business enough to deal with *Alaricus* King of the *Visigoths*. But as I undertook not in this Treatise to enlarge upon the wars of *Clodovæus*, nor on his singular valour, but as it may be considered to correspond with the piety he received from *Clotilda*, I remit the Reader to the History of *France*: contenting my selfe to observe two or three passages of the Divine Providence over King *Clodovæus* in this war. The first was, that having resolved to turn his arms against this *Goth*, who drew into his Territories all the enemies of *France*, and who was an Arian heretick, most inhumanely used the Catholicks, which were in his power; he endeavouring to decline this blow, used many wiles to surprize his adversary, and murther him if he could, under colour of emparlance and amity. *Clodovæus* notwithstanding, shielded by the powerfull hand of God, was delivered from his practises, and although the other was supported by King *Theodorick*, who was his father-in-law, his countrey-man, and leagued with other Kings, our brave Monarch replenished with the confidence he had in the cause of God, as one who intended to cut off the root of the Arian heresie, which budded forth in *France*, courageously marched in the face of the enemy, and with so much speed prevented him, that he rather seemed to have the conduct of an army of eagles then souldiers.

see Monsieur du Plein.

A second testimony of the faithfull love of Heaven, appeared in wonders, which served for a presage of the near approaching victory. The one was, that the King, according to his customary piety, having

appointed

appointed some men of purpose to offer up his vows at the feet of Saint *Martin*, they entring into the Church to perform their devotions, heard by good chance the Quire of Choristers who sung out aloud this versicle of the seventeenth Psalm: *Præcinxisti me Domine virtute ad bellum: supplantâsti insurgentes in me. Lord, thou hast engirted me with force and valour for war: Thou hast cast under me all those, who were raised against me*: which being related to the King, he thereupon conceived good success, and setting forward on his way, as he entred into *Poictiers*, there was seen to issue out of the Church of Saint *Hilary* of *Poictiers*, a great brand of fire, like unto that flaming pillar which heretofore led the chosen people through so many dreadful wildernesses; in such sort, that it seemed this great S. *Hilary*, who had heretofore been a light both for the East and West against Hereticks, enlightned still on the top of the place, where he had been reverenced, a burning Pharos, to illuminate the conquests of a Prince, who hastened to do that with the keen sword, which he had formerly acted with the sharp dint of the tongue. In the end, coming upon the brink of a river swoln up, where he knew not how to find a foord, which much stopped the course of his enterprize, behold a Hinde rouzed with the noise of the Army, took the river in the sight of the *French*, in a place where it was passable, and shewed them the way, who prosperously followed. The King encouraged by so many prodigies, encountreth with *Alaricus*, & gave him battel very roughly, fortune holding the victory in ballance about six or seven hours, until the *French*, animated by the good example of their King, renewed their forces with loud out-cries, & brake with all violence through the files of the *Goths*. *Clodovæus*, who had the flame of a generous vigour, burning perpetually in his heart, much desired to meet with King *Alaricus*, when perceiving him in the middest of the conflict, he set forward to encounter him. The other already contemned by his own *Goths*, for having heretofore refused the combat, and seeing his Army in disorder, became valiant in his despair, and put on a resolution, either to vanquish his enemy, or to wash away the stains of his dishonour with his bloud. He withdrew himself from the main of his Cavalry, and marched on towards *Clodovæus*. The souldiers stood still on both parts at this great duel of two Kings. They came to handy strokes in the head of two Armies, and charged one another bravely, being a very long time bloudily bent to battel: but in the end *Alaricus* felt the thunder, which proceeding from the victorious hand of his adversary, threw him down half dead in the list of combat. *Clodovæus* quickly alighted from his horse, to rid him of life; and being about to mend some defect in this cuiras, he was treacherously assaulted by two *Goths*: but he having dispatched his adversary, defended himself from both these, and mounted up again on his horse, whom he made to curvet in a martial manner, demeaning himself so bravely in all, that he seemed to be as it were a flash of lightning, sent from the hand of God, rather then a man.

This defeat ruined the hopes of the *Goths*, and cut off all the designs of heresy, which subsisted not but by their favour. From thence *Clodovæus* marched all covered over with laurels into the Countrys of his conquests, with so much good success, that being before the City of *Angoulesme*, which made shew of resistance, the walls miraculously fell down, as did heretofore those of *Jericho*, he having, by the advise of *Aprunus* his Chaplain, caused some holy reliques to be lifted up, whereunto he dedicated a singular devotion.

What need we here make mention of the adventures, which he had with the Kings *Chararic*, and *Ragvachairus*, whom he defeated as it were without blows? This man went every where as confidently, as one who seemed to have a Guard of celestial Virtues by his side: his hands were fatal to purge the earth from many Infidel Princes, that infected it with heresie, tyrannies, and sacriledges. Who can but wonder, that in so short a time he extended his Empire from *Rheine* to *Seine*, from the river of *Loyre* to *Rosne*, and from the *Pyrenæi* to the *Ocean*? Who can but admire, that he was so feared by all the Monarchs of his age, as the *Grecians*, who have written after that time under the title of King, intended for the more excellency, to speak onely of the King of *France*? who will not highly esteem his great authority, in that he first of all stampt golden coyn, which the Emperours had always forborn through extream jealousie, causing the marks of his faith to be impressed on this money? And who can sufficiently marvel, that having at his death left four sons to succeed him, he hath besides been followed by seven and fifty Kings, who constantly rendering themselves imitatours of his belief, have likewise shared with him in his felicity.

Suidas. Ῥᾳξ Γαλλων ἀγαθὸς.

I demand of you whether one must not become blind, deaf, and dumb, not to see, understand, nor declare, that all the happiness and prosperity of *France* is inseparably tied to the piety of our Ancestours, since the hand of God, thundering and lightning at the same time upon so great a number of Diadems of heretical Kings, as of *Gombaut*, *Godemar*, *Chilperic*, *Godegisilus*, *Alaricus*, and in the end on *Theodorick* himself, led *Clodovæus* by the hand through so many smoaking ruins, so many swords, & such flames, to establish him with all his posterity in a Throne, whereunto the great Saint *Remigius* hath promised an eternity of years, so long as it should remain cemented with the same faith and religion, which first of all consecrated the Lilies to the service of the Divine Majesty?

The holy *Clotilda*, amongst all these conquests of her husband, lifted her innocent hands up to Heaven to apply the forces of the Saviour of the world to his Royal banners. In the end, having drawn him to *Paris*, after so many bloudy wars, and sweetned the extravagancies of his nature, a little too violent, propending to excesses of cruelty, she caused him to tast in his repose, devotion and justice, in such sort, that having closed up his eyes in the exercises of piety, she enterred him with a most honourable reputation. There is yet to be found an old Calendar of the Church of S. *Geneviefue*, which maketh mention of the day of his death, on the seven and twentieth of *November*.

V. Kal. Dec. Depositio magni Regis Clodovæi. Du Pleix.

The ninth SECTION.

The life of Clotilda *in her widow-hood: her afflictions and glorious death.*

Clotilda vehemently desired to bring forth male children, for the establishment of her State, and though this affection seemed to be most just, notwithstanding God, who purgeth all the elect in the furnace of afflictions, found a rough Purgatory for this good soul, in the enjoying her desires. She had sons, as she wished, whom she endeavoured with all her power to breed in the fear of God, whilest she might bow them: but these children, who tasted too much of the warlick humours of the father, and had not

not enough of the piety of the mother, being arrived to an age wherein it was not possible any longer to restrain them, they fell into many terrible extravagancies, which transfixed the heart of the mother with a thousand swords of sorrow.

It happened that *Sigismond*, the cousin-germain of *Clotilda*, for whom she had procured the Kingdom of *Burgundy*, after the death of his wife, by whom he had a son named *Sigerius*, suffered himself to be surprized with the love of a Lady waiting in Court, whom he afterward married, to the great heart-burning of the son, who could not endure to see her clothed with the spoils of his mother.

This step-dame being drawn from servitude and wantonness, to enter into the bed of a King, beholding her self crossed in her loves by this Heir of the house, conceived so much gall and rage against him, that she prepared a most fatal calumny for his ruin, accusing him to have a plot upon the life of his father. *Sigismond*, who was of an easie nature, stirred up with love and ambition, quickly believed this shameless creature: and after he had called this poor young man to dinner, under colour of affection, he commanded him in his sleep to be strangled by the hands of his servants. But the miserable man, delivered out of the gulf of his passion, and seeing himself defiled with an act so black and wicked, publickly confessed his sin, and for it performed a most austere penance: but God, who ordinarily blotteth out the crime, not forgiving the pains and satisfactions due to his justice, deprived him of Scepter and life by the hands of his allies, raising up a sharp revenge, to give to such like an eternal horrour of his iniquity.

The children of *Clodovæus*, who had already shared the Kingdom of their father, were not yet satisfied, but desired to advance the limits of their division, as far as the point of their lance might extend. Behold the cause why *Clodomer*, who was the eldest of the legitimate, seeing the Kingdom of *Burgundy* in this danger, entreth thereinto with great forces, and found little resistance; *Sigismond* being formerly convinced by his crime. Having possessed himself of the places most important, he took the miserable King, and led him away prisoner to *Orleans*; to dispose of him according to his pleasure. But *Godimer*, the brother of *Sigismond*, who had retired to the mountains, while the *French* made all this notable havock, returned with a great power, and having slain the *French* Garrisons, made himself Master of the Kingdom. *Clodomer* understanding this defeat, became so furious, that he caused the head of his prisoner to be cut off, with his wife and children by his second marriage, commanding, through extremity of cruelty, to throw the body into a ditch, which was executed. Nor content with this, he re-entereth into *Burgundy* boyling with choller, with intention to recover all to his obedience: but he found himself assaulted by the *Burgundians* in a battel, who slew him; and knowing him by his long hair, they cut off his head, and fixed it on the point of a launce, to serve for a sad spectacle to the *French*.

This accident afflicted the heart of the mother, who bewailed her son with inconsolable tears, as well because he was the first, whom she had bred with all tender affection, as for that she seeing him dead in the pursuit of so many bloudy acts, was full of anxiety in the matter of salvation of his soul. The poor Queen fortified her self, as much as she might, against the violences of sorrow, and armed her self against other accidents which she foresaw might grow from the evil dispositions of her children.

Clodomer left three sons very young, whom the holy woman bred up in her house, and near her person, into whom the most excellent Maxims of all wisdom and piety were distilled. These little children very well bred, and gently trained by the very good precepts of their grand-mother, promised something excellent in time to come, and served as a most sweet lenitive to this disconsolate turtle, to sweeten the acerbities she had conceived upon the death of their father: when behold an horrible frenzy crept into the souls of *Childebert* and *Clotharius* her two sons, which is read in all our histories, the brows whereof do blush to leave a blemished execration on the wicked exorbitancy of ambition.

It were much fitter for the great men of the earth to have gnawing vultures, and sharp rasors in their entrails, then to nourish such a passion, which being onely puffed up with a smoake, violateth all it hath therein of right or humanity, to fatten it self with bloud, and never as it were openeth its eyes, but in the flames of the damned.

Childebert and *Clotharius*, sons of the great *Clodovæus* and the holy *Clotilda*, despoyling themselves of all respect, sweetness, & humanity, conceived a mortal jealousie against their little Nephews, imagining their mother would breed them up to their prejudice; and so not taking counsel of ought but their own brutish passion, they resolved to be rid of them. The poor children were perpetually under the wing of their good grand-mother *Clotilda*, who could never suffer them out of her sight, such fear had she of ill habits, which are easily made to slide into the hearts of children by the corruption of evil company. These infamous Uncles besought their mother to let their little Nephews come to visit them, to have thereby some harmless recreation, promising to restore them again speedily into her hands. The holy woman, who could not imagine the execrable malice, which was hatched in the heart of these unnatural sons, consented these little ones should go, fearing least the denial she might make, would further exasperate the suspition of the suppliants. Yet did she even then quake for fear, and bidding them farewel, kissed them with redoubled embracements, raptures, and affections, not being able to contain her passion, nor the presage of her unhappiness.

The little innocents went to the slaughter with a smiling countenance, as children who have walks of recreation, and play in their heads.

When they had them in their full power, they dispatched a messenger to their mother, to bear unto her most unwelcome news. For he was commanded to shew her a poynard and a cyzars, requiring her, she would make choice, which of these she should judge fittest for her grand-children, either to pass them by the dint of sword, or forcibly to shave them and make them Monks.

Clotilda, extreamly astonished at this impudence, answered, As well dead, as Monks: which some very inconsiderately have interpreted, thinking this answer proceeded from an ambition she had, that her grand-children might reign: but the admirable Princess would say, that we ought not to apply any to the service of God, but voluntaries, and that she had rather see her children well dead, then to behold them in a religious profession by constraint & force. This wretched messenger made to the humour of his Masters, instead of sweetning the matter, made a very harsh relation of his message, which precipitated the evil already beginning to fall into extremity.

Clotharius possessed with a diabolical spirit, took *Thibault* the eldest of these children, & striking him down

down to the ground, thrust his sword quite through his body. The little *Gontheran*, who was the second, besprinkled with the blood of his brother, whom he saw distended on the pavement, grasped the knees of his Uncle *Childebert*, with lamentable outcries, saying: *O Uncle, save my life, wherein have I offended you?* He so quaked in all the parts of his body, & so transfixed him with his sight, that the other, though he purposed this mischief, was seized with much compassion, and prayed his brother to pass no further. But *Clotharius* enraged, and more ravenous then a Tyger of *Armenia*, What? (saith he) you have been of the Councel, and yet now hinder me in the execution: I will run you both through with my sword. *Childebert* amazed, threw the poor victim from his knees, and delivered him to the executioner, who in that very place cut his throat.

As they were upon these contestations, the third son of *Clodomer* named *Clodoaldus*, was taken away by a friend of the father, and secretly bred up in Ecclesiastical condition, wherein he arrived to so perfect a sanctity, that forsaking the shadow of Diadems and Scepters, which deceiveth the credulity of the most passionate by its illusions, he hath merited Altars on earth, and a Crown of Glory in Heaven. For this is that S. *Cloud* which we reverence, near unto *Paris*.

What imagination is sufficiently powerful to figure to its self the ardent dolours, which seized on the spirit of poor *Clotilda*, when she heard all that passed by the practise of her unnatural sons? What might this soul think so free and purified from the contagions of the earth, which apprehended the shadow of the least sins, when she beheld her house polluted with so horrible sacrileges? Yet still she guided the helm of reason in so tempestuous a storm of passions, & in so dead a night of misery, she adored a ray of the Providence of God, which she considered in the depth of her sorrows: she her self no whit affrighted, took up the mangled bodies of these innocent creatures, and gathered together the scattered members as well as she could, saying: *Poor Children, I bewail not your death, although it cannot be too much bemoaned. You are dead like little Abels, like little Innocents, forsaking the earth, profaned with the crimes of your Uncles, to hasten to possess a place in Heaven; you have out run me, to live hereafter in the bosom of your grand-father. But I sorrow for these Cains, and these Herods, who so treacherously have murdered you, and who, wheresoever they are, I assure my self do carry pincers and executioners in their hearts. They ought at least to bear respect to the ashes of their father, they ought to have compassion on the tenderness of your bodies; They ought somewhat to regard my age and the care I have had to breed them, since the death of the King. And had they concluded upon this massacre when they took you from my house, they should have executed you in my arms; I at the least had closed up your dying eyes with my fingers, I had wiped away the blood from your faces, I had encouraged you to death, I had received your last sighs in my bosom. Alas, my pretty creatures little did I think the kisses I gave you at your departure, were to be the last I should afford in your life. Pure and innocent souls departed from these bodies in an age, wherein you were ignorant of sins which never approached your knowledges, much less defiled your bodies. Behold from those Palaces of Stars and light your afflicted mother, whom God hath as yet left on earth to give burial to your bodies.*

Speaking this, she caused them to be carried away that she might bestow them in the tomb of their grand-father, where being her self personally arrived, nature evicted a huge tide of tears from her constancy and caused her to say:

My most honoured Lord and husband, who so cordially loved me in this life, will you not open unto me your sacred tomb to entertain me near you? Behold here your grand-children, which I bring unto you, little blossoms cut off in the tenderness of their age, by the hands of their Uncles, your children and mine. Most dear husband, I account you thrice happy, to have been transported into the other world before you saw these lamentable tragedies. Were there nought but their respect towards you, it ought to have restrained them. But my sins alone have deserved this desolate old age, to which God hath reserved me to make trial of the most sensible dolours which might ever fall into my imagination. I will endure them as long as it shall please the Divine Providence, who will draw this satisfaction from my sins, and I wish sorrow will waste my body, that hath almost nothing left but the bark, to place it in short time with yours.

The holy woman daily poured her self out in tears near to this sepulchre, remaining there day and night, as if she had been some shadow of the dead: but in the end to divert her self from this imagination, which was too full of affliction, and that she might the more freely enjoy God, she resolved wholly to leave the Court, and to pass the rest of her days in the City of *Tours*, near to the sepulcher of S. *Martin*.

There it was where she began to lead a life wholly celestial, as one who seemed to have nothing to do with the bodies and conversation of the living.

It is true, that great prosperities do not easily corrupt souls, which have taken a good temper in the fear of God,; yet notwithstanding they wound, and in some sort change them. A little Bee sometimes goeth so long upon her honey, that by much walking there, she entangleth her wings: so a soul, yea one of those which are the most devout, being continually soothed by a long sequel of good successes of the affairs of the world, taketh some small flight out of it self, and seeketh recreation in a smiling and delicate air, which affordeth it nothing but objects of delight: but so soon as adversity hath given its blow, it re-entreth into it self; it foldeth it self within it self; it tasteth it self; it knoweth it self; it findeth God in the bottom of its heart, afflicted and perplexed with the revolutions of the world; it raiseth it self above the ways of the Moon, and the tracks of the Sun, to that goodly Temple of Eternity, where spirits live despoiled from these masses of flesh and bones, which we drag along with us in this mortal life.

This is the way which the wise *Clotilda* took so soon as she was alienated from the Court, and disentangled from affairs, which she never had used but for obligation of conscience, she entreth into a sweet retirement, where it seemed unto her that nature had not displayed the mountains and valleys, the forrests and rivers, but to make her a theater of the works of God. She relished this retreat, as Manna from Paradise, and tasted this deep silence with incredible delight, after so many confused clamours of the embroylments of Court. It seemed unto her that she then spake to God, face to face, and that she saw all the pride of the earth much lower then her feet. Her soul was whitened with her tears, was purified in her desires, and vapoured out all into God, as it were, through the limbeck of her ardent charity.

The holy Lady, who had heretofore loved to behold her self shine in the majesty of sumptuous attire, to render her self more acceptable to her husband, more illustrious in the eyes of her people, was cloathed so modestly, that her history telleth, she was seen to be covered with course cloth. She who heretofore was altogether sparkling with precious stones, appeared now in the livery of penance. She who had endeavoured temperately to entertain a mortal beauty for the contentment of her dear husband, was wholly wasted with mortifications of the flesh. She who after so many victories of one of the most valiantest husbands that ever was, had been led along triumphant in the chariot of glory, conversed

now

with widows and orphans, going as it were perpetually on foot, were it not that the weakneſs of her body diſpenſed with her therein, by the counſel of thoſe who undertook the care of her health. She, who had ſeen all the ſervices of a great Monarchy at her feet, was then continually proſtrate at the feet of the poor, whom ſhe ſerved as the living Images of God. She, who had taken ſome care to manage revenues, as the ſinews of State, deſpoiled her ſelf as it were from things moſt neceſſary for life, to ſuccour the neceſſities of the people. She, who had delighted to build goodly Palaces, had not any affection but for Monaſteries and Churches, which ſhe cauſed to be erected every where, with ſo much liberality as her means would permit. This divine woman was as the Moon in eclipſe, which appeareth wholly dark on the ſide towards the earth, but faileth not to be moſt radiant on that part wherewith ſhe looketh towards Heaven. So thoſe who beheld this Princeſs with carnal eys in ſuch a ſtate, ſaid ſhe was eclipſed; but God, who in this retirement darted on her, rays of glory through the Cloud of the body, cauſed her to ſee with eys of Angels, as a ſoul wholly inveſted with the Sun of juſtice.

As ſhe was in the ſweetneſs of this repoſe, news came unto her very haſtily, that ſhe muſt return to Court, to appeaſe the diſcord between her children who were ready to encounter one another, and to embroil the Kingdom in the deſperate deſolations of Civil war.

The good woman did not as thoſe, who hold retirement from the vanities of the world as a puniſhment, nor ever are with themſelves, unleſs neceſſity make them take the way, which they cannot elect by reaſon. So ſoon as ſhe underſtood theſe importunities, which call'd her back to the affairs of the world, ſhe haſtened to proſtrate her ſelf at the ſepulcher of S. *Martin*, ſhedding forth bitter tears, and ſaying: *My God, you know my heart, and that it is neither for fear of pain, nor want of courage, that I retired from the Court of my children; but that ſeeing their diſpoſitions and affairs in ſuch a condition, that I could not think my ſelf any way able to profit them by my counſels, I made choice of the means which I thought moſt likely to help them, which are Prayers. And behold me here now humbled at the Tomb of one of your great ſervants to beg of you by his merits and aſhes, to pacifie the differences of theſe unfortunate children, and to behold with the eye of your accuſtomed mercies this poor people and Kingom of* France, *to which you have configned and given ſo many pledges of your faithful love. My God, if you think my preſence may ſerve to ſweeten the ſharpneſs of theſe ſpirits, I will neither have conſideration of my Age nor health; but ſhall ſacrifice my ſelf in this voyage for the publick: but if I may be of no other uſe, but to ſtand as an unprofitable burthen, as I with much reaſon perſwade my ſelf, I conjure you for your own goodneſs ſake, to receive my humble prayers, and accommodate their affairs, and ever to preſerve unto me the honour which I have to ſerve you in this retirement.*

A moſt miraculous thing: it is obſerved that at the ſame time when the holy woman prayed at the tomb, the Arms of the brothers now ready to encounter to pour forth a Deluge of blood, ſuddenly ſtopped; and theſe two Kings not knowing by what ſpirit they were moved mutually ſent to each other an Embaſſage of peace, which was concluded in the place, to the admiration and contentment of the whole world. This much confirmed *Clotilda* in her holy reſolution, wherein ſhe lived to great decrepitneſs of Age. And in the end, having had revelation of the day of her death, ſhe ſent for her two ſons, *Childebert* and *Clotharius*, whereof this, who was the moſt harſh, was in ſome ſort become humble, having undergone certain penances appointed him by Pope *Agapetus*, to expiate many exorbitances which he had committed; for ſuch is the moſt common opinion. Theſe two Kings being come, the mother ſpake to them in theſe terms:

I was as it were reſolved to paſs out of the world without ſeeing you, not for the hatred of your perſons, which cannot fall into a ſoul ſuch as mine, but for the horrour of your deportments, that cannot be juſtified but by repentance. God knows, I having beheld you ſo many times to abandon the reſpect you owe to my age, and the authority which nature gave me over your breeding, never have endeavoured to put off the heart of a mother towards you, which I yet retain upon the brink of my tomb. I begged you of God before your birth, with deſires which then ſeemed unto me reaſonable, but which perhaps were too vehement; and if ever mother were paſſionate in the love of her children, I moſt ſenſibly felt thoſe ſtings, yielding my ſoul as a prey to all cares, and my body to travels, to breed and bring you up with pains, which are not ſo ordinary with Queen-mothers.

I expected from your nature ſome correſpondence to my charitable affections, when you ſhould arrive to the Age of diſcretion. I imagined after the death of your father, my moſt honoured Lord, that my Age which began to decline, ſhould find ſome comfort in your piety. But you have done that which I will paſs under ſilence: For it ſeemed to me your ſpirits have as much horrour of it as mine, which yet bleedeth at it, nor do I know when time will ſtanch the blood of a wound ſo hideous.

Out alas, my children! You perſwaded your ſelves it was a goodly matter to unpeople the world, to enlarge your power, and to violate nature, to eſtabliſh your Thrones with the blood of your allies; which is a moſt execrable frenzie. For I proteſt at this hour, wherein I go to render an account of mine actions before the living God, that I ſhould rather wiſh to have brought you into the world to be the vaſſals of Peaſants, then to ſee the Scepter in your hands, if it ſerved you to no other uſe, but to authorize your crimes. Blind as you are, who behold not that the Diamonds of a Royal Crown, ſweat with horrour upon a head poiſoned with ambition. When you ſhall arrive to that period wherein I am now, what will it help you to have worn Purple, if having defiled it with your ordures, you muſt make an exchange with a habit of flames, which ſhall no more wear out then eternity?

Return, my children, to the fair way you have forſaken: you might have ſeen by what paths the providence of God, led the King your father to the Throne of his Monarchie: you might have alſo obſerved the diſaſters of Kings our near allies for that they wandered from true piety. That little ſhadow which you yet retain of holy Religion, hath ſuſpended the hand of God, and withheld the fatal blow, which he would otherwiſe have let fall upon your ſtate. If you perſiſt in evil, you will provoke his juſtice by the contempt of his mercie. Above all, be united with a band of conſtant peace: for by dividing your hearts, you diſunite your Kingdoms; and deſiring to build up your fortunes by your diſſentions, you will make deſolate your houſes. Do juſtice to your poor people, who lived under the reign of your father with ſo much tranquilitie, and which your diviſions have now covered all over with acerbities. Is it not time to ſo get what is paſt, and to begin to live then, when you muſt begin to die? My children, I give you the laſt farewell, and pray you to remember my poor ſoul, and to lodge my body in the Sepulcher of the King your father, as I have ever deſired.

The Saint ſpeaking this, ſaw that theſe children, who had before been ſo obdurate, were wholly diſſolved into tears, and kneeling about her bed, kiſſed her hands, having their ſpeech ſo interrupted with ſobs, they could not anſwer one word. Thereupon ſhe drew the curtain over all worldly affairs, to be onely entertained with God. And her maladie daily encreaſing, ſhe pronounced aloud the profeſſion of the Catholick faith, wherein ſhe died; then required the Sacraments of the Euchariſt and extream Unction, which were adminiſtred unto her, and by her received with infinite devotion. From thence forward ſhe for ſome time onely lived on extaſies of her ſoul, turning that little breath which remained on her lips, to the praiſes of God: and in the end, rendered up her happy Ghoſt, the third day of *June*, on the firſt hour of the night, pronouncing in the inſtant of death theſe words: *Adte Domine levavi animam meam: Deus meus in te confido, non erubeſcam.*

The Hiſtory telleth, that the chamber where ſhe died, at the inſtant when her ſoul departed out of her body, appeared very lightſom, and that her ſacred members yielded forth a moſt ſweet ſavour, which left to all there preſent a great eſtimation of her ſanctity.

city. Her body was interred, as she desired, at the feet of S. *Genevefue*: for she was so humble, that she accounted her self most happy, to submit her diadem to the ashes of a poor shepherdess. Her memory hath been so honourable throughout all *France*, that she is yet reverenced under the name of S *Clothe*, which is the Vulgar word.

O woman, truely worthy to bear a Crown of stars! gold, silver, and precious stones are too base for you If statues should be erected suitable to your desert, Diamonds, Emeraulds and Topazes, which have been employed on the pourtracts of the Queens of *Ægypt*, would be of too mean a value in respect of your prayses.

Oh Queens, oh Princesses, nay, oh Ladies, and Gentle-women, why do not you at the least in your houses, that which she performed in an ample Kingdom? What a glory? What an Empire? and what a triumph, to issue from the house of a King of *Burgundy*, as an innocent lamb, a poor orphan, married for despight, and to enter into a Court full of Idolatries, which seemed then a forrest of ravenous beasts, yet knew so well how to charm them with invincible spels of her piety, as to convert a King warlike, haughty, a Pagan, and in converting him to change the whole face of a great Monarchy?

All that which we retain of Religion, piety, and happiness under God, we ow to this holy Queen. O *France*, *France*, my dear Country! how art thou bound to her memory, to her name, to her virtue, & how much oughtest thou to preserve the precious treasure of faith, which she hath so happily recommended unto thee by her example!

I speak not at all now of the particular favours thou hast received from Heaven: I say nothing of thy flower-de-luces, of thy holy Viol, of thy Standard, of thy cure of the Kings Evil, and other such like. I onely mention that which thou mayest boast before the face of all Nations], nor ever shalt thou loose the glory which S. *Gregory* the Great, an incomparable man, who flourished above a thousand years since, gave thee in his books, when he calleth thee, the lamp of the whole world, and faith, thy Monarchs as much surpassed all other soveraign Princes, as Kings transcend the people.

Greg. ep. 6. l. 5. quz est 106.

I pronounce that, which thou mayest publish as a priviledge very extraordinary, that *Constantine* the Great made heretofore a decree, which was afterward engraven upon the Altar of S. *Sophia*, in the prime Church of *Constantinople*, by which he expresly forbad all his posterity, to make any alliances or marriages with forreigners wheresoever under Heaven, except the *French* Nation, as if this Religious Monarch had foreseen that they were the Kings of *France* who should second him in the zeal he bear to the support of the Church. See and consider the favours God hath done thee herein. Behold thy neighbours, behold the powers and soveraignties of the earth, behold the Empires and Kingdoms: where is it, that one alone may be found from the memory of men, which hath received Catholick Religion with more favour, which hath defended it with more courage, which hath preserved it with more constancy? Behold the *Roman* Empire, and thou shalt see presently after *Constantine*, his sons to be Hereticks, and his son-in-law an Apostata. Behold *Italy*, and thou shalt see it sheltered under the protection of thy Kings. Behold *Spain*, & thou shalt see it overrun with *Goths*, *Vandals*, and *Saracens*, and the Scepter in the hands of *Arian* Kings. Behold *England*, and thou shalt see, that it did not seriously receive the faith, till six hundred years were fully expired, after the publication of the Gospel. *Poland* accounteth six huudred and two and fifty years since it was Christian: *Muscovia* six hundred and two and twenty. Thou (O *France* alone art it, to whom *Jesus Christ* being in the agony of his dolorous passion when he recommended his mother to S. *John*, and his soul to his father, designed, and miraculously deputed a Pastour, to wit, the glorious S. *Denys*, who received the first rays of the knowledge of God in this eclipse, which happened at the death of our Saviour, to diffuse his divine lights afterward with his bloud upon the mountains, where thy Virgins do as yet a lead a life wholly Angelical.

Baron. tom. 10. anno Christi 960. *Constant.* Octavi 49.

O *France*, wherefore hast thou enlightned all the parts of the world with thy conquests? Wherefore thy Kings having communicated themselves with so much sweetness and facility, have they augmented their Majesty by familiarity with the people, which usually dissolveth it? Why have they appeared as Amethists, which shine so much the more, as they are often worn? Why hast thou been a Seminary of all great spirits? Why hast thou in all times held predominance in learning and sciences, like unto the Altar of the Sun, from whence light is borrowed to illuminate all other lamps? Why dost thou astonish all histories with the continuance of thy Monarchy, to which there is none to be found comparable in the world? Why hath God so many times enriched thee by thy losses, ennobled thee by thy disasters, raised thee by thy ruins and precipices,

——*fecitque cadendo,*
Ne caderes?

Is it not for having preserved this precious jewel of *Clotilda*, this faith, this Religion, which she hath consigned to thy Kings, and to thy people? Oh blind, if thou knowest it not! Oh insensible, if thou neglectest it! Oh unfortunate, if thou loosest it! Go yet, and see the ashes of this good Princess, which are in thy Capital City, ashes worthy to be kissed of Queens, honoured by Kings, and reverenced by all people.

So long as there shall be Sacrifices and Altars, Angels and men, the name of holy *Clotilda* shall live, & spread it self with a sweet odour through all the Provinces of Christendom; and my pen, which taketh its flight much further then my design intended, shal be the messenger of her greatness, with so much the more fidelity, as it hath confidence in her protection

I will also to crown this work, represent unto you a Lady, issued of her bloud, a grand-child of one of her sons, who hath done in *Spain*, that which this in *France*; converting her husband to the faith, and by consequence gained the Nation.

The tenth SECTION.

INDEGONDIS,
Issued from the bloud and house of Clotilda, *transporteth the Catholick faith into* Spain.

ABout the year five hundred foureſcore and three, *Levigildus* an *Arian* Prince, reigned in *Spain*, who seeing the house of *France* held supereminency amongst all the Kingdoms of the world, sought the alliance thereof; and obtained for wife to his eldest son, called *Hermingildus*, the daughter of *Sigebert*, grand child of *Clotilda*, named in History *Indegondis*.

She was one of the most accomplished Princesses of that Age, in whom beauty, grace, and virtue, made together an admirable harmony, to purchase her the hearts

hearts of all the world. Every one lamented that this bright day-break, which began to enlighten *France* with its rays, went at her rising into a Countrey, where the Sun setteth, and that so many singular perfections were separated from that Kingdom which had given them birth. The good virgin, who had no other object, but the obedience she ought to render those to whom nature had subjected her, went well pleased, besides was something satisfied with the title of a Queen, which she might justly one day expect. But little knew she the combats and difficulties that waited on her in the same place, where she hoped to gather nothing else but flowers.

I do not think hell can ever produce a mischief like unto heresy: which wholly perverting good affairs, instantly hasteneth to drench all the contentments of this innocent soul in a deluge of tears. Alas, a million of tortures well deserve to be employed upon the criminal souls of those who were the first authours of this monster. For it in all Ages hath disturbed States of Princes, ruined so much generous Nobility, and sowed division among the most settled amities.

The wise of that time much apprehended the sending of this young maid into *Spain*, to marry her to an heretical Prince, to place her in a Court wholly infected with heresy, where no other objects should be presented unto her, but errour and vice. Behold (said they) a goodly vessel well rigged, well furnished, well guided, which hath sails of linnen, cordage of purple, and oars of silver; but they go about to expose it to a rough tempest. Behold an excellent meadow all enamelled with most delicious beauties of nature; but they endeavour to oppose it to cruel Northern blasts. Behold a chrystal well polished, smooth, and delicate; but they seek to hazard it to the strokes of the hammer. Behold a statue all resplendent with gold, and precious stones; but they trample it under foot. What will a child be able to do amongst so much malice? An age so tender, amongst so many heads grown hoary in sin? A great simplicity amongst so many snares? A maid which hath no recommendation but chastity and obedience, amongst so many wicked commands? Do we think that a father-in-law, a husband, a mother-in-law will have no power over her spirit? That pleasures will not allure her? That the dignity of a Kingdom will not move her? That the lustre of a Diadem will not dazle her eyes, and force prevail upon her? If that should be given her which she deserveth it were fit to afford her all but the power to ruin her self.

Others said very temperately, that we must not believe, that by gaining a Kingdom she should loose religion: that she was of bloud so illustrious, it received no blemish; that she would rather dy then dishonour her birth; that she would endure all the torments of Martyrs rather then betray her faith. And that if needs she must make ship-wrack of all her fortunes, that the last plank she would embrace, should be a good conscience: that she should be assisted by a good Council, that would never forsake her: that there were as yet in *Spain* very many Catholicks, whose tears she would wipe away, and sweeten their acerbities: That her husband, a young Prince, was not so obdurate, but that she might hope one day to joyn him to the Catholick faith: Women are infinitely powerful, when they once have gained the heart of a man. In the end, that she must reflect on the example of her grand-mother, who had converted her husband, with all his Court; and if then cold and timorous considerations had been used upon this marriage, *France* might still have Pagan. If the mother overcame an Idolater, the daughter may well prevail on an *Arian*.

Yet they, which speak thus, judged not the conversion of hereticks to be much more difficult then that of pagans, as well for the intolerable pride which ordinarily possesseth their spirits, as for a certain malediction, which seemeth to be tied to those who voluntarily withdraw themselves from the light, and shake off the yoke of lawful powers.

Yet notwithstanding considerations of State transported her, and *Indegondis* would take her fortune promising her self so much assistance of God, that not onely she should stand firm in the piety of her Ancestours, but that if it were possible, she would save her husband: supposing to her self he was neither of marble nor iron, nor to be mollified with the attractives of her sex.

The courageous maid was waited on into *Spain*, by a flourishing conduct of *French* Nobility, where she was received with very great applauses, for the reputation which the name of *France* had acquired in the opinion of all the people.

The King *Levigildus* her father-in-law, was married upon second nuptials to an *Arian* wife, named *Goizintha*, who was as deformed of body as mind: notwithstanding, she had charmed the heart of this old man, by I know not what kind of sleights, that she held predominance upon affairs, and bent as it were all his wills at her pleasure.

She shewed in the beginning an extraordinary affection to this marriage, and went in person to the Princess, giving her such fair entertainment, that it seemed she went about to over whelm her with courtesies.

Yet was it to behold night and Aurora in one and the same Chariot, to see these two Princesses together. For *Goizintha*, besides other deformities of her person, was become blind of one eye: and *Indegondis* laying aside so many excellent parts, which she had from nature, appeared on that day in her attires like unto those Goddesses which the Poets and Painters form, according to the most advantageous idæa's of their spirits.

Hermingildus her husband beholding her so accomplished, easily felt the glances shot from her eyes, were rays from her, but arrows for his heart, from whence he could receive nought but honourable wounds. Never any man bound himself to a creature of the world with a love so forcible, so honest, and so innocent, as did this Prince to this admirable Virgin. From the first arrival, and first glance of the eye, he felt his soul transported with a sweet violence, and it seemed unto him this stranger came to negotiate with him a love, much different from that of flesh and bloud.

It is a position, which hath been sufficiently argued by ancient Sages, touching the encounter of amities, which are so diversly applied to objects; sometimes by ordinary ways, as by a manifest reflection of beauty and goodness; sometimes also by passages altogether extraordinary, in such sort, that it is very hard to divine from whence the knot groweth, which tieth two persons who never have seen one another, so suddenly, that it is done in an instant, and so inseparably, that it lasteth even to the tomb. Some have said, it proceedeth from secret influences of the same stars, which predominate at the their births; a matter, which they verily have ado to make good. Others have thought it is a work of fortune, and that loves were shuffled together like cards, to marry sometimes a Queen to

a Groom. Others have referred it to complexions of the body, and to reſemblance, which uſeth to be the mother of affections, a thing very probable. Others to the qualities of humours, which is daily ſufficiently found.

But beſides this there is a certain ſecret touch, as in the Adamant, not to us throughly known, which readily ſtriketh its blow, and ſpeaketh in a dumb language in the bottom of hearts. For my part I ſhould think that in this love which *Hermingildus* bare to *Indegondis*, there ſhould be ſome very particular paſſage of the Providence of God, who was pleaſed conſtantly to bind his heart to her, whom he intended to make uſe of for his converſion.

The eleventh SECTION.

The perſecutions of Indegondis.

NEver Nuptials were more full of content, nor amities more faithful, nor beginnings more proſperous then were theſe. But there is ever in humane things ſome miſchief, which ſticketh on the moſt ſmiling felicities, and never giveth wine but with a mixture of dregs.

I know not what kinde of fantaſie poſſeſſed this wicked ſtep-mother *Goizintha*, but ſhe became jealous of the chaſt contentments of her ſon-in-law, altogether, as it were, beſotted of this admirable Princeſs, whom he could not endure out of his ſight. She obſerved their converſation, their diſcourſes, their pleaſures, & ever put her ſelf athwart their deſigns, becoming as troubleſom, as if ſhe had been one of thoſe malign ſpirits which uſe to obſeſs men.

Indegondis, although ſhe paſſionately loved her husband, durſt not refuſe the flattering entertainment of this ſtep-mother, nor ſhew that ſhe diſtaſted the company of her ſex, to ſeek after a man; but the Prince extremely repined hereat, and could not diſſemble the jealouſie of his ſtep-mother, ſaying, She ought to be contented with the credit ſhe had in affairs, not to pry ſo narrowly into his marriage, and by her importunities take from him his deareſt Spouſe. The other let him underſtand, this frequent converſation and amity offered her, tended to no other end, but to convert her to her Religion, thereby to render her the more obſequious to his will. And verily ſhe well witneſſed this deſign was deeply engraven in her heart. For ſhe neither ſpared endeavour nor ſubtle practice to ſeduce this innocent Princeſs, firſt waging war againſt her in the ſhape of a Dragon, afterward of a Lion.

She told her with much cunning, that God might as well be ſerved in one Religion as in another: That we ought to accommodate our ſelves to the place, where Fortune hath ranked us; that it was the chiefeſt policy of a Kingdom, to ſatisfie the will and inclinations of the King: That ſhe was not come into *Spain* to give Law, but example of obedience: That her husband never could faithfully love her, whileſt ſhe entertained any other ſenſe, other laws, and other Sacraments then himſelf: That never could ſhe be a Queen of people, if ſhe embraced not the faith of the people over whom ſhe was to command: That it was a folly to fear the reproaches of *France*, where the wiſeſt would ever think ſhe had done diſcreetly, to ſubmit to the times: That if the ſame faults were pardonable in thoſe, who in erring, authorize themſelves with a multitude of great compliees, no man could argue her juſtly of a verity, which ſhe had entertained with a whole Kingdom.

The wicked woman ceaſed not to afflict the innocent ears of this young Princeſs with ſuch like words: but ſhe who had not herein a pliant and yielding ſpirit, proteſted, that if ſhe perſiſted to maintain theſe diſcourſes, it would enforce her to forſake her company, and that it was not needful to uſe ſo many ſubtleties; for ſooner ſhould her heart be torn out of her belly, then her Religion from her ſoul. In ſaying this, ſhe went out of her chamber, ſhewing unto her an eye ſweetly diſcontented, with a ſoul well reſolved: with which the other offended, notwithſtanding diſſembled her anger, ſo much ſhe feared to diſturb her; but quickly afterward endeavouring to make this breach up again, ſhe tendred her a thouſand proteſtations of affection, and ceaſed not to tire her out with flatteries, whereat the poor *Indegondis* was much perplexed, and could not any longer handle the matter ſo as not to expreſs her diſdain.

Notwithſtanding *Goizintha*, who loſt not hope to ſeduce her, attempted once again to get her to be baptized after the *Arian* manner, alledging a thouſand reaſons; whereunto the Princeſs anſwered very wiſely; *That ſhe was (thanks be to God) well chriſtened in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt; and that if the water of the Baptiſm of the* Arians *had been caſt on her head, although ſhe loved her hair as well as any woman of her ſort, ſhe would cut it off, and tear away the skin, which had been defiled with ſuch an execration.*

The ſtep-mother hearing theſe words, ſhifted away, and ſaid all foaming with choler, That ſince ſhe would not be baptized after the *Arian* manner, ſhe would prepare another kinde of Baptiſm for her, which would waſh her from the head to the foot: And thereupon enraged, ſhe put her ſelf upon a practice wholly barbarous, which is related by Saint *Gregory* the Great, and many others; to wit, that after ſhe had dragged this poor Princeſs by the hair, and tormented her even to the effuſion of ſome blood, ſhe cauſed her to be taken by two or three of her waiting women, commanding them to ſtrip her ſtark naked, then to binde her with cords by the arms, and in this poſture plunge her in a pool, in a very cold ſeaſon of the year.

It was a pitiful ſpectacle to behold the daughter of a King thus cruelly uſed in the ſame place where ſhe entred with ſo many triumphs. The impious *Goizintha* ſtood upon the brink of the pool, as ſhe, who bare ſway in this torture, and commanded her wicked ſervants to drench her in the water, not all at once, but by little and little, that ſhe might endure the longer Martyrdom. At every moment the miſchievous Queen cried out; *Say you are an* Arian, *and you are ſafe.* The holy Maid, who had not ſo much apprehenſion of death, as of her nakedneſs, anſwered aloud: *I am a Catholick, a Catholick I will dye: take away my life in this confuſion; neither fire nor water ſhall ever have ſo much force upon me, as to make me unſay it.* She was a long time in this torment with a conſtancy, which amazed this bloody ſoul, that ſo tortured her. In the end, ſhe again took her garments, going out of the water, as from an Amphitheater of her glorious battel.

The twelfth SECTION.

The retreat of Hermingildus, *and his Converſion.*

HErmingildus who knew nothing of what had paſſed, beholding her ſomewhat pale, and weakned with ſuch harſh uſage, asked her if ſhe felt any pain of body, or affliction of minde, to diſcolour her ſo much more then ordinary: but the wiſe Princeſs replied, It was nothing, and that there was not

not any thing so important, as to be worthy of his knowledge.

He, who well perceived that she by her discretion dissembled some great affront, enquired very curiously of those who might inform him, and somewhat too soon discovered the cruel disgrace, which his mother-in-law *Goizintha* had put upon his wife. This transfixed him with a dolour so sensible, and so enkindled him with fire, and choler in his heart, that if the fear of God, and the sweetness of his wife had not served for a counterpoize to his passion, he had torn this wicked Queen in pieces. But the good *Indegondis* prostrating her self at his feet, besought him by all that which was most noble in him, not to precipitate the matter into such extremities, and prevailed so well with her natural eloquence, that he was contented to remove presently from the Court, and retire to *Sevil*, which his father had given him for his livelyhood.

Then was the time, when those chast loves, which had been crossed by the disturbances of *Goizintha*, all obstacles being overcome, enlarged themselves as a River, which having broken its banks, poureth it self with a victorious current in the wideness of his Channel. *Hermingildus* could not sufficiently satisfie himself to behold so many virtues in so great a beauty: the modesty, which she had witnessed in this last disgrace, gave him apprehensions of her piety above all may be said.

Those, who seek nothing in marriage but sensual pleasure, which is more thin then smoak, and much lighter then the wind, cannot imagine how much these fair amities, which are the daughters of virtues, nourish holy delights. These are celestial fires, which are ever in the bosom of God, as in their sphear. It is he, who begetteth them, and breedeth them, they being not constrained to descend upon earth, to beg a caytiff nourishment from perishable creatures, which promise so many wonders, and produce nought but wind.

These two great souls beheld one another with the eys of the Dove, and were mutually inflamed with affections so honest and innocent, that Angels would not be ashamed to entertain the like fires, since they are those of charity, which is the eternal furnace of all souls the most purified.

Indegondis perceiving she had already great power in the affection of her husband, and that there was no longer any step-mother to dissolve her designs, sollicited him seriously for his conversion, and sayd:

SIR, I must confess unto you, the honour I have received from your alliance seemeth not accomplished, whilest I behold between us a wall of division, which separateth us in belief and Sacraments. Since our amities are come to that point, as to enjoy all in common, and that they unite things most different, why should we divide God, who is most simple of nature? Why should we make two Religions and two Altars, since we now live in such manner, that we have but one table, one heart, and one bed?

Verily, SIR, if I saw the least ray of truth in the Sect you professe, and some hope of salvation, I would submit thereunto, the more to oblige me to your person, which I love above all the things in the world. But it is most undoubted, that you are ill rectified, that you pursue a fantasie in stead of a verity, and that dying in this state, you loose a soul so noble, which I would purchase with expence of my blood. I boast not to be learned, as you Arians, who have so many goodly allegations of Scripture, that you make the ignorant believe, God is all that, which to your selves you imagine.

SIR, I for my part think the chief wisdom in matter of religion, is, not to be so wise as you are, and to have a little more submission of spirit; for faith is the inheritance of the humble, and never doth the day of God shine in a soul, which hath too much light of man. You well see this hereste of the Arians is a revolted Band, which hath forsaken the highway, to wander cross the fields: you are not ignorant that this Arius was a wicked Priest, who raised an hereste for despight, that he was not made Bishop; and was rejected, and solemnly condemned in a Council of three hundred and eighteen Bishops. These men were wise enough for you and me; I fix my self upon their resolutions, I follow the generality of the Church, I adhere to the body of the tree, and you tie your selves to a rotten branch. I have no argument more strong, then the succession of lawful Pastours, then the conformity of the Universal Church, then the succession of all Ages, then the Wisdom, Sanctity, and Piety, which I see resplendent on our side.

Besides, I come from a Country where we have seen all the Arian *Kings our neighbours round about, to have had most unhappy ends: when in the mean time my great Grand father, King* Clodovæus, *for having sincerely embraced Catholick Religion, received so many blessings from Heaven, that he seemed to have good hap and victories under his pay. I am not the daughter of a Prophet, nor do I vaunt to have the spirit of Prophesie; but I dare well foretell, the Kingdom of* Spain *shall not be of long continuance unless it vomit out this pestilence of Arianism, which lies about the heart of it: I would to God, with expence of my life, I might establish my Religion, then should I account my self the most contented Queen of the world.*

Hermingildus knew not what to answer to the strength of truth and love, two the most powerful things in the world; only he said, it was a business which well deserved to be pondered, and that these changes in persons of his quality are subject to much censure, if they have not great reason for caution. The good Princess to give him full leisure to advise thereupon, handled the matter so by her industry, that he conferred with S. *Leander*, who was a strong pillar of the Catholick faith in *Spain*. The sage Prelate so well managed the spirit of this Prince, that with assistance of God, and the good offices of *Indegondis*, who moved Heaven and earth for this conversion, he drew him from errour. This brave courage so soon as he saw the ray of truth, needs would acknowledge and freely confess it, taking the Chrisme of Catholicks with pomp and solemnity, even to the giving a largess of golden coyns, which he purposely caused to be stamped a little too suddenly, making his own image to be engraven thereon, with a *Motto*, which said, *Hæreticum hominem devita*: that is to say, we must avoid an Heretick, alluding to his father *Levigildus*.

Disputation, which concerneth the estate of Princes, is a tickliish piece; where the most part of those who speak of it, use their own interests for Text, and their passion for Commentary. Silence and peace, which are the two mansions of a good conscience, are of much more worth, then all the questions which enkindle divisions. I think the best doctrine is that, which best knoweth how to cement up concord among Miters, Diadems, and Crowns, entertain the obedience of people towards their Sovereigns, and if there be verities, which are the daughters of the Abyss, and silence (as those Ancients said) to leave them in the house of their father and mother, where, though they nought avail, they shall ever be better lodged then in publick.

It is not vice, but the times, which divideth Saints, and every one thinketh an affair probable, which he hath taken upon the byas of his own understanding. S. *Leander* approved the separation of *Hermingildus* in *Spain*: S. *Gregory* of *Tours* blamed it in *France*. I enter not into all the considerations of them both, but I think this Prince took ways too violent in his beginnings, levying arms against his father, which were not according to the counsel of his wife; and I will have no other Authour, but himself, since he condemned his own design, so soon as he began to become holy.

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The thirteenth Section.

The reciprocal Letters of the father and the son, upon their separation.

Hermingildus, extreemly incensed at the affront which he received in the person most dear unto him in the world, and who wanted not a Nobility round about him, that enkindled the fire of choler, burst forth in the beginning with violence. The father, an old suspitious man, felt himself much displeased with this alteration, & the step mother ceased not to throw flames through her throat, and cry al-arm as loud as she could, to transport affairs instantly, unto the utmost point of severity.

Levigildus notwithstanding, before he would proceed to extremities, sought to do something by letters, which are found couched in the History: wherein this Prince flattereth his son with fair words to surprize him. Behold here the copy of them:

SON, I would willingly say that unto you present, which I cannot sufficiently express in my letters. If you have as much confidence in me, as I yet have love towards you, I verily think were you with me, and alienated from the evil counsels of those who abuse the facility of your excellent nature, I might do much upon your spirit, both as a father, and as a King; so that at the least if you fear my Scepter, you would love my charity which still openeth its arms to your obedience. I have bred you up from your tender infancy, to make you heir of my Crown; and since you arrived to full age, I have conferred so many benefits on you, that they have surmounted my hopes, and as it were drained my liberalities. I have put a Scepter into your hand, to serve your father with the more authority, and not to deliver it over to mine enemy. I have caused you to be stiled a King, to become a support to my Crown, and not a Lord over mine Empire. I have given you all, to repose my old age upon the hope of your duty, and not to afflict me.

And yet notwithstanding, after I have done all this, beyond custom, beyond your age, and above your merit, you pay me with impiety and ingratitude. Expect yet a little, and the law of nature will give you that which you seek by ambition. Alledge not Religion unto me to justifie your arms, it hath been a crime in you to take a Religion contrary to my commands; and an impiety in your Religion, to separate your self from my obedience. I counsel you as a friend and command you as a father, to render your self as soon as possibly you may at my Court, and set your self in the way of duty; otherwise I fear you may implore mercy, when there will be no other Kingdom found for you, but that of justice.

Hermingildus deliberated upon the answer he was to make these Letters: but his Council too fervent shewed him, it was now no time to retire back; that he had to do with a man imperious, and turbulent, a mother-in-law irreconcileable, who had no other aim but to ruin him: and that if he took not arms to defend his own life, he would be chased away like a beast, and should not find safety even in desarts. Behold the cause why he wrote back in this manner.

Sir, I give thanks to my Religion, which hath already afforded me patience enough to bear the sharpness of your words, and which is more, resolution also not to be shaken with the severity of your menaces. I have ever freely protested, that I am tyed unto you with immortal obligations, and am besides ready prest to acknowledge them, even to my last breath, were it not that some now endeavour with you, to render all my duties unjust, and my thoughts criminal. Your Majesty should quickly see me by your sides, if she who will not behold me at your feet, but in the quality of a Delinquent, had not preoccupated your heart and ears, to stop up the one to charity, the other to justice.

What assurance can I have of my life in a place, where she for whom I live, hath been dragged by the hair, and trampled under foot? The wound sticketh so sensibly upon me, that time can neither find a lenitive nor reason a remedy.

As for the change of Religion made lyme. I go along with the main current of Wisdom, and sanctity of the whole world, and where I find my salvation most assured, I cannot live with more authority, nor dy with more hope; and if you condemn me for it, your Majesty shall know, that a father requireth obedience out of the limits of nature, when he exacteth it beyond conscience. Sir I beseech you to add to so many benefits by you afforded me, the liberty of an honest repose, lest our arms may be as shameful for the Conqueror, as miserable to the vanquished.

Levigildus was more exasperated upon these letters, and the wicked Step-mother ceased not to rub the sore as much as she might. All designs tended to war: the father upon the one side maketh great levies of souldiers; the son fortifieth *Sevil* and *Cordova*, and draweth to his party some Forces of the Empire, having sent an honourable Embassy to the Emperour of *Constantinople*, which was at that time *Tiberius*, to intreat great succours. Acts of hostility were practised both by the one and other part, and in the end *Hermingildus* is besieged in *Sevil*, where he made his abode the space of two or three years after his departure from the Court. King *Levigildus*, who was an old fox, endeavoured then to entertain the Catholicks with much sweetness, to divert them from his sons side, and gaineth by force of money many mercenaries, who well discovered they had no other faith, but that which their fortune would give them.

The fourteenth Section.

The Treaty of peace between Levigildus *and his son, by the mediation of* Indegondis.

The war was yet like to continue very long, had it not been that the Princess, weary to behold these calamities that took beginning from an affront which she had endeavoured to dissemble with so much prudence, besought her husband with great tenderness of tears, to reconcile himself to his father. He touched at that instant with a quite other spirit then he had heretofore felt, prostrated himself before the Altar, and protested before God, that he abandoned all the justice of his cause for the onely considerations of piety, and would rather dy then prosecute those dissentions any further, to the prejudice of charity. He went out wholly changed upon this her motion, and coming to his wife, said unto her: *Madame, behold me resolved to seek out the King my father, since you so desire it. But I must needs tell you that having forgotten my self in this resolution, I cannot neglect you. The unworthy usage which you have received at Court, requireth you return not thither but in triumph. Never will I admit that you undergo hazard, by exposing you to the mercy of a woman, which perhaps hath none either for you or me. You know the affairs of* France *are at this time in so great confusion, that you cannot hope there for any retreat to assuage your griefs. We have here a Prince, the Emperour* Tiberius, *who is our ally, in whose protection I advise you to put your self, to pass into* Africa *and from thence to* Constantinople, *if it happen that I be otherwise entreated, then your hopes import.*

At these words the poor *Indegondis* felt her self seized with a great trembling, and wept bitterly, not being able to answer one word. The Prince, seeing he had proceeded too far in afflicting her so faithful heart, sweetned his discourse, and said: *Dear heart, why do you trouble your self at my departure? I hope the affairs will run in a way so prosperous, that in two or three days, we shall see one another at Court; but that which I have spoken, is said, taking all accidents at the worst, to provide the better for your safety.*

They had during their abode here, a little son, which yet hung at the breast: the father taking it in his arms, said: *Madame, Behold a most precious pledge of our marriage, which I recommend unto you. Let God dispose of it as shall please him, but you must breed it up as a King.* The mother beholding

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the infant, redoubled her ſighs, and the poor *Hermingildus* not knowing what would follow, felt himſelf ſurprized with a heavy and ſtupid dolour, which made him break off his diſcourſe: yet notwithſtanding he failed not to treat with the Emperours Lieutenant, to put all that which was moſt dear unto him into ſafeguard. But when the fatal day of ſeparation came, theſe two hearts ſo united, felt ſuch violent convulſions of grief, as if they then had foreſeen the events which afterward ſucceeded, and that this farewell ſhould be their laſt.

Indegondis at her parting, cried out: *Sir, whatſoever happen, looſe not the treaſure of your faith. My good Miſtreſs*, replied the Prince, *aſſure your ſelf you have gained a diſciple, who ſhall never diſhonour you: be you merry, I will expect you at Court.*

Alaſs, what is our life, and the affairs of man! That which is paſt is nothing, the preſent a fantaſie, and the future an abyſs, where even thoſe who ſtand on the brink, ſee not any thing. Theſe two great ſouls, which it ſeemed were worthy to live an Age to manure their faithful loves, and poſſeſs Empires as perpetual inheritances of their merits, go about to be divided for ever with a ſeparation, which would be judged hideous and pitiful, were it not that ſhe hath brought forth a Kingdom to Religion. Some time after that *Indegondis* was retired, *Levigildus* underſtanding his ſon diſpoſed himſelf to ſome compoſition, conceived much joy thereat: for he feared leaſt he might be enforced to give battel, wherein he had perhaps found what a man may do, thruſt into deſpair. So ſoon as he ſaw ſome overture of peace, he diſpatched his ſon *Recaredus*, who was in the Army with him, to gain his elder brother, well knowing they were both of humours very conſonant.

When the younger entred into *Hermingildus* camp, and had eſpied him, he ſtopped ſuddenly, & cried out *Oh my brother, before I embrace, I deſire to know whether I come to a friend or an enemy.* But the good brother, without making him any other anſwer, ſet forward, and moſt lovingly embraced him in the ſight of the whole Army. The other ſighing, *Ah brother* (ſaith he) *moſt dear brother, whither have the counſels of thoſe tranſported you, who deſire the ruin of our houſe? Behold your ſelf here environed with Armies and Legions, and behold on the other part my father, who beſiegeth you with all his army. Miſerable that I am! What ſhall I do, but make between you both, a wall of my body to hinder your deſigns? Ah, how brother? are you upon the point to give my father battel? Oh how unhappy would the Sun be which ſhineth over our heads, if this day, before the ſetting, he ſhould ſee his face defiled with the ſtains of our blood! Brother, it is our Country againſt which you arm, that ſtretcheth out to your obedience the ſame hands it lifted up to Altars for your ſafety. Brother, it is your father and mine againſt whom you march: what honour can you get to tear out of his body by violence a ſoul, which he is ready to render up to nature, and to throw it out, yet alive, into the flaming ruins of his Kingdom? Have you no other objects to give teſtimony of your valour? I beſeech you, both by the Religion you have embraced, and the blood common to us both, ſtay your arms, or if you perſiſt in your purpoſe, kill me rather at your feet, and take me as a victim to purge both the armies. Behold the King, who lovingly expecteth you, and who reckoneth up the moments of my Embaſſage; I bring you the word of full aſſurance upon my life and honour. You muſt come inſtantly, if you dare believe me, for you cannot procraſtinate nor retard this affair, but you muſt ſlacken your own happineſs.*

Theſe words were powerful enough to tranſport a man, who was already reſolved. *Hermingildus* having aſſured him of the good affection he had ever borne both to the King his father, and himſelf, went to the Court. *Recaredus* flieth with the deſire he had to inform his father of the ſucceſs of his Commiſſion, and being arrived, he bare the news of the coming of his brother, wherewith he was infinitely pleaſed. The Prince followed quickly after, and proſtrated himſelf at the feet of the King his father, ſaying: *Sir, And my moſt dear father, behold here your poor Hermingildus, who will perpetually be yours, whatever happen. Thoſe, who have armed your clemency to the ruine of your blood, have chaſed me from your Court and Palace; but not been able to ſeparate me from your love. I have lived hitherto like a poor exile, and as it were a dead man among the living. If my enemies be not ſatisfied with my miſeries, behold Sir, I ſtretch my hands wholly diſarmed to the power, which nature hath given you over me, ready to live or die at your feet.*

The King, whether he diſſembled his paſſion, or whether he truly were touched with ſuch a ſpectacle of piety, embraced him with much tenderneſs, ſaying: *Ah my ſon, evil fame hath depainted you much other then you are. I aſſure you this confidence which you have witneſſed unto me, hath now ſet you free from all ſuſpition. You are very welcome, moſt dear ſon, where have you left the Princeſs your wife?* The Prince replied, *She ſhould ſpeedily be at Court. Goizintha* faileth not to be there preſent, and to ſhew to her ſon-in-law all poſſible courteſies; which ſo confirmed the mind of *Hermingildus*, that he inſtantly diſcharged himſelf from all diſtruſt, and prepared to ſend ſuddenly for *Indegondis* to come to the Court. A friend notwithſtanding whiſpered him in the ear, that it was not neceſſary for him to haſten ſo much, and that he muſt ever fear a ſtil ſea, an old man amorous, and a ſtep-mother too curteous.

The fifteenth SECTION.

Hermingildus *wickedly betrayed.*

THis ſpeech was but too true; for the pernicious *Goizintha* foreſeeing, if *Hermingildus* were once again fully poſſeſſed of the heart of his father, whereof there was ſome probability, he would not fail to revenge himſelfe on her for the affront done to his wife, & if it were not with diligence prevented, he might diſcover her ſleights, and diſturb all her faction: She therefore called a fatal Council, wherein ſhe reſolved to overthrow this poor Prince. She gained unto her infamous men who poured into the ears of King *Levigildus* whatſoever they thought good; ſhe ſuborneth witneſſes, ſhe cauſeth letters to be produced, & frameth a groſs calumny, giving her husband to underſtand, that this reconciliation of his ſon was but a matter of diſguiſe, the better to arrive at the ſcope of his intentions; that he hath ſworn the ruine of his father, & that his ſpirit is become ſo arrogant, he cannot endure him as a companion in the Empire; that it is a thing undoubted that all the *Romans* deſire to lift him to the Throne: that he hath practiſed alliance with the Emperour of *Conſtantinople*, whereof expreſs letters might be produced: and to ſhew this is a buſineſs already concluded, he hath delegated his wife, a cunning and turbulent ſpirit, into *Africa*, to paſs from thence to *Conſtantinople*, and to bring with her all the forces of the Empire, to fall upon *Spain*; that there was no other remedy but with all ſpeed to prevent his deſign, and to make him feel the power of deſpiſed clemency.

She ſpake ſo much both of truth and falſhood, and her Commiſſioners were ſo well practiſed to forge many ſuſpitions, and repreſent a thouſand accidents in affairs, which ſeemed to confirm this conſpiracy, that in the end *Levigildus* entred into a frenzy more groſs then had poſſeſſed him before; and having declared his ſon guilty of treaſon, he cauſed him to be ſuddenly taken, & ſhut up in a ſtraight priſon. It was a pitiful thing to behold this Prince, a man wholly innocent, ſeaſed on in the middeſt of all the pleaſing triumphs of the Court, which they had prepared to

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honour his arrival, betrayed even at that time when he least thought thereon and used with so much cruelty. A matter very natural to heresie, where, after they had cloathed him with sackcloth, he was so loaden with chains, that he became crooked, not being able at all to lift up his head.

He then well knew his hour was come, so that renouncing all the pleasures of this life, he began courageously to prepare himself for death. The King accompanied with some Commissioners, whom he had given in charge to draw his process, would needs see him, and beholding him, suffered himself instantly to be transported with great disturbances of choler, calling him ungrateful, parricide, and wicked wretch. The Prince mildly answered: *Sir, could I foretel, I should know what I had done, and wherefore I am accused; but since I have no such spirit, I will die in silence.* The father replied, his ill conscience suggested thereof enough unto him, and that he knew but too much what designs he had upon the State and the life of his father; that he would have him speak freely, and that if he could justifie himself in these points, he would gladly hear him.

Hermingildus at that time made the Apologie, which I have else where expressed in Latin, approching as near as I might to his own intentions and phrase, and am here ready to render it in our language, that I may not frustrate my Reader of it.

Sir, said the Prince, *the proof of my innocencie is as easie, as the defence thereof is difficult. I reposed, next after God, all my confidence in your Majestie, to choak the flame of cruel envy wherewith you see me assailed, and as it were still smoking. I attended to implore your name, to challenge your power, and to have you for witness of my fidelity, unworthily treated by slander; and now I have you for an ardent accuser, and a most severe Judg, nay, which is more, an incensed father. You have caused me to be taken as it were from the table of a feast, by you prepared for congratulation of my return; you have made me to be despoiled of purple, to be bound, and fettered like a Galley-slave. I fear least the justification of my actions, may not be the condemnation of yours; and that in seeking to defend mine own innocency, I be not enforced to accuse the errour of my father, which is to me one of the greatest punishments I can suffer. Notwithstanding, since you command I should speak, not that, in the condition whereunto affairs are arrived, I may hope of any thing either by my discourse or silence, but hap what may, I will pour into your ears the last voice of my blood. For did my accusers, demand no other thing then my life, I would willingly give it them without reply: but seeing they go about to fasten infamy on mine ashes, I beseech your Majestie, to hear the few words I have to say.*

The business here is not a new crime; it is a very long time since the Queen your wife, and our step-mother Goizintha, *began to weave this web against my brother and me, to deprive your Scepter of its lawful heirs, and give your Crown as a prey to her ambition. Would to God I might now call out of the other world, the blessed soul of my dead mother, to be present at this judgment: She would speak, and I might be silent; She would remember your Majestie, how being in the agonies of that fatal hour which took from us this great Queen, she embraced my brother and me, beseeching you by your chaste loves, and inviolable faith of marriage, to be unto us both father and mother. We were then of an age, wherein we could not as yet either feel or bemoan our losses. Notwithstanding, seeing you bowed over the body, which yeilded up the ghost, with weeping eys, we gave up our infant-tears to her memory, as a just tribute Nature: but you taking your little orphans into your bosom, forbade them to mourn, which you could hardly do, and wipeing away their tears, promised you hereafter would become to us a father for protection, and a mother for indulgence. I then grew up under your eys, spinning out the course of my innocent years, and am come to an age capable to bear some shave in your hopes. Had you any thing at that time in the world more dear unto you, then your* Hermingildus? *Dignities were for him, for him Empires, wars were made by him, and peace concluded in his name.* Herminvildus *was the object of your thoughts, the entertainment of your discourse, the contentment of your heart.*

Your Majestie then resolved to marrie me, although very young, you found out for me a wife, daughter of a King, sister of a King, niece of a King, but such an one as by her virtues surpassed all titles of Kingdoms. Ah poor maid, who would have said then, thou wast reserved to be the subject of so lamentable a Tragedie! I was reputed the most happy man of the world, since for me were born so many singular virtues and perfections, admired by all men. I must confess I loved this Princess, not so much by the ways of an ordinary love, as a certain admiration of her virtues. For I have received the faith by her piety, her example, and her doctrine; holding in her soul the rank of a husband, a disciple, and as it were of her own son.

Thereupon Goizintha *began to possess your heart, and to gain supereminence in your affairs; so changing your will by her ordinary practises, that she hath turned all your antient favours into disdain, your confidence into suspition, your resolution into disturbance, and your mild temper into command. This woman hath so persecuted me, that in your Court I neither enjoyed watchings, rest, recreation, nor affairs without danger. But I have willingly passed under silence all that, which touched mine own person, until she fell upon an action so barbarous, which were sufficient to justify the* Scythians *and* Tartars. *I have no words to speak it, having so much sorrow to feel it: Enough is said, when there hath been seen a daughter of so many Kings, trampled under the foot of a woman (whose birth I will not reproach, because indeed I well know it not) a Princess most innocent, beaten even to blood by a mother-in-law; a Lady replenished with honour, disarayed of her garments by unworthy servants, and plunged by little and little into a pool in a cold season, to consummate a Martyrdom, such as the antient Tyrants never invented more cruel for women, contenting themselves to impose oftentimes onely nakedness for a punishment.*

Had I revenged my self of such inhumanity with sword and fire, no man could have thought my proceeding unjust, nor my thoughts unreasonable: notwithstanding, I have still endeavoured to cure my self by the remedy most ordinary with me, which was patience. I in silence retired unto a City which your Majestie gave me for lively-hood; resolved there peaceably to pass my days with my wife, whilest we beheld the face of this Court so adverse to our hopes.

But your Goizintha, *as if we had committed a great sin, in not enduring her to thrust a sword through our throats, hath sounded an alarm in your Palace, and afterward in all the Province, declaring me an enemy to the country, an usurper of the Crown of my father, a Parricide, a creature excommunicate, and adding thereunto words much more injurious against me and my wife.*

For my part, Sir, I wish you had rather harkened to our innocency, then served her passion; all then had succeeded better. But after strange Levies were made, you came thundring upon Sevil, *to besiege me with a huge Army. So that you seemed to stir all the elements against me. I confess it, I then followed the instinct which God giveth creatures, even the most brutish, to defend their own family and fortune. I took Arms not to offend you, but to safeguard my self and my wife against the furies of a step-mother, who makes use of all Armes for our ruin.*

Yet seeing my Armies reduced to that point, that I had no means to escape without giving battel, which must necessarily be fatal to both parts, I renounced for your sake the laws of nature, and am come to render my self up to your discretion. I call to witness the Altars, holy fire, and the Angel-guardians, which have seen me prostrated before them, of the sincerity of my intentions, and of the tears I have shed for you, having not leisure then to bemoan my self.

Afterward your Majestie sent my brother unto me, to give me assurance of your love; you called me forth, I am come, I have supplianly intreated, you have received me. I prostrated my self at your feet, you have raised me with so many favours and so many tokens of good will, that I could require no more for my safety. I ask, who hath changed your affection, who hath tarnish'd our joys, and withered the olives of peace, but she, who being not able to ruin me with weapon in hand, seeks to have my blood by form of justice.

Behold my accusation and crime; behold all that which hath made me to be cloathed with sackcloth, and chained with fetters ordained for Galley-slaves.

The father, who was of an ardent spirit, interrupteth him hereupon, and demandeth, where his wife was? Whether he had not sent her into *Africk*, to pass from thence to *Constantinople*? The Prince answered, *He had onely projected this in his mind, not for any other purpose, but to advise upon the safety of her person, not knowing as then how matters would stand; and that accidents had taught him, he was wise enough in his counsels, but less happie then he imagined.*

The King insisteth, and interrogateth, whether he had not treated alliance with the Emperour *Tiberius*?

ny? He thereunto replied, that he had never practised any other correspondence, but to draw from him some Troups for the defence of his life: and that so soon as he saw some overture of peace, he had dismissed them, resolving to make no further use of them. He then was pressed upon divers questions, to which he made most pertinent answers, shewing very evidently to the miserable father, the colours and pretexts which they made use of to ruin him, unless passion should cast a film over his eys.

In the end, seeing he could not convince his son to have practised any thing, since the accord was made between them both, he made a strong sally, & willed him freely to answer one word, upon which he would ground the whole proceeding, to wit, *whether he were not a* Roman *Catholick? That is it, Sir,* saith the Prince, *which I avow, which I publish, which I protest. For verily it is a crime, which maketh the Judges become pale, and the Offenders laugh. The accusation whereof is a vow, all great soulls should profess, and the pain is a felicity which Martyrs have bought with their blood. I wish to die a hundred times, if it might be done, for the glory of that goodly title; so far is it too little, with one mouth to confess the praises of God. Command if you please, that my body be hewed and cut into pieces for the profession of the Catholick faith, and then I shall have as many mouthes as wounds, to praise my Saviour, and all those wounds shall be as gates of blood, to give passage to my soul to the place, where it is expected by so good company.*

The father said thereupon, *he was become a fool; and that no man hated life, but he who had ill imployed it.* The son replied, *The misuse had been in heresie, of which he repented him.* And at that instant, the Guard received commandment to re-convey him to Prison, where he was so comforted with the visitations of God, that finding with much difficulty, means to send a Letter to his dear *Indegondis*, he wrote to her in this manner:

The sixteenth SECTION:

The Letter of Hermingildus *to his dear wife* Indegondis, *and his generous resolution.*

MY holy Mistress, from whom I have received the faith and true knowledg of God, I write these lines unto you, clouded with sackcloth, and loaden with fetters in the bottom of a dark dungeon, for the defence of that Religion which you have taught me. If I did not know by experience the invincible force of your heart, and the resolution you practise in affairs which concern the service of God, I had concealed my estate from you, that I might not contristrate objects sensible to nature.

But (most dear wife) you have a forehead too nolle to blush at the disgrace of the Crucifix, and a courage too well fortified, to refuse taking part in the livorie of the Saviour of the world. I protest upon mine honour I could never perswade my self, there might be contentment to suffer that which I tolerate. when your innocent mouth preached unto me the reward of suffering, wherewith your body had heretofore been gloriously covered. But since my imprisonment, I have felt consolations of God so tastful, that I cannot think it possible to relish in the world any other antipasts of Paradise. You are not ignorant, that my life and conversation, which hath been so long time plunged in errour and vanity, deserved not these benefits: but your most pure hands, which you so often have lifted up before Altars for my salvation, have obtained that for me, which much transcended my merit and all my hopes.

The King my father hath been pleased to hear me, and I have pleaded my cause in fetters with so great assistance from the Heavenly goddess, that I justified my self in all charges objected against me; and have put the matter into such a condition, that I am no further accused as a thief & homicide, but as a Catholick.

I speedily expect my sentence, and do not think I am put into the state wherein I am to save my life; but I undoubtedly believe this will be the last Letter you shall receive from my hand. I earnestly beseech your loyal heart, that as in this action which shall close up my days, I intend to do nothing unworthy of you, so on your part, act nothing unworthy of me; betraying the happiness of my death with tears, which would be little honourable to the condition whereunto God hath called me. I put into the hands of the Divine Providence, both you and your little Hermingildus, *the onely pledge of our holy loves.*

Be courageous, my dearest love, and after my death take the way of Constantinople; *to render your self at the Palace of the Emperour* Tiberius, *who is a good Prince, and most Catholick. I recommend unto you my poor soul: as for the body, let that become of it, which shall please my father. If the alteration of times and affairs bring you back into* Spain, *there to hold the rank you deserve, my ashes will likewise rejoyce at the odour of your virtues. I hope my death shall not be unprofitable, and that God will make use of it for the good of the Kingdom. You know how many times I have heard you say, that you would have bought the salvation thereof with your blood; you have already in it employed one part, it is my turn to perform the rest upon a Scaffold: For in what place soever you are, I promise my self to be most particularly assisted by your holy prayers.*

The good Princess received this Letter, with the news of his death, as we will presently tell you: but in this space of time, *Recaredus*, the younger brother of *Hermingildus*, extreamly afflicted, that having been a mediatour of this counterfeit peace, he saw it end in so deplorable a Tragedie, hasteneth to cast himself at the feet of his father; beseeching him with infinite abundance of tears and lamentations, either to give him the stroke of death with his own hand, or save the life of his brother. The father replied. *He was a furious fellow, and a Traitour to his fortune, and that he ought to suffer justice to be done, which would give him a Crown. That his brother well discovered himself an enemy to his father and the State, since he would not for his sake renounce onely so much as a phantasie Religion; that he was only questioned upon this point, and that if he could perswade him to reason, he was ready to save his life.* *Recaredus*, prepared himself strongly to gain him, and asketh leave to go to the Prison, which was allowed him.

The young Prince seeing his brother covered with sackcloth, and bowed under fetters, was so amazed at this spectacle, that he stood a long time mute as a statue; but in the end, breaking silence with a deep sigh: *Ah brother* (saith he) *it is I, who have betrayed you; it is I, who have covered you with this fatal sackcloth, I, who have bound and fettered you with these cruel chains, made for ignominious slaves, not for your innocency. Brother, behold my poyuard which I present you, revenge your self upon my guilty head. I have been culpable enough, in that I have produced from a good intention so bad effects.*

Hermingildus beholding him with a peacefull eye, answered: *Brother, why do you afflict your self? Full well do I know your innocency. What innocency?* replyed the other, *if unadvisedly I be the cause of your death by my disasterous Embassage? But good brother, since you are reduced to this extremity, I beseech you forgo the name of Catholick: or, if that seem unworthy of your constancy, dissemble for some time, and content the King my father and yours, who requireth from you no other satisfaction.*

The good Prince answered: *Ah Brother! What have you said, you lately perswaded me to an act of piety at the peril of my life; think not now to induce me to an impiety, although it should concern all the lives and Kingdoms of the world. Behold here the time for you to reign, and for me to dye. I willingly dye for the honour I owe to my Religion, for which I gladly would suffer death a thousand times, if it were possible. I neither accuse you nor my father, whom I more compassionate then my self; and counsel you to render him all the duties of piety, in the decrepitness of Age whereinto he is entred.*

As for our step-mother, I pray you rather to endure her nature, then revenge my death. It is the work of God to take knowledge of injuries, and for us to bear them. When my soul shall leave this miserable bodie,

it shall ceaselesly pray for you; and I hope, most dear brother, you in the end will renounce this poor liberty, which entertaineth you in the sect of the Arians: *and if dying men use to divine, I foretel, that being converted to the faith, you shall lay foundations of Catholick Religion in all this Kingdom, which I am about to moisten with my blood.*

Recaredus used all the entreaties he could devise, never being able to shake the constancy of his brother, which much offended King *Levigildus*, & transported him into resolutions very bloody. Notwithstanding, those who might yet speak unto him with some liberty, counselled him to precipitate nothing in an affair of so great consequence; saying, there was no appearance that *Hermingildus* had undertaken any plot against the life and state of his father, since he came so freely to present himself upon his bare word: that those who find themselves guilty, use not to come to burn themselves, as Butterflies at the candle. That his countenance at this interview, was too sweet, his speech too proper, his deportments too candide, to cover so black a mischief; and as for change of Sect, it was no wonder, if the King having given him a Catholick wife, he had taken that Religion with its love; that it was a complement of a lover, which age would bend, experience sweeten, and prudence in the end deface: that he had at that time more need of a Doctour then an executioner, since the apprehensions of God were distilled into the heart by the help of tongues, not the dint of Swords.

The seventeenth SECTION.

The death of Hermingildus.

THe faction of *Goizintha*, transported beyond all considerations, ceased not to sound in the ears of the King, that *Hermingildus* was not an offender, whose power was to be neglected. That his crime was not such as might promise him impunity, that the laws of the Country had never tolerated such practices; that he had violated right both divine and humane, becoming a fugitive from his Country, an Apostata in his religion, a rebel to the power of his father; in such sort, that to render his wound incurable, he had changed all lenitives into poyson. That he had levied arms against his Sovereign, without regard of his age, his name, the majesty of the Kingdom, and the voice of Nature, and that there was nothing but the despair of his affairs, which had taken them out of his hands. That he held correspondence with the enemies of the State, to whom he was become an assistant and a companion: and now to make himself as impudent to defend a crime, as bold to execute it, had cast all the fault of his conspiracies upon the Queen, his Mother-in-law, and the marriage of his father; shewing himself so insolent in his misery, that there was nothing to be expected but tyranny from his prosperity: that it was to be extremely arrogant, even to stupidity, to seek to retain a chymæra of piety, contrary to the will of his father: and that never would he be so constant in his superstition, if he had not leagued all the interests of his fortune with the Catholicks, enemies of the Kingdom: that if order were not taken therein, they should be hereafter deprived of the power to deliberate on it, when they had given him all the means to execute it.

The credulity of the unfortunate father was so strongly assaulted by these discourses, that he resolved to go beyond himself: so that on a night, which was *Easter* Eve, he dispatched a messenger to the Prison, with an executioner, to let him know, he was speedily to make his resolution, to choose either life and Scepter, by returning to the Religion of the *Arians*, or death by persisting in the Catholick. That he had a Sword and a Crown before his eys, the one for glory, the other for punishment, the choice of either was referred to himself.

Hermingildus made answer, he had already sufficiently manifested his determination upon this Article; that he would rather die a thousand deaths, then ever separate himself from the Religion which he had embraced with all reason and full consideration. The Commissary replied; *The King your father hath given me in charge, that in case of refusal, I should proceed to execution of the sentence decreed against you, What?* saith Hermingildus. *He hath condemned you by expres sentence* (saith the other) *to have your head cut off, in this same prison, where you are.* Whereupon the holy man fell on his knees to the earth, and sayd:

My God, my Lord, I yield you immortal thanks, that having given me by the means of my father, a frail, brittle, and miserable life, common unto me with flies and ants; you now afford me on this day by these sentences, a life noble, happy, glorious to all eternity.

Then rising up again, he requested the Commissary he would by his good favour, suffer a Catholick Priest to come to him, to hear his Confession, and dispose him to death. He answered; It was expressly forbidden by the King his father: but if he would admit an *Arian* Bishop, he should have one at his pleasure. *No* (saith he) *for I have detested, yea, and do still abhor Arianism even to the death: and since my father denieth me a favour which ordinarily is granted to the guilty, I will dye having no other witness but mine own conscience.*

Which having said, he kneeled down again, and made his confession to God, praying very long for his father, his step-mother, all his enemies, and pronouncing also at his death, the name of his dear *Indegondis*, to whom he professed himself bound with incomparable obligations. Then afterward having recommended his soul to God, under the protection of the most holy Virgin, his good Angel, and all the Saints, he stretched out his neck to the executioner, which was cut off with one blow of an Axe.

So many Stars as at that instant shined in Heaven in the dead silence of the night, were so many eys open over the bloody Sacrifice of this most innocent Prince, from whom a wretched father took away, by the hand of a hang-man, the life which he gave him. Had his condition been capable of tears, even Tigers themselves would have deplored him, seeing so much piety, such faith, so much goodness, such worth eclipsed, in a blood so pretious, in an Age so flourishing, in a fortune so replenished with hope.

The news of his death hastned to finde out *Indegondis*, who was yet in *Africa*, where she also received the last Letter, which her husband wrote to her out of prison.

The servants that were about her person, began to make hideous lamentations, as if they themselves had been condemned to death. But the courageous *Indegondis* kissing the Letter of her dear husband, then opening it with singular reverence, and reading the last words, which he, as it were, had steeped in his blood: she cried out:

Alas! generous and faithful heart! you have done all that, which a good man might: you have manfully fought, you are happily arrived at the Crown. Nothing can be desired in you, but the imitation of your constancy.

Servants, why do you weep? This is the very day, wherein I am a Queen, and when I esteem my self the most

most triumphant woman in the world, having my husband a Martyr in Heaven. Give me Roses and Flower-de-luces, that I may crown his image, and honour at the least with these testimonies a soul, which hath left unto us such sweet odours of virtue.

She had with her, her little *Hermingildus*, almost dead with the wearisomness of travel on the way, which indeed had been somewhat easie for the tenderness of his age. The mother beholding him; *Go my son* (saith she) *follow your good father: God hath given you a favour in your Cradle, that he doth not to all Children, which is, to be banished for the faith, and to take part in the Martyrdom of him who begot you. Go little innocent, and rejoyce with others before the Altar of the Lamb: your mother shall not long stay behinde you.*

Others say, he was sent prisoner to the Emperour *Mauritius*, but without ground.

The childe died shortly after, and the good Princess, having for a long time combatted in a brave manner against the apprehensions of nature, poured forth on a sudden thick sobs, and a main Tide of tears which distilled from her eys against her will, whereupon she mildely said:

Alas! my teares, what fitness can you finde to bemoan a Martyr? My God, it is done; the father and the son are already at rest, there remaineth nothing but to take the mother. Behold two parts of the world, Europe *and* Africk, *which I have filled with my miseries. If you will that I yet pass into* Asia, *your will be done. But if I no longer be ought, but an unprofitable burthen to the earth, what do I here? I have spun out all the web which you gave me: I have ended all the hopes of the world; why stay you, O my God, to receive my soul, which I bear on my lips?* She was heard; for in few days, being all wasted with love, travel, and desires, after an exemplar death, she found her Tomb in *Africk*.

What shall I say here, and what shall I do, to shut up this discourse? We have all certain natural softnesses in the bottom of our souls, and some humane apprehensions, which alter the force of our judgments My pen cannot almost pass over this History, and not commix the waters of mine eys with mine ink: and perhaps also (you my Reader) cannot peruse it without compassion. It seemeth unto you these chast loves of *Hermingildus* and *Indegundis* are too unhappy; that such virtues are cruelly handled; that such noble courages have met with a fortune sinister, hideous, & persecutive, even to the Tomb. You would gladly see these brave spirits, after so many tempests, such thunder-claps and whirlwinds, arrive at a Port of some large temporal felicity. You would behold them with Crowns on their heads, with Scepters in their hands, with Provinces flourishing in revenues, with prosperities perpetually smiling in their house, with loves free from disturbance, desires void of denials, affairs without trouble, greatness without change, pleasures without acerbities, and a long posterity fully laden with honours. It grieves you, that this poor Prince hath passed away as a pearl, parched up with lightning in its growth, or as an Eagle strangled in the shell. You bewail this Princess, that being born in *France*, she died in *Africk*, separated by the sword from a husband who loved her so tenderly, deprived of a son, who gave so many good hopes, abandoned by all her allies, but some poor waiting-women that buried her with sorrow so full of pitty, that it was of power to move the monsters of *Africk* to commiseration. Ah ignorant that we are of the works of God, perpetually fixed to the earth, and deprived of those sparkles of fire and light, which burn under the most generous breasts! Let us a little draw aside the Curtain, and see through so many clouds, one sole ray of the Sanctuary. What injury hath the Divine Providence done to Prince *Hermingildus*? If for a Crown which is the weather-cock of winds, if for a Scepter, which is the Reed of the times, if for a life, which is the Harbinger of death, it afforded him virtues, delights, and glories, which out-strip the flight of our thoughts, which dry up our mouthes, which out-run our desires, which surmount all our imaginations? What injury, if it make a Saint of him, whose name is couched in Martyrologies, whose memory liveth in writing, whose praise flourisheth in mouths, whose words are nought but honour, and works but blessings; whilest his step-mother *Goizintha* dies like a dog, and is buried in the opprobry of her name? What injury, if it have so handled the matter, that his father, touched with a lively repentance, hath justified him as an Innocent, deplored him as a son, invoked as a Martyr? If it hath sanctified his fetters, consecrated the tower of his prison, raised up his ashes above all the Crowns of the Kings of *Spain*? If it hath given him Altars on earth, and a Diadem of beatitudes in Heaven? Is it to have despised his virtues, neglected his sufferings, dis-obliged his constancy, and frustrated his travels? What would you have God to have made the virtuous *Indegundis*? A Queen, delicate, ambitious, covetous, haughty, which had not spit but in Gold, walked but on Roses, flown over the heads of men, and putrified in delights? How many such like are there, who have defiled their names with reproach, wearied the earth with their importunities, astonished posterity with their deportments, and peopled Hell with their crimes? But this Lady having been purified with the burning coals of tribulation, issued from the hands of God as a vessel of glory, to make her lustre resplendent in the sight of all Ages.

Ah Ladies, who read this piece, and who many times flatter your selves with the title of virtue, in some petty tracks of devotion, which have nothing but outward semblance: what example of piety see you here? What mirrour? What perfection? My eys dazle in beholding her actions, and my pen fails in writing her praises.

What a courage? that a young Maid not above fifteen or sixteen years of age, entreth into a Kingdom, with intention to conquer it for God, much otherwise then the *Cæsars*, who so many times have devoured it by ambition? What a prudence to tolerate the conversation of a step mother, whilest she meddled not with her Religion? What liberty of spirit, and what strength of words to defend her faith, so soon as she saw her self assailed in this virtue, which was more dear unto her then the apple of her eye? What patience to endure to be dragged along upon the pavement by the hair? to be beaten even to blood? to be thrown into the river? to be used like the dust of the earth for the honour of *Jesus Christ*, not challenging any one, not complaining, not seeming offended, nay, not telling her husband (into whose bosom she poureth forth her most secret thoughts) the affront she had received, for fear to break peace with a creature, who deserved the hatred of all the world? What wisdom, what grace, what eloquence used she in the conversion of her husband? What love for his soul? What zeal for his salvation? What care for his direction? What authority, to stop with a word the Armies of the father and son, instantly ready to encounter? What resignation of her own will in this separation from her husband? And what a heart of Diamond against a thousand strokes of dolours, to take thankfully a death so bloody, so tragical, so pitiful? To see her

ſelf at an inſtant bereaved of a ſon and a husband, and of all things in the world, offering up unto God in all her afflictions, the obedience of her heart, prayers of her lips, and victims of all the parts of her body? What triumph, when after her death, her brother-in-law, who had participated of her good inſtructions, in remembrance of her and her husband, was absolutely converted to the Catholick faith, and changing the whole face of the Kingdom, repealed the baniſhed, reſtored the Biſhops to their Sees, Religion into force, Laws into Authority, and the whole Province into peace? What miracle to ſee ſage *Indegundis* on the top of all her Tropheys, whereof ſhe rendreth homage to God in the glory of Saints? How ought we here to render to her the offerings of our moſt humble ſervices?

Behold here the limits which I propoſed to my ſelf, ſo to give an end at laſt to theſe Hiſtories, having thought it more fit and ſuitable to my employments, to abbreviate my ſelf in theſe four models, then unboundedly enlarge them; yet it hath been ſomewhat difficult with me to make a reſolution to put forth this ſecond Volume, among ſo many duties of our ordinary functions being thereunto ſollicited by entreaties, which held, as it were, the place of commands.

And I may well ſay, I were ſtupid and ungrateful, if I ſhould not confeſs to have been much excited to proſecute this labour, by the honourable invitations which my Lord Biſhop of *Belley* hath uſed towards me in his works. I cannot ſet too high a price upon his recommendation in ſuch a ſubject: for he is verily one of the moſt able and flouriſhing wits, that ever handled a pen. To ſee the number of his books, one might ſay, he began to write ſo ſoon as to live; and to conſider their worth, it is a wonder, how ſo many graces and beauties, which other attain not but with much labour, encreaſed with him as in a ſoyl natural for eloquence. If there be any ſlight diſcourſes, who amuſe themſelves to argue upon ſome words of his writings, it is not a matter unuſual, ſeeing we are now in an Age, where there are ſome who revive the example of thoſe corrupted *Grecians*, that preferred a ſawce made by the Cook *Mithecus*, before the divine works of *Phidias*.

If this piece have given you any contentment, take the pains to read it over again ſometimes at your leiſure, taſting the Maxims therein with an utility worthy of its ſubject. For believe me, the precipitation now adays uſed in ſlightly running over all ſorts of books, cauſeth a certain indigeſtion in the minde, wherewith it is rather choaked, then nouriſhed. Reading is never good, if the underſtanding take not occaſion thereby to negotiate by meditation and indu[illegible], that which concerneth the health and ornament thereof.

To the King of Ages Immortal and inviſible, to God alone be honour and glory given, for ever and ever more. 1 Tim. 1.

THE HOLY COURT.

MAXIMS OF CHRISTIANITY,

AGAINST THE

PROPHANE COURT.

Divided into Three Parts.

WHEREOF

The { I. / II. / III. } treateth of the { *Divinity.* / *Government of this life:* / *State of the other World.* }

THE

THIRD TOME.

Written in FRENCH by *NICHOLAS CAUSSIN*, of the S. of JESUS. And Translated into English by S^r *T. H.*

LONDON,

Printed, *Anno Domini* MDCLXIII.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY FRANCES,
Counteſs of PORTLAND, and Baroneſs WESTON.

Right Honourable,

THE excellent endowments of your Soul, acknowledged even by envy, and admired by truth, together with your known propenſion to the reading of pious books, invites me to this Dedication, as proper for your ſweet retirements, and conſonant to my intentions, which only aim in ſome meaſure to expreſs my humbleſt reſpects to your Honour. The matters herein handled, are Inſtructions, apt to inform the minde by way of Maxims, learned diſcourſes made familiar to leſs able underſtandings, and choice Hiſtories exemplifying both, that ſo all ſorts of Readers, though of different capacity, diſproportionable judgment, may finde ſomewhat to entertain their curioſity. My ſcope (excellent LADY) *in this Tranſlation, is through your Honours hand, and under ſo noble a Patronage, to convey the third part of the* HOLY COURT *into Engliſh light, which (as the firſt breathed air under the benign aſpect of her ſacred Majeſty) may alſo hope in this latter piece with like happineſs to be crowned with your Honours chearful acceptation. The height of my ambition is by this poor way to ſerve you, ſince more ample demonſtrations are wanting to my weak abilities; as likewiſe not to doubt your noble diſpoſition will be ſatisfied with ſuch my humble acknowledgments. The advancement of virtue, and depreſſion of vice is my Authour's ſcope throughout the whole Work, which he elegantly purſues, and victoriouſly atchieveth. Triumphs of that kinde beſt become his grave and ſerious pen, whileſt my task is faithfully in our language to imitate his living figures, though in dead and diſcoloured forms, and confidently to tell your Honour, that I will ever be*

The moſt Obſequious Servant of

Your Commands,

T. H.

TO

MONSIEUR, MONSIEUR THE PRINCE.

SIR,

THE excellency of the ſubject I handle in theſe Diſcourſes, makes me reflect on that of your Greatneſs, to offer you a Work, which being conceived by your Authority, muſt needs ſeek for birth under your favour. It is the third Part of a Court abſolutely holy, which not unlike the City S. *John* ſaw in his profound Contemplations, cannot aſcend from our manners to Heaven, unleſs it deſcend from Heaven into our manners. I likewiſe endeavour to faſhion it in Books, by the model of things Celeſtial, to imprint it on lives; and I now undertake the defence of truth, which conſtituting your ſalvation, and compoſing your happineſs, well deſerve to be the moſt ſerious employments of your minde.

It is true (Sir) all Maxims of State that depend not on the Maxims of God, are effects of carnal prudence, which end in fleſh; and all fortunes that reſt not on him, who with three fingers ſupporteth the Glob of the earth, rather purſue the way of precipices, then the path of exaltation. The wiſdom of the world loves nothing ſo much, as that whereof it is moſt ignorant: it runs after honour, not knowing what honour is; ever hungry and ſtill needy, nor having any other aim, but to make it ſelf a Miſtreſs over giddy ſpirits, to become the ſlave of all Paſſions. Which maketh me ſay, there are none but the blinde, who ſeek after it, the miſerable who finde it, the ſottiſh who ſerve it, and the forlorn who tye themſelves to its principles. But the wiſdom of Heaven, which I in theſe Maxims preſent you, is ſo tranſcendently ſublime above all humane inventions, as the light of Stars ſurpaſſeth the petty ſparklings and flitting fires of the earth; It is that which leiſurely marcheth by holy paths, to the ſources of day-light, and as being preſent before the Throne of God, beholdeth glory and felicity unfolded in his hands. It is the element of great ſouls, ſuch as yours; and when they once are throughly ſettled therein, they finde taſtfulneſs which turneth into nutriment, and nutriment which paſſeth to immortality. Your prudence may read in your own experience, what I expreſs in my Treatiſes, nor need you go any further then your own life, to meet with the proofs of theſe excellent verities.

You know (Sir) how the Divine Providence in the firſt flower of your age, drew you from ill ways, and ſnatched you out of the hands of infidelity, as a *Conſtantine* from the Palace of *Diocletian*, to ſerve as a Buckler for the Church, whereof impiety would have made you a perſecutour. This Providence knew ſo well how to ſeparate blood from manners, that it cauſed you to demoliſh what your Anceſtours had raiſed, and preſerving their dignity without touching their errours, to make of the unhappineſs of their judgment, the beginning of your felicity. From thence you ſee with what ſucceſs the hand of God hath conducted you to the height of this moſt eminent glory, wherein *France* at this preſent beholds you, as a Prince accompliſhed in the experience of affairs, and times, the Father of good counſels, the undertaker of great actions, endowed with a ſpirit which ſeems an eternal fire, and to be parallel'd by nothing, but the goodneſs of your own heart.

You live peaceable as in the right ſphere of true greatneſs, where you perpetually reflect on two Poles, God, and the King: you ſeek for the one in the other, and you walk to the God of life, by the moſt lively of his Images. His Arms are beheld to proſper in your hands, as well as his Edicts in your mouth. You have borne Thunder and Olives throughout *France*, under your protection, awful at one time, and amiable at another, but ever proſperous in both. Yea, fully to crown your happineſs, the Divine Goodneſs hath afforded you a houſe flouriſhing in riches and honours, which comprehendeth in its latitude, two Princes of the blood to ſerve as pillars for the State. It gave you a wife, who hath made of her fruitfulneſs, the Trophey of her Virtues, and entred by love into an Eclipſe, to become the Mother of lights, and bring forth children to bear the hope of Flower-de-luces. The eldeſt Son, whom your excellency hath committed as a ſacred pledge to our Colledge at *Bourges*, would trouble us to tell you from whence he hath taken ſuch, and ſo many ſplendours, and ſparkling flames of wit, which dazle the eys of thoſe who have the honour to be near him, were not you his Father. He is a Pearl, who maketh it appear by the equality of his Orient, that if Nature have equalled his birth to the greateſt on earth, he will equal his Virtues to his Extraction.

SIR, I ſpeak this ingenuouſly, that you may both behold in your own perſon, what I treat in my books, as alſo underſtand that true piety ſoweth the ſeeds of the moſt ſolid

greatneſs,

greatneſs. But beſides the relation this Deſign ſeems to have to the pleaſure of God over you, I finde much obligation to offer it you as a ſlender teſtimony of a ſingular gratitude in our Superiours and our whole Society, which would willingly ſuffer their affections to paſs through my Pen; if it had as much eloquence as the main body tenders reſpect and zeal to your ſervice. You have been pleaſed to make it known by your good purpoſes, to love it by election, defend it by Juſtice, honour it with your Opinion, encreaſe it with your Liberalities, and if your benefits be ornaments unto it, your judgment ſerve for Apologies.

I received a notable portion in your favours, whileſt you reſided in *Bourges*, where your Excellency called me to deliver the Word of God, and to confeſs your virtues in my diſcourſes, as I muſt acknowledge my diſcourſes to proceed from your virtues. It was by your converſation I perceived, that as there is nothing too high for your underſtanding, ſo there is not any thing too low for your bounty. God hath beſtowed on you the gift which the Scripture attributeth to the Patriarch *Joſeph*, to oblige hearts with ſweetneſs; not unlike the Engines of *Archimedes*, which made water mount in deſcending: ſo yours cauſeth not your humility to deſcend, but to make it re-aſcend to the ſource of the prime ſublimity. Which done, not preſuming any thing in regard of your Excellency, but daring all through your courteſie, I preſent theſe MAXIMS of the *Holy Court*, of which many will make their reading, others their precepts; but you will (I hope) frame your virtues of them on earth, to make them your Crowns in Heaven: So wiſheth

SIR, *Your moſt humble and moſt obſequious Servant in our Lord,*

N. CAUSIN. S. J.

The Deſign and Order of the BOOK.

I Finde (Courteous Reader) *my Works do inſenſibly increaſe under the favour of thy good opinion, as Plants ſprout under the aſpect of the moſt benign Stars. I had confined my ſelf to that which concerneth the hiſtory of Courts, and ſtill reſt in the ſame reſolution: But ſaw a piece very neceſſary in theſe times, wanting in my Work, which was the Treatiſe of* MAXIMS, *and majeſty of our Religion.*

I almoſt durſt not undertake it (ſo much the ſubject ſeemed to require judgment, preparation, and ability:) But God having inſpired me with a ſtrong conceit I might be favoured by thoſe to whom he hath given full power over me, ſubmitted the ſlenderneſs of my wit to the power of their wills, perſwading my ſelf a ſilly nothing may become a matter important in their hands.

You know, how having a purpoſe to frame a Chriſtian Inſtitution in the HOLY COURT for men of quality, I began with their obligation to Piety, and conſequently ſhewed the obſtacles muſt be vanquiſhed to arrive thither. Then I gave precepts of the principal virtues moſt concern them, which were waited on with the Hiſtories of Courts, abbreviated into four Models.

In this (that the good Court may triumph) I repreſent a Combat of two Courts, the Holy *and* Counterfeit; *the* Religious, *and* Prophane: *wherein I unfold the victories of the chief Maximes of Chriſtianity, divided into three Parts, whereof the one treateth of the* Divinity, *the other of the* Government of this preſent life, *and the third, of the* State of the other World.

You may behold how divine the ſubject is, and that the other Books were only to prepare you to theſe great lights, the rays whereof I diffuſed. I muſt needs tell you, that being ſurpaſſed by ſo many excellent men, who have worthily handled a pen, I have in this ſeriouſly ſought to go beyond my ſelf.

I have contracted large Subjects into little Tracts, which hath been no ſmall labour; there being not a Maxim whereof I could not have compiled an ample Volume: But imagining conceptions are like hairs, which more eaſily may be filletted up, then diſheveled; I have endeavoured to give you more ſubſtance in this Book, then Words and amplifications. And ſeeing all the ſubjects are very ſerious, I have ſweetned them with excellent Examples, to afford fit nouriſhment both to Eagles and Doves.

All which I now offer you in this, is more then my promiſe, thinking it better to give without promiſe, then to promiſe and not give. Your affections ſets an edge upon my induſtry, and if labour waſt the body for your avail, and reſerve works of the wit for poſterity, it ſhall be as a Cedar, which cauſing the death of the living, ſeems to give life to the dead.

This Tome being repleniſhed with important conſiderations, cannot be for him who curſorily reads it with thoſe delicious loyterings, which ſlightly furniſh out the Titles of Books, and thence derive nothing but wind. Give me (Gentle Reader) the contentment that God may be glorified in your manners by reading this, as I here ſeek to honour him in his Works.

THE

MAXIMS
OF THE
HOLY COURT,
AGAINST THE
PROPHANE COURT.
First Part touching the DIVINITY.

The first MAXIM.
Of Religion.

PROPHANE COURT.	HOLY COURT.
That matters of faith being invisible and uncertain, we must tie our selves to the world, which is visible and certain.	That matters of faith being most certain and very excellent, we should fix the whole order of our life unto it.

1. THere is nothing so reasonable in nature, as to desire good, nothing so eminent, as to know much; nothing so absolute, as to have the power of all: but there is not any thing so profitable, as to proceed to true wisdom by a mysterious ignorance, and to be in created light by blindnes. The soul becometh another world by the means of knowlege; or rather as God createth a world in essence, that frameth another in Idæa: But if truth and love do not co-operate therein, man tormenteth himself in his knowledges, and createth evils without end, from which he cannot free himself, no not by issuing out of life.

The Prophane Court (say you) *leads you into a visible world*, but it is to behold miseries in it: *To a world certain*, but it is to teach you that happines being therein uncertain, loss is undoubted. All we have in the world is base, caityf, and difficult, without knowledge of the true God. It is but a laboursom turmoll of affairs, an amazement of transitory pleasures, an illusion of deceitfull blessings, which trouble us, and starve us, in stead of satisfying our desires, or nourishing our hopes: *But the knowledge of God is the root of immortality.*

The happines to be born a Christian.

Scire justitiam, & virtutem unam, radix est immortalitatis. Sap. c. 15. 3.

I then require of you (O Reader) that in the beginning of this discourse you adore the wisdom of God over you, who hath selected you out of the Mass of so many Infidels, to inrole you in the number of his children, and hath drawn you from the confusions of so great darknes, to call you into the light of Christianity. Behold so many people covered under the veil of shadie night, born in errour, to live in bruitishnes, and die in despair of eternal salvation, and you are enlightned by the rays of God, illuminated by his wisdom, guided by his direction, covered with his protection, nourished with his blood, animated with his life, & are made participant of his felicity,

If you be desirous in some measure to observe the excellency of your faith and Religion, consider, the perfection of any thing is known by three principal notes; *Essence*, *Operation*, and *Repose*. All which you have visible in the wisdom of Heaven you profes. His *Essence* is of an infallible verity; his *Operations* miraculous, and his repose an unchangeable happines. For what assurance more solid, then to have a God Incarnate for Authour, who is come to cast the seeds of a golden Age, and adopt a new world in the blood of an eternal testament? Who can better teach us the secrets of God, then God himself? *I cannot accounte him* (said *Varro*) *a skilful Master: who learns nothing of himself*: And he hath understood all in the bosom of his Eternal Father, and from his own wisdom, which is no other then his *Essence*. He was promised from the beginning of the world, preached through all Ages, given as a pledge to the memory of all mankind, so long before his coming was appointed, his time, birth, life, and death. He came at his perfixed time, all environed with prodigies and miracles, all composed of virtues, making greatnes to proceed out of the lowlines of his humble and painfull life, as lightning-flashes break through the obscurity of night.

Three tokens of the perfection of a thing. S. Thomas 1. p. q. 6.

Solidity of our Religion.

Varro apud Vincent tom. 2. *Illum quidem erudissimum elige, quem magis miratis in suis? nihil magnificum dixerit qui & se nihil dicerit.*

2. What foundations think you hath he laid of your faith? Men believe men upon a little piece of paper, yea very often upon the breath of a silly word. And Jesus would not be believed, but by writing his Law with the rays of an infinite number of Prophesies, which were verified in his Person, with the blood of more then ten millions of Martyrs, who suffered for his doctrine; with miracles so visible & irreproachable, that they changed even executioners into Confessours, and Tyrants into Martyrs.

The foundations of faith.

To speak plainly, he might have tied you unto him, and not made use of so many things: For what is more essential for the foundation of a belief, then the

revelation of the first Verity, which might have been known to us by fewer proofs? But behold his goodness, and how he dealeth with our infirmities, as to be willing to strike us so sensibly with reflection of the greatness of our faith, to win us to his direction. The *Jews* ran after a simple figure, and tied themselves to weak elements. The *Gentiles* are filled with childish toys, and dotages, which made the most learned amongst them to mock at their religion, and say, *That should their gods have appeared alive, in such manner, as they painted them, they would be accounted Monsters.* In the heart of *Mahumetans*, a tyrannous law is planted with sword and empalements; No man is permitted to dispute upon it, (so many ridiculous and shamefull things there are in it) which makes a soul recoyl in the very beginning, that hath never so little humanity. But Christian Religion hath appeared in the bosom of glory, ever holy, ever victorious, ever opposed by the wicked, and still triumphant, over impiety. It is enriched by its losses, glorified by its persecutions, established by its totterings, and honoured by its wounds. God for it ha h opened all the most learned lips, directed all the best pens, and for it bound himself with as many witnesses, as there are letters in the Scripture. Have not we then cause to proclame with *Tertullian*: *O how happy are we, to say, God engageth his own faith by oath to confirm ours! And are not we worthy of all unhappiness, if we any whit distrust this Eternal Verity?*

Sener. l. de superstitione apud S. *August.* l. 6. de Civitate Dei.

O beatos nos quorum causa Deus jurat! O miserrimos, si nec juranti Deo credimus! Tertul. c. 4. de pœn.

3. You perhaps will say, all it teacheth is very high, and that to be faithful, one must (as it were) cease to be reasonable. But tell not me, faith is opposite to reason: it is above, not against it; it commandeth our sense to obey God, it laboureth to raise, not demolish; or if it demolish, it is but by ruining rebellion, to establish obedience. What is more reasonable, then to subject your reason to God, and to suffer your self sweetly to pass along in the current of this puissant Authority, which hath drawn so many Ages after it, destroyed so many errours, gained so many battels, and won so many Crowns? Faith is a great gift, although it be the gift of the humble. *It is the first life of humane understanding, the Jasper stone which serves for foundation of the City of God, the virginity of the soul, the source which watereth all the festivities of mankind.* Why are you amazed, when God would have you believe that, which is above your understanding, and surpasseth your knowledge? *It is a most happy ignorance* (said St. *Hilary*) *which rather deserveth reward then pardon, when one trusteth to the word of God, in that he cannot comprehend.* You see how policy is guided by humane faith, without which, all the world were nought but disorder, and life a perpetual confusion: and yet you think it a strange matter, that God in his great policy exacteth a faith absolutely Divine, to serve as an entrance into your felicity. If you take away humane faith, and stick fast in the resolution not to believe any thing, but what you see, you will become a Monster, fit to be excluded from humane Society; you will disturb the beds of the most chast wedlocks; you will accuse the modesty of the sincerest women; you will make the children to be doubted, not onely by the fathers, but the mothers also, who are so often enforced to believe Mid-wives, and Nurses; you will almost make doubt, whether you have a liver, a heart, a spleen, or any lungs, nor will believe you have any thing, but that which you cannot behold without death. These are considerations which Saint *Augustine* and *Theodoret* pursued in the Treatises they wrote of Faith, by which they shew the necessity of humane belief, to pass on further to the Divine. Then what occasion have you to make your sense rebel against God, who becomes a surety for what he promiseth vs; since we every moment, must give credit to the fidelity of most abject persons in the actions of civil life? Who seeth not that to take faith from Religion, is to tear the Altar out of the Temple, the apple from the eye, and the heart out of humane body.

That to be faithful, is to be conformable to reason.

Guillelm. Paris. de moribus, & *Guillelm Lugdun.* de fide. *Prima vita mentis humanæ, &c.*

S. *Hilarius* 8 de Trin. *Habet nescio quam tamen veniam, quam præmiam ignorare quod credas.*

Necessity of faith.

Si quod nescitur, credendum non est, quomodo se fatuent parentibus liberi, quos parentes suos esse non credent?

S. *August.* l. 2. de utilitate credendi.

Do you not consider likewise, that it was an invention worthy the Eternal Wisdom, to draw us to him by three degrees, which are as three Heavens observable in nature, and above nature? The first is that of science, the second of faith, the third of glory. Science appertaineth not to the whole world: all are permitted to live well, but few to speak well. Some have not will for it, others means. Some have no inclination, others can never make application. Needs must then three parts of mankind be deprived of the knowledg of things most divine, and persevere in ignorance, according to the unhappinesse of accidents, without the help of faith which repleniſheth us with the knowledge of God. Besides, we finde sciences are extreamly sophisticate, as well through the weakness of our understanding, as the corruption of our manners. Academies are framed as Palaces of verity; yet it is never so ill handled, as in places where shew is made to adore it. Under the shadow of defence it is rent asunder, and as the ancient *Teletias*, it is strangled in making much of it. What inconvenience then do we find, if God, to remedy this misery, hath given us faith, which contenteth the whole world by its universality, as it assureth all well composed minds by its certainty. If the perfection of our nature had been limited within natural actions, divine faith had not needed to conduct us: But since God hath called us to a felicity above nature, were it not fit we were directed thereto by a supernatural knowledge?

Great Providence of God in the establishment of faith.

Lactantius.

1. Thom. 2. q. 2. art. 3.

4. Consequently look on the *Operation* of Religion, the second note of its excellency: you shall see the fountain of *Mordochæus*, which in the beginning creepeth on with little noise through the Meadows, and in an instant turneth into a great river, and this river into light, and this light into a sun; but a sun which affordeth lustre, and water to all the world.

The powerfull operations of our Religion. *Esther.* 2.

The powers of the world which glitter with so much pomp, have this almost ever proper to them, to be either unprofitable, or malign. What did those great Philosophers, who framed worlds in their idæa's? What did the *Plato's*, *Aristoteles*, and *Zeno's*? Could they ever perswade any one silly hamlet to live under those goodly Common-wealths they instituted on paper? What did the *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, & *Pompeys* with all their forces, but tend to the destruction of mankind? It is a strange thing, that the last of them caused a Temple to be built to *Minerva*, over the gate whereof he commanded to be engraven, that he had taken, routed, and slain two millions, one hundred fourscore and three thousand men; pillaged or sunk eight hundred forty six ships, made desolate one thousand five hundred thirty eight Cities, and towns. Behold how the great ones of the earth make themselves remarkable, as dreadful Comets, by the ruin of the whole world. But *Jesus* in establishing his Religion, would not be powerful but to do good, since, *He is the Adamant* (saith *Salvianus*) *who hath drawn this mighty mass of Iron of all Ages with the hands of his love, & lively affections towards mankind.*

Plin. l. 7. c. 26. Cruel vanity of *Pompey.*

Salvian. de provid. l. 4. *Chalybem assertu quasi spirante suspendens admoris sui manibus.*

How can the tree be better known, then by the fruits? And upon what may one more reasonably ground the judgement made of Religion, then upon the works thereof?

What

What have all other Religions taught, but to cut the throats of children, to embrue Altars of Idols with blood; but to create ordures, & abominations, to cover secret mischiefs with the veil of hypocrisie, to authorize fables, and canonize vice? But Christian Religion is that alone which brought piety into the world, where it was before unknown. It is that which hath crushed murtherous and adulterous gods under the ruins of their Temples, which demolished prophane Altars, suppressed sacrifices of humane blood destroied Amphitheaters, where they gloried to tear men in pieces, which confounded witchcrafts, tamed pride, quayled covetousnes, stopped the innundations of luxury, repressed extravagancies of ambition choaked enraged desires of avarice, & turned a land of Tigers, Leopards, and fiery Serpents, into a Paradise of delights. It is that which drew from Heaven all the virtues, whereof some had before been unheard of, others contemned, the rest persecuted. It is that which taught humility, chastity, virginity, modesty, temperance, justice, and fortitude. That, which discovered true prudence, which opened the sources of contemplation, which furnished out the Hoast of religious Orders, which brake so many chains of the world, trampled under foot so many Idols of gold and silver, seated poverty in the Throne of glory, erected statues of innocency, established purity even in thoughts. Is it not that which so many Martyrs, Confessours, Doctours, Virgins have done, whose triumphs we daily honour? Is it not upon these, that *Jesus* having vanquished so many monsters, imprinted the rays of his sanctity, which is preserved, and maintained, even in the corruption of Ages, in the persons of so many as God hath reserved to himself? Must we not confess, that a life led according to the doctrine of *Jesus Christ*, is a manifest conviction of all errours, and a little miracle in the world?

5. From thence when we consider by what means our Saviour hath wrought this establishment, which are found so contrary to all humane ways, and how he acteth in suffering, how he draws to him in rejecting, how he is exalted by his abasings, glorified by his ignominy, enriched by poverty, how he doth raise by destroying, how he lives by his death, and is eternized by dying. This is it which transporteth humane understanding into admiration of the greatnes of our Religion.

6. Finally, if you also cast your eye on this last The repose which our faith promiseth. perfection of *Repose*, you shall well understand, how *Alexander*, after he had conquered the *Persians*, being desirous to pass into the *Indies*, those who thought they were at the world's end, disswaded him, and said, *It was time for* Alexander *to rest, where the Sun and the world ended.* But our Religion goes much further then the Sun, and this inferiour condition of the world. It hath the total Universe for object of its travel, and the Kingdom of Heaven for its repose. All other Sects proposed pleasures to themselves for object of their pretensions, which might make them desire the body of a horse, or a hog, to enjoy it with the more advantage. But God, lifting us up to himself above the tracts of the Sun & time, promiseth the same delights which he hath for himself in the vision, possession, and fruition of that divine face, which makes all the Happy. (a) *We know this house of morter and clay failing, wherewith we are covered, God hath prepared an eternal building for us in Heaven, not made by the hand of man,* as the Apostle assureth us, and as we shall deduce towards the end of these Treatises. Thither it is our faith paceth roundly on, beholding with a purified eie, the lights of Heaven, *a God invisible as if he were already visible.* Unto this life it is we prepare our souls, and begin on earth to make the first essays of Beatitude.

Tempus est Alexandrum cum orbe & sole desinere. Senec. Suasor.

(a) *Scimus, quoniam si terrestris domus nostra habitationis hujus dissolvitur, quod ædificationem à Deo habemus, domum non manufactam, æternam in cœlis.* 2 Cor. 5.

Invisibilem tamquam videns sustinuit. Heb. 11. 27.

7. I then demand of you (O Noblemen) whether Errours of the times. all this well considered, you ought not to abhor these petty undertakers, who seem to come into the world, not to receive rules of faith in it, but to prescribe them. They who cannot reform a silly fly in the works of nature, will make themselves Monarchs in the belief of our faith, and trick up anew this great work of Religion, which derives its accomplishment from God. They believe what pleaseth themselves to displease the prime Verity, and create a new Symbol in the chymæra's of their wits, to introduce an impiety into Christianity. Needs must they have a fling at the Bible, as if it were the book of a man; labour about the Fountain-heads of the four rivers of terrestrial Paradise, the speaking Serpent, *Noah's* Ark, the Tower of *Babel*, the red Sea, the jaw-bone and foxes of *Sampson*, as if the Omnipotency of God were not a pledge sufficient enough against all these weaknesses and curiosities of wit, *which*, saith Tertullian, *are doctrines of devils, grown up to please the itch of incredulous ears.* We must believe one Article, and leave another; believe the Trinity, and doubt of the Sacrament, Invocation of Saints, Purgatory, Images, and Ceremonies of the Church, as if it were not evident, that whosoever divideth faith, hath none at all. It is not much to the purpose to dispute of Religion, after the sweat of Confessours. blood of Martyrs, and so many millions of miracles. Never would belief be so sick, were it not preceeded by the death of virtue, all will be unhappy for them, who lose piety, the root of happiness. But what repose hath a Catholick, who may dying say; *I trust to God for a gift, which cannot proceed but from God. I dye in the faith of* Constantine, Theodosius, Clodovæus, *S.* Lewis, *and so many millions of Saints. I go where all the wisest and most entire part of mankind doth go. I follow the authority of eighteen general Councils, wherein all Ages assembled together the wisest men of the world. I dy in the belief of the Church, which is professed throughout all the habitable world. The living and the dead. The stones and marbles of the Tombs of mine Ancestours speak for me: the stars will fall from the Heavens before my faith can be shaken.*

Tert. de præscript. Doctrina dæmoniis prurientibus auribus nata.

The notable assurance of a Catholick.

And therefore (O Catholicks) strike at Heaven That zeal ought to be had towards Religion. gate by continual prayer, ask of the Father of lights a lively faith, a most sincere zeal towards your Religion, suffer not your judgment to change in the massy composition of body, plunge it not in sensuality, polish it for the great fruition of God, entertain it with consideration of his beauty, nourish it with antipasts of his glory. It only appertaineth to sensual souls, black, and distrustful, to suffer themselves to fall into pusilanimities and faintnes, which lessen the esteem we should have of our vocation towards Christianity. It only appertaineth to carnal spirits, and who want faith in the house of faith, to set the riches and affairs of the world above Religion. But you (O Great men) learn hereafter to value your selves, not by these frail and perishable blessings, which inviron you by that skin which covers you, by those false ornaments of life which disguise you, by all those beauties, which never are nearer ruine, then when they most sparkle with lustre. Learn to behold all humane things from the top of the Palace of Eternity, and you shall see them like rotten pieces, which possess a nothing of times infinity. Why do we here entertain our selves with earthly considerations, as fire, which absented from its sphere, is fed with fat and coals. Let us open our bosoms to these fair hopes wherewith the Religion

Hoc est fidem in domo fidei habere. Cyprian. de mortalitate.

Ephes. 2. we profeſs, ſweetly repleniſheth our hearts. We no longer are pilgrims and vagabonds, nor ſtrangers of the Teſtaments: but Citizens of Saints, and the domeſticks of God: built on the foundation of Apoſtles, and Prophets, on the fundamental ſtone, which is *Jeſus Chriſt*.

Let us enter into this goodly train of Ages, into this admirable fellowſhip of Patriarchs, Martyrs, and Virgins. Let us haſten to the ſources of light, and never end but in infinity.

The firſt EXAMPLE upon the firſt MAXIM.

Of the eſteem one ought to make of his Faith and Religion.

The PERSIAN CONSTANCY.

Drawn out of *Theodoret, Caſſiodorus, & Epiphanius.* Theod. l. 5. c. 38. *Epiph.* Scolaticus. *Caſſiod.* hiſtor. tripart. l. 10. c. 32. *Baron.* tom. 5. anno. 420. & alii.

IF the eſtimation of things eternal, do not as yet ſufficiently penetrate your heart, reflect on that, which ſo many valiant Champions have done, to preſerve a bleſſing, which you preſently poſſeſs by grace, and which you often diſ-eſteem through ingratitude. I will produce one example amongſt a thouſand, able to invite the imitation of the moſt virtuous, and admiration of all the world. In the time when *Theodoſius* the younger ſwayed the Eaſtern Empire, the *Perſians*, who had been much gained by the induſtry of the Emperour *Arcadius* his father, & afterward entertained by his infinite ſweetneſs and courteſie, lived in good correſpondence of amity with the Chriſtians, ſo that many of our Religion adventured themſelves in their Teritory, ſome to make a fortune in the Court, others for pleaſure, many for commerce, and the reſt there to eſtabliſh true piety.

Matters of Religion proceeded then very proſperouſly, and the moſt eminent men of the Kingdom ſhut up their eyes againſt the Sun, which this Nation adored, to open them to the bright Aurora of Chriſtianity. But as there are ſome who never enjoy any thing, ſo there are others who never have enough. Some Chriſtians not contented with their progreſſions, which were well worthy of praiſe, thought they loſt all, out of the deſire they had to leave nothing undone. Which is the cauſe, I much approve thoſe Ancients, who placed the images of wiſdom over the gates of great houſes, with this inſcription: *Experience is my mother.* So the wiſeſt and moſt experienced thought, nothing was to be precipitated, & that mean advancements accompanied with ſafety, were more to be valued then great ſplendours which drew precipices, and ruins after them. On the contrary, young and fiery ſpirits thruſt all upon extremity, ſuppoſing their power extended to the meaſure of their paſſion. Nothing is more dangerous in any affair, then when indiſcreet fervour takes the mask of zeal, or that a ſeaver of Reaſon paſſeth for a virtue. All his thoughts are deified, his foot-ſteps ſanctified, and although nothing be done for God, it is ſaid, all is for him.

Indiſcreet zeal.

Helinandus apud *Vincent. Vſus me genuit.*

Biſhop *Audas*, a man endowed with great and ſingular virtues, but extreamely ardent, and unable to adapt his zeal to the occaſion of times, needs would countenance the humour of the blind multitude, and went out in the midſt of the day to deſtroy a Pyræum, which was a Temple wherein the *Perſians* kept fire to adore it. Men quickly enflamed in matters of Religion, fail not to raiſe a great ſedition, which came to the notice of King *Ildegerdes*. *Audas* is ſent for, to give an account of this act: He defendeth himſelf with much courage, and little ſucceſs for the Chriſtians benefit: for the King turning his proper juſtification into crime, condemns him upon pain of death to re-edifie the Temple he had demoliſhed; which he refuſing to do, was preſently ſacrificed to the fury of Pagans. *Theodoret* blames him that he unſeaſonably ruined the Temple, and convinceth him by the example of S. *Paul*, who ſeeing in *Athens* many Altars dedicated to falſe Gods, contented himſelf with refuting the error, without making uſe of the hammer to deſtroy it, as well fore-ſeeing the time was not yet come: yet withal commanded this man, who rather choſe death, then to become an Authour of impiety in the re-eſtabliſhment of this Temple.

Audas deſtroyeth a Pyræum. Commotions for matters of Religion. Others Baranares, or Gorosnaves. Judgment of *Theodoret* upon this action.

The rage of Idolaters by the *Magi* (profeſſed enemies of our Religion) was not wholly extinct in the blood of *Audas*, but ſtirred up a violent perſecution, which almoſt proceeded to the undermining the foundations of Chriſtian religion in *Perſia*. Men were every where ſeen to be flayed and roaſted, pierced with bodkins and arrows, thereby becoming ſpectacles of terrour & pitty, to all thoſe who beheld them. Some were expoſed to waſps in the boyling ardours of the ſun: Others thrown into Caves, & places filled with infection, to be devoured by rats, and ſlowly gnawn by ugly vermine: Their members fell in pieces & their life daily diſtilled drop after drop, their faith unſhaken, which the ſword of perſecution ſought for even in their entrails. Their members were not tormented, for they had none but wounds, for they were all over covered with them: and as torments redoubled one upon another, gave no end to their ſufferings, ſo God found the means to finiſh their pain, and life by eternity of their crowns.

Terrible perſecution.

The King ſeeing ſo dreadfull tortures rather ſerved to publiſh the glory of the Combattants, then ruin their virtue, reſolved upon other cruelties, which being apparently leſs violent, were in effect much more pernicious.

There were among the Chriſtians, two Lords of prime quality, the one whereof was called *Hormiſdas*, the other *Suenes*, who being the two eies of the Court, and Standard-bearers of Chriſtianity, the endeavour of the Gentils was moſt violent againſt them to force them to abjure Religion. *Hormiſdas* is firſt ſummoned to return to the *Perſian* ſuperſtition, & being ſent for to the Palace, the King who much eſteemed him, both for his great Nobility (for he was of the blood Royal) as alſo for the ſervices his father had done to the Crown in the quality of the Governour of a Province, unwilling to looſe him, he made trial of all ſorts of allurements, to gain him to his opinion.

Hormiſdas, and the ſtrength of his will.

But the brave Champion ſtood firm in his beliefe, telling the King with many excellent reaſons, that deſtroying the faith of his true God in *Perſia*, he would bury the loyalty due to his Majeſty in the ruins thereof: which was the cauſe that *Ildegerdes*, inſtead of yielding the homage he owed to reaſon and truth became furiouſly chollerick, ſo that degrading him of honour, and confiſcating all his goods, yea, leaving him nought at all, but a poor pair of linnen breeches, he ſent him out to keep the camels of the Army; adding to this great inhumanity the moſt barbarous ſcorn could be invented againſt a gentleman, endowed with ſuch excellent parts. But this couragious heart, which had ſtudied the glory of the Croſs in the deep abyſs of the ignominy of *Jeſus*, drave camels before the eyes of an Army, wherein he had commanded with ſuch alacrity, as others govern Empires, and thought his nakedneſs more glorious, then the purple of Monarchs.

The King one day beholding him out of a chamber window among the camels, roaſted under the ſcorching Sun, and all covered over with duſt, felt his heart

mollified

mollified by the effect of his own cruelty, and calling him into his palace, after he had laid before him the worth of his extraction, and the noble employments wherewith he meant to honour him, he cloathed him with rich apparel, and conjured him by all the ways of friendship, to return to the throne of honour, by forsaking his Religion. But *Hormisdas* displeased with such discourse, took the robes were cast over his shoulders, & tore them in pieces in the Kings presence, saying: *Sir, keep your gifts & impieties, & know* Hormisdas *will never do any thing unworthy his courage*: which was the cause *Idegerdes* thrust him naked out of the Court, and sent him back again to his camels, where he ware out a long & painful martyrdom

Suenes persecuted.

The same storm fell at that time upon *Suenes*, one of the wealthiest and most powerful in the Kingdom, & who had a thousand servants in his family. Officers were sent to seize on his whole estate possessed by him, not to maintain riot, but cherish piety, so that in a short time, he saw himself reduced to beggery. But he weighing how Almighty God, who cloathed Heaven with beauties of light, & in the spring-time maketh a garment for the earth, bordered & adorned with so many millions of flowers, had for us put on nakedness, scorned all these violences, and said aloud, *They were not near taking away the treasure of faith he bare in his heart, who attempted it on this silly moveable of fortune*:

The King, purposely to afflict him the more, took all his children from him, to thrust them into servitude and fetters, if they would follow their fathers example: wherewith somewhat softened, seeing they snatched from between his arms those, who in the imbecillity of age, had more need of his example, then wealth, he kissing them, said: *Children, keep constantly the faith of your poor father, and leave greatness and worldly fortunes to others. You shall ever be wealthy enough, if you persist loyal to God. Faith will wipe away your tears, will enrich your poverty, glorifie your chains, and immortalize the honour of your death. This persecution is a cloud that passeth, but we shall quickly behold a bright day, which neither admitteth end nor darkness.* This constancy which should make all the world wonder, exasperated the infidels, so that dayly seeking out all the ways how to torment, and burn him with a soft fire, they advised to give the confiscation of all his goods to one of his servants, who had been the most treacherous, and cruel against his Master. He had nothing left but a wife, who possessed in his heart the place of those chast correspondencies, which the law of God afforded him, and she in beginning making a shew of willingness inseparably to follow the fortune of her husband, much comforted this generous soul, who thought nothing was his, but what he gained to *Jesus Christ*.

An excellent instruction for children.

Stranger persecution of a man.

But behold a strong battery to take from him the remainders of his consolation. The King caused this woman to be vehemently sollicited, to make a divorce from her husband, and to marry his servant: to whom he already had given possession of his great estate. This at the first a little startled the soul of this Lady, she yet having some humanity in her, but saw her self encompassed with many kindred and worldly friends, who suggested according to the maxims of impiety: *That is was a folly to forsake a blessing so present, to run after a fantasie of felicity. That the command of Kings must be obeyed, who are visible gods on earth. That a husband despoiled of all his means, retaineth nothing of man, but body, nor can any longer be a husband. That she married him to live, and to give life to others by love, not to cut her own throat, and her childrens, through wickedness. That a man who renounceth honour, can no more pretend to nature. To conclude, that it is wealth, which maketh men, and that it was no dishonour to marry a servant, who is the favourite of a mighty King. We came not into the world to be masters of fortune, but to yeild to its Empire. What content can there be to walk up and down Towns and Cities like a begger, following a husband, the object of the worlds laughter, & reserve all is left of his miserable body to swords & flames.*

Violent temptation of a woman.

She yieldeth.

So much were here ears beaten with such like discourses, that through a most unspeakable cowardice she forsook her religion and husband, to marry this servant, who seemed noble enough, since he had the golden fleece. The King seeing she had yielded, added for full accomplishment of inhumanity, that *Suenes* should remain in his own house, as a slave to his wife and servant. Behold here the extremity of all worldly miseries. *Yield thy self up* (said one) *poor* Suenes: *seest thou not that of so many palaces, and such treasures, there is not left for thee so much as a house covered with stubble, of so many children, none to call thee father? Is it not time for thee to forsake thy faith, since she who slept by thy sides, hath left thee? wert thou among st the chains of* Lestrigons, *and* Tartars, *thou mightest breath a more wholesom air: But to behold thy self a slave to thy servant in thine own house, and to have perpetually before thee the infidelity of a disloyal wife for object, how is it possible, but to overthrow the most stable constancy in the world?*

Admirable constancy.

But *Suenes* assembling together all the forces of his heart, said: *O faithless and perfidious discourses! All is taken from me, but they cannot take away Jesus Christ. I follow him in liberty and bondage, in prosperity and adversity, in life and death: whilest one small threed of life remains in my heart, one silly spark of breath upon my lips, I will combat against the gates of hell, and all the laws of impiety.* O the power of the spirit of God! O divorce from flesh and bloud! O spectacle worthy to be beheld by angels over the gates of heaven with admiration! A man to dy in so many indignities, such punishments, such deaths, without dying, without complaint, growing wan, or speaking any one word unworthy the lips of a Christian! What is it to be a puissant, but to brave all the powers of earth, and hell? What is it to be rich, but to place all your treasures in the heart to God?

II. MAXIM.

Of the essence of GOD.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That it is fit to obey Nature; all other Divinity being most unknown.

A *Cynick* Philosopher heretofore sought for a man with a candle at noon-day: and now adays the wicked seek God in a clear and full light, and when they have found him, become blind by their own lights, in that they see not him, who is not to be known

THE HOLY COURT.

That nothing is so known as God, although not acknowledged through our *ingratitude* but in the quality of the Judge punishing their offences. Out alas! what is man without God? *Tertullian* speaking of the countrey about the *Euxine* sea, saith, It is a Region separated from the comerce of men, as well by the providence of Nature, as the reproach of its brutishness. It is peopled by most savage

Tertul. adverf. Marcion l. 1. cap. 1.

Excellent description of Tertullian.

vage Nations, which inhabit, if we may ſay ſo, a wandering cart, that ſerves them for houſe; a habitation, which though perpetually in motion, is leſs inconſtant then their manners. Their abode is uncertain, their life wholly ſavage, their luxury promiſcuous, and indifferent for all ſorts of objects. They make no ſcruple to ſerve in the fleſh of their Parents in a feaſt with beeff and mutton, and think the death of ſuch curſed, who dy, when they no longer are fit to be eaten. Sex foſtneth not women in this Country; for they fear of their dugs being young, and make a diſtaff ſerve for a launce, being otherwiſe ſo fervent in battle, that they had much rather fight then marry. The Climate and elements are as rigid, as their manners. The day is never bright, the ſun never ſmileth, nor is the ſky any thing, but a continued cloud. The whole year is a winter, and the wind ever North. Ice robs them of rivers, and if they have liquour, the fire affords it. The Mountains are ſtill covered with ice and ſnow. All is cold in this Country, but vice, which ever burneth. Yet I muſt tell you, (ſaith he) there is not any thing amongſt theſe wonders more prodigious, then wicked *Marcion*. For, where ſhall we find a Monſter more odious, or a man in nature more ſenſeleſs then him, who did not acknowledg the Divinity, and will have the cauſes, and ſublime reaſons given him of the Eſſence of God, which never were, nor ſhall be: for then there would be ſomewhat above God.

Humane arbitratu divinitas conſtatur: niſi homini Deus placuerit, Deus non erit. Tertul. Apol. c. 5. *Nec quicquam refert, Deum ne geras, an aſſeras.* Arno. l. 1.

The Emperour *Tiberius* having conceived ſome good opinion of Divinity in the Perſon of our Saviour, was willing to rank him in the number of other gods, but it was not executed, becauſe it muſt paſs by decree of the Senate: and God, who is all that which he is by nature, regarded not the judgement of men to authorize his Divinity. *You were as good deny God,* (ſaith *Arnobius*) as to make the truth of his Eſſence depend upon the weakneſs of humane reaſon.

God is better known to us then our ſelves.

1. I ask of you whether there be any thing in the world more preſent with us, and more familiarly known than our ſelf, our ſubſtance, our life, our being? It ſeemeth (ſay you) it is the moſt certain of our knowledges. Now if I ſhew, the ſcience we have of God is far ſtronger, more undoubted, and invincible, then the knowledg we have of our ſelf, I neceſſarily convince the ignorance of the Divinity, is ſtupid, ungratefull, and puniſhable with all the rigours of eternal juſtice.

I pray tell me, what ſo certain knowledg can you have of your ſelf? Have you it by the knowledg of Hiſtory, which is a reaſonable knowledg; by revelation, which is extraordinary; by propheſie, which is myſterious; by faith, which is infallible? I do not ſee you alledge any of theſe for confirmation of your own being, You have no proofs (ſay you) more certain, then your ſenſes. which you know notwithſtanding to be bruitiſh, deceivers, and deceived in ſo many objects. You hear your ſelf ſpeak, you ſmell your ſelf, you touch your ſelf; and for that you affirm you are, although you have not any knowledg of the better part of your body, by the moſt noble ſenſe within you, but by the help of a mirrour. Nay, you know ſo little of your ſelf, that ſcarcely have you obſerved the number of your teeth: and being far from the particular diſtinction of the interiour parts of your body, ſhall you enter into the great labyrinths of the facultyes of your ſoul, you would quickly finde out your own ignorance.

Compare now the ſcience you have of your ſelf, with the great proofs, which lead you to the knowledge of the Divinity. Firſt, we are born to know God, as the excellent Divine *Alexander Alenſis* diſcourſeth: becauſe if the ſoveraign Goodneſs be neceſſarily deſired by our reaſonable appetite, we muſt affirm the ſupream truth is no leſs capable to be known by our underſtanding: & as we are naturally inclined to the ſearch of this ſoveraign Good, which may take up all the agitations of our thoughts, ſo we feelour ſoul almoſt without any other reflection, ſtir'd upwith a generous deſire to be united to the 1. cauſe. We behold it through ſo many creatures, as through lattices, & it ſeems to ſpeak to us in as many objects, as we ſee works of his Goodneſs. It maketh us reſtleſs, it ſcorcheth us with an honeſt flame, which teacheth us there is a God, and that we are created for him, nor is there any other creature in all viſible nature, which laboureth in ſuch inquiſition, but man: This ardent inclination to this knowledg, is not a ſlight facility of ſcience, & we ſee conſtant ſtudy is ordinarily recompenced with the fruition of its object.

Alex. Alenſ. quæſt. 2. de cognitione Dei.

A ſingular conſideration of *Alen.*

2. I likewiſe hold, God of his part is very well to be known, having all the conditions which may make a thing known, as Eſſence, immutability, ſimplicity, brightneſs and preſence. If you there look for Being, which is a neceſſary object of the underſtanding, as colour, of ſight: *God*, ſaith S. *Gregory* of *Nazianzen*, *is a creating Eſſence, an Eſſence comprehending all things.* If immutability, *Origen* teacheth, the Divinity ſitteth on the top of beatitude, ever conſtant, never changeable: if brightneſs, God is all light, as the Scripture manifeſteth in ſo many places: if ſimplicity, *Fauſtus* Biſhop of *Rhegium* ſheweth, *God is all what he hath*; if continual preſence, *Porphyry* confeſſeth, he is every where, becauſe he is not in any part, as bodyes are. The Poet *Orpheus* in his myſterious poeſie, calleth him φάνητα, as one would ſay, *lightſome* and *viſible*, to teach us all the world is enfolded within his radiance. I will not hereupon inferr, that one may have in this world an abſolute and perfect knowledg of God, as of a thing finite; but I ſay, that amongſt ſo many lights, it is not admitted that any man ſhould be ignorant there is a God, Creatour of all things.

God moſt eaſie to be known.

Nazianzen. Iambico. 2. ἀκίνητον ἐν ἀκινήτῳ ἐπὶ τοῦ ἀκινήτου ἀκίνητον ἐπὶ τοῦ ἀκινήτου ἀκίνητον ἐπὶ τοῦ ἀκινήτου ἀκίνητον

world be created, (which it is not lawful to doubt) of three things we must affirm one, Either that it produced it self, or that one piece made another, or that there was one cause external, supream, not to be reckoned among the rest, which made all the parts of the universe. To say a thing made it self, is to affirm it was before its being, and to assever a proposition ridiculous to all humane understanding. But if to evade this manifest contradiction, one will maintain one piece made another; still must he come to a last piece, which was produced by it self, and so fall again into the same difficulty. Behold the reason why we must stick upon a general cause, out of the main mass of all causes, and which affording essence, sense, and intelligence to so many creatures according to the condition, & qualities of every one, remaineth eternal, and immoveable. Now he who says this, affirmeth there is a God.

Author libri de triplici habitaculo apud Aug. tom. 9. Nihil seipsum creat. Quod enim potentia, qui omnino non est, seipsum faceret. Deus immutatus, infectus, sine initio, sine fine, in aeternitate constitutus. Tertul. l. 3. adverſ. Marcion. c. 3. Instance upon the infinite number of the wicked.

4. But if some impious creature will notwithstanding perplex the evidence of this proposition, imitating Sorcerers, who cast mists upon the brightest morning, and say one thing produced another from father to son, but that this still mounteth upward *in infinitum*, and so think to make us loose our judgement and reason, in the labyrinth of infinities; First it is answered according to the doctrine of Philosophers: There is nothing in the world actually infinite & although an infinity of generations of men, beasts, & other creatures were admitted, still must you confess this infinite mass of me', was produced from a cause independent. For that which agreeth to each part of a species, and which is properly by it affected, agreeth likewise to the main of the whole species; as if it be proper to every man living to understand, & reason, it must be inferred, the whole species is intellectual, and rational: But in this infinite mass of men supposed, there cannot any one be assigned, who was not produced, not by it self (a matter we already have refuted) but from another cause independent of this supposed mass: and this cause is God, which we prove.

Force of reason.

5. Secondly (as lying is ingenious to ruin its own labours) they who suppose this infinity of generations & efficient causes, destroy all sorts of generations, when they think to establish them. For as a quantity cannot be divided into proportionable, and correspondent parts to the infinite, so there are no causes essentially subordinate one to another, which go into this infinity: There must necessarily be in such subordinations a first, which is a cause of a middle, and a middle the cause of a latter. Necessarily all these created essences, and which were but *in potentia*, presuppose essentially an actual essence, always subsisting, which is a support to all the rest, as the earth hath all the pieces of a building raised one upon another. It must be to bring you into the world, that your father acted after your grand-father, your grand-father after your great grand-father by a continuation, distinct & measured, as in a chain from the first link to the last. For were there not a first, a middle, a last; there could not be either order, or subordination; and were there no subordination, there could be no action. If infinite number of wheels must move to make a clock strike, it would never sound, because the swindge being to be given to all the other from a first wheel, this first wheel would never be found, because in infinity there is no first. And although it were found, it could not communicate its activity to the last; otherwise it must pass in a determinate time an infinite space, which can never be measured. If you depend from father to son, from an infinity of men, to be produced (as you say) you could not be a man, for you must have passed from infinite Ages, before you could come to the father, who begat you. And if one could pass over infinite Ages, see you not the infinite would be finite? So much you forget all truth, and reason in the chymæra's of your wit. And then what absurdity were it to grant to a Nature so poor, and limited, as is that of all corruptible things a consequence of infinite causes.

Theophil. Raynaudus.

Ita Ruvius & Cajet. 1. part. q. 2. art. 3. Vasq. 1. part. D. 20. nu. 11.

6. But let us withdraw from these thorns, and not urge at this time the reason which hertofore convinced *Epicurus*, and guided him, (brutish though he were) to the knowledge of the Divinity, when he figured to himself, that necessarily there was in the universe an excellent Nature exalted above all the rest and the best of all, and that this was God. Nor likewise let us alledge what was touched by *Scotus*, who saith, A pure Act being possible, and there being no incompatibility between essence, and purity of essence, it of necessity must be, because it formally excludeth all power, not yet actuated. Let us also pass over that of (*a*) *Aristotle*, taken from the necessity of a first mover, which *Auerroes* judgeth very effectual.

Cicero 2. de natur. Deorum. *Quod necesse sit præstantem aliquam esse Naturam quæ nihil sit melius.* Scot. in 1. dist. 2. q. 2. *Si actus purus est possibilis, ergo existit, aliàs non est. Actus purus qui pugnat formalissimè cum quavis potentialitate.* (*a*) Arist. 3. Phys. & 12. Metaphys.

7. I demand of thee (O brutish man) who so often blemishest thy knowledges by the impurity of thy life, can one say a man is hidden, who were he shewed by a thousand lights, discovered by a thousand voices, a thousand trumpets, represented by a thousand pictures? Nay, all creatures (who will carefully consider them) are lights, voices, images, which shine before the pavillion of the Divinity, which proclaim, which figure, which engrave it on our hearts with an eternal character. *The lessons of the Divinity are common to all the world* (saith *Prosp:*) *we learn them in the leaves of elements, and in the volumes of time: We cannot but remember them, if we forget not our selves.* We admire in *Philostratus* (*b*) an *Athenian Herod*, who appointed twenty four pages for his son, every one of which bare the title of the Greek letter, that he might learn his Alphabet by calling his servants. But O ingrateful man! God gave thee a million of creatures, which contribute to thy service, to teach thee his Name, who for his greatness cannot be unknown and for his goodness ought not to be neglected. I speak not now of all the wonders of the world, whereof use is made to prove the Divinity, because they are sufficiently seen, and that it is the ordinary place, whereon they dilate, who handle this subject. It is impossible, said *Cleomede*, that a man who will attentively consider five things, appearing in the fabrick of the universe; to wit, the contexture of so many, and so different parts, the order of productions, the relation one creature hath to another, their ends, and use, should not admire, and know this great All, is made by a Nature soveraign, predominant and Monarchal, which produced all things of unity, and caused them to re-enter into themselves by the same unity. So many rays in a sun, so many drops of water in a river, so many Rivers in a sea, so many branches and leaves on a root, so many sinews from the brain, so many veins from a liver, so many arteries from a heart, so many parts of a creature, so many motions of one principal, conspire together to make us understand this First of Unities. Two strings cannot accord upon a lute without the wit of a man, and so many things high and low, visible, invisible, weighty, light, great, little, hot, cold, living, not living, moveable, immoveable, sensible, insensible, can they agree without the spirit of God? The lines of Mathematicians drawn upon the sand of the sea-shore, make a man say who is in a desart Island, that men have passed by, because neither Bears, nor Lions have such like figures: and cannot these vast heavens, with

Humanii cordibus quadam æterna legis tabula præbentur, ut in paginis elementorum ac voluminibus temporum communis, & publica divinæ institutionis doctrina legatur. Prosp. l. 2. de vocat. Gentium, c. 4.

(*b*) Philost. in vita Herodis Attici. Cleomede. l. 4. de mundo. *Hoc autem omne invenisse summæ sapientiæ est; efficere, virtutis invictæ.* Galen. l. 3. de usu partiũ c. 10.

All contributes to the knowledge of God.

all

all the rivers, and seas which moisten it, make us say, *Necessarily God went this way?* If from the great schole of the world, and the general voice of nature, thou dost pass to sciences, they do all bear on their brows the marks of the Divinity. The Mathematician shews thee the point, which maketh all lines. The Arithmetician, the unity, which causeth all numbers; to tell thee, there is a Creatour, who is the center, and beginning of all creatures: Geometry presenteth thee the compass with one stable foot in the center, the other moving, to shew thee the firmness of the Essence not created, and instability of all things created: Astrology proposeth unto thee its motions so regular, and measured; Musick its harmonies; Philosophy its reasonings; eloquence its discourses; Mechanick, its works and admirable industries, to let thee understand the effects of this increated Essence, which travelleth throughout all nature without losing any part of its eternal repose. The knowledg of a God is given to the soul, as a dower or inheritance of its birth: God shall never be hidden, never shall fail; shall ever be understood, ever harkened unto, perpetually seen. *Herod* and *Nero* knew him, being unable to free themselves from this science: The *Polyphemuses* did believe him in the obscurity of their caves, even when they were devouring the flesh of men, : conscience told them news of him, nor hath any man hitherto grown to so much fury, as not at some time to acknowledge his dependence in the affrightment of a mind troubled with the image of its crimes. Nothing will appear to be so well known as God, who makes all things to be understood: whilst in the mean time the ingratitude of men hath reduced him to this point in the world, that he is most forgotten by all.

Tertul. adverſ. Marcion. l. 1. c. 10. Anima à primordio ſcientia Dei eſt: neminem Deus latebit, nunquam Deus deerit; ſemper intelligetur, ſemper audietur, ſemper videbitur.

Ingratitude of man towards God

8. It is the greatest of evils to be unwilling to know him, of whom you cannot be ignorant. Our ignorance is convinced by his lights, and our ingratitude overwhelmed by his goodness: and yet man asks if God govern all: why this, wherefore that, why evil, why wicked and wherefore so many miseries in the lives of mortals? He will know the causes of the will of God, which have no causes, but is the chief of all causes; and (doubly stupid as he is) he complaineth of evils which sprang from himself, and accuseth God of nothing, but because his mercy hath not at all times thunder in hand to chastise his crimes. He is enforced to confess a soveraign Being, to which he oweth all he is, and confessing serves him so negligently, that it were almost better to have no God, then to believe in one, and make him the object of his neglect.

Who will open again unto us the lips of *Isaiah*, to say once more, Hearken, O you heavens, which circumvolve over our heads, replenished with stars and lights: Hearken, O earth, which hast so often trembled with horrour of the crimes of so many Mortals? To say truely (saith the Creatour) had I no other title of recommendation towards man, but my self, my scepter, Empire, and dignity; honour & gratitude would ever be due to me: but hear what I have done: I have nourished children with incomparable sweetness: I have bred them, and borne them in the bosom of my providence, with unspeakable tenderness, yet was contemned by those, on whose foreheads I imprinted the rays of my glory. Forgetfulness alone is insupportable to love: but what shall we say of contempt? what of injury? There hath not been any excellency, or perfection in me, which was not invaded and checked, O man, by thy vices. Thou hast resisted the Immensity of my Essence by thy avarice and boundless ambition: my Infinity by thy inordinate concupiscencies, which tend to be infinite; my Immutability by thy inconstancy; my Eternity by thy love of transitory things; my Power by thy imbecility and remisness; my Wisdom by thy ignorance; my Perfection by thy wants; my Sanctity by thy vices; my Liberality by thy ingratitude; my Jurisdiction by thy tyranny; my Providence by thy stupidity; my Mercy by thy obstinacy; and my Justice by thy iniquity.

I no longer complain of *Moors* and *Arabians*, who persecuted me; I complain of being wounded in my own house by my unnatural children. If needs I must endure the contradiction of all the world, veryly, O Christian, thy hand ought to be the last lifted up against me. The Ox, bruitish as he is, acknowledgeth his Master; the Ass loves his crib, who oweth him: what say I? savage beasts, who have almost perpetually slaughter, and blood under their paws, are reclaimed by benefits, and thou becomest obdurate by my liberality. What is there more mischievous, more intolerable, then to see a servant rebel against a Master in his own house, when he lives of his granary, and shakes under his correction? It is not so great a matter to adore with a most submiss reverence, whom thou canst not comprehend, to moisten the earth with thy tears, and appease Heaven with thy penance, and say, (a) *Wo the time I knew thee not! Wo the blindness that made me neglect thee! Wo the deafness which shut up mine ears against thy sacred words! Blind and deaf, I desperately threw my self amongst so many objects of creatures of the world, and beauties which onely served to deform me. Thou wert with me, I not with thee. and all, which cannot be without thee, separated me from thee. It is too late to begin to know thee, and too late to begin to love thee; but this will be never to have an end but in him, who concludeth all things.*

Tertul. adverſ. Marcion. l. 1. c. 23. Quid injuſtius & improbius, quàm ut ſervus adverſus capat Dominum ſui ſaviorem? & quidem quid iniquius eſt, in ipſa adhuc dolus Domini de ipſius adhuc horreus vivens, ſub ipſius adhuc plagis tremens.

(a) S. Aug. fol. 31.

The ſecond EXAMPLE upon the ſecond MAXIM.

The Power of the DIVINITY over Infidels.

Drawn from the Scripture, S. Hierom, upon Daniel and Joſephus, &c.

ANTIOCHUS the THEOMACQUE, Or Enemy of GOD.

IT were a very hard matter to find out a soul more prostituted to impiety, then that of *Antiochus* surnamed the *Theomacque*; and a heart more possessed with the fear of a Deity then *Eleazars*. For which cause, the encounter of times, and battels having so well opposed them, we will propose them in this History. This *Antiochus*, who rendred himself so notorious in holy Scripture, through the exorbitancie of his wickedness, seemed to have derived impiety from his birth; for the *Antiochuſes*, his Ancestours, caused themselves heretofore, to be surnamed the Saviours, and Gods of the earth.

Antiochus a politick man, who had no other God, but ambition.

He was of a spirit, fierce, close, and crafty, intelligent, bold, audacious, who shewed from his younger years to have no other Gods but scepters, no other Paradise, then fruition of Empires. His father *Antiochus* the Great, had given him this lesson: For he was an active Prince, but more judicious then his son, who never ceased to disturb his neighbour, and covertly attempt the Kingdom of *Ægypt* by arms, and subtleties, until such time that the *Romans* clipped the wings of his ambition, as well to stay the progression of his overmuch power, become formidable to the Empire, as to punish him for the dangerous correspondencies he held with *Hannibal*. He was enforced by reason of some agreements and transactions of peace to send his son to *Rome* in hostage, and that was this *Antiochus* we mention.

This

He was delivered for an hostage to the Romans.

This young Prince, who already had in his imagination designs of Empire, managed this occasion, and deriving his happiness out of the necessity of his fathers affairs, learned therein all the extent of supream powers on earth, and began to reflect on the *Romans*, as gods of the whole world. On the other side *Scipio*, and all the other great Captains, were forward to let the people behold this off spring of the *Asian* Kings, as a Lion enchained, and finding him vain enough they spared not slight complements, and court smoakes: but ever held in their own hands the highest point of authority, and drew profit out of all affairs.

Prudence of the Romans.

During his abode in *Rome*, his father *Antiochus* the Great, overwhelmed under the burden of his ambition, found the catastrophe of his pretensions in a tomb, and his eldest son *Seleucus* succeeded him, who had a short life, and an unhappy reign. At which time young *Antiochus* felt in himself a vehement itch of rule, more powerfully then any of his predecessours had done, for soon understanding his

Ambition of *Antiochus*.

brothers death (who left him the Kingdom of *Asia*,) and knowing his sister *Cleopatra*, married to the King of *Ægypt*, was a widow, and the mother of onely one child, of whom he hoped to be easily rid, he ardently thirsted to joyn the two Empires, and unite them under his power. Now the Kingdom of *Syria* appertaining to this young Orphan, the son of his sister, he in the beginning entred thereinto with great modesty, in the quality of a Tutour, and Regent, & not a King, aforehand disposing the peoples minds by *Attalus* and *Eumenes*, who did him good service in this pretension. This wolf clothed in a lambs-skin thought to enter by the same ways into the Kingdom of *Ægypt*, and wrote thus to his sister, *That it*

His craft.

seemed the Gods had thrown him among thorns at the time when Kings of his age walked not but on violets, and roses. That being absent out of the Kingdom, he had received sad news of the death of his thrice honoured father, and immediately of the death of his well-beloved brother, whose days he wished might have been lengthned with his own years: But that nothing afflicted him so much as to see her a widow, burdned with an infant, whose hands were not so early fit to manage a scepter. Behold therefore the cause why he now undertook the government of the Kingdom of Syria, *which was the possession of his Ancestours, and whereunto she had right by the title of dower. But otherwise though he were heavily surcharged with two Kingdoms, he was no whit discouraged to share with her also in the cares of* Ægypt, *since, besides charity towards his own, the continual practice of affairs he had at* Rome, *in the most knowing school of the world, it had acquired him some dexterity and experience in the sway of Kingdoms. That he would make her reign in the affluence and pleasures of a flourishing Court, and prostrate the whole world at her feet. That she should onely be troubled to see their submission, as the gods behold earth from heaven, and that he would be as faithful a Regent, as he had ever been a loving brother.*

Cleopatra had been married to *Ptolomeus Epiphanes*, and cast a bait by the father, to catch the Kingdom of *Ægypt*, under hope conceived, that having studied in his school, she would beguil her husband, & bring *Nilus* to *Euphrates*: But she opening hereeys, found her flesh was much nearer then the smock, and ever upheld both her husband, and son, against her fathers plots. She understood the heart of her brother to be desperately subtle, and ambitious; and seeing she could not possess *Syria*, where he had strongly fortified himself, she easily admitted this his imaginary title of Regency, which she could no longer withhold: But for so much as concerned *Ægypt*, she made answer, *That she very humbly thanked him for the compassion he had of her widow-hood and the Gods who afford the deepest roots to trees the most subject to winds, would furnish her with sufficient courage to suffer so boisterous shocks. As concerning the Kingdom of* Syria, *his providence had prevented the good opinion she conceived of him, being already resolved to put the Regency into his hands. But as for* Ægypt, *there was no necessity he should rob himself in the freshness of his youth, of the pleasures so fairly acquired for him, to undergo so many burdensom charges in a forreign Countrey, wherein he would not be honoured, as were the* Ptolomees. *That her people were somewhat jealous, nor would confide in external power; which might much discontent him in the sincerity he pretended in the manage of her affairs. That she was assisted by a wise Council, with whose aid she hoped to maintain her people in perfect peace, and raise her son to the height of the happiness of his extraction, and that it should ever be a singular comfort for her to be assured of the good affection he bare towards her estate, and to correspond with him in an unfained intelligence,*

Antiochus, who found not his expectation in his sisters letters, laid down the sheep-skin, to put on the Lions, and began to make open war, by invading the Kingdom of *Ægypt*, which was the cause *Cleopatra* instantly cast her self into the protection of the *Romans*, although she nothing doubted, but that her brother had thence sought support, and credit: But she on the other side knew they favoured justice, & willingly undertook the causes of widows and orphans. And verily the Senate of *Rome*, either through the integrity of their manners, or to ballance sceptors which swayed under them, and make none too great to the prejudice of their power, inclined to the widows part, and commanded *Antiochus* to retire out of *Ægypt*. He who knew how to court men, went about to gain *Popilius Lenas*, deputed by the Senate to determine this affair, requiring some delay to withdraw his forces leisurely, of purpose to spend time for the renewing his plots.

Equity of the Senate of *Rome* to support widows.

A notable act of an Embassadour.

But the other, a man resolute, and not to be paid with words, making use of a riding-rod which he had in his hand, drew a circle about *Antiochus*, and enclosed him within it, saying: *There is but one word to be used, before you come out from thence; you must necessarily resolve, either on peace with your sister, or wars against the Senate & people of Rome.* He seeing himself so strongly charged, gave way to their demands, and wrote to the Senate, *That I esteemed the Peace which came from their motion, more glorious then all his victories, and heard their Embassadours, as if the Gods had spoken out of heaven to him* Therein imitating the most supple Courtiers, who instead of shewing their discontent against power, give thanks for a beating. Howsoever, becoming enraged with rancour to se so rich a prey escaped out of his hands, he discharged all his choler upon the *Jews*, as those who make their servants suffer for the losses they had in game. He had a spleen against this Religious Nation both through the motive of his own impiety, and reason of State, suspecting them more to encline to King *Ptolomee's* faction. Behold why he entred into *Jerusalem* like an enraged Lion with huge troups, in the beginning pillaging the City and Temple, sparing neither the prophane, nor sacred, swallowed excessive riches, and plunged the fiery flames of his anger in the bloud and tears of four-score thousand people; some killed, divers sold, and many scattered, unable to satisfie his cruelty.

Masked complement.

Horrible persecution of the *Hebrews*.

Anno *Antiochi* 7.

For presently after came out those wicked and bloudy Edicts, which made God a party, with a violent hatred, & let loose the rains of impiety, even to

Anno ejus. 9.

Prudence of *Cleopatra* against the wiles of her brother.

the desire of utter defacing the marks of Religion. The streets of *Sion* mourned, Priests were banished or massacred, the Altars demolished, Temples polluted with ordures, and uncleanness, by abominable monsters who renewed sacrifices to *Belphegor*, and *Bacchus* in the Sanctuary, heretofore impenetrable to mortal eyes. *The abomination of desolation* foretold by the Prophet *Daniel*, which was a statue of olympick *Jupiter*, was seen to be raised in the holy place, in sight of all the world. The books of the Law were sought out through all the houses, and committed to flames, the festivals changed into Bacchanals, all exercise of piety interdicted with whips, wheels, fires, so far that two poor mothers being found administring Circumcision to two little infants, were drawn through the City, having their lamentable off-spring hanged about their necks, and in that posture thrown into a ditch. The whole City was nought else but a spectacle of gibbets and slaughters, the Pagans by some false brothers, conspiring with much fervour to put the Kings Edicts in execution. Then was the time, *Eleazars* combat with the seven young *Machabees* appeared, which is excellently described in the Scripture, in *Josephus*, and the Fathers of the Church, that it were a thing superfluous to endeavour enlargement upon it, with a more ample discourse. I onely say, that if God permitted upon one side to be seen the unbridled soul of a man, professed an enemy of all piety; on the other, an admirable spectacle was beheld of fear and reverence, rendered to his Name by the faithfull.

Combat of *Eleazar.*

What a prodigie to see an aged man four-score and ten years old, of one of the prime families of his Nation, learned in the Law, of an Angelical aspect, to go smiling to punishment? And he cracking even their hearts with compassion, who sate as Magistrates upon his execution. Some perswaded him onely but to make shew to eat hogs flesh for the Kings satisfaction. But he reflecting on the true point of honour, *The hoarines's* (saith he) *of this venerable hair wherewith my head is covered, having waxed old in the exercises of Religion, sufficiently teacheth me my duty. It is not fit for* Eleazar *to counterfeit impiety, but profess virtue. God forbid, I should forget the law of my God, dishonour the school and doctrine in which I was bred; or become a scandall to these young men, to whom God is now pleased to make a Theater of my Constancy: The honour of my passed life shall enter into the ashes of my Tomb, and my soul shall fly out of this body truly innocent, and not bear infidelity into the bosom of my Ancestours.* Then they tormenting him under the lashes of whips and fervour of flames, he added: *My All-knowing God, thou art not ignorant, that it being in my power to free my selfe from death; not to fail in thy fear, I faint in my life I make thee the depository of my soul, which issueth out of these torn members, chusing rather to die tortured on all sides, then to live one filly moment unfaithfull.*

The Mother of the *Machabees.*

After *Eleazar*, went the glorious mother of the *Machabees* along, having the spirit of a man in a feminine body. She entred first of all into the combat, although she were the last that arrived to the crown, bringing seven sons with her to death, as to the true source of immortality. This blessed creature stood between two flames, the one of natural love, the other of charity towards God: Both combatted, but there was but one prevailed, that she might transcend all things under God.

As she lived in seven souls, so she was sacrificed in seven bodies: She saw the tongue torn out from one, the toes and fingers of feet and hands cut off from another, the skin pulled away all bloody from the head of this; that, thrown into a boyling cauldron; finally, she beheld them all equal in punishment, as she parallel'd them in love. Some while she delivered one to the executioners, another while she received the blood upon her garments, presently the mangled members in her arms; she fought in all, and for all, having no other fear, but of their deliverance. But she infinitely fearful for the youngest of her sons, shewed him Heaven, then her breasts, the one to have bred him, the other to glorifie him. When she saw him dead, then was the time she thought him born, and then with most courage she waited on his execution. O incomparable mother! (saith S. *Augustine*) who knew what it was to possess children, since she feared not to loose them. Mother of Martyrs, and eight times a Martyr, who equalled her triumphs to her childrens, and her glory to eternity.

August. serm. 109. c. 6.

In the end, *Antiochus* after all this butchery retiring, the living God, who pursued the tracks of this impious man, and who in his eyes bare the lightnings of his justice, raised *Mattathias* and his children, who with a silly handful of men, restored sanctification to the Temple, and liberty to the Citizens; having in four encounters defeated four Royal Armies.

Punishment of the wicked *Antiochus.*

This wretched creature, and who had no religion in him, though in appearance he made shew of that of the *Grecians*, went to *Elymas* to invade a Temple of *Diana*, where great treasures were kept: but was there so ill intreated, that he more hastily returned then came thither, laden with confusion, and in short time heard the discomfiture of his Armies, and victory of the *Jews*, whereupon he entred into so desperate fury, that he resolved to retire hastily again to *Jerusalem*, and to make of the whole City but one tomb.

But the hand of God had already designed his: for it happened being in his coach, his horses frighted extraordinarily upon the meeting and roar of an Elephant, gave him so boysterous a stroke, that thrown on the ground, he received a mortal wound, the fire and venom whereof crept so far into his hurts, that he seemed to burn alive like the damned, feeling inexplicable dolours throughout all his body, which became a nest of vermin, and having his soul turmoyled with Specters and Furies that gave him no repose. At which time the miserable Atheist coming to himself after a drunkenness of so many years, spake these words, JUSTUM EST SUBDITUM ESSE DEO, ET MORTALEM NON PARIA DEO SENTIRE; professing there was a *Great God, to whom we must submit, and never with him contest*; when being in the bed of death, he acknowledged impiety had been the original of all his evils, and that should God restore him to his health, he would fill *Jerusalem* with gifts and wonders, even to the becoming a *Jew*, and ever proclaim the glory of the Creatour. But the gates of mercy were already shut up against this disloyal man, who had no true repentance: his hour was come which made him die, all wasted with putrefaction insupportable to his Army, who could not endure the stench, troublesome to himself, and execrable to the memory of all mankinde.

Joseph Ben. Gorion.

The Prophets and holy Fathers mention him as a damned soul, and the figure of *Antichrist*, to teach the wicked out of the deportment of this man, that there is not any one withdraws from God, but flies from his mercy, and falls into the hands of his justice, which pursueth Libertines beyond the gates of hell.

III. MAXIM.

III. MAXIM.

Of the excellency of the DIVINITY.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That Great men are Gods on earth, whose favours we should adore.

Divers opinions of the Divinity.

THere is nor any thing hath more perplexed the minds of men since the beginning of the world, then the diverse opinions of the Deity; since the wisest, when they had spent all their abilities upon this question, found nothing more certain then uncertainty. One would wonder why the knowledge of the true God being so important for man, hath been so many Ages obscured and covered in a great abyss of darkness, even from those, who thought themselves the most clear-sighted in the knowledge of total Nature. But who sees not it is an evident punishment for sin, and a most just effect of Gods vengeance, who hath permitted truth to be hidden from man, because man would conceal himself from truth, even in the shadow of death, and nothing? *They vanished in their thoughts* (said the Apostle) *and their senseless hearts were obscured.*

Evanuerunt in cogitationibus suis, & obscuratum est insipiens cor eorum. Rom. 1.

But that which herein is very considerable, is, that God hath ever handled wicked men, like the damned: for the unhappy souls condemned to hell, have an idæa of the beatitude they have lost, which serves for an executioner: And infidels after shipwrak of faith, and truth, which they abandoned, fail not still to retain an opinion of the excellency of the Divinity, not knowing what it is, nor why they should stick to it. It was that wherein *Pliny* esteemed men more miserable, then beasts: For creatures not made for the knowledge and fruition of a God, are troubled at nothing, nor make any question thereupon, contenting themselves peaceably to enjoy innocent favours of Nature: but the curiosity man hath had through all Ages, to be informed of the state of the Sovereign cause, is a strong conviction of his infidelity. He findeth himself obliged to seek into the knowledge of God, which, as saith *Tertullian*, is the first vesture of the soul: but this knowledge flyeth him so long as he renounceth faith, innocency, and reason, the prime pieces of the intellectual life.

God in this life handleth the wicked as the damned.

Diversity of Gods. *Plin.* l. 2. c. 7.

From thence grew the great diversity of gods, heaped one upon another by the Gentiles. For poor humane nature overwhelmed partly by the greatness of this sovereign essence, partly also clouded by its own ignorance, misery, and sin, being unable to understand a God, most Only and Simple, with one sole touch of the soul, hath made an impertinent dissection of it, dividing it into as many parts, as there are errours on the Altars of Gentiles: whilest every one sought to adore that, which most flattered his imagination, or sensuality. They who were more spiritual, have deified virtues, as Chastity, Concord, Intelligence, Hope, Honour, Clemency, and Faith. Other more absurd, have tyed themselves to the worship of creatures, as the *Ægyptians*: Some, who questionless were sottish, have framed gods in humane shape, some old, others young, and many perpetually infants. They have made them male, and female, black, white winged, and deformed. They make some to rise out of a wind, others from the sea and divers from rocks. They who were more fearful, and superstitious adored the feaver, and tempests not for

THE HOLY COURT.

That all greatness is wretched before the majesty of God, who alone is to be adored.

esteem of their worth, but through horrour of their malignity. They ware their gods shut up in rings, & many submitted to monsters, denying themselves repose, and repast, to satisfie their superstition. It is the misery which S. *Augustine* deplored in his City of God, after *Pliny* the Historian, and other Authours, who handled this subject.

God of flatterers.

But such as amidst this great obscurity of Sects, thought themselves more gentile, and refined in conversation, taking other ways, and leaving old superstitions, began to canonize Emperours, Princes, and the Great-ones of the earth, saying, There were no Divinities more visible, and propitious then these; seeing they dayly became the distributours of glory, and worldly fortunes. The *Athenians*, who vaunted to have the most subtile wits of the earth, quickly suffered themselves to fall into such like flatteries, whereof we have a very notable passage in *Seneca*, who telleth us, that *Mark Anthony* being a Prince extreamely dissolute, was instantly called god *Bacchus* by his flatterers, and soon came to such shameless impudence, as to suffer this title to be engraven upon his statues. Behold the cause, why entring into the City of *Athens*, all the men of quality, marching before him, and desirous to be acceptable with him, both through humour and affection of favour, they failed not to introduce him with the title of *Bacchus*: nay, willingly to over-value him above other people, they added the hearty offer of their *Minerva* in marriage, the Guardian-Goddess of their City, who had refused all the gods.

Remarkable punishment of flattery. *Senec.* Suasor. 1.

This Prince was not amazed at their complement for he presently replied, Their motion was grateful: But seeing *Minerva* was a great goddess, he must suitably accomodate her to her dignity, and therefore ordained they should find out six hundred thousand crowns to give her in marriage. An *Athenian* thereupon replied, *Jupiter* her father took the goddess *Semele*, without demand of any portion: But this was to little purpose, their flattery cost them so great a sum, that needs must they afterwards exact it with the peoples clamour, many of them affixing pasquils upon *Anthonies* statue, to deface false applauses by a just reproach. If all flatterers were punished in such measure, the number would be very small. But since they find rewards, where others received nothing but punishment, it is no wonder the Ages are wholly drenched into servile complacence. Never were Christian men seen to be more disposed to slavery. The great eye of Divine Providence is taken away, & all sense of Religion, to adhere to men of gold & silver: They cease not to deify the: & we may truely say, the favour of the rich and great-ones of this age is now adays become a false Divinity, which receiveth Incense, and Victims, almost from all hands. Notwithstanding he is cursed by the Prophet, who putteth his trust in man to the exclusion of God, & who thinking to fortify himself throughly in the course of humane affairs, makes to himself an arm of of flesh, and hay, to raise fortunes, which will vanish like phantasms.

For this cause I here purpose to present unto you some passages of Gods greatness, to oppose them against the abjectness and infirmity of the mightiest on earth, that so we may learn from this discourse to be replenished with a worthy estimation of the Divinity, and the knowledge of the nothing of the richest magnificences on earth.

The greatness of God compared to the Low condition of men.

All the praise of great things endeth in one ample word; & by how much the more an essence is simple, by so much the fewer words shall we need to explicate it. Of whom must we learn to speak of God, but of God himself? And what do we learn from him, but that he is what he is? That is to say, little, & that is to say, all. For, as S. *Bernard* hath excellently observed, call God good, call him great, call him blessed, call him wise, call him all you can, you find him included in this word. When God said, *I am what I am*, he said, He is all he is, Add hereunto a century of attributes, you shall not go far from the essence: If you speak them, you add nothing unto it: if you mention them not, you not at all lessen it.

God is who he is. S. *Bernard*, l. 5 de consid. *Si bonum, si magnum, si beatum, si sapientem, vel quicquid aliud tale de Deo dixeris, in hoc verbo instauratur, quod est, Est. Nempe hoc est ei esse, quod omnia esse. Si enim talia addas, non recessisti ab esse; si ea diveris, nihil addidisti ad esse: si nihil dixeris, nihil de eo minuisti.*

S. *Denys* gives a particular reason thereof, when he saith, that (*a*) essence is the first and last pledge of Nature, the most intimate, most necessary, most independent, most simple, and most perfect of all things in the world. Behold the cause, why the Celestial Father could say nothing better to the purpose of himself then (*b*) *I am what I am.*

(*a*) Greatnesse of essence.

Let us here then speak of the excellency of Gods Essence compriséd under these words: and oppose against it the frailty, and nullity of our essence, that penetrated with the greatness of the Omnipotent, we may be drenched in the abyss of low humility.

(*b*) *Ego sum qui sum.*

2. Our first abjectness, and which is of power to humble those who think themselves the most able in the world, is, that we have been an eternity in nothing. For if you mount, still ascending upward to the source of time, when you shal have reckoned millions of Ages, you shal find nothing but labyrinths, and abysses of this great eternity without end, & when you shal present to your thoughts all that time, which hath preceded, be it real, or imaginary, you wil be ashamed to see so many millions of years, wherein you had not so much as the essence of a rush, of a butterflie, or a silly gnat. That *Rodomont*, who threatneth to hew down mountains, & thunder-strike mortals, and thinks all the ample house of Nature was created onely for him, who swalloweth the world by avarice, and wastes it as fast by riot, thirty or forty years ago was not able to contend for excellency with a catter-piller. (*c*) What weakness, what confusion of humane essence! But thine (O Great God) hath no beginning: It hath seen all times unfolded from thy breast: It hath assigned them measure; and hath taken none from others for it self, but its Eternity. The beginning of the lives and reigns of all *Cesars* is reckoned, but of Gods years no man hath a register. He is neither young, nor old, ancient nor new: Content your self with saying, He is eternal.

(*c*) *Hesterni quippe sumus, & ignoramus, quoniam sicut umbra dies nostri sunt super terram,* Job 8. 9. *Tertul. adver. Marc. l. 1. c. 8. Una & germana divinitas nec de novitate, nec de vetustate, sed de sua veritate censetur. Non habet tempus æternitas: omne enim tempus est. Deus si vetus est non erit, si est nequus non fuit.*

3. The second point of our infirmity is, that after we have had being for a few years, we shall be (to speak according to the phrase of the world) an eternity in a tomb, as bodies confiscated by death, abandoned to worms, despoiled even to the bones, become dust, & consumed to be reduced into the mass of elements from whence we came. I affirm the soul is immortal, which many times serveth to immortalize its punishments. I affirm the body riseth again, although both being separated so long one from an other, no more make up a man. The Axiom of S. *Bernard* must be made good, *Every man is reduced to be no longer a man.* So many persons go daily in and out of the world, as smal drops of water into the seas. The ocean is no whit altered, either by their entrance in, or passage out. *Seneca* was astonished, how one could say there were Comets which presaged the death of great men. It is not credible (saith he) the universe should interest it self in the loss of particulars, yea, were it of Monarchs. We all bud forth like the leaf of a tree, and die as the leaf; neither our life, nor death any thing importeth this great All.

Humiliation of death.

Bernard. c. 3. de anima. In non hominum vertitur omnis homo. Esse quicquam in terris tam magnum, quod perire mundus sciat? Senec. l. 4. natur. qq. c. 1.

Behold, that which much abaseth the pride of the most vain-glorious, is, to think upon a beer, & tomb, and reflect on that ample grave, whereinto all mankind insensibly sinketh. That is it which *Job* called, *the stone of darkness.* That, which the Ancients named, *the secret of horror.* The greatest Princes of the earth resemble *Alexanders* stone, the most excellent of the world in the brightness of lustre: but so soon as it was covered with dust, it had neither force nor beauty beyond other stones. How great, rich, active soever they be, the dust of a sepulcher makes it appear they are nothing. But God alone hath immortality without dependence, because he is what he is. All that which may be, and not be, hath ever some time assigned when it was not, or wherein it shall no more be. One may at the least find an imaginary time, when the most eminent Powers were nothing, and for so much as concerneth men, it is no difficult matter to give them limits, to which, and in which they no longer shall be men: But of God alone we may truly say, his years not onely decrease not, but know not what is to increase. For the Eternity of God (to speak properly) is very long, and very short; very long in extent, for it spreadeth over all Ages; very short, because in an instant it possesseth all it can have in the infinity of times, being ever like the center of a circle, which looketh towards all the lines without stirring out of one place.

Lapidem caliginis. Job. 28. 3. *Secretarium horroris.*

Tu autem idem ipse es, & anni tui non deficient. Sæcula cuncta venient, ante omnia sæcula solus. Novatiani l. de Trin. c. 31.

4. Our third Annihilation is, that we have much more non-essence, then essence, according to *Plato's* argument: because if we have the essence of a man, we have not therefore the essence of Heaven, of earth, creatures, nor plants, although some similitude thereof. We are confined, and limited within a particular essence which comprehendeth a soul ignorant & unsatiable, a body feeble and frail; a strange connexion of a nature mortal and immortal; an alliance of a ray of the sun with a dung-hil, of a spirit prompt and subtile, with most infirm flesh. But God, who is, what he is, containeth in himself all possible essences, and which is more, containeth them under the sole form of the Divinity. The world is bright in the light of stars, resplendent in flames, subtile in air, streaming in eternal veins of rivers, stable on the foundation of the earth, rich in mines; fruitful in plants, displayed in flowers, and all because it is a world, and it a creature: but God in one sole indivisible, and under one sole form, concludeth the fervour of Seraphins, the science of Cherubins, the majesty of Dominations, the height of Thrones, the excellency of Principalities, the strength of Virtues, the superintendence of Arch-angels, the charitable offices of Angels, the greatness of Heaven, the beauty of stars, the splendor of lights, the activity of fire, the subtlety of air, the fruitfulness of earth, the eternal freshness of fountains, and all we may call great, beautiful, or pleasing. God, I say, comprehendeth them under this great title, *I am that I am.* That is it which made S. *Augustine* say: *This and that is good: Take away this and that when you speak of God; and behold*

Man hath more non-essence, then Essence.

Excellency of the simplicity and universality of God, in comparison of the world.

Ego sum qui sum. Bonum hoc, & bonum illud; tolle hoc & illud, & vide ipsum bonum si potes: sic Deum videbis non alio bono bonum, sed bonum omnis boni. Aug. l. 8. de Trinit. c. 3.

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the Sovereign Good: so shal you see God, who is not good by a borrowed goodness, but the Good of all good.

Maximus Tyrius. Ora. de Deo. *In Deo non aliud nisi Deus.*

This first essence is lovely (said *Maximus* of *Tyre*:) And verily it is the chief of beauties. But how think you, is it lovely, like a meadow all strewed over with flowers, or as Heaven all enamelled with stars? Take away this meadow, these flowers, this Heaven, these stars, God is nothing of all created things, but it is he from whom all creatures derive being, beauty, goodness, force, unity, and lasting. I well know what he is not, but cannot say what he is. I am satisfied in speaking with S. *Bernard: In the great God all is God, and there is not any thing in him, which is not himself.*

S. Bernard. de consider. l. 5.

Finally our fourth misery is, that our essence being so short and slender, faileth not to be afflicted with so many mutations, so many vicissitudes, that we may say, there is almost nothing less in us, than our selves. All change (saith the Philosopher) beareth with it some image of non-essence, and therefore we who change every moment, are (as it were) nothing in nature to be trusted to. It is not known with what knot, with what chains men should be tied, or fettered, so variable, and inconstant these *Proteuses* are. Ages alter us, and in changing us, change themselves. Infancy becometh adolescency, adolescency is taken off by youth, youth by manhood, manhood by declining years, and those years by decrepit age. If you reckon well, you shal find every one of these mutations, is a species of death.

Mutability of men.

As time alters our bodies, a thousand other things make impression on our minds. Humours, passions, conversations, customs, accidents, vices, and virtues, so often transform us into other men, that one may say, we are the most natural pourtraicts of inconstancy in universal Nature. There is none but God can say: *I am the God, who changeth not.* There is not any the least shadow of vicissitude in the great abyss of light; as he is one without number, infinite without limits, eternal, free from floud and ebbe of time, so he is immoveable without augmentation or diminution. He stands immoveable within himself, and reneweth all various nature out of himself. He takes nothing of men, which he gave them not. Essence, is proper to him, as eternal to him.

Ego Dominus & non mutor. Malach. 3. 6. *In se manens innovat omnia, & nihil accipit quod ipse non dedit, esse illi quod est semper-num, semper est propri-um.* S Leo. ep. 93. c. 5.

It is a maxim in Theology, that simple forms, which of themselves constitute a Person, make no difference between the subject and nature; that is to say, God is his Deity, his life, his eternity, and all he is, without diversity. It is for things composed of divers pieces to be susceptible of any forms; and consequently of sundry mutations: But God being from all eternity a most pure Act, as he hath not any thing but himself, can have no difference with himself: He hath nothing in himself better than himself: He hath no part eminent one above another. For he is without parts; and all that agreeth to him under this title; *I am what I am.*

Non sui aliquid optimum, habet unum optimum, totus S. Bernard. l. 5. de consider.

5. If you are not yet satisfied enough enneerning the greatness of this sovereign Being, and demand something more particular, the Word will tell you in S. *John* what he learned in the bosom of his Father: *God is spirit.* All substance in the world, or above the world is spirit or body: but as the body is base and abject, so beauty, strength, power, abideth in the power and jurisdiction of spirit: It is the spirit which doeth all; which animateth, which acteth, which quickeneth, which governeth all the instruments of nature; which worketh great miracles in little bodies, and hath nothing so admirable, as it self. The better part in us is spirit; and God is nothing but spirit; all spirit, all intelligence, all reason, all light, (said S. *Irenaus.*) But what spirit, but God the Father and Creatour of spirits; who is as much exalted above the highest intelligences, as spirits are above bodies.

Deus spiritus est. Joan 4. Beauty of spirit.

Totus spiritus & mentis, & totus ratio, & totus lumen. Iren. l. 2. c. 56.

Our spirits resemble the fire of this inferiour region, a gross, and material fire, which cannot here live, unless you put it to wood, cole, grease, or such like. But the spirit of God is like the fire near to the celestial globes, which Philosophers hold to be tenfold more subtile than air, and not to stand in need of any nourishment in its sphere, but from its self.

If we consider the four perfections which give us a full Idæa of the divine Essence, to wit, infinity, immensity, immutability, eternity, this great Spirit possesseth them by title of essence. Strive not to comprehend him, for he is infinite. Infinite not in a certain manner, not by comparison of one thing with another; not in posibility, but absolutely, actually infinite: as an ample, and most glorious treasure of all offences, and perfections. Assign him no limits, for he is immeasurable, and extended through all measures without measure; not by a local extent, but an indivisibility of presence. *He is high and immense. He is in the whole universe without confinement. He is out of all the universe, without any exclusion from it.*

Perfections of God. *Magnitudinis ejus non est finis.* Psal. 145. *Excelsus, & immensus.* Baruc. 4. *Intra omnia sed non inclusus, extra omnia sed non exclusus.* Isidor. de summo bono. c. 2.

Represent him not to your self under many forms, if you desire to figure him in his Nature, for he is immutable. Enquire not of his age, for it exceedeth eternity, such as you may imagine it, *The present day passeth not with him, and yet he is in it, since all things are in him.*

Non peragitur in eo hodiernus dies, & tamen peragitur, quia in eo sunt ista omnia. August. 1. Confess c. 9. *Sanctimonia, & magnificentia in sanctificatione ejus.* Psal. 95. 9.

But if we regard the three excellencies, which in your opinion more concern divine manners, to wit Wisdom, Goodness, and Sanctity; I not only affirm he is wise, but I say he is the abyss which swalloweth all wisdoms: I do not only say he is good, but the source of goodness, nature & bounty; a source never emptied but into it self & which continually streameth out of it self: I do not only say he is holy, but the root, the object, the example, & form of all sanctities

Finally, if we behold the eminencies which illustrate him, in respect of the eye he hath over exteriour things, as are power, jurisdiction, providence, justice and mercy; this Spirit is so powerful, that he can all, but impotency; so predominate, that there is not any thing from heaven to hell, which boweth not under his Laws; so provident, that he hath a care of the least butterfly in the ayr, as well as of the highest Cherubin of the Empyreal Heaven; so just, that his ballance propendeth neither to one side nor other; so merciful, that he pardoneth all. O great God! Great Spirit! How terrible art thou to our understandings, and how amiable to our wils! Thou commandest by words, thou ordainest by reason, thou accomplishest by virtue all which is, and giving birth to all things, only reservest to thy self Eternity. Let it not then be strange, if strucken with those rays which dazled the eyes of Seraphins, we yield to thy greatness, and rather choose to enter by love into thy knowledg, than by knowledg into thy love.

6. Let us also in conclusion reflect on this munificent Spirit, who repleniseth all the world with his bounty, spreading it over all creatures with incomparable sweetness. Do you not think you behold the great Ocean, which incessantly furnisheth the ayr with vapours, and waters for all the earth, dividing himself to so many objects, yet perpetually entire in his greatness, & ever regular in the measure of his eternal passages. He is singular in essence, but very divers in his titles and effects; and making his circuit round about the world, every one gives him names after his own manner. Some call him *Indian*, others *Persian* some *Arabick*, some *Ethiopian*, and some *Britanick*; others

An excellent similitude of God with the Ocean.

others surname him with epithets quite different, every one deviseth what he list, and in the mean time he ceaseth not perpetually to pass on his way, and not content to encompass the whole Earth as with a girdle, he cleaveth the mountains of *Calpe* from *Abyla* (those famous pillars of *Hercules*) to enter thereinto, and bedew the world with his pleasing streams. He runs a long way, he makes a great circuit; he advanceth delicious Islands in the midst of his bosom: one while he swelleth upon one side, presently retireth back from another. He is angry, he is pacified: he bears and swalloweth vessels: he engulphs earth, he killeth flames; he sometimes by long wandering passages goeth under the world, and purifying his waters, distilled through those large sources, maketh fountains and rivers to moisten mortals. And, that nothing may be wanting to his greatness, he mounts up to Heaven, there to beget clouds, and entertain store-houses of waters, as in Cobweb lawn, to give afterward the spirit of life to trees, to plants, and all the productions of nature. Oh how admirable is he! Yet is all this but a silly drop of dew in comparison of the divine Essence. God who is all in all things, being not able to be sufficiently known by us, in the simplicity of his Essence, is called by many names, signified by an infinite number of figures, represented in divers attributes, and inexplicable excellencies: Yet say we all we can of him, we affirm he never is so well esteemed, as when we account him wholly incomprehensible: He not onely environeth the world with his presence, but beareth it within his arms, and bosom: He formeth it in his Idæa's, he accommodateth it in his dispose, he penetrateth it by his virtue, maintaineth it by his wisdom, and establisheth it by his power. He is without, yet not excluded from it; he is within, yet not contained; he is under, yet not drenched, he is above, yet not advanced. He confirmeth Scepters and Crowns, he raiseth Cities, Provinces, and Monarchies, he erected States; he circumscribed laws, he directeth virtues, he enlightened stars in Heaven, he engraveth the beauty of flowers in the meadows; and travelleth throughout all nature, without taking pains; ever present, yet always unseen; ever in action, yet always in repose; ever searching, yet not needing any thing; ever loving, yet never burning; ever amassing, yet never penurious; ever giving, yet never losing any thing; drawning to himself, yet hath nothing without himself. Good God, what say we, when we say GOD.

Yet thou (ô sinner!) thou yet wilt lift an armed hand against thy Lord, against a God omnipotent, who notwithstanding will not appear potent towards thee, but to do thee good. Blind and insensible fugitive from the sovereign Essence in the region of nothing, and whither wilt thou go, not to find the reproaches of thy crimes? A caytif pleasure, a wretched gain, a satisfaction of vengeance, dissolute company take God out of thy heart, to resign thee as a prey to thy passions. Thou wilt adore the favours of men, that are like the rain-bow in heaven, and which having made ostent of so many splendours, and varied paintings, leave us nothing but water and morter. Thou wilt build fortunes upon a foundation of quick-silver, upon a frail reed, upon a man, who beareth all the figures of vanity. Thou wilt seek for Paradise in the Capitol, as said *Tertullian*. Thou wouldst find sovereign beatitude in the Courts of great men, and perpetually estranged from heaven & the living God, thou graspest nothing but Chimæra's of honour, and feeble images of content. *The strength of Pharaoh* (saith the Prophet *Isaiah*) *shall be thy confusion, and the confidence thou hast in the shadow of Ægypt, shall be the reproach of thy countenance.*

Cœlum in Capitolio quæritis, aversi ab ipso Deo & cœlo. Apol. c. 4. Isaiah. 30. 3. *Decalvare, & tondere super filios deliciarum tuarum.* Mich. 1.

Shouldst thou not now forsake all thy superfluities? Oughst not thou to wear sack-cloth, and carry ashes of penance, having buried the children of thy delights (loves and vanities,) which so far transported thee into the forgetfulness of eternal blessings? If God be the Essence of Essences, why dost thou please thy self with making so many nothings, by committing sins without number, infidelities without consideration, and ingratitudes void of shame? If God be a Spirit, why holdest thou thy self perpetually fixed to carnal pleasures, which flatter to strangle thee? Look on worldly ambitions, and thou shalt see them bordered with precipices: Reflect on delights, and thou shalt find them strewed all-over with thorns: View the ways of sin, and thou there shalt observe nothing, but remorse. Ought not we at this time to resolve upon consideration of the greatness & goodness of God, to bear a reverence, and an eternal love towards him? a reverence, by faithfully keeping all his laws, and commandments, and holding his will more dear, than the apple of our eys; a love, by dayly offering our selves, if it were possible, a hundred times for him, in as many Sacrifices, as our soul hath thoughts, and body members? My God, make me from henceforth to enter into the bottom of my soul, and to silence all these troublesom creatures, all these inordinate passions, which so often bereave me of the honour of thy sight. Appease their storms, and surges, that I may silently speak to thee, and enter with thee into the great abyss of delights, which thou reservest for souls the most purified, that there I may be rapt in contemplation of thy bounties, may be absorpt in consideration of thy beauties, and may wholly dive into thy heart by sacred ardours of thy love.

The third EXAMPLE upon the third MAXIM.

Of the weakness of man, and inconstancy of humane things.

Drawn from *Josephus*, 18. book of his antiquities, and S. *Luke*. Act. 12.

AGRIPPA.

WHo saith Man, says all vanity: *He is a wretched creature* (affirms that Ancient) *whom fortune tosseth as a tennis-ball, whom misery, and envy poize in a ballance, whom time despoyleth, death takes away, and of whom inconstancy makes a continual metamorphosis.* He entreth into the world by the gate of sin, with a body as frail, as his spirit is barren: weakness of mortal members, and stupidity of heart are given him as a portion of his birth, and a necessity of his condition. If you (as yet) be not perswaded of this verity, and more esteem to confide in the world, and to frame to your self an arm of straw, then to seek support from him who sustaineth with three fingers of his power, the whole globe of the Earth, King *Agrippa* (of whom S. *Luke* maketh mention in the Acts of Apostles, and *Josephus* in the eighteenth book of his Antiquities) is able to give you a fair lesson of it.

Arist.

Bernard. l. 2. de consider. c. 9. *Fragili corpore, mentis sterili, cui infirmitas corporis, facultas cordis cumulatur tradatur et sortis.*

You have heard in the History of *Herod*, how this unnatural Prince put his two sons to death, lawfull children by the chast *Mariamne*. This *Agrippa* of whom I speak, son of the youngest, named *Aristobulus*, came into the world with great priviledges of nature, dexterous, courteous, amiable, pleasing, born to court and entertain the favour of the world, *Judea* was a Theater too streight for his great Spirit, he burnt with impatience to be seen in the Court of *Tiberius Cæsar*, where his mother was already become

Agrippa grand-child of *Herod.*

become gracious with one of the greateſt Princes of the Empire, *Antonia*, mother of the great *Germanicus*, and the Emperour *Claudius*. It was no hard matter for him to ſatisfie his deſire: For behold him preſently at the Court of *Rome*, where he cloſely adhered to the perſon of *Druſus*, the Emperour *Tiberius* his ſon, honoured by all the world as ſucceſſour of the Empire.

Amities of great men barren.

Agrippa ſo well knew how to gain this great Prince, by the ſweet charms of his converſation, that he could not live without him: but as *Tyberius* was a frugal man, ſuffering his ſon not to fall into any exceſs, ſo *Druſus* was full of free affection towards his favourite, the effects whereof were yet very ſlender. In ſuch ſort, that *Agrippa* entertaining correſpondence with the ſon of ſo great an Emperour, more pleaſing than profitable for him, dayly conſumed as the butter-flyes in the flames of this greatneſs; ſo profuſe was his expence above his ability. The mother was extreamly troubled at it, and reſtrained (what ſhe might) her ſons purſe; but he ever found ways to open it again, till ſuch time as ſhe dying, and the ſon ſeeing himſelf at liberty, he flew into exorbitant expences, and became indebted a third, or a fourth part, more than he was worth.

A pretty touch of *Lewis* the twelfth, to *Francis* the firſt.

This is it which ordinarily overthroweth young men, who expect great fortunes, and mighty favours. *They think to be preſently in the midſt of the City, when they afar off ſee the hand of the dyal.* They ſuppoſe they poſſeſs bleſſings, which will never be had; they promiſe, are engaged, much turmoyl, and paſſionately hoping, ruin all their hopes. Behold a little the goodly ſupport may be expected from men of the world. *Druſus* the Emperours ſon, who bare all glory in bloom, is taken into the other world, without making any mention at all of his favourite: *Agrippa* falls from the chariot of favour, and found there was nothing got by the ſervice of his Maſter, but debts, and diſcontents.

Affliction of a Courtier fruſtrated of his hopes.

He reflects on the father, to ſee if any ray of compaſſion will dart from his eyes: But *Tiberius* commanded him to be gone from the Court, ſaying for a full reaſon, he could not endure to look on what his ſon had loved, without renovation of his memory, and grief. The young Prince returneth into *Judea*, where, though the grand-child of a great King, he found himſelf ſo needy, that he wiſhed to die, not having wherewith to live.

Poverty the chief ſcourge.

There is nothing more bitter to men of quality, amongſt all the ſcourges of the world, then poverty, which ever draweth along with it four evil companions, dependence upon another, contempt, ſhame, and miſery. This generous heart thought that death would better his condition: But *Cypre* his wife, a good Princeſs, chaſed away his melancholy humour, and deſcending ſo low, as the ſhame of begging for him, procured ſome little money, that he the more ſweetly might paſs this miſerable life: for verily he ſometimes lived at *Herod* the Tetrarchs charge, ſometime upon *Flaccus*, Lievtenant of *Syria*. But this kind of life being beggarly, and waited on with much reproach, he grew impatient, and reſolved to return to *Rome*, to bury himſelf in the ſhadow of favour, ſince he could not touch the body of it. The poor Princeſs his wife, ſeeing there was not any would lend him mony, unleſs ſhe bound her ſelf for him, did it courageouſly, expoſing her perſon to all the perſecutions of creditours, to help her husband.

Loyalty of a wife to her huſband.

Miſeries of a man indebted.

But a man much indebted is like one poſſeſſed, round beſet with a Legion of devils, no ſooner went one out, but ten tormented him. *Agrippa* ſaw himſelf aſſaulted by creditours, Provoſts, and Sergeants, which more terrified him than arms, or warlike Engines. The moſt powerfull of them all, was a Controuler of the Emperours houſe, who required a huge ſum of money from him, whereof he was accountable to *Tiberius* his Exchequer. To this he anſwered very coldly, he was ready to ſatisfie, if he pleaſed to be patient but till the next day: but that night, he ſtole away, and went towards *Rome*, to draw more near to the flame muſt burn him. Notwithſtanding before his coming, he wrote to *Tiberius*, who was in his Iſland of *Caprea*, to ſound the likelyhood of his welcome. The Emperour who long before had his wound throughly skinned, for the death of his Son, wrot back again very courteouſly, giving him aſſurance of welcome; and the truth is, he found *Tiberius*, who entertained him with extraordinary favour, and lodged him in his palace. All his buſineſſes went well, had it not been this Controuler, (whoſe ſhadow he ſtill ſaw before his eyes) wrote ſpeedily to the Emperour, *That Agrippa was endebted to his Exchequer in great ſums, which he had promiſed to diſcharge preſently, but fled like a faithleſs man, and diſcovered by his proceedings there was nothing but impoſture in his actions.*

Generous act of *Antonia*.

This unlucky letter at the firſt deſtroyed all his credit. For the old man, who for all his friendſhip was reſolved not to looſe a denier, cauſed him ſhamefully to pack out of his palace, and forbad his Guards, to admit him any entrance before he had ſatisfied his creditours.

The miſerable *Agrippa*, ſeeking out a God of money to make his vows unto, went directly without any fear to the Princeſs *Antonia* to acquaint her with his misfortune, and beg her favour. The Lady was ſo generous, and bountifull towards him, that ſhe diſcharged the debt, lending him money in remembrance of his dead mother, and for that he had been breed with her ſon *Claudius*, beſides ſhe took ſingular pleaſure in his humour.

Flattery of *Agrippa*.

This man whoſe fortune ebbed and flowed, ſaw himſelf ſuddenly raiſed, ſo that entring into amity with *Caſar*, he made a ſtreight league with *Caligula*, by the expreſs commandments of *Tiberius*, who appointed he ſhould follow him. Theſe were two notable ramblers, whom chance had ſo very well coupled together, as well for conformity of their humours, as the encounter of their hopes. They began a life wholly ſportive, not thinking on the time to come, but to hope well of it, nor dreaming of any thing, but that which might make them merry.

Agrippa perſiſting in his ordinary delights, undertook one day as he went in coach with *Caligula* to ſpeak of *Tiberius*, ſaying, *That he was as old as the earth, and that it ſeemed death had forgotten him: That it was high time he payd tribute to nature; as for himſelf, he wiſhed nothing elſe in the world, but quickly to ſee* Caligula, *Prince of the world in his place, well knowing he ſhould lay hold on a good portion of the felicities which all men were to have under his Empire.* He found not, that *Caligula*, although ardently deſirous to ſee himſelf ſuddenly Maſter, ſhewed to take any pleaſure in this diſcourſe, ſo much he feared the Emperour *Tiberius*. He kept his thoughts in his heart, not truſting his tongue with them, leaſt ſtones and buſhes might have ears.

It happened by chance, that *Eutyches Agrippa's* coach-man heard all his Maſter ſaid, and was ſome ſpace of time without ſhewing any appearance of it, but afterward being brought before the Provoſt of the City, at his Maſter *Agrippa's* requeſt, for a pilfery committed by him

him in his house, he said he had many other things to speak, which concerned the Emperours life, whereupon the Provost carried him to *Capree*, where *Tiberius* plunged in his infamous pleasures was sometime without seeing him. *Agrippa* who would needs excuse himself before he was accused, wholly forgetting the discourse he had held with *Caligula*, earnestly pressed this servant might be heard, so far as therein to employ the credit of *Antonia*, who was very powerful with *Tiberius*. The Emperour answered, *Agrippa* need not fret himself so much in this affair, and that it might perhaps be too soon decided for him. This put more disturbance upon him then he had before, so that to satisfie him, *Eutyches* needs must be sent for, who urged his accusation very coldly, upon which *Tiberius* who spake but half a word, and said nothing to *Macro* Captain of the Guards, but *Take, take him*, neither naming whom, nor how. *Macro* that thought not of him at all, who was spoken of in this business, stood much amazed, not knowing whom he meant, which made the Emperour repeat the word again in choler, saying plainly: *I command you seize on the person of* Agrippa, so that instantly he was taken almost in *Caligula's* arms, and put to the chain before the Palace-gate, with other Criminals brought thither.

His Prison.

It was then very hot weather, and he being extreme thirsty, saw a servant of *Caligula's* named *Thaumastus*, passing along, who carried a Pitcher of water; he called him, entreating he might drink; which the other presenting with much courtesie, he having drunk said: *Assure thy self, I will one day well pay thee for this glass of water thou hast given me; if I get out of this captivity, I will make thee great.*

Strange prediction.

Thereupon leaning to a tree, an Owl in a strange manner perched over his head, which a certain prisoner (an *Almaign* by Nation) a great Southsayer perceiving, foretold him (as *Josephus* relateth) that this bird would prove a good *Augur*, and that he should overcome all his affairs: but when he saw her the second time, let him expect death within 5 days. Note that these kind of predictions proceed from a cunning sleight of the Devil, nor are their issues ever very prosperous for such as look after them.

Notwithstanding *Agrippa* seeing himself in this condition, despaired not of his fortune, he is carried to prison, the good Princess *Antonia* (whose heart was transfixed) not daring in any sort to speak to *Tiberius* for him, whose humours she too wel understood. All she could do was to recommend him to the Captain, that he might be well used & lodged, to let him take the baths, & have some indifferent keepers.

He remained there some space with much anxiety, when one day as he entred into the baths, *Marsyas* one of his servants brought him news of *Tiberius* his death, whispering it in his ear in *Hebrew*, to this purpose, *The Lion is dead* The Centurion who guarded him, seeing them talk together in great secret, would needs have his share, and understanding what it was, became so joyful that he merrily supped with his prisoner. Yet other reporting this bruit was false, the Centurion entred into such inraged choler, that finding *Agrippa* in his bead, he made him arise, fettered him, thought to kill him, for the displeasure he conceived to have so easily witnessed the joy of his heart. But his anger was soon appeased, the death of *Tiberius* being most certain.

Admirable change of virtue.

Caligula his successour burnt with desire to go instantly to *Rome* to deliver his good friend: but *Antonia* counselled him not so much to hasten this affair, least it might be thought he did it to brave the decrees of the deceased; which he found to be discreet advice. Behold the cause why after some days were past, he gave the royal purple, and diadem with his own hands to our *Agrippa*, adding thereunto a chain of gold, of like weight with that of iron, wherewith *Tiberius* had fettered him, and caused him to sway in *Judea*, giving him the Kingdom of *Philippis* in its whole extent. A year after he got leave of the Emperour to visit his Kingdom, where every one beheld him with much amazement, seeing him return with a Crown, in that place where he had been reduced almost to beggery. Wherefore not to be ungrateful for benefits received from God, he offered his gold chain in the Temple, and made *Thaumastus*, who gave him the cup of water, Controller of his house; such power hath a slight good turn well placed over a generous soul.

When he had reigned about four years, *Caligula*, the little God of his felicity, after a general inundation of all the vices in the world, is slain by *Chereas*, which taught him, great men of the earth are weak reeds, that in an instant fall by the breath of God. Every one thought his whole fortune was ruined; but the Emperour *Claudius* his Successour, with whom being young he had been bred, set him above wind and tempest, adding to what *Caligula* gave him, all *Judea* and *Samaria*.

Behold how the Kingdom in the end returned to the race of *Mariamne*, of which it had been dispossessed, and how Providence rendreth insensibly, a justice most sensible. *Agrippa* seeing himself unexpectedly so exalted, endeavoured all he could to gain the love of his people, to entertain justice, and commerce, to raise goodly buildings, and to prepare at certain times publick sports and recreations. But let us still pursue at the heels this frail greatness of men, which having touched the Stars, is lost in abysses. This unfortunate Prince so much desired to become acceptable to his Jewish people, that through excess of this thirst, he embarqued in an ill business. For being arrived at *Jerusalem*, at the time when the Church began, which was outragiously persecuted by the *Jews*, to please them, he cut off the head of S. *James*, brother of Saint *John*, and at the same instant caused S. *Peter*, Prince of the Apostles, to be taken, whom he fettered with heavy chains, of purpose very speedily to sacrifice him to the rage of the giddy multitude, had he not been delivered miraculously by the help of an Angel.

But the unhappy *Agrippa* perpetually adhering to men, and not fearing to purchase their favours at the charge of innocent and sacred blood, soon found himself over-whelmed under the burthen of his greatness: to teach perfidious Princes, the great ruine of their fortunes often proceedeth from the persecution of the servants of *Jesus Christ*.

The seaventh year of his reign, setting forth magnificent Games at *Cæsarea*, the second day of the entertainments, he appeared in full Theater before the Ambassadours of *Tyre* and *Sidon*, in a robe of cloath of silver, on which the Sun reflecting his rays, he was presently beheld resplendent as a Star, and being about to open his mouth to make a speech, his flatterers began to cry out with loud applauses, *It was the voice of a god, and not of man*, wherwith he entred into a desperate vanity, and *Josephus* says, that at the same instant he saw the Owl, wherof the Southsaying impostour spake, which presaged his death, when suddenly he cried out to his Courtiers; *Behold the God you have made, who ceaseth to be a man, you have placed me among the Immortal, but I go to take place among the dead.*

He felt, whilest he spake this, the gripes of a violent

lent Collick, which inforced him to be carried from the Theater to the Bed, and from the Bed to the Tomb. The rumour of his malady being divulged, the people conceived so great a grief thereat, that men, women, and children entred into his Chamber covered with hair-cloath, bewailing him, and praying for his health. He beholding them in the extremity of his pain, wept bitterly, bidding adieu to his family, and people: then remaining for the space of five days in extreme dolour, he yielded up his soul, to serve as an eternal example to posterity of man's weakness, and the inconstancy of humane things.

IV. MAXIM.

OF THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That our support should be from our selves, without expectation of any thing from the Providence of God.

THE HOLY COURT.

That the foundation of Humane life, subsisteth in the Providence of God.

The belief of a Providence is the sweetness of life.

IT is an unspeakable comfort to have the eys of God for witness of our sufferings, and when we in justice suffer with courage, to know our patience is inlightned with those aspects, which make them thrice happy, The valourous Champions, who contended in the Olympick Games, the spectacle heretofore of the whole world, in that proportion they felt their skin to smart, their blood to drop, their bones crack, were comforted to see upon one side, the Judges of their Combates sitting to consider their merit: and on the other, Crowns placed aloft before them, the lustre whereof reflected into their eys, to charm their pains by the hope of glory.

From thence we derive an undoubted Maxim, that it is an unspeakable comfort to the faithful, who indure some incommodities rough and thorny, to know there is an eye of Divine Providence, which not only seeth them, but becoming a pledge for their travels, promiseth to their perseverance assured recompence.

His Goodness.

2. I observe the admirable providence of God, in that being perpetually questioned by the diffident spirits of Libertines, it ever subsisteth, bearing in it's bosom who would destroy it; and which is more, is established by the proofs, wherewith they indeavour to ruine it. I at this present lay aside the reasons, which have so often been refuted. I speak nothing at all of the consent of the wise, of the Heaven's motions, of the necessary dependance of creatures, of the Architecture of the Universe, of the order and end of every thing, of miracles, of predictions, of spirits, of examples, and so many other arguments ordinarily used to prove Divine Providence. I only maintain one thing, which perhaps will seem strange, but is most undoubted, that the same reasons whereof the wicked make tropheys to evict this belief from the faithful, are Arrows which recoyl back upon themselves.

Manifest proof of Providence.

All that which makes them murmur, and cry out against the government of a Supreme Cause, is, that evils are seen in the world, which would not be, if a God, all good, all wise (as we affirm) took care of things temporal. To which I answer, we ought to believe a providence, since there is evil in the inferiour order of the world, which we inhabit, & the profit we derive from our evils, endeth in the knowledge of the sovereign good. For I ask, from whence know we evil to be evill, but by the existence of it's contrary? Had there never been health in the body, we had never known what sickness were: but when at any time we saw a man sound, fresh, and lusty, who suddenly lost his appetite and sleep, by reason of shakings and heats felt over all his body, he is said to be sick, because the order of the good constitution he before injoyed, is changed and over-thrown. Likewise, when we see some evil to happen in the world, we presently say, it is ill, because it is against the order of good: and therefore the very wicked who complain, cannot so do, but by affirming and acknowledging an order, from which this evil is wandered. Now wheresoever there is order, there is necessarily direction and providence, since we see one cannot so much as tell unto four, and reckon some number one after another without the help of reason. You commit a sin, and feel, it instantly brings some remorse with it: what teacheth

Providentia ab ratio ordinis remoti ad finem.

Rom. 7. 7. *Peccatum non cognovi, nisi per legem. Nam concupiscentiam nesciebam nisi lex diceret: Non concupisces.* Psal. 63. 8.

you it is sin, if not the Law? *I entred not into the knowledge of sin, but by means of the Law. For I knew not what concupiscence was, if the Law had not told me: Thou shalt not covet*, said the Apostle.

Now what is law, but an order, and a sovereign reason engrafted in intellectual nature, which commandeth, and ordaineth things that ought to be done, with expres prohibition of their contraries. What is it else but an eternal rule which guideth the world by the knowledge of do, and not do: an ordinance most holy, which prescribeth all honest things, and banisheth all vice.

Sagitta parvulorum facta sunt plagæ eorum, & infirmata sunt contra eos linguæ eorum.

From thence ensueth, we cannot complain of the least disorder, without confessing this eternal Providence, which establisheth all orders. O the wonders of God! who causeth the arrows of those who invade his wisdome, to return against such as shot them!

An answer made to complainers against Providence.

3. Some complain there are things poor and abject in nature, which are to no purpose; because bruitish man will not know their use, for fear he therein find his own ingratitude. They would have God make the world all of gold, as that Painter, who unable to pencil the beautiful *Helen* with so great diversity of parts, and conformity of members, filled his table with drapery, which seemed rich, but was little to the purpose. Who seeth not the truth of that singular axiom of S. *Thomas*, that never would there be perfect goodness in things created, were there not some order and degrees in the same goodness. All the grace and beauty of the world would be lost, if the multitude, and disproportion of so many things were taken away, which by an admirable discrepance, and discord infinitely agreeing, consent in the good of this great All: In this it is, wherein the musick of the great God consisteth, and you will disturb it: This is his Table diversified with many colours, and you will deface it: This is his Common-wealth, divided into sundry offices, and you will ruin it.

S. Tho. contr. Gentes. l. 3. c. 71. *Perfectio bonitatis in rebus creatis non inveniretur, nisi esset ordo bonitatis.*

Evils of nature.

After this so laudable diversity is blamed, the evils of nature are decried, serpents & poisons are exclaimed at, and all other creatures thought mischievous. Blind that you are, who see not, an evil well placed in the world, is not an evil. Fire which burneth straw, makes gold and silver shine: water which drowneth men, dayly gives life to fishes. If you take his poyson from the serpent, you bereave him wherewith to live: and what shal we say, that there may be found such among men, who have turned poyson into nutriment. Every creature is good for some use. Let us not then accuse the wisdome of the Creatour, but only correct our imprudence. Another, saith he, complains not there are evils, but they are ill disposed, since good men have the greatest part of them. It is an old quarrel, and which hath so many times been sufficiently refuted, with more vigour of reason, than correction in manners. The heavens, and stars are accused, when a good Prince hath lost a battle, and that having all his life time pursued innocency, ill success hath waited on his standards. Some complain that another, being so just, is plunged in a miserable suit, that the sea which drenched innocents, favoured Pyrates; that hail fell upon the field with crosses and benedictions; and that death sparing so many unprofitable and guilty heads, took away that excellent man in his prime. Ignorant that we are of the blessings, and evils of life! Have we then taken the character of Christianity under condition to be happy in all worldly occasions? It is reason since God gave us eternal blessings, he should likewise satisfy us in all these petty trifles? We say the just are not the more happy, because they do not always gain the most in play, and traffick, and that they are not the most favoured with good success in the world: as if a favourite fed with viands from the Kings own dish, should complain the King afforded him not the bread was distributed amongst his Dogs. We would that God having so charily taken us into his protection for our eternal salvation, should also charge himself to deliver us all our packets. This innocent (say you) is oppressed, and this wicked man is prosperous. How know you Gods counsels over both the one and other? This gold (saith S. *Augustine*) of one side is purified in the furnace, and on the other, that fish you thought happy, hath already the hook in his throat. God hath so long expected your penitence, and you cannot one moment reasonably wait on him. The decrees of his providence resemble letters written with the juice of a Limon, which never are read, but by the help of fire. That day when he shal come to Judge the World in flames, will make all appear, which the weakness of our wits cannot comprehend. But without expectation of so long a term, there needs but one Session; there needeth but the quarter of a mans life to teach many examples of divine Providence.

Let us stick still to the verity pronounced by the ancient gloss upon the book of *Job*: *Temptation is not a night for elect souls, but an evening, which darkneth, not extinguisheth light.* Let us cleave to the resolution, which *Tertullian* teacheth us: *We have engaged our souls by a solemn oath to this warfare of tribulation. Let us not betray our faith, to betray our glory.* The *Ægyptian* Thorne was ever esteemed in the contexture of Coronets, and still a sharp affliction patiently borne, hath been highly valued in the Diadem of constancy.

Glos. In Job. *Tentatio in electis, non est nox sed vesperа, quia lucem obscurat, sed non extinguit.* Tertul. ad Scapul. *Animas nostras authorati in has pugnas accessimus.*

Of the permission of sins.

4. If peradventure one spirit be convinced upon this article by a million of example, which shew, if virtue for a time hath been afflicted, yet God in the end crowneth it with immortal garlands; he fals upon the permission of sins, and you find Libertines so abominable, and unnatural, as to accuse God to have too much goodness and clemency to tolerate their disorders? Why doth man complain of the evil whereof he is the Authour? If a leg be lame, or crooked, the moving virtue which of it self giveth force and vigour, is not blamed, but the distortedness, and the debility of the part. Why do we not at least use God in the same manner? When we behold a deformed and exorbitant will, let us not say this great Mover commits this irregularity; for he ceaseth not to dispose all creatures to good, but confess the defect is the evil will, which resisteth its Creatour.

Homines magis subsunt ordinem divinæ Providentiæ, quam res naturales, quia propinquiùs ordinantur ad Deum, sicut ad finem. Hieron. Ferr. l. 1. de Triumpho crucis. c. 11.

What wrong doth God unto us, if he being Governour of this ample City, called the World, will not force any man, but gives every one leave to live according to his condition? He suffereth stones to abide in their own inclination, creatures in their instinct, men in their liberty. He ceaseth not to teach them good, to prescribe and give them means to perform it, and if they do otherwise, they derive from their evils, either justice or repentance. What wrong then doth he, if he make man free, to become the more like himself.

Faustus. Reg. l. 2. de Grat. This Authour hath been opposed upon the point of Grace: but he may be favourably interpreted upon many things, since he was afterward reputed holy, as *Baronius* saith.

Have you not seen the notable discourse written by *Faustus* Bishop of *Rheggio*, where Wisdom, Power, Bounty, and Justice, plead before God one against another, touching mans liberty. Power feared, if he were let loose, he might abuse this free-will to his own ruin, and said, he must give all except the power to undo himself: but in the end it was concluded that that which was best and most excellent, should be granted him, to wit, liberty not to be thrown into

into the world like the ſtock of a tree, but have leave to do good and ill, that his extraction might be rendred the more elate, and his actions the more glorious: That power would make him more noble; wiſdom, prudent; goodneſſe aſſiſt him in his combats, and juſtice crown him in his victories.

Talem faciamus quem in dexteram partem non trahat neceſſitas, ſed voluntas, qui malum ratione intelligat, bonum virtute perficiat. Talem faciamus cui bonitas in natura, malicia ſit extra naturam, &c. S. Tho. contra Gent. l. c. 7. *Bonum totius præmittet bono partis. Ad prudentem igitur gubernatorem pertinet negligere aliquem defectum bonitatis in parte, ut faciat augmentum bonitatis in toto.*

Such let us make him, ſaid Wiſdom, *that he may haſten to the choice of the better part, not of neceſſity, but of meer good will, that he underſtand evil by reaſon, and do good through virtue. Such let us make him, that goodneſs may appear in his nature, and malice out of his nature. Such let us make him, that he may have good in will, and evil in power: And the firſt ground of his glory may be the power of ſin, and the will not to act it.*

Were it a matter very reaſonable think you, that God ſhould ceaſe to do good, becauſe man would take occaſion to do ill? Know we not it is a maxim of well ordered policy, never to neglect the publick for inconveniencies, and defects of ſome particulars. We are not ignorant, free-will is one of the moſt excellent treaſures of reaſonable nature, & why ſhould God deprive his workmanſhip of it, under colour that ſome particulars would abuſe it? Ought we not to content our ſelves to behold in the hiſtories of all the Nations of the world, how God purſueth, chaſtiſeth, deſtroyeth both evil, and evil men, ſometimes openly, ſometimes covertly, to reward good men in the end, and reſtore virtue to her throne, of which the inſolency of the wicked ſeeks to diſpoſſeſs them. Let us then for this reaſon adore the Providence, and acknowledg the propoſition I here have proved, that the diſorders condemned in nature, averr, there is a firſt order and a primitive rule, without which nothing can be well diſpoſed.

Foundation of the verities of Divine PROVIDENCE.

Maxims of Providence. *Tuſillum, & magnum ipſe fecit, & æqualiter illi cura eſt de omnibus,* Sap. 6. *Nonne duo paſſeres aſſe venient,* &c. Matth. 10. *In ipſo vivimus, movemur & ſumus,* Act. 17. (a) Ὅλος ἐν ὅλῳ κύκλῳ ἐπίσκοπος. Clem. Alex. (b) S. Dion. de Cæl. Hier. c. 4. πάντα τὰ ὄντα μετέχει προνοίας (c) Auguſt. de Trin. l. 3. c. 4. *Nihil fit ſenſibiliter, & viſibiliter quod non de interiore inviſibili, atque intelligibili ac ſummi Imperatoris, aut jubeat aut permittatur.*

THere remaineth, having ſuccinctly refuted the objections of prophane ſouls, to inſtruct and ſettle the faithful in this belief, which is one of the greateſt conſolations of life; and for which cauſe I affirm the doctrine of Providence is grounded upon Scripture, upon holy Fathers, and upon reaſon: Upon the Scripture, which give us aſſurance in ſo many places.

Wiſdom plainly telleth us, *That God made little and great; and as there is nothing ſo vaſt, may eſcape his Immenſity, ſo there is not any thing ſo ſmall, which is deprived the bleſſings of his bounty. His Providence governeth all things from the beginning of the world, and ceaſeth not to diſintangle this great web of Ages. The tree loſeth not one of his leaves, the head one of its hairs, the air one little bird, without his ordinance, as the Eternal Word teacheth us. We derive life, motion, and being from his boſome, in which he beareth us without wearineſs, and preſerveth us without loathing. All the world is a large (a) dioceſs, whereof he is the Biſhop, and eternal Prelate, who indefatigably watcheth over his flock,* as ſaith Clemens Alexandrinus. (b) *So ſoon as a creature is in being, it is moiſtened with ſources of the divine Providence,* ſaid S. Dionyſius. *And according to the opinion of* S. Auguſtine, (c) *Nothing is ſenſibly and viſibly done in the world, which cometh not from the interiour, inviſible, and intelligible cabinet of this great Monarch, whether it be commanded, or permitted.*

Now obſerve, this divine Providence is compoſed of three heads; Knowledge, Diſpoſition, and Government. Knowledge ſeeth and conſidereth all things: Diſpoſition ordaineth the connexion of parts, and correſpondency both of the one, and other. Government embraceth all things which concern the end, as well to divert the obſtacles, as advance the progreſſions. God hath all theſe three points supereminently. For as for knowledge, it is moſt perfect, as we will preſently demonſtrate. Diſpoſition is ſuch, that all the whole univerſe in all its parts is ruled like a paper with Muſick lines. Which made *Syneſius* ſay, (d) the world was the harp of God, and the divers orders of nature were the ſtrings of it. And *Junilius* an *African* biſhop, who flouriſhed in the ſixth Age, diſcourſing very ſubtlely upon this ſubject, ſhews the relation there is between the civil world and nature, comparing the ſeven daies of the week, with the ſeven ages of the world. The government of it is ſo perpetual and viſible, that *Ariſtotle* himſelf (e) confeſſeth, the communication of the firſt being, maintained all creatures in ſtate, and that without its benigne influences, this great All would return to nothing.

(d) Syneſius Hym. 4. Ἀλλ' οὗ ὑμὴν ἀπαύστου μάλα, μέλουσι. Junilius in Geneſim, niſi ſit Beda. (e) Ariſt. Epiſt. de principio.

6. But if you ask upon what foundation of reaſon this doctrine is built, I anſwer, it is ſupported by four powerful columnes; Science, Goodneſs, Juſtice, and the Power of God. His Science is infinite, and incomprehenſible. For he moſt diſtinctly beholdeth all things which have been, are, ſhall be, and may be, in their proper eſſence, which is the efficient, final, exemplar, and fundamental cauſe of them. You muſt not require how this divine Spirit may ſuffice ſo many things; ſince all things in compariſon of him, are no more then a drop of dew compared to the Ocean. He knows all, becauſe he created all; becauſe the world is no world by any other reaſon, but that God hath known it was a world. The vapours of the earth never weary the ſun, it could not breath forth ſo much, if he digeſted not more: ſo the knowledge of all objects of the world cauſe no wearineſs in God, becauſe all therein is finite, and his ſcience is, as is his eſſence, infinite.

The foundations, & four pillars of it. Knowledg of God. *Pſalm.* 146. *Sapientiæ ejus non eſt numerus. Deus in omnia ſufficit. Diſſimulator, & prævaricator perſpicaciæ ſuæ non eſt.* Tertul. l. de pœnit. c. 1.

7. To this ſcience is joined a great goodneſs, which is the cauſe God loved all he created, and conſerveth it with a certain tenderneſs of affection, and ineſtimable ſweetneſs. The Empire of man ordinarily is harſh, and violent. He diverteth the courſe of waters, he dryes up fountains, he ſubmitteth Lions to the yoak, he placeth turrets on the backs of Elephants, he changeth metals, he counterfeits precious ſtones, he ſophiſticateth total nature to accommodate it to his pretenſions: but God not forcing the inclinations of things created, applyeth himſelf to each according to the qualities of its eſſence. He ſhineth with the ſun, and burneth with the fire. He makes ſhowers with the clouds, pearls with the ſhells, the dew of heaven, gold, and fruits with the earth.

His goodneſs.

We underſtand there are three ſtreamings of this bounty: the one by generation, the other by ſpiration, and the laſt by creation. The two firſt are eternal, the laſt is temporal, by which he drew the world out of nothing, and having produced it, maintains it both in general and particular, affording even to the leaſt fly, all accommodation according to its nature, and condition. He is not like thoſe Oſtriches, which lay their eggs on the ſand without hatching them: but compareth himſelf to the Hen in the Goſpel, which toileth and laboureth inceſſantly, either to hatch, feed or train up her young ones: ſhe waxeth lean, ſhe famiſheth her ſelf, becomes angry, briſtles up her ſelf for her precious brood, and taketh that upon her for love, which ſhe cannot have by nature. It is a ſhadow of the goodneſſe of God, who ceaſeth not to provide for our neceſſities, to love us as his children, to defend us as the apple of his eye. *I was* (ſaid he by his Prophet) *as the foſter-father of my people. I bare them all between my arms, they never vouchſafing to open their eyes to my protection. Yet will I draw them to me by the bands of* Adam, *which are the chains of my charity.*

Hoſea. 11. *Et ego quaſi nutritius Ephraim portabam eos in brachiis meis, & neſciebant, quod curarem eos.* In funiculis Adam *trahebam eos, in vinculis charitatis,* Exod. 2.

Behold in *Exodus* the little *Moſes* who floateth on *Nilus* in a cradle of reeds: the mother for fear of the rigour of men abandoneth him to death, the ſiſter followeth him with her eyes to ſee what will become

come of him: but her weakneſs could do nothing to warrant him from danger. God in the mean ſpace becomes the Pilot of this little Barque, he conducteth it without ſails, without rudder, without oars, he bears it upon the waves, he makes it arrive at a good haven. He draweth out this Infant, who was as a Victim expoſed, to make of him a God of *Pharaoh*, one day to drown in the red Sea the poſterity of thoſe, who would have drenched him in *Nilus*.

His Juſtice

8. Add to this immenſe goodneſs, juſtice, an inſeparable virtue of the Divinity, which ſeems to oblige God to preſerve and direct what he created. But it is to judge moſt abjectly of this divine underſtanding, to ſay as did *Averroes*, he abuſed his magnificence, and ſoyled his dignity, if he buſied himſelf in the manage of ſo many trifles. S. *Ambroſe* judged better when he ſaid; *If God wrong himſelf in the government of the world, did he not himſelf a greater injury in creating it? For to do, or not to do, what one is not obliged unto, hath no injuſtice in it; but to abandon a creature, after it is produced, is a ſtain of inhumanity.* And if we regard the juſtice, which appertaineth to the government of men; what malignity and proſtitution of mind were it to think, ſouls the moſt native, having ſome ſpark of juſtice, yet God (who muſt be ſovereign perfection) would ſuffer the world to be expoſed to fortune, or delivered over to tyranny, as a prey and a booty, without any care of it, or inquiry into injuſtices? There is not any Age which could not furniſh out a million of proofs againſt the miſchievous beliefs, if we would open our eys to conſider them, but our diſtruſts and puſillanimities blind us, and alienate us from knowledge of thoſe truths, which God reſerveth for the moſt purified ſouls.

Amb. l. 1. offic. c. 13. *Si injuria eſt regere, nulli major injuria fuiſſe quam aliquid non feciſſe, nulla ſit injuſtitia, non curare quod feceris. Summa inclemantia.*

His Power

9. To conclude, the laſt column which ſhould ſettle our faith in the verity of Divine government, is the magiſtral power God exerciſeth over all the world, which he ruleth, tempereth, and directeth with one ſole thought; much otherwiſe then did heretofore thoſe practick wits, who vaunted to animate Statues, becauſe they by certain engines gave them motion. Wretched and blind that we are, ever bowed down to the earth, and perpetually deveſted of thoſe great lights of Saints! We meaſure God by the ell of men, we cloath him after our faſhion, and we hold impoſſible to the Divinity, what our underſtanding cannot comprehend. Shall we never ſay with the Prophet *Jeremiah*: *O moſt ſtrong! O only great, and only potent! the God of Hoſts is thy name. Thou art great in thy counſels, incomprehenſible in thy cogitations, and thy eys are upon all the ways of the children of* Adam.

Ὁ θεὸς πάντων τὴν κίνησιν τῷ κόσμῳ. Ariſt. l. de mundo.

Hier. 32. 19. *Fortiſſime, magne, & potens! Dominus exercituum nomen tibi, magnus conſilio, & incomprehenſibilis cogitatu, cujus oculi aperti ſunt ſuper omnes vias filiorum Adam.*

We daily ſee upon men, who are but worms of the earth, ſo many tokens of God's power. A King ſpeaketh, and a hundred thouſand ſwords haſten out of ſcabbards at the ſound of one ſyllable. A Maſter of a family builds, and at one ſilly beck, behold ſo many Artificers, ſo many Mules and Horſes, ſome draw materials out of the bottom of Quarries, others carry them in waggons, ſome make morter and cement, others hew ſtones, ſome raiſe them aloft, others lay them, ſome play the Carpenters, and others poliſh marbles. There are ſome who work in iron, and others in braſs: all is done to the liking of one man, who is poſſeſſed of a little money.

Do you never conſider God as a great King in an Army, as a great father of a family in a houſe, who by his ſovereign power governs all he created, not with a toilſome care, but an incomparable facility? He gave in the beginning of the creation an inſtinct to all living creatures, and there is not any thing ſo little a Spider, which coming into the world, bringeth not its rules, its books, its light, it is preſently inſtructed in all it ſhould do. God ſpeaketh interiourly to all creatures in a dumbe language, with a powerful impreſſion, a ſecret commandment: he gives a ſignal into the world, and every one doth his office, every one laboureth regularly as in a Ship, and all things agree to this great harmony of Heaven. The little Nightingal in the forreſts, makes an Organ of her throat, ſometimes breaking her notes into warbles, ſometimes ſtretching them out at length. The Swallow is buſie in her maſonry, the Bee toileth all the day in her innocent theſts, the Spider furniſheth out the long train of her webs, and makes more curious works with her feet, then the moſt skilful women can weave with their hands. Fiſhes play their parts under the water, beaſts of ſervice labour in their duty, ſmall grains of ſeed, though dead and rotten, give life to great Trees, which advance to the clouds. There is nothing idle in all Nature, nothing diſobedient but Men and Devils, who imploy their liberty to reſiſt him, whoſe power is as juſt, as it is eternal.

Guil. Par. de univerſ. 1. p. par. 2. c. 14. *Naſcitur aranea cum lege, libro, & incantat.*

Deus ipſe, univerſa ſua perfecta magnitudinis & pulchritudinis includit, interimus ſemper operi ſuo vadens per omnia, movens cuncta, vivificans univerſa. Tertul. l. de Trin. c. 2.

10. Let us then concluding this diſcourſe, adore the Divine Providence which holdeth the Helm of the Univerſe. Let us behold it as a Watch-tower, furniſhed with a thouſand fires that abundantly inlighten this Ocean whereon we ſail. Let us behold it as a burning Pillar in the wilderneſs of this life. Let us behold it as our Pole-ſtar, and never looſe ſight of it. It is our ſupport, our ſweetneſs, our comfort. It is that which cooleth our ardours, drieth our tears, breaketh our fetters, and diſſipateth our annoys. If we be in darkneſs, it is the light, if we be anxious, it giveth counſel. If we be in a labyrinth of errours, it is the thread, which guideth us. If in danger of ſhipwrack, it is the Haven. And if we be at the gates of death, it is life.

Away with all curioſities, Southſayers, Sorcereſſes, and ſuperſtitions, unworthy the name of a Chriſtian. Fie upon deſpair, and minds affliction. Let us learn in all things which appertain to us, ſpeedily and effectually to fix our ſelves on the will of the Omnipotent. Let us continually ſay, God ſeeth this affair, ſince nothing eſcapeth the quickneſs of his eye: He loves me as his childe, becauſe he is goodneſs it ſelf: He is juſt, becauſe he is the meaſure of all juſtice: He is potent, becauſe there is not any thing can reſiſt his will. Let us expect awhile: the trouble I indure, is but a flying cloud, and God will do all for the beſt: Let us ſay with Saint *Auguſtine*.

Auguſt. de civit. Dei c. 2. l. 2. *Duc me, ſumme pater, veſtri moderator Olympi, quacunque placuit, nulla parendi eſt mora. Adſum impiger. Fac nolle, comitaber gemens, malisque patiar, facere quod licuit bono.*

O ſovereign Father, who governeſt the vaſt frame of Heaven, I ſubmit to thy direction. Lead me on the right hand, lead me on the left, turn to what ſide thou pleaſeſt. I follow thee without reply, or delay. For what ſhould I get by reſiſtance, but to be dragged weeping; and to bear, becoming evil, what I might do ſincerely, becoming good.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, ſaid Nicephorus Gregorius, (a) *fight againſt a wicked man as a fugitive from Providence, and a diſturber of Juſtice.*

(a) Δεχόμενα θεῶν καὶ θεὸς καὶ θάλασσα. Niceph. Greg. l. 7.

Let us learn to ſleep ſecurely in this conformity to the will of God, as a little Infant on the Teat of his Nurſe. It is at the ſight of this Providence, that *Jonas* buried in the belly of a Whale, and covered under the Ocean's waves made a Chappel of the devouring gulph, which was to have been his puniſhment, ſpeaking affectionately to God: (b) *Behold all thy waves and abyſſes paſs over my head, yet I deſpair not to behold thee in thy Temple.*

(b) Jon. 2. 4. *Omnes fluctus & gurgites tui ſuper me tranſierunt. verumtamen rurſus videbo templum ſanctum tuum.*

It was in ſight of this that the Patriarch *Noe* ſhut up in the Ark, whileſt wrathful Heaven thundered

over

over the earth, the winds were unfettered, the pillars of the world tottered with fatal convulsions, whilst men and houses were torn in pieces to serve as a pastime for the Sea, and that yels of beasts mingled with the cries of so many mortals ecchoed round about, lastly when all the world swam, he rested in an incomparable tranquillity, adoring the counsels of Gods justice. Sacred Providence! we prostrate on the earth adore thee, vindicate us from the bondage of our passions, make us die to so many dead things of mortals, that we hereafter may live in thy delight.

The fourth EXAMPLE upon the fourth MAXIM.

Divers observations upon Providence.

LEt us a little withdraw our minds from discourses to the consideration of examples, like those who labouring on some curious works, refresh their eyes with beholding the verdure of meadows, or luster of Emeralds. Volumes might be compiled without end by him who would follow the footsteps of divine Providence, in so great a labyrinth of times, and Histories so innumerable. But it is not my purpose in these abbreviations, where I endeavour to suppress much, and well express a few things.

If you behold this Providence in nature, there are eternal miracles, which astonished the wise, animated all voices, gave matter to all pens, and filled all the books in the world. On what side soever we turn our eys, we meet this great Mistress with a hundred arms, and as many hands, which incessantly travel to do us good. It enlightneth us in the beauty of stars and lights, it warmeth us in flames, it refresheth us in the air, it delighteth us in the enamel of meadows, it moistneth us in the streaming of crystal fountains, it profiteth and enricheth in the fertility of fields, so many trees and shrubs, such diversity of fruits, such wholesome hearbs, such a great quantity of viands so well divided into all the seasons of the year, so many living creatures, some whereof come from the water, others from the earth, the rest from the air, every part of the world bringing its tribute; so many medicinable waters, so many rivers which afford such delicious shores to the land for commerce, and all humane accommodations.

Providence of God in the ordinary works of nature.

Vid. Senec. l. 4. de benef.

I now let all this pass, and coming to matters more particular, demand of you who was the cause, that in the *Canary* Island, called *Ferro*, when it is roasted with droughts, and heaven affordeth no succour by showers, nor rivers by waters, there is found a huge tree, which seems to change all the leaves thereof into as many petty fountains: for every one distilleth water, and all render it in such abundance, that it sufficeth both men and their flocks? Who doth all this good husbandry, but the divine Providence? And who is it supplies scarcity of rain in *Egypt*, and commandeth *Nilus* to over-flow the fields in his limited time, to bear in his inundations the wealth of *Pharos*, but it?

Particular providence over divers countries. Jesuites. Martellus.

Who maketh Antidotes grow in places, where poysons spring, but its wisdom? If *Africk* have many serpents, there are *Psylles*, which destroy them. If other countries breed store of snakes, there are Asben flowers, which drive them away. If *Egypt* have a Crocodile, it affords an *Indian* rat, which bursteth it. There are likewise trees to be found which having venemous roots upon one side, yield a remedy on the other. By what hand are framed so many wonders of nature, which make books incessantly speak, but by that of this great Work-man?

Historia Sinarum part. 4.

But if you on the other side will consider it in protection of men, what doth it not by the ministery of its good Angels? I see upon one side in histories the little King *Mithridates* involved in lightning flashes, whilst he innocently sleepeth in his infant cradle, the flames consuming his cloaths, and linnens, and not touching his body at all. To whom think you should I attribute this?

Admirable protection of men in rare accidents.

On the other side I ponder the prodigy so loudly proclaimed in the Greek Anthology of a shipwrack, equally surprizing a father and a son, which took away the life of the father, and gave the son leave to arrive in a safe harbour, having no other vessel but the corps of his deceased father, who gave him life by his death, as he had afforded him birth by his life. Who did this but the Master of Life and Death?

Philippus Anthologia Græc. l. 1.

Besides, I read in the relations of *Muscovia*, set out by the Embassadour *Demetrius*, that a country Boor, being by chance clammed in the hollow body of a great tree full of hony, and finding no means to come forth of his licorish captivity, behold a Bear hasteneth to the same tree to eat of the hony, whereof these beasts are very greedy: which observed, the poor forlorn creature, not discerning what this might be, but catching hold, (as one almost drowned) of any thing which good luck offered him, grasped the Bear, who feeling himself taken, laboured hard to fly through fear conceived, and draweth out the peasant by an admirable accident, wherein it was no easie matter to say, which of the two was most affrighted. Who directed this but the eye of Providence?

Demetrius Legatus.

I admire also in the earth-quake of *Apulia*, that happened the year, 16 7. the last day of *July*, (where one writeth, that in the City of S. *Severin* alone, ten thousand souls were taken out of the world) how in the horrour of such infinite ruins and sepulcher of so many mortals, a great bell fell so fitly over a child, that it incloseth him, and doing no hurt, made a bulwark for him against any other danger; who ballanced the motion of this metal, but the fingers, which distended heaven.

Will you pass to particulars of Empires? You will be rapt with admiration, when you come to consider the beginnings, progressions, and events of every one. You shal see them spring like smal veins of water unknown, and with time to take such encrease, as to become huge rivers, large enough to over-flow the fields. Sometimes it will seem to you, they are only set upon a needles point, and are ready to ruin; in the mean space there is an invisible hand, which supporteth and re-establisheth them by their proper fals. You admire, how God so long suffers ungrateful, and perfidious Nations to draw them unto him, and afterwards the measure of their sins filled up; if they must be destroyed, it is but to cause others to rise out of their ruins.

Providence over Empires.

The *Assyrians* after the Reign of thirty eight Kings, changed into *Medes*, and *Chaldeans*: the *Medes* after the sway of nine Kings, and three hundred and twenty two years, ended in *Astyages*: The *Chaldeans* after two hundred and nine years in *Darius* the *Mede*. But they like two rivers, united in the person of *Cyrus*, to make great the *Monarchy* of the *Persians*. The *Persians* after two hundred thirty years, and fourteen Kings, dissolve into the *Grecians*: The *Grecians* are multiplied to *Ptolomey's*, and *Seleucides*. All are finally swallowed in the *Roman* Empire. *Rome* lost it self after one thousand two hundred twenty nine years, accounted from the foundation

foundation to the Emperour *Augustulus*, who is observed, as the last Monarch before the great wrack, which made the Empire a prey to so many Nations, that had fed it with their bloud. From the division of the *Roman* Empire, sprang our *French*, *Spaniards*, *English*, *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Lombards*, *Polacks*, *Ottomans*, and such other Powers.

Providence over the Church.

If from thence you advance your thoughts to the government of the Church, which is the principal work of God, and reflect upon it from its cradle to the present Age, entertaining in your memory its infancy, encrease, travels, persecution, glories, and crowns, you will stand amazed at the bottomless depth of the counsels of the Divine Providence.

Diarium Historicum.

What mother ever had so much care, and tender affection over her little infant sleeping in the cradle, as this Providence for the Church and Christianity? It is a remarkable thing, that at the same time when *Nebuchadnezzar* ruined the Temple of *Jerusalem* in the East, the Capitol was built in the West, to plant there one day the Cross; and that *Rome* in the space of one hundred forty two years, having been six times taken, and ransacked by *Alaricus*, *Genfericus*, *Odoacer*, the *Heruli*, *Theodoricus*, *Belisarius*, and *Totilas*, when one would have thought it brought to nothing, was ever preserved by God to be the source of lights, and the mother of all Churches.

How many times hath God tied secret virtues to the standards of Christians? How many times made winds and tempests to fight under their Ensigns? How often hath he opened for them lands inaccessible, calmed stormy seas for them, changed desarts into Paradises of delight? Petty handfuls of souldiers to discomfit huge Armies, take Towns impregnable, cleave rocks, and hew through mountains, to do the work of Giants, and find facility in all which humane reason conceived impossible?

Read *Paulus Æmilius*, and *Guilielmus Tyrius* upon the conquest of the holy land; and you shall see, that birds of the air seemed in pay with *Godfrey* of *Bouillon*: For who can be but astonished to hear it told, how when he besieged *Jerusalem*, the *Sultan* having taught pigeons to carry messages, dispatched one of them with a letter which she bare under her wings, to give advice to the besieged? But good hap would have it, that a Hawk, seazing on her, just over the Christian army, took her, and made her to let fall what she carried, to inform ours of the enemies design. How many such like accidents shew us the care God hath of his, and that he never suffered them to be overthrown, but to vanquish their vices, and to humble their pride by the counterpoise of forraign Powers.

Paul. Æmil. l. 4.

Strange accident.

What may we say of Councils? What may we likewise think of great bodies of Justice? How many times have we seen counsels discovered, and resolutions, of which it seemed no creature had a thought? God governed the hearts and tongues of those, who sought to abuse them against him, a great Spirit swayed all those members assembled, and secretly did its work to the admiration of the whole world. One same motion guided within compass all those stars, as in *Archimedes* his sphere, and accorded them by their proper contrarieties. Great God! have we not cause to say what he did in *Seneca*; *Throughly to punish the wicked man who woundeth the Divine Providence, I ordain nothing, but that he understand the wrong he hath done to a good father.*

Vis illum veras pœnas dare? Satis est quòd bono patri injuriam fecerit. Senec. contro. l. 1.

V. MAXIM.

Of Accidents.

THE PROPHANE COURT.	THE HOLY COURT.
That all is done by chance, by necessity, or humane providence	*That all is done by the will of God, except sin.*

Three squadrons against Providence.

THE enemies of Providence use all kind of Engins to oppose their own happiness, and crack their own eye-strings, that they may not behold the great eye, which pursues the wicked even into the shades of death. I find the *Chaldæans* made three squadrons, that we may speak with holy *Job*, wherewith to assail this great Mistress of the world. Some hold all is done by chance, and that nothing but Fortune predominateth in the actions and affairs of the world: others will subject all to the laws of fatal necessity: the third put their whole confidence in carnal prudence, which not unlike reeds, takes away their support, and leaves them remorse.

Happy he, who amongst so many straights, shelves, and ship-wracks, can hold the right way, ever casting his eye towards Providence as his Pole-star, and never loosing sight of it, that he may never loose himself. Let us now endeavour to ruin these three Companies of *Chaldæans* by the arms of Scripture, holy Fathers, and Reason.

The misery of impiety.

It is a pitifull thing to see a giddy soul, which seeketh God, and will not find him, making so many errours as paces, so many stumbles as steps, and as many sacriledges as there are creatures in the whole world. The Prophet *Esay* complained in his time of those who dressed up Altars to Fortune, and made Sacrifices to her. But this Sect took with time so great encrease, that it filled the whole earth. For blind Gentilism beholding so many sundry accidents in the life of man, the cause whereof they could not penetrate, imagined there was a certain Deity, blind, unequal, and furious, which distributed all conditions, and held good, and bad luck, as day and night in its hands. This Idolatry of Fortune was so general, that *Plinie* durst say: Fortune alone is invoked throughout the world, in all places, at all times, in all languages, none talk but of her, she onely is praised, she onely accused: she gives all presents, makes all expences, and if you well weigh the great book of the accounts of our life, you shall find, Fortune filleth all the leaves of it.

Esay. 65. Qui ponitis Fortunæ mensam, & libatis super eam.

Adorers of Fortune.

Plin. l. 2. c. 6. Toto mundo, & locis omnibus, omnibusque horis omnium vocibus fortuna sola invocatur; una nominatur, una accusatur, una agitur res, una cogitur, huic omnia expensa, huic omnia feruntur accepta, & in tota ratione mortalium sola utraque pagina facit.

The *Romans* who in arms overcame all other Nations, do go beyond them in superstition, not contenting

Fantaſies of Ancients upon the names of Fortune.

tenting themſelves with one ſole Fortune, made many, which had no other foundations of their Deities but Chymæra's of brains bereaved of reaſon as S. *Auguſtine* ſheweth us in his fourth book of the City of God. One was called Fortune the firſt born, becauſe they held it was the beginning of all things: the other was all covered over with dugs, and was termed *Mammoſa*, in teſtimony of its fruitfulneſſe. One was called Fortune the ſtrong; the other feminine, the other a virgin, the other inconſtant, the other ſtable. One was for certain days, another for all times: One for Emperours, all of gold, which they kept in their chambers as a relick, and another for the people, of wood or earth.

Aug. l. 4. de civit. Dei. c. 2.

Laſtly not ſo much as young men, but adored *a barbed Fortune*, that their firſt beard might grow in good faſhion. Good God! what ignorance, what a cloud! See we not how groſs theſe ſuperſtitions are, ſince the bloud of *Jeſus* waſhed away the ſtain? Notwithſtanding the world is filled with ſlaves of Fortune who ceaſe not to impute all proſperities, and adverſities of life to the hazard of chance.

That Fortune is in the power of Providence.

2. Now to decide this point: we muſt know Fortune is nought elſe, but man himſelf, when without thinking upon it, he makes himſelf the accidental cauſe of an effect not pretended.

Ariſt. de cauſis Fortuna eſt cauſa per accidens in his quæ per electionem alicujus gratia ſunt.

A man through deſpair ſought for a halter to hang himſelf, and ſtirring the earth in an unuſual place met with a treaſure: it was ſaid to be fortune, yet is this fortune nothing elſe but man, who in ſearching gave occaſion to this effect, which followed, though never by him intended. In reſpect of man this chance is abſolutely caſual, in reſpect of the prime cauſe which is God; it is a Providence. Behold a man cruſhed under the ruins of a tree, he expected not this tree ſhould fall, and therefore it is his fortune: But God, without whoſe diſpoſe one ſole leaf of a tree droppeth not off, had foreſeen this fall from all eternity: which enforceth us to affirm, that all fortunes of men are encloſed within the power of Providence.

A notable doctrine of William of *Paris*, *Guilielm. Pariſ.* 1. part. de univer. part. 1. c. 34.

It is a notable doctrine of a great Biſhop of *Paris* who ſaith, God, Father of all eſſences, begetteth and eternally ſpeaketh his Son, or his Eternal Word, and that in this Word he once ſaid all he would do, and all which ſhould happen: in ſuch ſort, that there is not any accident, order, or mean in this great connexion of Ages, enchained one within another, can eſcape the vivacity of his eye, and the extent of his Providence. There it is he hath ordained all the bleſſings of nature, grace, and glory: There it is he hath ſeen all the evils of offence, yet willeth he not, nor can he will, they ſhould be of him, or by him, as being unworthy his ſanctity, his glory, and goodneſs. But as for the fortunes and misfortunes of men, baniſhments, bands, priſons, maladies, afflictions, proſperities, riches, honours, treaſures, glories, and crowns, he hath appointed them according to his divine pleaſure, to be inſtruments of good deſires, and glorious actions. Wherefore let us never ſay, good and ill haps of the world come by chance, without Gods diſpoſe.

Mea ſunt omnes ferarum ſilvarum, & pulchritudo agri mecum eſt. Mecum ſunt divitiæ, & gloria, opes ſuperbæ, & juſticia. Per me Reges regnant, & legum conditores juſta decernunt. Si clanget tuba in civitate, & populus non expaveſcet, ſi erit malum in civitate quod Dominus non fecerit. Pſal. 49. 10. Prov. 8. 18. Amos. 3. 9

To me, ſaith the Great God in the holy Scriptures, *belong all the beaſts in the forreſt, & I behold the beauty of the fields diſcloſed from my boſome. With me are riches, glory, pomps, wealth, which reſt in the protection of my juſtice. It is by me Kings hold the reins of Empire in their hands, and Law-makers open their lips to pronounce Oracles. The trumpet ſounds in the midſt of the City, and the people tremble, not knowing the cauſe of their miſery: But there is no evil of puniſhment in the City, which I have not cauſed for moſt juſt reaſons.*

(a) The ſecond ſquadron of our *Chaldeans* taking a quite contrary way to this, will bruitiſhly maintain all things are done by a fatal neceſſity, which ſome attribute to ſtars, others to divine preſcience. Foraſmuch as concerneth ſtars, it is a diſtinct queſtion, which would well deſerve a much longer diſcourſe, than this preſent deſign permitteth (b). We have ſhewed in ſome other former tracts, and will alſo manifeſt once again, how vain, and frivolous the ſcience of Horoſcopes is, being taken in that heigth, whereunto the vanity of ſome impoſtours hath raiſed it, not here intending to condemn thoſe who handle Aſtrology within limits permitted by the Church. Let us now be contented to ſay it is a ſavage ignorance to ſeek to infer from the courſe of planets an abſolute neceſſity upon mens actions: ſince even judicial Aſtrologers the moſt fervent and obſtinate, durſt never proceed ſo far. All ſay the ſtars make impreſſions of certain qualities upon bodies, and minds, but that they may be diverted by precaution: which gave authority to the famous axiom of *Ptolomy*, cited by S. *Thomas* in the book of deſtiny, affirming, (a) *the wiſe man ſhall rule the ſtars.*

(a) Second ſquadron.

(b) Vanity of Aſtrology.

(a) S. Thom. opuſc. de fato. *Sapiens dominabitur aſtris.*

(b) *Tertullian* in the treatiſe of Idolatry, ſaid pertinently, that evil Angels are made prime maſters of the curioſity of Horoſcopes; and that as they were baniſhed from Heaven, ſo are their Diſciples from the earth, as by an extenſion of the divine ſentence. He addeth, that man ſhould not at all pretend to the Kingdom of Heaven, who makes a practiſe to abuſe both Heaven and ſtars. It ſeems God purſueth thoſe, who addict themſelves to ſuch vanities, as fugitives from Divine Providence. And it is very often obſerved, that great-ones who are enſnared in the ſervitude of this curioſity, have felt violent ſhocks, and many times moſt dreadfull events. (c) *Henry* the ſecond to whom *Cardan*, and *Gauricus*, (two lights of Aſtrology) had foretold verdant and happy old Age, was miſerably ſlain in the flower of his youth, in games and pleaſures of a Turneament. The Princes his children, whoſe Horoſcopes were ſo curiouſly looked into, and of whom wonders had been ſpoken, were not much more proſperous. *Zica* King of the *Arabians*, to whom Aſtrology had promiſed long life to perſecute Chriſtians, died in the year of the ſame prediction. *Albumazar*, the Oracle of Aſtrology, left in writing, that he found Chriſtian religion, according to the influence of ſtars, ſhould laſt but a thouſand four hundred years: he already hath belyed more than two hundred, and it will be a lie to the worlds end. The year 1524. wherein happened the great conjunction of *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, and *Mars*, in the ſign *Piſces*, Aſtrologers had foretold the world ſhould periſh by water: which was the cauſe many men of quality made arks in imitation of *Noahs*, to ſave themſelves from the deluge, all which turned into laughter. The year 1630. was likewiſe threatned by ſome predictions, with an inundation ſhould drown half mankind, which proved falſe by a ſeaſon quite contrary. It was foretold a Conſtable of *France* well known, that he would dye beyond the Alps, before a City beſieged, in the 83. year of his Age, and that if he eſcaped this time, he was to live above a hundred years; which was notoriouſly untrue, this man deceaſing in the 84. year, of a natural death. A Mathematician of *John Galeazzo* Duke of *Milan*, who promiſed himſelf long life according to his planets, was ſlain at the ſame time when he prognoſticated this, by the commandment of the ſame Duke. Another Aſtrologer of *Henry* the ſeventh, King of *England*, adviſed this great Prince to take heed of Chriſt-

(b) Tertull. de Ido. c. 9. *Expelluntur mathematici ſicut angeli eorum, urbe & Italia: interdicitur mathematicis ſicut cæteris Angelis.*

Non poteſt regnum cælorum ſperare cujus digitus aut radius abſtitit cælo.

(c) *Alexander de Angelis* l. 4. c. 40.

mas night, was asked, whither his own ſtar would ſend him that night: to which he anſwered, to his own houſe in ſecurity of peace: Yet was he inſtantly ſent to the tower to celebrate the vigil of this great Feſtival. One might reckon up by thouſands, the falſhoods, miſeries, and diſaſters which wait on theſe ſuperſtitions.

Exiſtimant tot circa humana capta tumultuantem Deos. Aurelius.

Who can then ſufficiently deplore the folly of one, who forſaking the great government of God, the fountain of wits and treaſure of fortunes, makes himſelf a ſlave of *Mercury*, or *Saturn*, contrary to the voice of Scripture, deciſion of Councils, Oracles of holy Fathers, Laws of Emperours, conſultations of the wiſe, experience of people, and conſent of all the moſt ſolid judgments?

Againſt the neceſſity inferred of preſcience.

We will not labour to ruin a doctrine forſaken both by honour and reaſon: We only ſpeak againſt thoſe, who will infer a neceſsity derived from divine preſcience, by force of which, ſins themſelves, according to their underſtandings, are directly cauſed by the decrees of heaven. It is the opinion of *Velleius Paterculus*, who ſaid, deſtiny did all the good and evil in the world, and that it was a miſerable thing to attribute that which proceedeth from above, to the demerit of men, and to make the ordinances of heaven to paſs, as crimes of mortals. This Maxim was defended by Hereticks even to fury, and it is a wonder men have been ſo wicked, as to burden the prime ſanctity with all the ordures of the world.

Ita efficitur, quod eſt miſerrimum, ut quod accidat, etiam meritis accidiſſe videatur, & caſus in culpam tranſeat.

We well know, if deſtiny be taken for the ordinance by which God eſtabliſheth the lives of particulars, and ſtates of Empires, it is nothing elſe but the Divine Providence whereof we ſpeak: but good heed muſt be taken from concluding ſins within the liſt of Gods will, who only being pleaſed to permit them, cannot in any ſort eſtabliſh or will them. And it is here an impertinent thing to ſay, All God hath forſeen ſhall neceſſarily happen, otherwiſe he would be deceived in his foreſight, which cannot be affirmed without blaſphemy: but he foreſaw all future things, they then of neceſſity will happen. Who ſees not, it is a childiſh toy, and that this captious argument muſt be overthrown by ſaying, All which God hath foreſeen neceſſarily, happeneth by neceſſity, and all he foreſaw indifferently, happeneth by indifferency. Now ſo it is, that of all which dependeth on our liberty, he hath not foreſeen any thing neceſſarily, but indifferently: We muſt then conclude, that all is done by indifferency, not fatal neceſsity. harken to the excellent deciſion of S. *John Damaſcen.*

Damaſc. l. 2. Orth. fidei. c. 32.

God foreſaw all things; but he determineth not all things; He well foreſaw all which is and ſhal be in your power: but he determines not, becauſe he willeth not ſin, nor will likewiſe conſtrain any man to virtue. (b) *Plato* in his Common-wealth deteſteth all opinions, which ſeek to introduce into the beliefs of people, propoſitions unworthy of Gods goodneſs; namely thoſe which make him authour of ſin, adding, we muſt not endure to hear it ſpoken or written by any man in a well rectified Common-wealth.

Omnia quidem Deus præſcivit; non omnia tamen præfinit. Præſcit enim ea quæ in noſtra ſunt poteſtate, non autem ea præfinit, quia non vult peccatum, nec cogit ad virtutem.

(b) Plato. l. 2. de republica. Θεὸς οὐδενὸς αἴτιος.

Who knoweth not, that ſuch are the cauſes, ſuch the effects? If the cauſes be neceſſary, the effects likewiſe are enchained within the limits of neceſsity: If they be contingent, they are all in indifferency. Now the preſcience of God (to ſpeak properly) is not the cauſe of our actions, unleſs it be by meer accident and occaſion; then it cannot make them neceſſary. Is it not true, that the great eye of God equally beholdeth things paſt, preſent, and future? And as our eye maketh not things preſent by beholding them, ſince a wall is neither white nor black by force of my ſight, and as our memory makes not things paſt, by repaſsing them by their ſpecies, ſo the preſcience of God makes not things future by forſeeing them: they are not, becauſe God hath foreſeen them; but he foreſaw them, becauſe they ſo ſhould happen.

O man, if thou beholdeſt him who made thee, thou mayeſt have been good. But if thou contemplateſt him, as him who knew thee before the beginning of Ages, thou haſt enforced him to make an evil judgment upon thee, becauſe thou haſt made thy ſelf evil.

Pauſ. Reg. de gratia. c. 2. l. 2. Si ad faciorem, homo, reſpicis, bonus eſſe potuiſti. Si ad præcognitorem, in me præſtitum tuorum ordine, ut de te malum tranſiretur, compleſti.

Our action, although it be not the firſt dated in execution, at the leaſt in the Idæa and order of nature it always foregoeth the divine preſcience: if we regard its firſt intentions, we may all be honeſt men; if we conſider our proceedings, we conſtrain him to foreſee of us, what is in us. If preſcience imported any neceſsity, we might conclude God were neceſſitated in all the actions he doth throughout the world, becauſe he eternally hath foreſeen them all, which were moſt impious. Let us not then ſay: But if God hath ſo foreſeen it, it will happen by an inevitable neceſsity: for there are three ſorts of neceſsities; one moſt abſolute, as that of the Eſſence of God; the other natural, as light in the ſun, heat in fire, the third is a neceſsity conditional, as is that, If God foreſeeth ſuch or ſuch a thing, it ſhal happen: I ſay, it is a neceſsity of ſuppoſition, for you preſuppoſe he foreſaw it, but inſtantly you learn he foreſaw it not, but becauſe it ſhould be; and that his preſcience is no more the cauſe of our actions, than our memory of the taking of *Rochel*, and wars with the *Huguenots*.

2. Squadron of nice ones according to humane prudence.

4. After this brain-ſick band, another riſeth, which comprehendeth the ſubtle and more refined wits, according to the judgment of the world, who ſuppoſe all good ſucceſs proceeds from prudence and humane induſtry, without the helping hand of God. They are ſuch, as according to the ſaying of the Prophet, ſacrifice to their nets, who kiſs their hand as an independent worker of great actions, who ſavourly taſte all they do, like Bears, ſaid to lick their paws, when they have eaten hony.

Habac. 1. 16.

An obſervation of the *Greſiam* upon the dependence we have from on high. *Mentem tunc hominibus adimit ſupera illa mens, qua cujuſcumque fortunam mutare conſtituit, conſilia corrumpit.* Velleius. l. 2.

Greek Authours tell us, *Mercury* was bred by the houres, to teach us, all wiſdome and humane eloquence not guided nor ſupported by the meaſures of heaven, can neither have nouriſhment, nor ſubſiſtence. There is no one more blind than he who thinks himſelf clear-ſighted in affairs without the prudence of heaven; all ſucceeds ill with him, and he findeth by experience, that God begins the change of fortunes by the corruption of counſels. The reaſon thereof is very manifeſt, ſince we know all created ſpirits, work not but by the dependence they have upon the increated Eſſence, as alſo that all Intelligences have ſo much excellency, as they have relation to the firſt Intelligence, which is the Word of God.

Weakneſs of humane wiſdome.

If we conſult with our own thoughts and knowledge, as being near of kin to us, we ſhal find they have three ill properties, which is, they are heavy, timorous, and uncertain: as heavy, they creep on the earth; as timorous, they glance at all objects, and reſolve on nothing; as uncertain, they are perpetually floating. There is none but God, who raiſeth them by his exaltation, ſetleth them by his ſtability, and ſtaieth them by his immutability.

Vanity of Politicians, without Gods direction.

All they, who diſunited from the eternal Wiſdom, think to proſper in governments, honours, worldly affairs, are *Icaruſes*, that ſeek to counterfeit birds with waxen wings; the leaſt ray proceeding from the throne of the Lamb will burn them, and make their height ſerve for no other uſe, but to render their

their falls the more remarkable. If they be lettered, they shall stead them as forrests do thieves, to cover their crimes, and if they have dignities, they shall be unto them, as the golden and silver precipices of the Emperour *Heliogabalus*, which were not devised but to make his ruin the more memorable. Doth not the Apostle preclaim aloud with a voice of thunder to the posterity of all Ages: I will pull down the wisdom of the wisest according to the world, I will rebuke the prudence of the most subtle? And did not holy *Job* repeat the like *Oracles* upon the dunghill, saying: *God often times giveth success of Affairs most shamefull to the most able Counsellours, and he reduceth Judges to a certain stupidity of understanding*? Hath not the experience of Ages shewed so often in the histories of *Pharaohs*, *Herods*, & all such like, that there is no greater wisdom in the world, then to be an honest man? *To be wise is to use wisdom, and to make it serve for direction, as the eye for sight.*

Niceph. Greg. l. 7. Τὰ σοφὰ κυλεύματα τῆς ἀσόφου τελδσῶν πίεσις. Perdam sapientiam sapientum 1 Cor. 1. Adducit Consiliarios in stultum finem, & judices in stuporem. Job. 12. 17. Senec. ep. 118. *Sapere sapientia usum est, sicut oculorum videre.*

5. Let us draw three conclusions from these three propositions we have deduced; The first whereof shall be, never to do like those vulgar and abject souls, which is to curse, and detest our condition and fortune, as it were an effect of some false Divinity, and not a Divine Providence. Remember daily within your self those words: *Nothing is done on the earth without cause. God hath disposed all with weight, and measure.*

1. Conclusion against those who curse fortune. Nihil in terra sine causa fit Job. 5. Omnia in mensura, & numero, & pondere disposuisti. Sap. 11.

Recal into your thoughts the singular consideration of *Boetius*: (a) *We must patiently suffer all which is done within the circle of Providence, seeing we have bowed our necks under its Laws, by the condition of our birth.* (b) So soon as you are born, you enter within the jurisdiction of Gods ordinance, you have undergone the yoke to receive good or evil fortune, as he shall please to appoint. I ask, if you should resolve to give law to him from whom you ought to take it, were you not most unjust, & unhappy? Most unjust, because you would incroach upon Gods inheritance; most unhappy, because you could not kick against the prick, but to hurt your self the more. Were you embarked in a vessel, you must go not according to your own will, but the course of wind, and tide. If you learned the trade of husbandmen, you must cast into the earth, to reap again what will come of it, & you should sometimes have barren, sometimes fertile, and fruitful years. You have entred into humane life, which of its nature is replenished with inconstancies, and vicissitudes: one while there is good, another while evil hap. Let fortune roul as God shal please, nothing with him is hazardous. Would you be so hardy, as to tie your self to the wheel of a chariot perpetually running, to stay the course which the Divine Providence affords it? You desire, say you, a stable fortune in the world, and understand not, that were it so, there would no longer be either world, or fortune, since the condition of these inferiour things is in continual mutation.

(a) Boet: de consol. Æquo animo tolerat oportet, quicquid intra fortunæ aream geritur, cum semel jugo colla subduxerit. (b) An excellent resolution upon worldly accidents.

When you see the wicked flourish in honour, riches, and reputation, say not *the prosperity of a wicked man is heavens sin*, that God walketh upon the vaults of his palace, and abandoneth the care of worldly affairs. Expect a little, Justice will come, although many times with a leaden pace. How know you, whether God will convert this man by surcharging him with prosperities, to confound his ingratitude? How know you, whether resolving to deprive him for his crimes of eternal blessings, he gives him some use of temporal benefits in recompence of some moral virtues he hath heretofore exercised? Rather say to God: *Oh God, how profound are thy thoughts, and how inscrutable to the ignorant, and foolish!* Expect the day which will draw aside the curtain, and make you see all the secrets of the world. God expecteth it with so much patience in his eternity, why will not you expect it in your mortality?

Dorum crimen Sylla tam felix. Senec. ad Marcia. Psal. 91. 6. Nimis profunda facta sunt cogitationes tua: vir insipiens non cognoscet, & fatuus non intelliget hæc. Vis tu esse longanimis & patiens, junge te æternitati Dei, & cum illo expecta quæ infra te sunt. August. in Psal. 91.

6. The second conclusion shall be, never to adhere to this brutish and savage opinion, which puts a fatality upon all the actions of men and all events. Beware of the foolish discourse of him, who says, If my hour be come I shall die, and if not, I have nothing to fear. For see you not according to these unbridled maxims, all deliberation, all prudence, all order of humane life must be taken away? Were here a fatality, we need no more talk of ships to pass the seas, nor medicines to cure maladies, nor bread to feed the hungry. A man besotted with this folly, might free from danger, walk on the waves; for if his destiny bear him, he shall never perish by water; He need not at all make use of medicine, for his death can neither be delayed, nor hastned. What avails it so much as to eat? For if he must die of hunger, whatever he do he shall fail, and if his destinie threaten him not that way, he shall live in full assurance. Behold here prodigious dotages. But God, hath he not fixed the number of my years, as saith Job: *You keep a reckoning of his years and months: you have set him limits which cannot be broken?*

2. Conclusion against Fatality. Job. 14. 5. Numerus mensium ejus apud te est, constituisti terminos ejus, qui præteriri non poterunt.

I affirm, God knows the number of your days, and hath determined them: Hath he not on the other part obliged you to your conservation by the Law of nature? Since you have no revelation from above, that God wil have you die in such or such a fashion, you ought to preserve your life to the last breath, and if through rashness you run among precipices, shipwracks, and musket-shots, without obedience, without reason, without discretion, you are the murtherers of your selves. God hath foreseen you must die at such an hour, and of such a death: but he hath likewise foreseen it would happen unto you through a most perverse will, and an enraged temerity, which sought to tempt the Counsels of the Omnipotent, against all the maxims of verity. Know you not, God hath set fire and water before you, and that you may take which of them you please? *Liberty of Free-will is absolutely given to man to become a Master over all his actions, with a constancy of mind, either voluntarily to keep and conserve good, or to resist evill with the like freedom*, said Tertullian.

Tertul. adverſ. Marc. c. 6. Tota libertas arbitrii in utramq; partem concessa est homini, ut sui Dominus constanter occurreret, & bona sponte servando, & mala sponte vitando.

7. The third conclusion will teach us to settle our labour by heavens direction in a good temperature, so that we stand not with arms a-cross when we should travel, expecting from Gods hand what we ought not to expect with our cooperation: and that on the other side we take heed, not so to presume of our own abilities, as to ascribe thereunto all good successes which happen. For both the one and other is hateful before God. We know what the Sage *Greek* said to a Carter plunged in a myre, who called aloud on *Minerva*, not seeking to stir himself: My friend, with *Minerva* you must stir a hand. God is very ready to aid you, but you must on your part use correspondence. Set up sayl, and God will give you wind, till the earth, and you shall receive Heavens benediction. But if you think to please your self with an ill rectified devotion, and not to care for the affairs of your family, will you not be like those barren trees, which make a noise with their leaves under the breath of winds, and never bear fruits? On the other side, beware of thinking to be happy by means meerly humane and politick, without Heavens direction: For so doing, you will build upon quick-silver, phantasms of greatness, which will afford you illusions in this life, to

3. Third conclusion against humane prudence, and lazyness. Σὺν Θεῷ καὶ χεῖρα κίνει.

Nec consilio Prudentiæ vincitur, sagaci, divinæ providentiæ fatalis dispositio subverti vel reformari potest. Apul. Metamor. 9.

Hæc fatis superi certâ ratione regunt. Sil. Ital. l. 5.

(a) Rom. 8. Prudentia carnis mors est, prudentia autem spiritus vita & pax.

(b) Bernard. de cõsider. l. 5. Tob. 6. 3. Ad te Domine faciem meam convertо, ad te oculos meos dirigo. Peto Domine ut de vinculo improperii hujus absolvas me, aut certè desuper terram aspice me, &c.

drench you in the other into eternal confusions. When you have done all which justice and conscience dictate, leave successes to God, and know there are strokes from Heaven that cannot be vanquished, either by prudence of counsels, or any humane remedies. We are to be answerable unto God with our good desires, not powers; the petty gods of the earth can do nothing against the Decrees of Heaven. Take these words of S. *Paul*, not as ordinary, but as oracles of an immutable Verity: (a) *Prudence of flesh is death: but prudence of Spirit is peace and life.*

If you have good success in ought you do, thank God, and look on him (saith (b) S. *Bernard*) as an Omnipotent Will, a virtue full of affection, an eternal light, a sovereign beatitude, which replenisheth all here below with the abundance of his ever-honoured bounty. But if in doing all you can, you find main oppositions, and irksom afflictions in the world, say as the chast *Sara* did, seeing her self injured by her servant: *O God, I turn my face to the place whence I expect my consolation. I fix mine eyes on thee, because thou settlest all my hopes. I beseech thee deliver me from the fetters of this disgrace, or deliver me out of this world. Thy counsels are impenetrable to the weakness of my understanding; but I am well assured of one thing, that he who faithfully serves thee, shall never be deceived. If his life be assaulted with afflictions, it shall reap Crowns. If it be exposed to the ardour of tribulations, thou wilt stretch out an assisting hand. If thou exercisest it under thy chastisements, it shall be to make it find out the path of thy mercies.*

The fifth Example upon the fifth MAXIM.

Of the Providence of GOD over States and riches of the World.

EULOGIUS.

Drawn from the observation of *Paul* a Greek Authour.

THe Divine Providence is a marvellous workman, which ruleth here below over the heads of mortals, it laboureth in this great mass of mankind; it takes men of earth, to make them of gold, and of those men of gold, makes men of earth. It commixeth slaves and Kings, and causeth the one, not thinking of it, to spring from the other in the revolution of times, as *Plato* said. But we who know not all its secrets, sometimes blame the works of it, which should rather stir up our admiration, then be subject to our censure. One complaineth the wealth of the world is not well divided, and that the wicked have ever the greatest share. Men who oftentimes know not how to part with a finger breadth of land, but by disjoyning most intimate charities, would make themselves distributers of the worlds fortunes, as if they looked more narrowly into the world, then he that made it.

Paul. Syllegus. l. 3. c. 48.

I will here set down a memorable history, drawn out of a rare Grecian Authour, named *Paulus*, who compiled many narrations, learned from the best of his Age. He recounteth how in the time of the Emperour *Justin* the elder, about the year 528. after the birth of Christ, there was in *Thebais* one named *Eulogius*, a stone cutter by his trade, of poor means, but very rich in virtue. Which maketh us say, Poverty resembles the Island of *Ithaca* (as said *Archesilas*) which though rough and bushy, failed not to breed the bravest men of Greece, whom she made use of, as a school for all the exercises of virtues.

Poverty the Isle of Ithaca. Πενίαν μὲν ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν ἀποφόρον. Stob. serm. 93

This man, who at that time had no other wealth on earth but his hands, spared not to store up treasures of good works, as pledges in Heaven. He feared God, was devout, chast, sober, abstinent, courteous, peaceful, charitable, and embraced eminent virtues in a mean fortune. It is a strange thing, that notwithstanding his labour, which was hard enough, he fasted most part of his time even to Sun-set, and with the little money he got by the sweat of his brows, relieved the poor. He walked like *Abraham* before pilgrims, he washed their feet, and received them into his little house with all possible charity. Then seeking out needy persons of his own Parish, to give them some refection according to his ability, he extended his compassion even to beasts, not suffering any thing to escape his bounty. One would have said, seeing all this poor trades-man did, he had been some rich Lord, such abundance appeared in so low a poverty.

Virtues of a good poor man.

It happened, that a holy Hermit called *Daniel*, who lived in great reputation, for the excellent endowments of his soul, passing along that way, sojourned in the poor cottage of *Eulogius*, who received him like an Angel descended from Heaven. He, who was a most spiritual man, looking very far into the Mason's life, found therein such eminent perfection, that he well perceived devotion many times lodged with little noise in a secular life, and that God, who is a great Master, had servants every where.

Daniel the Hermit made a rash demand;

This so enflamed him to the love of those virtues he observed in his hoste, that returning to the Monastery, he exercised great devotion, as fasting three whole weeks together, with intention to obtain an ample estate from God for *Eulogius*. Fervour so transported this good man, that he considered not, that God, who preserveth us to health, loveth us not to curiosity, and that the banquets he made for his greatest servants, as *Elias* and S. *Paul* the Hermit, when he for them opened the treasures of Heaven, were only bread and clear water of fountains. Notwithstanding, he without intermission, importuned Heaven by his prayers, complaining, God who was most just, gave riches in excess to so many sinners, to puff up their pride, and foment riot, when the poor Mason, who deserved rivers should stream nothing but gold for him, was invaded by harsh poverty, which tyed up his hands from virtue. But he persisting day and night to beg the fruit of his request, heard a voice from Heaven, which commanded him to lay aside so indiscreet a request, saying, If his *Eulogius* left his poverty, he would forsake his conscience. But he pertinaciously persevering in the pursuit of his desire, through a goodness wholly blind, answered, He well knew the contrary, and that this good man would never become evil with the blessings of God, but would rather make them mount up again to their source. That were he made rich, it would be but for the poor, and that wealth would change nothing in him, but to make him the more profitable for all the world: adding thereto, he would answer for him body for body, and soul for soul. God, who was willing to let the Hermit find by very sensible experience the temerity of his request, permitted the Mason in an instant to become a wealthy and able man. For digging in the earth, he there found a very rich treasure, which made him even in an instant bury his piety. Behold him changed into another man. He, who before perpetually sang the praises of God among the wants of poverty, like a little Gold-finch among thorns, groaned under the burden of this gold, grew pensive, anxious, sad and suspitious. He forgot piety and himself, to converse with this gold. In the end, he resolved to steal out of his Country, where he was very well known and to travel to *Constantinople*, the Port of all Nations,

οὐχὶ βλαπτόμενος γὰρ.

Change of fortune causeth change of manners.

ons, there to unfold the change of his fortune with the more liberty. Yet had he some discretion, not instantly to appear in full view; but to polish, and trick up himself, making some apprentiship in the school of the world, and of civil life, to correct all that which the defect of his birth had left in him, either of rudeness or imperfection. And being of a good understanding, and handsom presence, he put himself in the conversation of honest men, and drawing near to the fountain of light, began to haunt the Court, to fashion himself for arms in the Emperours Regiments, where being full of crowns, and daily having opportunity to oblige souldiers, he so well knew how to gain hearts, and purchase the good opinion of all the world, that mounting step after step, he was in some few years made Captain of the Guard to the Emperour *Justin*. Behold him transported from the element of terrestrial men, into a new sphere, to converse with Gods.

Riches the mother of vices, and neglect of God.

There he was seized on by a dead drunkenness, which change of fortune usually causeth in weak understandings. He no longer looks back on his extraction, but to hide the defects of it. He no more remembers ancient amities, but quite to deface the marks of them. He neither knew God nor men, but for his own ends and services. He walketh up and down the City of *Constantinople* like a God in a Comedie, wearing rubies, and dragging silk after him, and he who scarcely had iron to forge a hammer or a trewel, will no longer spit, but in gold and silver. Prayer is a trouble to him, fasts are torments, ceremonies of the Church amusements, and constraints. This eclipse of devotion is waited on by a desperate exorbitance of feasts, game, and love. The more shameful his birth was, so much the more he makes himself ostentous and magnificent, to divert all the suspition of it. It is the fashion of many Great-ones derived from inferiour rank, to drown their former condition in profuse riots, and to do as that *Roman*, who sought to cover by streng h of gold and silver, his fathers cottage, who was but a sheepherd.

Vision of *Daniel* the Hermit.

Being engulphed in these vast delights, the Hermit, who knew not what was become of his *Eulogius*, had a frightful vision, wherein he saw himself suddenly brought before the Tribunal of God. He seemed to stand trembling before this awfull Throne, environed with Angels of fire, who held instruments of terrour in their hands. The Judge sitting with incomparable majesty, looked on him with an insensed eye, and shewed him a man buried in roses, and wasted with riots, saying unto him: *Is this then the care thou hast had of thy brothers soul?* Afterward turning to the Angels, executours of his justice, *Strike* (said he) *and spare not this respondent.* The poor man halfe dead with fear, presently understood this out-cast shewed him, was *Eulogius*, who having found great riches by his means, led a riotous life at *Constantinople*. He presently threw himself at the feet of the Judge, humbly beseeching him with tears & groans, to suspend the rod of his indignation, on condition he would reduce his friend unto duty.

He went to *Constantinople*, and spake to *Eulogius*.

Verily, he failed not instantly to hasten to the place where he was, and found him in this ample City, the most eminent of the Eastern Empire, in glorious equipage, perpetually near the Kings person, or so overwhelmed with visits, affairs, and delights, that it was a whole moneth before he might speak to him, though he daily much endeavoured it. In the end, it was Gods will one day he was admitted into his Cabinet; when beseeching him to send away his people, for the importance of the business he was to treat, that done, he presently made himself known remembring *Eulogius* of his former poverty, his trewel, and masons life; adding, that by his prayers he came to this eminent fortune, he confidently blamed him for his ingratitude, and infidelity towards God. The other who took no contentment, that amidst his golden glitter and silk, the old rag of his first fortune should be remembred, brake off the discourse, and shamefully driving him out of his Cabinet, asked his waiters, what they meant to bring a fool and a melancholy lunatick before him; which was the cause the unfortunate Father *Daniel* was so loaden with blows, that he thought he should have been slain in the place. Yet all bloody, he crept out of the chamber as well as he could, and lifting his eyes up to heaven, humbly besought God, steeping every word in his tears and blood, to send *Eulogius* not more riches and honours, but disgrace and poverty, knowing it was the onely means to reduce him to reason.

This quickly came to pass as he wished. For the Emperor *Justin* dying, *Eulogius* was removed both from the favours he hoped, and those he possessed, which disposed him to a bitterness of heart against *Justinian*, then seated in the Empire. But it being dangerous to suffer ill affection towards the Prince, to encroach upon the heart, he already was so giddy, that nothing wanted but opportunity to undo himself.

Fall of *Eulogius*.

Behold here a hideous treason plotted against the new Emperour, which aimed to ruin the whole state of the East, & to bury *Constantinople* in its ruins: *Hypatius*, & *Pompey*, nephews of the Emperour *Anastasius*, who preceded *Justin*, had also pretences for the Empire, which having been little countenanced, either through want of time, or defect in their merit, failed not to be reproduced in this new State, wherein *Justinian*'s affairs, seemed, as yet, much unsetled. These Rebels had drawn to their side huge factions of mutinous spirits, and envenomed the peoples mind, by decrying what they could the government of *Justinian*, under the shadow of exactions of excessive sums of money, levied on all sides. So that in short time, the whole City was seen in arms, and filled with malecontents, who under colour of defence of publick good, committed shameful outrages, and pillages unpunished.

Rebellions and seditions direful for people.

The people never fail to favour rebellions, and to second the evil purposes of the factious, for that is the way to put ones self between two dangers, and to be exposed as a prey to all violence. The Emperour seeing the malignity of this storm, and well understanding he could not divert it but by strong resistance, dispatched the Regiments of the *Heruli* to over-run the Rebels. They being rough gamesters, made a great massacre of the people, whilst the blind iron made no distinction between forreigner, and native. This served more to exasperate minds transported with extremities, saying: *They no longer must hope for safety, since the Prince had sold their lives to Barbarians.*

The sedition was so much enkindled, that women and children became parties, ceasing not to throw stones and fire from on high out of windows upon the Emperours souldiers. They seeing themselves charged on all hands, entered into an inexorable fury, which was waited on by so strange a butchery, that it in an instant covered the streets with blood & dead bodies. The Patriarch beholding all this misery, had recourse to the arms of heaven, since earthly Powers could do nothing, so that he presently advanced a procession of Ecclesiasticks, who bare the books of the Gospels, and Images of our Saviour. But

the *Heruli* became then enraged Elephants with the ſight of their bloud, nor could they look on any Image but of revenge, or entertain any Goſpel but the ſword. They onely called force to counſel, when reaſon was baniſhed, and acted all which violent rage might in an unlimited power. You would have ſaid, ſignal had been given for fire and ſword, to commix and confound all that might be diſordered. Crimes were freed from chains, for laws, and Religion, which uſeth to become a veil for protection of ſuppliants, had no obſtacle in it to ſtay the heat of this fight.

The Emperour, who only required to pacifie the ſedition, needs would call the people into the Theater, to ſweeten and inform them of his intentions: but the rebellious cried out inſtantly, it was to deceive, and the more eaſily to enſnare them: and the exceſs of their wickedneſs having taken away the hope of pardon, they took *Hypatius*, and lifted him on high upon a target, to pronounce him Emperour in ſight of all the world. The whole City ſtood five days in ſo horrible confuſions, that it ſeemed a very image of hell.

In the end, God favouring the right of lawful Princes, *Juſtinian* found effectual meanes to diſarm rebellion, attracting ſome by great liberalities, and diſ-countenancing the reſt; he ſo changed the face of affairs, mingling likewiſe force with induſtry and favour, that he cauſed *Hypatius* the imaginary Emperour, to be taken with *Pompey* his Aſſociate, and condemning them to death, diſſolved the whole conſpiracy, which had before been ſo fatal to the people that thirty thouſand remained dead on the place. *Eulogius* was far engaged in the faction of *Hypatius*, ſo that ſaving his life by flight, all his goods were confiſcated. The miſerable man not knowing of what wood to make his arrow, returned to his former trade, and hid himſelf in great obſcurity, to make it a veil for his crimes. Notwithſtanding, moved with remorſe of conſcience, he began in this alteration of ſtate, to make a virtue of his neceſſity, and to ſacrifice his body to penance, which had been vowed to ſenſuality. The Hermit *Daniel* afterward met him by chance, and perceiving him much milder, and more tractable then he was at *Conſtantinople: How goes the world with you*, Eulogius, (ſaid he) *having been the King in a Tragedy, what part play you now*?

To which, all over-covered with ſhame, he replied, His ingratitude had abuſed the bleſſings of God and men, yet for all this not leſſened their goodneſs and that if Father *Daniel* would once again pray for him, not to reſtore him to the Court, where he too long lived in the death of his innocency, but a little to ſweeten the ſharpneſs of his poverty, he would be grateful for it all days of his life. The Hermit anſwered: Confide not in me, my friend, the experience of your follies hath made me wiſer then I was. Though poverty be irkſom, it is an evil neceſſary for you. Remain in the condition, whereunto your birth diſpoſed you, and ask not riches again, which would only ſerve to make you nought.

VI. MAXIM.

Of PREDESTINATION.

THE PROPHANE COURT

That the Salvation is a thing done, nor need we take care of it.

Malui ut-the ſcrutari, quam noſſe tuus. Lucanus.

1. GReat things are not unlike the ſources of *Nilus*, whereof the Ancients ſaid, nature made them rather to be looked after, then found: ſo many great wits have been employed to enquire the cauſes of Predeſtination, yet all have confeſſed: *It was an abyſs of the riches of Gods wiſdom and knowledge, whoſe judgments are incomprehenſible, and ways not to be tracked.*

Rom. 11.

Maxims againſt fatality.

Fear not the judgements of God, which of themſelves are nought but juſtice and goodneſs; but fear your works, which have ſo little aſſurance, and ſo much iniquity. Say not your ſalvation is a thing done, and that God having determined it from all eternity, without calling you to counſel, good works can do nothing to advance your happineſs, nor bad to encreaſe your unhappineſs. Know, God, who of his meer bounty calleth you will neither ſave nor damn you, but by juſtice. Think not, it is deſtiny or neceſſity begins this buſineſs: God by his grace hath put the mould and cizars into your hands, to faſhion your ſelf ſuch as you deſire to be reputed. Firſt ſecure your ſelf of your ſelf, by contributing to the graces which prevent you: He who is good to himſelf, ſhall never find God evil.

(a) Notable ſaying of Tertullian.

The great judgement of *Tertullian* ſore ſtalled the diſputation of men, when he ſaid: (a) *It was neither a good faith, nor very ſolid, to referre all to the will of God, and ſo flatter the world, by ſaying, nothing is done in the world without the Ordinance of God: but we muſt underſtand there is ſome power in us, which God himſelf expecteth, to accompliſh the work of our ſalvation.* To ſay then, The great God hath determined of us in his eternity, without making any reflection upon our works, *Is to make a pillow for the ſloath of ſome, and to prepare a precipice for the deſpair of others.* Let us not in this article make God ſo liberal, that he gives us bleſſings wherewith we may take occaſion to be evil, and think his mercy will countenance our ſluggiſhneſs. *He ſleepeth too much at eaſe, who thinks to carry his happineſs behind him.* (b) What care would you have a man take of his ſalvation, who thinks it depends not at all upon his care, and what deſpair will not ſtrike down a feeble brain, who ſhall imagine all his travels do nothing for his avail towards beatitude, ſince the concluſion of his good or ill hap, were eſtimated without any conſideration of his merit? A labourer would not trouble himſelf to till the ground, which were infallibly condemned to barrenneſs, or to a certain proportion of fruit, and his induſtry to be idle. And who would care to poliſh his ſoul, if his glory were confined without any regard to his free-will? All labours would ſeem nought but wretched acceſſories; and good works, but frivolous amuſements.

THE HOLY COURT.

That our eternal happineſs is yet in our hands, and expecteth our endeavour.

Non eſt bona & ſolida fidei, ſic omnia ad voluntatem Dei referre & ita adulari omnemque querelam diſcendo, nihil fieri ſine juſſione ejus ut non intelligamus aliquid eſſe in nobis ipſis Tertul. l. de exhort. caſtitatis.

(b) Note the danger that followeth, if the conſideration of good works be taken away.

True doctrine of Predestination.

2. But when we fix our thoughts upon this verity, which sayes predestination to be a divine Providence by which certain persons are mercifully drawn out of the Mass of corruption, and picked out to be exalted to eternal beatitude by wayes infallible, and that it is chiefly done by the mercy of God, who decreeth in his eternal counsel to prevent us with his grace; and that according to the correspondence we therein ought to use, he judgeth of our good or ill hap: we call it a proposition conform to the doctrine of the Church, advantageous to the glory of God, and infinitely availeable for repose of conscience. These are three points upon which we must insist upon this discourse.

Three points of reasons of this doctrine.

S. Paul, and S. Augustine interpreted in the matter of Predestination.

And first, there is no cause to become jealous upon the words of S. *Paul*, and Saint *Augustine*, who seem sometime to attribute all to the meer will of God, without admitting any consideration of our good works. For we must weigh with our selves these two great men, like two huge seas, that through impetuous power of water, swel so upon one brink, that they seem for a time to leave the other dri'e. But as the Ocean, after he hath largely dilated himself upon one side, returns within the limits God prescribed him; so these men falling upon contumacious spirits, who rebel against truth, return into a peaceful equality to build the house of God. The one sought to overthrow a Judaical opinion, which maintained the eternal happines of Predestination was of necessity tied to the blood of *Abraham*, to Circumcision, to works, and ceremonies of the old Law; without observation of which, the *Jews* acknowledged no salvation. Behold the cause why the excellent Apostle, who saw in this a contempt of grace, and a manifest foil given to Gentilism, which he had taken into his protection, strongly insisteth and argueth with a torrent of reasons to confound this arrogance of the *Hebrews*, who boasted the reliques of a dying law, and ran after it with Chymæraes. From whence it comes to pass that all the reasons he produceth, have no other aim but to exalt the mysteries of redemption; and to shew, that the origin and beginning of our salvation consisteth in the grace of *Jesus Christ*, who calleth us to Christianity of his meer mercy, without consideration of the observation of the Mosaical law, or other works, which preceeded this calling.

Rom. 6. 23. Ephes. 1. 4. S. Aug. l. de prædest. Sanctor. c. 19.

And it is in this sense he saith, grace is life eternal, because it is by it's means we obtain beatitude, and in this sense that he assureth us God chose us before the worlds creation to be Saints, to wit, according to the same interpretation of S. *Augustine*, we were selected in the idæa's of God from all eternity to participate in the grace of the Gospel, we thereto contributing nothing on our part. For the first grace being the beginning of all merit, cannot be produced by merit. Finally, it is in the same sense he maintaineth God loved *Jacob*, and hated *Esau* before they had done good or evil. For it is to be understood he gave temporal favours, and spiritual graces likewise to *Jacob*, which he gave not to *Esau*, although he had bestowed on him favour sufficient for his accommodation. Otherwise if one would bring this passage to the point of predestination to glory, who seeth not we must conclude, that as *Jacob* was predestinated to eternal beatitude without any consideration of good works, so *Esau* had been reprobated without any regard of his demerits: which is most false, and condemned by the Church. Let us then undoubtedly hold, that all passages of S. *Paul*, which he alleadgeth in this point, have no other scope, but to exalt the free gift of redemption, and fruits of the Cross of *Jesus* above all legal ceremonies.

Rom. 9. 11.

3. And as for S. *Augustine*, he labours mainly to ruine from the top to the bottom the opinion of *Pelagians* and *Semipelagians*, whereof the one said we were chosen to glory immediately by the good works we do by our own natural forces; and the other to exercise some corrective upon this opinion, which seemed too rigid, have written, the works of nature dispose us to grace, and grace to glory. Now our eminent *Doctour* undertaking to humble this proud nature, which they sought to raise to the prejudice of grace, and the blood of our Saviour, gives many assaults, wherein he hath no other aim but to teach us, this Predestination, which he calleth preparation to grace, is not due to the merits of our free-will; but that God by his mercifull bounty poureth it into our hearts, to be the beginning of good works, to which he affordeth life eternal, crowning the favours himself inspired; and in this regard, he with S. *Paul* exalteth good works, which are productions of that seed of grace, which the Holy Ghost sowed in our hearts. Doth not the Apostle say (*a*) God predestinated those he foresaw would be conformable to the Image of his Son; where four of the most famous Fathers of the Church S. *Cyril*, S. *Ambrose*, S. *Chrysostom*, and *Theodoret*, no otherwise understand this passage, but that predestination to glory, followeth the prescience of good works? And what would S. *Augustine* affirm, when he said (*b*) the will of God could not be unjust, and that predestination proceeded (besides the grace of God) by most secret merits, which were discovered to this divine eye, that discerneth all the actions of men?

S. August. onely pretended to ruine the opinion of Pelagians.

(a) *Quos præscivit & prædestinavit conformes fieri imagini filii sui.* Rom. 8. *Aug.* l de prædest. Sanctor. c. 3. *Antequam faceret nos præscivit nos, & in ipsa nos præscientia, eum nondum fecisset, elegit.* Aug. l. 13.

(b) *Quo voluntas Dei injusta esse non potest: venit enim de occultissimis meritis.* Apud Mag. lat. dist 41.

4. Is there a soul so replenished with contradiction, which averreth not, That what God doth in a certain time, he determined to do it in his eternity? Now Faith teacheth us, he in that time by him determined, rendereth life eternal to the just for reward of their merit, as himself pronounceth in S. *Matthew*. (*c*) And therefore it is necessary to confess, God before all Ages was resolved to give the Crown of glory, not indifferently, but in consideration of good life, and laudable virtues. And for this it is to no purpose to say, the end of our intentions goeth before the means, whereby some infer, God first decreed beatitude, which is the end, then considered good works, which are the address to this end: For I answer, when the end possesseth the place of salary, as this here doth, the merit is always presupposed before the recompence. And although the Master of a Tourneament wisheth the prize to one of his favourites, yet his first intention is, he shall deserve it by his valour. God taketh the like inclinations in this great list of salvation; he wisheth all the world palms, but willeth it to them, who well know how to make use of the helps of his grace.

Manifest reason.

(c) Matth. 25.

Answer to objections.

Thus the most ancient, and gravest Fathers of the Church thought; this sentence they agreed on before the impostures of *Pelagians* in the golden Age of the Church through a most purified ray. And to this purpose *Tertullian* said: (*d*) *God, who is very good of his own, was ever just of ours.* And S. *Hilarie* said most perspicuously: (*e*) *That Election was not an effect of judgment indiscreet, but that from the choice of merit, proceeded the distinction made for glory.* S. *Epiphanius* expressed the like opinion, *That there was no exception of persons in the proceeding of God, but that it passed according to the merit, or demerit of every one.* Behold what we may gather from the soundest tradition of the Church.

The doctrine of the most ancient Fathers concerning predestination.

(d) Tertul. de resur. carnis. *Deus de suo optimus, de nostro justus.*

(e) Hilar. in Psal. 64. *Non res indiscreti judicii electio est: sed ex delectu meriti discretio est.*

(f) But

(f) But if we now weigh the second Article whereon we insist, which is the glory of God, it is an easie matter to see this opinion, which appropriateth a certain fatality of divine decrees, without other knowledge of cause, agreeth not with this immense bounty of God, nor the sincere will he hath to save all the world: It is not suitable to his justice, nor to his promises, or menaces he makes to virtues, or vices: besides it tormenteth minds, weakens the zeal of souls: and throweth liberty & despair into manners.

(f) The second point of reasons. That God is glorified in that he hath our works for predestination to glory.

Why should not a miserable reprobate have cause hereupon to say: Ah, my Lord! where are the bowels of goodness and mercy, which all pens testifie, all voices proclaim, and laws establish? Is it then of honey for others, and of worm-wood for me? How cometh it to pass without any knowledge of merit, you drew this man from the great mass of corruption, to make him a son of your adoption, a coheir of your glory, and have left me as a black victim, marked with a character of Death? What importeth it me, that in this first choice you made, you did not condemn me without knowledge of cause? to think no good for me, was to think ill enough for me. Was I then able to row against the torrent of your power? Could I intrude into your Paradise, which you have fitly disposed like the Halcyons nest, whereunto nothing can enter but its own bird? You have built your Palace of a certain number of chosen pieces, in such sort, that the account thereof being made, and proportions valued, one small grain might not be added to encrease the number. What could I do in this dreadful exclusion, but accuse your bounty, and deplore my unhappiness?

The complaint a Reprobate may make.

Behold what a reprobate soul may object: and it were bootless to answer, that a bruit beast might complain in this fashion, that God had not made it a man, or the like might be alledged for infants, who dy without Baptism: For as concerning beasts, nothing is taken from them, rather much given, when from nothing, being and life is afforded them with contentments of nature; and as for little infants, they endure no evil, and are no more disturbed to be deprived of the sight of God, then was *Nebuchadnezzar* for the Scepter of *Babylon*, when he in his infancy was bred among shepheards, thinking himself the son of a Peasant, and wholly ignorant of his Royal extraction. But to say, A man who dies at the age of discretion, and is delivered over to eternal flames, was condemned by God, without any other fore-sight of his works, is it not a cruelty, not worthy of ought but Calvinism? as if a father might be excusable in marrying one daughter richly, and cutting the others throat, to set her on a pyle. He who would judge wisely, must fly the very shadow of an opinion so damnable, and all which may seem to favour it.

Aug. de verbo Apost. ser. 11. *Si posset loqui pecus, & dicere Deo, quare istum fecisti hominem, mepecudem?* Answer to objections. *Glosa* in Danielem

6. Now as concerning the Doctrine which establisheth Predestination upon grace and prevision of good works, it seems to strech far towards the point of Gods greatest glory. It discovereth us his science in attributing unto him an infinite survey over all the actions of *Adams* children before all Ages by which it seasonably fore-saw all that was to be done, by all particulars, in so great a revolution of times: It in an instant affordeth us this most innocent knowledge, seeing we learn by the same way, that the prescience which God hath of our works, is no more the cause of our happiness, then my memory of the fireing of *Rome*, which happened under *Nero*; or then mine eye of the whiteness of snow, and fresh verdure of meadows by its simple aspects. Nothing

The fruits of Gods glory derived from our Maxim.

hapneth because God fore-saw it, but God fore-saw it, because it should so happen by motion of our free-will, and not by the laws of necessity.

Quinon est præscius omnium futurorum non est Deus. Aug. de civit. Dei l. 5. c. 9.

Moreover, the Justice of the great Master is very eminent in this action; for we do not say he works at random, and seeks to make boast of his power in the misery of mortals: but with the Scripture, that he separateth light from darkness with a diamond, to wit, a most strong and resplendent knowledge of the merit and demerit of men. What sense is there to make a power, which takes its glory from ignorance, and is potent in contempt of reason? Is not this to make all terrible, even to its own favours? What sense is it to appoint a Judge to satisfie the whole world according to desart, and to make him sign Decrees irrevocable in favour of some one, before knowledge of all merit? Cannot we make him potent, unless we make him unjust?

A notable passage. *Adamanta discrevit in cem & tenebras.* Eccles. 16. 14. Secundum 70.

Add also, that in the seeling we have of Predestination, the mercy of the most mild Father shineth with visible marks. For we do not make him to damn him through a negligence of thoughts, and coldness of affection, which cannot be in a God so active, or a heart so loving: but we believe his goodness extendeth to *Cain* and *Judas*, and would they have endeavoured, they had the means to gain beatitude, which never fails any man, if he want not correspondence.

Goodness of God

In the end, we likewise acknowledge in this point the most prudent government of God, who will have nothing idle in nature, nor grace. He could enlighten us without the Sun, and afford us fruit without the earth: but he will his creatures operate, and that one unfold the rays of his substance, another supply with the juice of its bosom. In like manner, he is pleased we make his grace to profit us, to raise our riches out of his favours and derive our glory from his bounty. He will give a title of merit to our happiness, to advance the quality of his gifts. He will crown in us, what comes from himself, as if it were wholly ours. Why shall we shut up the eys of his wisdom? why ty up the hands of his liberality? An Ancient said, He more esteemed the judgment of certain men, then their proper benefits. God will, we value both in him, that we enjoy his bounty by favour, and his judgement by merit. The actions of the Sovereign Monarch are free from controul, as his gifts from repentance.

Si voluisti Esau, & concurrisset, & Dei adjutorio pervenisset. Aug. ad Simp. l. 1. q. 2.

I will leave you now to conclude, what quiet we may have in our consciences upon the matter of Predestination. I leave you to think, whether a good soul have not cause to say: O be the Divine Providence praised for evermore, since it so worthily hath provided for me. I cannot adore its counsels, unless I love its goodness. It sweeteneth my pains, it comforteth my cares when it teacheth me, my eternal happiness depends on him and me; on him, who loveth me tenderly, and on me, who cannot hate my self, unless I derogate from my essence, after I have failed in all virtues. Courage then, we roul not under this fatality which writeth laws on diamonds, and ties us to inevitable necessities. The fodder is not cast, we have yet the mettal boyling apace in hand; we may appear on the mould of virtue, we may make our selves such by the grace of God, as to put our salvation in assurance, our life into repose, and death into crowns.

Third point. Repose of conscience.

I cannot fear God with a slavish fear, since he is nought but goodness: but I will ever dread my works, since I am frailty it self. Let us hereafter live in such sort, as we would be judged. Let us consecrate our life to innocency, and banish all sin. Let us

undertake

undertake piety, humility, obedience, alms, and devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, which are most assured marks of Predestination. Let us not presume of our own forces, nor despair likewise of Gods mercy. If we stand upright, let us still fear the declining of nature, which easily bendeth to evil, and if we stoop, let us quickly raise our selves again, making all avail to our salvation, yea, our proper falls. We have a great Advocate in heaven, who openeth as many wounds for us, as we have inflicted wounds on his body. We have inflicted them through cruelty, and they will receive us through mercy, serving us towards Heaven for a chariot of triumph, as they were to us on earth a mirrour in life, and a sepulcher in death.

Drawn out of *Simeon of Constantinople.*

The sixth EXAMPLE upon the sixth MAXIM.

Of the secret Power of Predestination.
PROCOPIUS.

Marvellous secret of Predestination.

PRedestination is an admirable secret, wherein experience teacheth us, there is nothing which the happy ought not to fear, nor any thing the miserable may not hope. Stars fall from the firmament, to be changed into dung-hils, and dung-hils of the earth mount up to Heaven to be metamorphosed into stars. The graces of God insinuate themselves by secret wayes, and the impressions of the will are extreamly nice: all that past, is a dream, and the future a cloud, where thunders murmur in the dark.

Historia Patrum orient. & Rader.

We tremble when we read in the History of holy Fathers, that an Hermit, grown white in the austerities of Religion, understanding a notable thief had gained Heaven by a sigh he cast forth in the instant of his death, was much displeased, and presently became nought, because God was good, blaming his mercy, to try his justice: for one sole censure made him loose forty years of penance, and drew his foot out of Paradise, to deliver his soul to hell. I purpose here consequently to produce a singular conversion, that you may admire, and fear the secret wayes of God. *Simeon* of *Constantinople* is the Authour of it, who enlarged it with many words, but I will abbreviate it into good proportion, which shall render it no whit the less effectual.

Actor. 12.

Procopius presented to *Diocles.*

The Emperour *Diocletian* having pacified *Egypt*, sojourned sometime in *Antioch*, of purpose to destroy the name of *Jesus Christ*, in the same place where the faithfull began to be called *Christians*. *Theodosia*, a great Lady, came to him, bringing her son along with her, named *Neanias*, in very good equipage, with purpose to prefer him in Court, and satisfie her ambition. To make her selfe the more acceptable, she freely protested, her deceased husband died a Christian, that she had often attempted to work him to forsake this superstition, adverse to Gods and men, and that being unable to prevail upon his inveterate obstinacy, she had manured this young plant, (speaking of her son) carefully training him in the service of the gods and Prince, with infinite detestation against Christianity.

Diocletian, who was much delighted with such accidents, loudly praised the Lady, and casting his eye on *Neanias*, he found him of handsom shape, good presence, understanding, and valiant, whereof he conceived great hope he might prove hereafter a principal instrument of his desires. That which also pleased him the more, was, that putting him on the discourse of his education, he said his father did all he could to win him to Christianity, but that he ever stuck to his mothers side, not enduring the impertinencies of a Religion, which professe h a son as old as his father, a mother without a husband, a childbirth joyned to virginity, a God crucified, a Cross divinized, and such other extravagancies, whereat he set himself a jeering with so much tattle, that he gained the Emperours heart.

Scoffing dangerous.

Scoffs have this proper in them, that they penetrate very far into jocund minds; and though they proceed from a soft spirit, they often make more impression, then iron. The Emperour so well liked his humour, that he gave him a charge in the City of *Alexandria*, with two Companies to forrage round about, and cleanse the Country from the sect of Christians. The mother conceived much joy thereat, and the son, who seemed already to touch Heaven with a finger, put himself into action for accomplishment of his Commission.

Admirable Conversion.

But, O the bottomless depth of Gods judgments! Behold he going about to surprize, is surprized, and of a Lion is become a Lamb, and of one victorious, a victim. He being near the City of *Apamea* in *Syria*, the earth shook under his feet, the air was inflamed with lightning, and thunders roared in the clouds, a voice came from Heaven, which said unto him: Neanias, *whither goest thou, and to what purpose is this equipage?* He, although much astonished, answered it was for the Christians, The voice replied, *Is it then to me you go?* But he, having the hardness to ask it, *who are you*, saw a Cross in the air, and heard these words: *I am* Jesus *the Crucified, Son of the living God, and you shall hereafter be a vessel of election for me.* This vision beat him down, to raise him like *S. Paul*, and of a persecutour, in a moment made him a Confessour. He secretly sent for a Goldsmith, and causing him to make a rich Cross, he embraced it, he kissed it, and carried it hanging about his neck, to engrave it in his heart.

In stead of persecuting the Christians, he turned his arms against a race of *Saracens*, who over-ran the Country, and ravished maids to satisfie their bruitishness, which filled houses with terrour and tears. The Cross gave great success to his arms, and in short time having chased away this pernicious faction, he went to the City of *Antioch*, being already fully instructed in the points of his religion.

Interview between *Procopius* and his mother.

The mother, who knew not what had passed in this matter, entertains him with much joy, not satisfying her self either with his sight, or in congratulating his triumphs. But he, who no longer cared for any thing under God, said: *I have obtained other victories which you know not. And what?* replied the mother. *Madam, I have vanquished my self by the grace of God, and departing hence a Pagan, am returned a Christian, desiring nothing more in the world of you, but since you gave me birth, you will take example from me. How, my son* (sayes the mother) *you are disposed to be merry.* No, *replies he, and drawing out his Cross, behold,* said he, *the marks of the Religion I profess.* She much amazed, drew him aside into her closet, and asked him, who had recommended this abomination to him, and whether he were become a fool? *There are none but fools* (said he) *who with reverence look after deaf and dumb gods; the time is come these feeble Deities must be abjured, and all the works of darkness*: and speaking this, he ransacked his mothers closet, which was very sumptuous, breaking and throwing down the golden and silver idols, and withal saying, these silly entertainments were onely good to make money of to distribute among the poor.

Theodosia

Revenge of Theodosia.

Theodosia was so offended at this act, that without any regard of blood, and nature, she went to the Emperour, and related all had passed, resolving rather to deliver her sole son to executioners, then to lose the satisfaction of her revenge. *Diocletian* as much surprised with astonishment, as enflamed with anger, having praised the mother for her zeal, wrote to *Justus* Governour of *Palestine*, and commanded him to seize on the person of *Neanias*, and to seek by all means to reduce him to obedience, and in case of refusal, to take away his sword, and proceed against him with all the rigour of punishments ordained for Christians.

The Governour having received the Emperours Mandate, went with his Guards to the house of *Neanias*, and signified the tenour of his Commission, withal delivering into his hand the Emperours Letters, wherein perceiving some blasphemies against our Saviour, he tare them in pieces, and said to *Justus*: *Execute your Commission; I have a body to suffer, but not a soul to betray my Religion.* The other conjured him by all the wayes of friendship, to take pity of his age, and not become an enemy to his own life and fortune, adding, temerarious counsels are sources of irrecoverable evils. But the valorous Champion drawing out his sword, threw it at the Judge's feet, professing he was wholly gained to *Jesus Christ*, whereupon he fettered him, and led him to *Cæsarea*.

Constancy of Procopius.

His sufferings for Religion.

In few daies he was brought to the Palace, to answer upon accusations objected, which he most freely averred, persisting in the confession of his faith with admirable constancy, which was the cause, the Judge proceeding according to ordinary forms exercised against the faithful, made him cruelly be beaten with rods in sight of all the world. *Diocletian* thought by these shameful and barbarous wayes, to stifle Christianity: but these outrages practised upon men of quality, enkindled the courage of Christians, and sowed seeds of Martyrs. Many Pagans were seen, who deplored this punishment, beholding a young Lord whom they had lately seen triumphant in courtesie, in arms, and valour, delivered into the hands of hangmen, to be used like a thief. The Martyr perceiving the peoples tears, said; *Fathers, and Brethren, bewail not my sufferings, lament your own errours; my pains will pass away, but the torment of infidelity shall be everlasting.* Then lifting his eyes to Heaven, he fervently besought God to fortifie him in his combats, to whom he resigned the total glory. *Justus* seeing him more courageous then he wished, sent him back unto the prison, where he was comforted with the sight of Angels, and it is said, our Saviour himself appearing, baptized him with his own hands, and gave him the name of *Procopius*, and heartened him, bravely to finish his combats.

The next day he came forth of Prison, like the Sun out of clouds, his body reflecting lustre and Majesty, when they thought him spent with excess of torments. The whole City was filled with rumour, and many souldiers secretly coming to the Bishop *Leontius*, were converted to faith, whereof the Governor advertised, made them presently to be beheaded, fearing to exasperate the Bands, if he longer deferred their Execution. *Procopius* having once again been tormented, before he was brought back to prison, recommended these first victims to Heaven by his prayers, whose example was quickly waited on by twelve Ladies, full of honour, who made open profession of faith. *Justus* thinking it was a feminine heat, which would be quenched when torments were applied to their bodies, caused them cruelly to be tortured, commanded their sides and arm-holes to be burnt, yet they persevered, singing and praising God in the ardour of the most exquisite torments.

Theodosia mother of our Martyr, being present at this spectacle, felt her self touched to the quick: for the spirit of God entred powerfully into her. It suddenly took off the film, which in her had clouded the light of reason, making her see into the bottom of her soul, at which she conceived much horrour.

Change of Theodosia.

Alas then, said she, *within her self, who ever lodged a heart so barbarous as thine, in the body of a woman? All the blood thou seest shed, distilleth now to satisfie a revenge thou conceivedst against thine own blood. Thy son is in prison all rent and torn, and if he yet have not rendred up his soul, he keeps it on his lips, expecting (perhaps) thy last words. If thou art not yet satisfied, go bathe thy self in his wounds, and pull away that little life nature gave him by thy means, and which cruelty taketh from him by thy practises. Ah* Theodosia, *the most rigorous of women, and the most unfortunate of Mothers, though thou hast abjured nature, renounce not the God of nature. Hear the voice which speaketh in thy heart, and render thee to that* Jesus *who begins to resign thee up to thy self. Why wilt thou not do, what they all before thine eyes? They have neither hearts of steel, nor bodies of brass, more then thou: but more resolution, because far greater faith. And why shouldst not thou be faithfull, by imitating their example. If thou hast provoked God's mercy, thou hast not wasted it. Let us go to Heaven by the purple way, since the Providence of Heaven presenteth it unto thee. The blood of thy poor son yet speaks to thee in so many tongues, as there are drops of it shed in the streets. Let us follow him, and never think that done too late, which soon shall work thy eternal salvation.*

She feeling the combat of these cogitations in her heart, suddenly cryed out, as in an extasie: *I am a Christian.* The Judge, who feared this act, gave semblance to hear nothing of it, but she redoubled her voice so loudly, and made so solemn a profession, that it was impossible for him to dissemble it: so that seeing she would not desist from this resolution, he was enforced to send her into the prison, where her son remained.

Procopius beholding her to come fettered with other Ladies, was infinitely joyed at this spectacle, and cryed out aloud:

Madam, my dear mother, who brings you? To whom she answered: *Loving son, the cause which put you here, brought me hither to be the companion of your death, since I am the murderess of your life. I have betrayed blood and nature, and delivered my bowels to executioners, to satisfie passion. Vertue and honour being lost, nought else remains for me, but the happiness to dy with you for* Jesus Christ. *It is, Son, at this instant, I must accomplish the words you spoke to me at your return, that I should take example from you, as you birth from me. O God, most honoured Mother, behold here a great touch from Heaven, (said* Procopius*) I have nothing more to wish in the world, since I this day behold you the precious conquest of* Jesus Christ. *It is at this time, when being a Mother by nature, you shall likewise be a Mother to me by the example of your pity: You are come to the point whether God would have you, and all that is past, was but to augment the glory of your conversion. Let us go by the way of blood, to the place where the soul of your good Husband, and my dearest father, expecteth us.*

His imprisonment and martyrdom.

These two hearts wholly dissolved into the love of God, spake in thought, having not language enough to express their affection. *Theodosia* being in a short time after baptized by *Leontius*, was led to execution with the twelve Ladies, where she appeared as the singular ornament of this holy Quire, leaving her head in the place, where she had first confessed *Jesus Christ*, with a constancy so heroick, that she drew

drew teares from all the world. *Procopius* having been tumbled up and down at divers Sessions before the Tribunals, whipped, roasted, broyled, salted, torn in all his body, the strength of his courage no whit shaken, stretched out his neck to the Executioner, and yielded up his fair soul to God, learning in the conversion of his mother, and his own, the Divine power of this great Predestination.

VII. MAXIM.

Of the Divinity of JESUS.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That God will be served in any kinde, and that every Sect hath reason in its Religion.

THis Maxim of the Prophane Court, is an old dotage of obsequious spirits, who having no zeal for faith, and likewise less courage against impiety, do in appearance approve all Religions, and follow none. That is it which made *Symmachus* say, God was a great secret, and that it was no wonder every one sought after it, and spake according to his weak endeavour of it, some in one fashion, and some in another: That is it also which made *Maximus Madaurensis* write, He was too great to enter whole and entire into the understanding of man; but must be taken piece-meal, every one contenting himself to adore some Symbol of God, which seemed most convenient unto him.

Behold the shortest way can be taken to arrive at gross impiety; for it is to make a *Roman* Pantheon of Religion, where you shall have a thousand imaginary Divinities, without one least glimmer of the knowledge of the true God. Lies for some space accord together, although they spare not to oppose one another; but true Religion hath this property, to tend wholly to Monarchy, and if you speak to it of tolerating other Sects, as if they were reasonable, it is to thrust thorns into the feet, and put straws into the eys of it.

2 Cor. 6. *Jesus* hath nothing to do with *Belial*, the faithful with the unfaithful, nor the Temple of God with the Synagogue of Devils. All Religions which wander from the ray of Christian and Catholick verity, are but Chymæra's of piety, spectres of wisdom, and flames, which lead these souls into an abyss of fire and darkness. There is but one Redeemer, to whom are due all services and adorations. And it is my desire for your comfort to shew you, that the Authours of all Sects, having in the end appeared so monstrous, it only appertained to the Eternal Son of the Father Celestial, to bear the testimony of all creatures for the homage of his Divinity.

Of the revelation of the WORD INCARNATE, *and how all Creatures bear witness of his Divinity.*

THe great God, whom the Prophet *Isaiah* called *the hidden God* and who according to the saying of the *Psalmist*, had spread round about his Throne a veil of darkness impenetrable to mortal eys, was unscarsed in the Crib, in the first of his days in such sort, that you need lift up but simple cloaths to know him. The Word Incarnate so visibly replenisheth all the world with its knowledge, that a man must be blinde not to see its lights, and stupid to resist its love. We will content our selves at this time to express three proofs; The one drawn from the voice of insensible Nature, the other from reasonable Nature, and the third from divine reasons.

THE HOLY COURT.

That none but Jesus *is Author of truth and salvation, to whom all Creatures bear witness of his Divinity.*

It is an admirable thing to see, that Heaven and the elements have been willing to bear a part in the great harmony, which hath manifested the Word Eternal to the world involved in times, and the increated Wisdom included in the body of an infant. If we will look into signs from Heaven, I may say, that at the approach of this Nativity, the Sun appeared incompassed with a marvellous Rainbow, willing thereby to give notice, the time of reconciliation was near, and that the great Mediatour, who should reunite all things in his Person, came to sanctifie the world by an universal peace. Voice of Nature. *Oros. l. 6. c. 20. Sust in Ang. c. 95. Senec. l. nat. qq. Dio. l. 45.*

I might alledge what was witnessed by *Entropius* in his sixth Book, and by *Eusebius* in his Chronicle, how three Suns were seen to shine at one time afterward united and incorporated in one sole Globe: in my opinion, so to denote three substances, to wit, of the Word, the Soul, and flesh conjoyned in the sole person of our Saviour. I could say, how at that instant the Sun was invironed with three circles, the one whereof bare a Coronet of ears of corn, to testifie the plenty, which the Word Incarnate should bring into the world. I could add what *Albumasar the Chaldean* wrote in his Introduction, sixth Treatise, and first Definition, touching the apparition of a Virgin in the first aspect of the sign *Virgo*. But let us rest satisfied, that Heaven spake aloud, making use of a new Star, as of a tongue to declare the living God, and that this apparition became so famous, that even Infidels had authentick testimonies thereof, as we may see in the narration of *Chalcidius*, a Platonick Philosopher. And it is strange, that *Pliny* (*a*) himself speaketh of a certain Star with silver rays, infinitely resplendent, which shewed God in a humane figure Three Suns. *Plin. l. 2. c. 31.* (*a*) Plin. c. 25. l. 2. Fit & candidius cometes argentea crine refulgens, ut vix contueri liceat, specie humana Deos effigiem in se ostendens.

If we speak of the Air, know we not it was illustrated with a great and Divine light, which Saint *Luke* called (*b*) *the glory of God*. If we speak of waters; Tradition teacheth us, a Fountain was seen to spring in a poor Stable, which was honoured first with the birth of the Son of God (*c*). If we speak of the Earth, hath it not contributed to the revelation of the Word, when it made some of its Trees bow, to adore the Saviour (*d*)? Did it not bear flowers visibly imprinted with the most noble characters of the living God, as *Rovillius* depainteth the Granadil? The Birds of the Air have rendred their homage by (*b*) Gloria Domini circumfulsit eos. (*c*) Baronius. (*d*) Sozomen. l. 5. c. 2. Rovillius de plantis. Joan. 1. 32. Matth. 17. 27.

Agnovit bos poſſeſſorem ſuum, & aſinus præſepe Domini ſui. Iſaiah 1.

the means of a dove, which appeared in the Baptiſm; fiſhes in that, which ſerved as a Steward, and Caſh-maſter to *Jeſus Chriſt*. Four-footed beaſts were remarkable in the crib, becauſe we have learned from the Prophet *Iſaiah*, *the Ox hath known his Maſter, and the Aſs the crib of his Lord.*

(e) Voice of Prophecie.

2. (e) If we paſs from the voice of nature, to voices divinely humane, as are predictions; what is there more admirable than the univerſal conſent of propheſies? He who ſhould tell us, that a moſt beautiful ſtatue of white marble had been ſeen in a Temple, all framed of pieces laid together, made by ſundry artizans in divers Ages, in ſuch ſort, that one began the head of this ſtatue, having no other determinate deſign; the other not ſeeing the head which was made, nor knowing it to be done, made a body, another an arm, another a hand, another a leg, another a foot, in the end, every one made his part, purſuing the ſame courſe; none of theſe excellent Maſters knowing ought of his companions works: Notwithſtanding, that all theſe pieces, wrought in ſundry Ages, by ſo many ſeveral hands, and in provinces ſo far diſtant one from another, being ſet together, it was found every piece was ſo curiouſly compoſed, and fitted to the entire body of the ſtatue, that it might be ſaid, All theſe Sculptours had long agreed together for the accompliſhment of ſuch a work.

If then this diſcourſe in the Idæa's of men, have any place in the truth of Hiſtories, as many have thought, muſt we not ſay ſome Intelligence governed the minds of all theſe Artizans, to cauſe them inſenſibly to conſent in all the dimenſions of this Maſter piece ſo excellent and exact?

Let us here ſay the like, when we behold the great model of the Word Incarnate, which God placed in the frontiſ-piece of his works, to be admired and adored by all intellectual Nature. We find Prophets divided one from another, the diſtance of many hundred years, different in age, humour, condition, ſtyle, invention, order, and connexion, who could neither ſee one another, nor agree together in any kind, as were *David*, *Daniel*, and *Iſaiah*: yet all without mutual knowledge laboured in the Hiſtory of the great Saviour of men; one ſpeaketh of his birth, another of his life, another of his doctrine, another of his manners, another of his miracles, another of his death, another of his victories and triumphs. When we take pains to gather together, and conſider all theſe pieces, we find them meaſured and fitted with ſuch proportion, that we are enforced to affirm, it is not a work of mortal hands, but an enterprize of the Spirit of God.

Excellent propheſies touching our Saviour. 49. Geneſ. *Non auferetur ſceptrum de Juda, &c. Donec veniat qui mittendus eſt.*

Who inſpired the Patriarch *Jacob*, that propheſied ſo many years before all Prophets, that the Meſſias, who was the hope of all Nations ſhould come, when the Scepter of *Judea* was taken out of the hands of *Judah's* race: which was fulfilled punctuall in the time of *Herod*, who put the true Heirs of this Royal Line to death, to ſatisfie his ambition, and content his tyranny? who dictated to the Prophet *Daniel*, (a) that after the Edict of King *Artaxerxes*, granted in favour of the re-eſtabliſhment of the Temple, there ſhould be 70. weeks to the birth of Chriſt, that is to ſay, the ſpace of 490. years, which was found true by calculation of the beſt Hiſtoriãs Who made the Prophet *Aggeus* ſpeak with this thundring majeſty, and worthy the lips of the God of Hoſts, WITHIN A SHORT TIME I WILL MOVE HEAVEN, EARTH, AND SEA, THE DESIRED BY ALL NATIONS OF THE WORLD SHAL COME, AND I WILL RPLENISH THIS HOUSE WITH GLORY? Was it not the ſame Spirit, which afterward wrought thoſe great myſteries we ſee; who then ſhewed them to his faithful ſervants? it is he who guided the pen of *Iſaiah*, when he proclaimed the Meſſias ſhould be born of a Virgin: he, who revealed to the Prophet *Micha*, this birth ſhould happen in *Bethlehem*: he who opened the eys of *Zachary*, to ſee him in the triumph he afterwards made in *Jeruſalem*: he, who deciphered to *David* all the particularities of his paſſion in the ſecond Pſalm. This great conſent of Prophets without deſign or art, aſtoniſhed the *Jews*, who had the Scriptures in their hands, and could reckon up all the verſicles of their Bible. They well ſaw, it was the uncontroulable voice of Prophets, but their vanity had ſo blinded them, that they rather wiſhed to have no Meſſias, than to acknowledge him poor according to the world, although his very poverty had been reckoned by the Prophets in the number of his greatneſſes.

Iſaiah 7. Micah 5. Zach. 9. Pſal. 2.

Aggæ. 2.

(a) Dan. 9. 26.

Strange teſtimony of Gentiliſm.

3. Perhaps it will appear to be leſs ſtrange, that the *Hebrews*, who were a choſen people, had ſo many revelations touching the Word of God. But who will not be rapt with admiration, to conſider the words, which the wiſeſt, the greateſt, and moſt glorious of Gentiliſm, left to poſterity, concerning this myſtery? I ſpeak not of *Triſmegiſtus*, of *Pythagoras*, of *Numenius*, nor of others, whoſe writings may be called in queſtion. I ſpeak of *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Cicero*. How came that into *Plato's* mind, which he ſo eloquently afterward couched in the fourth book of his laws? to wit:

(a) *That God ſhould be to men the rule and meaſure of all things, and principally if it were ſo, or ought to be ſo in any part of the world, that there were a Man-God.*

(a) Ὅτι θεὸς μέτρον τῶν χρημάτων μάλιστον, καὶ μᾶλλον

From whence think you came it, that *Ariſtotle*, who proceeded ſo adviſedly in all his Maxims, let this word fall:

(b) *That it was no unbeſeeming thing for the Gods immortal, to reveſt themſelves with humane nature, to deſtroy the errours, which were crept into the world?*

(b) Οὐκ ἄτοπος, ὡς φασὶν, ἀνθρωπόις δεῖν.

Who ſuggeſted to *Cicero*, one of the wiſeſt Politicians that ever was amongſt men, what he wrote in his Book of a Common-wealth?

Plato l. 4. de legibus.

(c) *That the time would come, there ſhould be no other law at* Rome, *than at* Athens: *but that amongſt all Nations, and in all times, there ſhould be one ſame, eternal, and immutable law, one common Maſter, and Emperour over all, which ſhould be God himſelf, the inventour, teacher, and introducer of this law: and that he who obeyed him not, ſhould flie from himſelf, as a deſpiſer of his own nature. But in this alone, that he would not obey, he were grievouſly chaſtiſed, although he might eſcape all other puniſhment.*

(b) *Non eſſe Dijs immortalibus indecorum hominibus indutos naturam, quo ab erroribus ſeruos eximerent mortales.* Cælius refert. l. 17. c. 24.

(c) Cicer. l. 3. de Rep. *Nec erit alia lex* Romæ, *alia* Athenis, *alia nunc, alia poſthac: ſed apud omnes gentes, & omni tempore una lex. Deus ille legis hujus inventor, diſceptator, lator, &c. Iam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto. To duces ſigna manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri, irrita perpetuæ ſolvent formidine terræ.* Virgil.

It were a thing ſuperfluous, to alledg here the verſes of the *Sybils*, which it is known were ſo expreſs, that many of the principal of the Gentiles were converted to Chriſtiãity, by reading the teſtimonys theſe divine women, rendered of the Word incarnate.

We all likewiſe know, God to make this argument the more viſible, permitted a little before the Nativity of our Saviour, that *Virgil*, the moſt eminent of all Poets, compoſed that his excellent work, where he expreſſeth in Latin verſe the conceptions of *Sybilla Cumæa*, and ſpeaketh plainly of a child which ſhould be ſent from Heaven to pardon the ſins of men, and fill the earth with bleſſings. And to ſhew this was not alone in the minds of particulars, we read that towards the reign of *Auguſtus*, *Julius Marathus* foretold, Nature ſhould bring forth a King for the Worlds Empire. Which ſo amazed the Senate, according to the relation of *Suetonius* (d) the Hiſtorian, that they forbad to breed up children which

(d) *Sueton.* in Aug. 94.

which ſhould be born within the time this South-ſayer had prefixed. Doth not *Joſephus* alſo make mention of the prediction, which ſaid: *Nations come from* Judea *ſhould become Maſters of the univerſe?* The *Romans* underſtood not this language, but applyed it, ſome to *Auguſtus*, others to *Veſpaſian*, until ſuch time as truth drew aſide the curtain, and made the accompliſhment of theſe predictions, perſpicuouſly appear in the Perſon of our Saviour.

Joſeph. l. 7. c. 11. de bello Judaico.

Nay not ſo much as *Porphyrie*, yea *Mahomet*, and devils, but give ſome Elogie of honour to *Jeſus*. *Porphyrie* in the Treatiſe he made of the bleſſings of Philoſophy, ſaith: *It is a great matter that devils themſelves have ſpoken in favour of* Jeſus, *confeſſing him to be endowed with ſingular piety, for which cauſe he entred into poſſeſſion of moſt happy immortality.* And *Mahomet*: *That the ſpirit of God bare record to* Chriſt *the Son of* Mary; *that the ſoul of God was given him; that he is the Meſſenger, Spirit, and Word of God; that his doctrine is perfect, and enlighteneth the Old Teſtament.* O God of the univerſe, how powerfull is verity, to derive teſtimonies in favour of his Word from the very lips of the moſt prophane!

Porphyrius, περὶ τοῦ λογ. φιλοσοφ.

Alcoran. Azoar. 1. 4. 11. 13.

4. Let us adde alſo ſome divine reaſons in this brevity, whereunto we have voluntarily confined our ſelves. Who ſees not that humane underſtanding, conſtrain'd by the conſideration of myſteries, doth homage alſo to the Incarnation of the Son of God? Where is that darkneſs which can hinder the bright day of faith? What can Infidels ſay? That this myſtery is impoſſible? Impoſſible, how? Either on Gods part, or mans, or from the repugnance of humane underſtanding with ſuch like propoſitions, becauſe by their ſaying they involve contradictions. How, would it not be poſsible to God, he being Omnipotent, Immenſe, Infinite? How, according to the confeſsion of ancient Philoſophers, can he repleniſh all the world with his Divinity, and is not able to accommodate himſelf with enough of it to divinize his holy Humanity? Is it becauſe we ſay it is united to the Word in this myſtery, in a quite other faſhion, than the Spirit of God is with the world? I admit it: For the union of it is truly perſonal. But muſt it not be confeſſed, the Word in this divine Eſſence, as under title of efficient cauſe, it hath an influence infinite over all the effects of the world, and as under title of final cauſe, it hath a capacity to limit and meaſure all the inclinations of creatures; ſo under title of ſubſtantial bound, it may confine and accompliſh by its perſonality all poſsible Eſſence? Why ſhall we tie the hands of Divine bounty in its communications, ſince it binds not our underſtanding in its conceptions?

Reaſons of ſeemlineſs.

Is it not a ſhamefull thing, that man will eſtimate, and ſet a value upon the Divine Eſſence? If God pleaſe not man, he ſhall not be God. Should we ſay, man is incapable of this communication? And how is it, that the holy Humanity reſiſted the Omnipotency of God, to the prejudice of his own exaltation, ſince it is found as ſoon in the union of the Word, as in the poſſeſsion of Eſſence? See we not in nature, that the rays of the Sun draw up vapours from the earth, and incorporated with them, do create Meteors in the air, not any one making reſiſtance to his exaltation? What contradiction can there be in our underſtanding againſt ſuch a maxim, ſeeing it appears the moſt famous Philoſopher ſaid, This union of God with man, might be very fit, and *Plutarch* alſo ſpeaking of the communication of the Creatour with the creature, pronounced theſe words, *That God was not a lover of birds, nor other living creatures, but a lover of men; and that it is a very reaſonable matter that he communicate himſelf to his loves, and delights?*

Plutarch. in Numa. Θεὸς δὲ φίλορνις, ἢ φιλόσηρ, ἀλλὰ φιλάνθρωπος.

But this would ſeem to abaſe the divinity. Hear what *Voluſianus* ſaid: *I wonder, that he, to whom this whole univerſe is ſo ſmall, can be ſhut up within the body of a little child, having a mouth open to cry, as others.*

Voluſianus. Miror ſi iniva corpus vagientis infantiæ latet cui parvæ putatur univerſitas, &c.

What uncomelineſs is there, if God be united to a little body? Have not *Plinie* (*a*) and *Seneca* (*b*) ſaid That nature was never ſo admirable as in little bodys, and that it was a ſlavery in Great-ones, to be unable to be little? *I wonder the Sovereign Lord of all things is ſo long abſent from Heaven, and that all the government of the world is transferred to ſo little a creature.* From whence proceedeth this amazement, but from the baſeneſs of our thoughts? If we ſaid, God being made man, ceaſed to be God, and were deſpoiled of his Empire, greatneſs, Eſſence, there would be ſomewhat wherwith to queſtion this Myſtery: but when we ſay God came to Man by inclination of a Sovereign bounty and mercy, not leaving himſelf, when we ſay humane nature is received into the Word, as a ſmall ſource into a huge river, and not looſing its Eſſence, is fixed upon the perſonality of the Word it ſelf, is it not to honour the power, majeſty, and wiſdom of God?

(*a*) Plin. *Natura nuſquam magis quàm in minimis tota eſt.*

(*b*) *Servitus magnitudinis, non poſſe fieri minorem.* Senec. *Homo quippe ad Deum acceſsit. Deus à ſe non deciſsit.* Auguſt.

5. In what were the Divinity abaſed? Can it be in doing a work ſo noble, ſo ſingular, ſo divine, that it deſerveth to entertain the thoughts of men and Angels, through times and eternity? what is more ſpecious, and more ſweet, than to repreſent to ones ſelf the Perſon of our Saviour, who in himſelf makes an alliance of all was moſt eminent in ſpiritual and corporal nature, to wit, of God and man; verily, ſay I, one compoſed of an unheard-of compoſition, to render the majeſty of his father palpable, and viſible, to the hands and eyes of mortals? What dignity, to behold in the world a Man-God, become a part of the world, to poſſeſs the Spirit of God from all eternity, who propoſed this perſon as the end of his communications, the bound of his power, the firſt-born of all creatures; who held all Ages in breath for him, all hearts in deſires, all minds in expectation, all creatures in propheſies? *The Book of God hath written me in the beginning of its firſt page,* ſaid the Word with the Pſalmiſt.

In capite libri ſcriptum eſt de me. Pſal. 39. 8.

All creatures of this great univerſe, all predictions and conceptions of theſe two great books, the world and the Bible, tended to the accompliſhment and revelation of the God-Man, who ſhould ſet a golden head upon all nature intelligent, ſenſitive, and vegetative. All creatures were but leaves, and flowers that promiſed the great fruit which the Prophet calleth, *The fruit of earth ſublime.*

Iſaiah. 4. 2.

We muſt religiouſly ſpeak what deſerveth to be heard with reverence: It is for this incomparable man that God created the world, and all creatures are but as ſilly rays from the Diadem of glory, which covereth his head.

Religioſè dicendum, reverenter audiendum eſt, quia propter hanc hominem gloria & honore, coronandum Deus omnia creavit. Rupert. l. 13. de glor. Trinit. & proceſſ. Spi. Sancti.

What a ſpectacle to ſee them all wound up as the ſtrings of a harp, to praiſe and declare unto men the Name of God, to behold the nine Quires of Angels enter into this conſort, and every one of them to honour this firſt Eſſence, by ſo many diſtinct perfections; notwithſtanding all to confeſs their ability, cannot reach that degree which the Divine greatneſs meriteth? And thereupon behold here the Word Incarnate, which paſſing through all the ſpheres of nature, grace, and glory, enter into the new ſphere of the hypoſtatical union, where it appears as a rainbow imprinted with all the beauties of the father, he manifeſteth them to men, and making himſelf an adoring God, a loving God, an honouring God, he adoreth, he loveth, he honoureth God, ſo much as he is adorable, amiable, and honourable, through all Ages for evermore.

Let us unfold our hearts in the knowledge and love of the word revealed. Let us adore this great sign, this eternal character of the living God, for whom all signs are. Let us make a firm purpose not to pass over a day of our life, wherein we afford him not three things due to him by titles so lawful; Homage, Love, Imitation. Homage by adoring him, and offering him some small service directed according to times, in acknowledgment of the dependence we have of him, by an intire conformity of our wills to his. Love, by loving all he loves, and hating all he hates. Imitation, by ever bearing some mark of him upon our flesh, according to the Apostle's precept, who said: *Glorifie, and bear God upon your body.* And to conclude, let us often say;

Feed (O Lord) thy poor begger with continual influences of thy Divinity, I ask and desire with all my heart, thy love may penetrate, repleniſh and transform me wholly into thee.

The seventh EXAMPLE upon the seventh MAXIM.

The Triumph of JESUS, *over the Enemies of Faith.*

JULIAN the Apostate.

Recedentes à te in terra scribentur. Hier. 17.

ALl those who forsake the Word of God are wretched men, blotted out of Heaven, to be written on earth, and whose names the earth it self being unable to preserve, abandoneth to forgetfulness, or contempt, and very often to execration. This is manifested by many sensible proofs in the examples of the Emperour *Julian*, who betraying his Religion, and dishonouring the character of Christianity, made himself one of the most miserable Princes that ever was under Heaven, leaving his soul as a prey for Devils, his enterprizes to ill success, his life to a most bloody death, his person to the scorn and hatred of men, and his memory to the detestation of all Ages.

Qualities of *Julian*, which shew, that without true Religion all is unprofitable.

Notwithstanding he wanted no eminent qualities, which might have raised him, had he not forsaken the source of heighth and glory. Birth gave him *Constantius*, brother of great *Constantine*, for father, *Basilina*, a most noble Princess for mother, an Emperour for Uncle, three for Cosin-germans, *Constantinople* for his native soil, and to serve for a Theater of great actions. He had a good wit, strong body, tongue eloquent, conversation pleasing, and courage masculine. There was not any science in the world whereof he had not some tincture, he most prosperously mingled Arms with Letters, and appeared as courageous in the front of Armies, as in learned Scholes.

He very little esteemed his body, so much was his soul divorced from his flesh: worldly riches were nothing at all in his hands, nor did he value them, but to give them. He said, it was for those who had no spirit to beg praise from the body., that he was ever handsom enough who was chaste, and that if Painters made fair faces, Chastity, beautiful lives. His counsel was, to avoid love as an enraged Master, according to the saying of *Sophocles*, to live in the command over proper passions, and free enjoying of himself. The Gentlemen of his Chamber, and all domesticks, who most nearly looked into his life, gave assurance, never was any thing more chaste. He slept little, fed very soberly, continually afflicted his body, accustomed it to travel, in such manner, that he was seen in the snows of *Germany*, and broiling ardours of *Persia*, perpetually in the same state.

After indefatigable toils of the day, he betook himself by candle-light to studies of the night. He almost never lay but on the bear boards, and waked at an hour prefixed, not needing any one to give him notice. He expected so little service about his person, that being at *Paris*, which he called *His Well-beloved City*, in the time of a sharp Winter, when the *Seine* was frozen, scarcely would he suffer a fire to be made in his chamber, so discourteously he used himself. He hated Riot, Superfluities, Balls and Comedies, and if needs he must sometime permit them, it was more to reprove, then behold them. He afforded good and speedy justice, his heart was patient and temperate towards the people, whom he freed what he could from tributes, making his impositions accord with the ability of particulars, and saying, He would leave his treasures to be kept by his good friends, which were his subjects.

Is it not a lamentable case, that so great a man was so miserably lost, with so many excellent parts, for want of preserving the best, which is piety. It is true, that almost all our Historians have written of him with much rigour, dissembling what was good in him, to render him the more odious: but for my part, I am of opinion, the greatness of Christianity more appeared therein, if having shewed the ornaments of Nature which this Prince had, we make you plainly see, all that very ill succeeded with him, and that we cannot finde any other source of his misery, but his infidelity.

The causes of his corruption.

The judicious Readers shall here observe the cause of his ruine, and consider the first education of children is an impression very tender, which being not well managed in the beginning, filleth the whole life with disorders. Tutours are the fathers of spirits, said S. *Irenæus*, as having more influence over the resemblance of souls, then carnal fathers over bodies. Ill luck would have it, that little *Julian* being left young in the guardianship of his Uncle *Constantine*, was recommended to *Eusebius* of *Nicomedia*, to be instructed in faith. Now this *Eusebius* was a Wolf in a Lambs-skin, who counterfeiting to be very Catholick, ceased not by his credit, to advance Arianism: so that this young Prince fashioned at first by so ill a hand, could not entertain belief and reverence towards the Person of our Saviour. Heresie is the key of Atheism, and when a soul is disposed to contempt of its gracious Mother on Earth, it easily learns no longer to acknowledge a Father in Heaven.

Tutors are fathers of spirits.

Ecebolus an hypocrite.

He being so ill grounded in the elements of faith, was put under the discipline of a Rhetorician, named *Ecebolus*, who turned with all winds, and admitted Religion according to the times. For when he saw Christian Emperours reign, he for ceremony seemed a Christian. If Pagans swayed, there was none more insolent then he. If Empire returned again to Christians, he placed himself in Church-porches, beseeching every one to tread on him, as a thing contemptible. He above all hearkned to, and honoured *Libanus*, one of the greatest Sophisters of his time, but a Pagan till death. He had a spirit mild, and very indifferent upon articles of Religion, he equally received Christians and Pagans into his school, & permitted S. *Basil* himself to preach to his schollars: but omitted not silently to contrive the means how to reestablish the Altars and Temples of the Gods. He reflected on *Julian* as the Palladion of Gentilism, and bound him fast to his own person by the charms of his eloquence, to apply him to his counsels.

All

School of Julian.

All the little piety which *Julian* might have learned from a man who had none, began to wither away in a school, where all was known but God. *Apollo* there possessed the name of *Jesus*, *Diana* of *Mary*, *Aristotle* and *Plato* were the *Prophets*, *Isocrates* the Preacher, and the names of *Tritons* were there better understood, than of S. *Peter* and S. *Andrew* the fishermen. This new disciple took such a tast of eloquence, that it made him forget devotion: he would have given a whole Province for an Epistle of *Libanius*, and it seemed to him, he who was King of words, might become a King over hearts, and Empires. His spirit of fire took nourishment on all sides, and devoured as well Cedars as thorns. He as yet retained some affection towards the knowledge of sacred things, but curiosities predominated in his mind. He penetrated all he could, into the secrets of sciences, to loose the mystery of faith.

It is the beginning of infidelity, to deifie a man by the tongue, and to think the Kingdom of God consisteth in words. Who hath not faith and virtue, satisfying himself with learning and sciences, resembleth those *Indian* trees, which bear musky Pears, whose smell is very odoriferous, and tast pleasing; but yield a pestilent juice, wherewith they use to envenom arrows.

How he became depraved.

Julian still manuring his studies, and neglecting piety, became very vain, greedy of slightest applauses, a great talker, a profuse scoffer, extreamly curious to know things future, doubtful in faith, temerarious in search of things divine, wedded to his own opinion, obstinate in his errours, and lastly an enemy of Christianity.

Judgment of S. Gregory Nazianzen.

S. *Gregory* saith, he then observed in him an inconstant wit, a fickle head, a wandering eye, unsteddy shoulders, roaming feet, vehement laughter, garbs and countenances immodest, questions ridiculous, answers much worse, and many other things which promised nothing good in him. *Maximus*, a Pagan Philosopher and a Magician, concluded his corruption, pouring into the bottom of his soul the blackest impiety that might be.

He was twenty years a Christian, and ten projecting the change of his Religion, still much tottering; yet never daring to let it break forth, for fear of the Emperour *Constantius* his cousin, who was very suspitious, and one who never would have suffered this alteration of Religion in him. He kept him much under, without train, officers, mony; saw him very seldome, and used him with severity: so that *Julian* feared the Court like fire, and never durst lift up his eies before *Constantius*, whom he called the hangman of his family.

Fear, which is an ill Mistress of duty, held him in under the mask of Religion whilest the Emperour lived, who nothing at all misdoubting his wicked purposes, associated him to the Empire very solemnly. For, having in a great assembly of his States pronounced a brave Oration upon the choice he made of him, he with his own hands gave him the Purple Robe, calling him *Brother*, and conjuring him to set his shoulders equal with his, to support the burden of Empire; and to knit this amity with a stronger knot, he gave him his sister *Helena* in marriage, who was not long lived. All ceremonies of dignity and wedlock done, he sent him to govern the *Gauls*, where he performed many brave feats of arms against the *Almaignes*.

He is a Christian for policy, and was an Infidel in his soul.

Then was the time when in so great liberty he was utterly depraved, yet still so reserved, that although already a Pagan in soul, he durst not pass great festivals without going to Church, and performing all the ceremonies of Christian Religion, as he did on the day of *Epiphany* whilest he was in *France*, according to the observation of *Ammianus Marcellinus*. He vaunted in an Epistle he wrote to the *Athenians*, that he had three times passed the *Rhene*, pacified the *Gauls*, subjugated all the rebellious towns, delivered twenty thousand prisoners out of the hands of Barbarians, & sent much matter of triumph to *Constantius*. But whether it were that vanity, by which he extolled his slightest prowesses, made him odious; or whether such as envied his glory, did him ill service with the Emperour, all he did, had not that great splendour which he passionately desired in all his actions.

Marcel. l. 21. Prowess of Julian among the *Gauls*.

Constantius, who ever dreaded this his nature, much like a standing water, caused him to be narrowly looked into at first by trusty men; but he by little & little shook off this yoak, and made himself to be beloved, as much as he might, among the *Gauls*; as well the natives of the country, (who were pleased with the freeness of his humour) as the souldiers, whom he secreetly won with fair promises and large hopes.

Subtilty of Julian to invade the Empire.

In the end, whilest the Emperour, who was an heretick, began the persecution of the Eastern Church, this man prepared a faction against him in the West. For imagining he was already strong enough, he caused himself to be proclaimed Emperour by secret practises, feigning otherwise to refuse all he desired. He began to play this goodly game with impatient ardour, being then at *Paris*, for there it was where the legions of souldiers, encompasing him at the shutting in of evening, called him *Augustus* with loud cries: whereupon he at first made a shew he would fly, & hide himself: but at break of day he appeared, gently reprehending the souldiers for what they had done, and apparently seeming to refuse the title of Emperour. They, who were hired to undertake this attempt, cried out so much the louder, as he the more denied the honour offered him. He in the mean time, to omit nothing in this dissimulation, held forth his hand like a suppliant, & intreated this might not be, wherewith they seemed offended, unless he speedily embraced what they presented. He was requested, that to content the Legions, he would instantly grace himself with a diadem. He answered, It was an ornament he never thought upon, nor regarded it at all. Some thereupon cried out aloud, he might do well to put his wifes dressings upon his head. But he replied, it were no good presage to adorn a *Cæsar's* head with womans attires. Whereupon some said, he must then make use of rich horse-trappings to counterfeit a diadem. But *Julian* opposing it, said: *He neither would be a Woman, nor a horse.*

The Count *Maurus*, who had the word, pulled off his chain, and put it over his head, the souldiers redoubling their acclamations with much alacrity. When altogether unable sufficiently to dissemble this juggling, he not only accepted this Diadem, but promised to each souldier five crowns of gold, and a pound of silver, and then presently dispatched an Embassadour to the Emperour with expres letters to this purport:

Embassage of Julian.

That the souldiers had saluted him Emperour, which in the beginning he much disliked, endeavouring to repres them as well by authority, as fair speeches, but they persisted so obstinate in their enterprise, that he should have incurred the peril of his life, had he not given them satisfaction. Behold the cause wherefore he was enforced to take the diadem, with all possible repugnance. But that he more esteemed the judgment and approbation of Constantius, *than all the Empires in the world, and besought him not to hearken to envious spirits, who laboured to embroil them, to advance their own ends; but that regarding his birth and loyalty, he would confirm him in the honour conferred, protesting to be nothing the less pliant to his commands, and that the period of his obedience, should be the end of his life.*

Constantius

Constantius fell into such a fury upon this news, that he deigned not so much as to see his Embassadour, but sent him presently a letter of disclaim, which he desired might be read to the Army, commanding forthwith to lay down the title of *Augustus*, unless he would leave his life. *Julian*, who already had passed the Rubicon, hazardeth the business, and advanced towards *Italy* with his troups: wherewith the Emperour infinitely irritated, made an Oration in the midst of his Army, shewing to the souldiers the treason and wickedness of *Julian*, in terms very pressing, and saying, He went to require a speedy satisfaction, well knowing, *God condemneth the ungrateful with an everlasting judgment.* Hereupon every one cryed out, he must needs march on to fight with the traitour and rebel: and verily the Emperour hastened thither by great journeys, at which time he felt himself seized by a feaver so ardent, that he burnt like an oven, and was besides so troubled all night with dreams and horrible visions, which told him his good Angel had forsaken him, and that it was time to leave life and Empire: which he did, being chastised by God for his cruelty towards Catholicks, and by his death, left *Julian* in full possession of all. He instantly pulled off the mask, and caused the Temples of the gods to be opened, persecuting Christians, not so much by the brutishness of *Diocletian*, as with subtle wiles of a wise Politician.

Numen pervasi sæpe furoris damnat ingratos.

Death of *Constantius.*

But behold the invincible force of our Religion, and how unhappiness is necessarily tyed to all their designs who forsake the true God. He was resolved to shut up the name of Christian within a narrow nook of the earth, calling us by the name of *Galileans*. But God limiting the enterprizes of this impious man, and not confining his own name, hath covered with the beams of his own glory and knowledge all the parts of the habitable world, and contrarywise the name of this deplorable Prince is ignominious: For although Emperours the most bloudy against our Religion are named without addition, never almost is *Julian* pronounced, but that for a note of eternal infamy the *Apostata* is added. He set out an Edict by which he deprived Christians of the knowledge of letters. Yet God hath permitted millions of Writers to spring up in Christianity, whilst other superstitions, as Judaism, Gentilism, and Mahometism, being now fallen into extream ignorance, there is none but Christianism, the mother of sciences, and mistress of mankind.

Punishments of *Julian* remarkable.

He resolved to re-edifie the temple of *Jerusalem*, and having given the commission thereof to *Alipius*, bals of fire were seen to issue from the foundations, as fast as they laid them, which made the design as frivolous, as the place was inaccessible. He extreamly affected honour, yet change of religion made him so contemptible, that the most abject people mocked at him, saying, he must shave his beard to make halters, and that he spent so much in sacrifices, that he would unfurnish the world of sheep and oxen. He sought to give himself authority, yet were his laws spiders webs, continually broken by his subjects. In the end, to imitate *Alexander*, he would undertake a war against the *Persians*; but after infinite many toils, he was there strucken by a blow from Heaven, which quickly concluded his life, and shut up his mouth by the blasphemy we have heard, when, filling his hand with bloud which distilled from his body, he threw it against heaven, and said: *Thou, O Galilean, hast vanquished.*

This miserable Prince, who thought by the help of his false Gods, to command the waves of the sea, and to walk upon Stars, being pulled from the Empire at the age of thirty and one year, and the first of his reign, was carryed on a beer, as a sad spectacle for all those who adored his fortune. His death was waited on by the bone-fires of *Persians*, and joy of Christians, whose chains this day were dissolved, his memory was buried in execrations and horrours, nor were there any, yea, of pens the most sacred, who had not gall for him: so true it proves, that a man who hath defiled his sanctification, and sets *Jesus* aside, findeth hell every where, as in all things he sought to oppose the Divinity.

VIII. MAXIM.

Of the Perfections of JESVS, *which make him amiable.*

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That we should love things visible, not troubling our selves with invisible.

Διὰ ὀφθαλμῶν ἀκρασίαν. Clem. Alex. *Nutibus oculorum abusi.* Isaiah 3. 16. Basene's of worldly loves.

ALL the greatest evils in the world do ordinarily proceed from the ill manage of love, which exceeding the limits prescribed by God, causeth every where a deluge, to occasion afterward disasters. Sensual men perswade themselves, one cannot love but by the eyes: And verily they are those, who according to the saying of *Clemens Alexandrinus*, *begin the skirmish in all the battels of worldly love.* And if we follow the opinion of the Prophet *Isaiah*, we shall term them *The feet of the heart*, since by them it goeth to objects of bodies, to which it inclines.

Astomorum Gens vestita frondium lanugine, halitu tantum vivens.

But, O good God, how wretched are these loves of things visible! since they idolatrize a little skin, and resemble the people called *Astomes*, who are cloathed with leaves, and live on smoake. The carnal man, who dayly crucifieth himself upon so many crosses, as he entertaineth thoughts for the creature he loveth, is taken by the eye, with a little exteriour skin, called by the Physitians *Epidermis*. Pull that away from this body, which gives him so many martyrdoms, he would think that a monster, he now adoreth for a Goddess. Is not this a strange weakness of judgment, and must we not confess the eyes so inflamed in their pursuits, are very scanty in their fruition, reserving to themselves no other object, than thin colours, which put upon them so many illusions, to occasion so many flames?

THE HOLY COURT.

That all love is due to *Jesus Christ*, by reason of his incomparable excellencies.

I hold, every judicious man will be enforced, through

Love of invisible things most penetrating.

through the sole consideration of nature, to affirm the most noble loves, yea, the greatest are employed on things invisible. For behold, a woman, who with a most lively and fervent affection loved her husband, be he taken away, and carried to a tomb in the flower of his age, and greatest splendour of his fortune, she presently becomes passionate at it, more through necessity, than election: It is not (to speak truly) the body she loveth; for should that be left to her discretion, it would in a short time become insupportable. What is it then she esteemed most in this person? The spirit, which imprinted the character of its beauty and vigour upon this mortal flesh: yet that notwithstanding she seeth not at all, nor ever did, which maketh us believe, her love was of a thing invisible.

We love excellent men, though separated from us by so many lands and seas, yea, by death it self, because we have seen some ray of their wits upon paper: We love virtues, which have neither bodies, nor colours; yea, the Amorists of the world confess, they often feel vehement passions, not for the nobility, riches, or beauty of such women as they court; well imagining, there are other of them much more accomplished in all kind of perfections, who notwithstanding make no impression upon their minds. What is it then they love? That, which they cannot see, speak unto, nor think on; so true is it, that the most penetrating arrow of love, proceedeth from things invisible.

But if that be acknowledged in natural objects, how much more by just titles, should it be in things divine, which have attractives so much the more noble and entire, as they have qualities more solid and eminent. I will here shew, God hath set a *Jesus* composed both of visible and invisible, upon the frontis-piece of the Temple of Eternity, as a lively Image of his greatness, to draw to himself the love of Angels and men.

Excellencies in the Person of our SAVIOUR.

Works of Great men. 2 Reg. 18, 18. *Vocavitque titulum nomine suo, & appellatur manus* Absolom. 3 Reg. 10. 18. *Non est factum tale opus in universis regnis.* Baron. Annal. *Just.* 31. Cedr. l. 4. c. 30.

1. GReat ones naturally delight to do works, wherein they heap together the most visible marks of their power. So *Absalom* made a proud monument to preserve his memory, which he called *the hand of Absalom*. So *Solomon* made a magnificent throne all of ivory, covered with plates of gold, environed with statues of Lions, very gracefully set out, and the Scripture assureth us, there never was such a piece of work through all the Kingdoms of the world.

So *Justinian* the Emperour made the Altar of Saint *Sophy* of gold, silver, and precious stones, out of all the rarities in the world, which he caused to be melted, and incorporated into one mass; a wonder never till then known, nor used. So we have many times heard talk of the seven wonders of the world, which are at this time, but seven silly Fables upon a piece of paper.

Singular work of God Incarnate.

I now demand of you, if mortals, who can do nothing immortal, do notwithstanding endeavour to leave contracted works to posterity, for witness of their greatness, what should the Father of glory and sovereign Monarch of the whole world do? Were it not a thing very reasonable, and befitting his Majesty, that having distended the rich pavillion of the Heavens over our heads, which is notwithstanding no other than the works of his own hands, (as the Scripture speaketh) he made a monument, wherein he might employ the strength of his arm, and assemble together all the most delicious attractives of his beauty, and the most conspicuous characters of his power? And this verily is it he did in the mystery of the Incarnation, affording to the earth, a Man-God, of whom we cannot discourse, but must say what S. *Hilary* did: *My understanding feareth to touch the discourse of this great Word, and I have not a word which trembleth not to be uttered before such a divine light.* Let us imitate those sacred creatures of the Prophet *Ezechiel*, which clasp their wings when they hear the voice of God in the firmament: Let us hearken, and say with reverence what Saints did of the excellencies of the Person of *Jesus Christ*.

Hilar. 2. de Trinit. *Fidium mens vereatur attingere, & trepidat omnia sermone prodere.*

2. If we seek his name in the Prophet *Isaiah*, he teacheth us, he is called ADMIRABLE. If we look for his beauty in the writings of the *Wiseman*, he instructeth us, it is THE BRIGHTNESS OF ETERNAL LIGHT. If we consider the band of two natures in the Person of the Redeemer, and so much riches and treasure arranged in good order, we shal find the Prophet *Zachary* compareth them to a Pomegranate. If we reflect on his Divinity, it is THE ANGEL OF THE FIRST FACE, according to the Evangelical Prophet. If we weigh his continuance, HE IS THE ELDER OF THE DAYS, AND FATHER OF AGES. If science, HE IS THE INTERPRETER, AND ORACLE OF DIVINE MYSTERYS. If the harmony of his wisdome, HE IS THE HARP OF THE LIVING GOD, in the thirty sixth Psalm. If his office, HE IS THE ETERNAL BISHOP OF SOULS, in S. *Peter*. If his effects, HE IS THE RESTORER OF AGES. All lips are opened with singular prerogatives in honour of the Saviour, and are all dried up in the abundance of his praises.

Excellent qualities of *Jesus Christ*. Isaiah 9. *Candor lucis aternæ.* Zach. 12. *Adadrimmon, malogranatum.* Κατὰ 70. Isaiah 64. *Revelator secretorum.* Genes. 41. Ægyptius. 1 Pet. 2.

It seems *Constantinus Manasses* said well in his Ecclesiastical Annals, when he named the Word Incarnate, *the universality of perfection*: For it is there where God have engraven as on Gold, the last draughts of his love, power, wisdom, consummation of his designs and counsels over men. And it is that, which, according to my opinion, moved the grave Authour *William* of *Paris*, to say, it was *the Face of the last beauty*. Now know, that to understand this title, it is necessary to consider an axiom of Saint *Thomas*, which saith, The great diversity of creatures in all the orders of the world, hath no other aim but to represent the Divinity by some image whatsoever. And in so much as the Sovereign Essence is infinite, it was expedient to produce many things, that the one might supply the others defects, and all conspire to express some character of Divine perfections. So that God beholdeth himself figured in such variety of beauties, as appear from earth to Heaven.

Jesus a concurrence of all perfections. Παντὸς-& *Facies ultima pulcritudinis.* Guil. Paris. 1. 2. de univer. p. 1. c. 26. *Divina assimilatio est causa diversitatis in rebus.* S. Thom. 9. part. 2. q. 102.

But all these beauties being unable to pourtraict him to the life, he painted himself in the mystery of the incarnation, which is the true table, his design, his work, wherein he included his Essence, and all his Excellencies, and in which he bounded, and limited himself, it being impossible to make any thing more worthy, or greater, than a God humanized, and a man deified.

Coloss. 1. 15. *Imago Dei invisibilis primogenitus omnis creaturæ, quoniam in ipso condita sunt universa, in ipso complacuit omnem plenitudinem inhabitare Per eum & in eo est constitutus Deus, & ejus.* Tertul. Apolog. c. 2.

He is the visible Image of a God invisible, the first-born of al creatures, because in him, & by him, al things were made, & it pleased the heavenly father, that in his Person alone a plenitude of all perfections should inhabite.

The *Valentinians* said, God the Father of the universe, is in his Paradise as in the midst of a garden ennamelled with flowers, and that these flowers were the Intelligences, whom he enlightn'd with his lights, sanctified with his virtues, animated with his aspects, and quickned with his own life. That he beheld

Invention of *Valentinians*.

beheld himself in all, and saw therein some draughts of his beauty very well expressed, yet notwithstanding they being most insufficient in comparison of the first Essence, it pleased the Eternal Father to make a Man-God, to be the King of all these Intelligencies, which they termed, *Aeons*; and for this purpose they added, That having taken the most exquisite beauties from all the flowers of this divine Garden, he fitted and enchased them in the great work of the Word Incarnate. It were too prophane Theology to take it outwardly by the letter, and it is no wonder if *Tertullian* mocked at it, objecting to them they made *Æsop's* Jay, or *Hesiodus* his *Pandora*, of the Redeemer. But if we speak according to true Divinity, we say, this God-man containeth in eminency all the virtues and beauties of Angels, to the end, he may in and through all, hold the primacy. But to give at this time some limits to a discourse, which of its nature runneth, as it were, into an infinity, we say, that as the first *Adam* falling, was infected with sin, darkned with ignorance, ruined in power: so the second *Adam* bearing himself as the restorer of humane nature, took three eminent qualities upon him, wherein all his excellencies conclude which are, Sanctity, Wisdom, and Power.

Vt sit in omnibus primatum tenens. Coloss. 1. 19.

Three excellencies of *Jesus*, wherein all other are concluded.

His sanctity. Exod. 24 8. *Ille vero sumptum sanguinem respersit in populum, Hic est sanguis foederis quod pepigit Dominus nobiscum. Sancti quasi sanguine tincti.*

And to begin with Sanctity, we find the word, Holy, was heretofore properly given to three sorts of people. First, to those who were purified by the blood of the Hoast, wherewith they were sprinkled, for so were the expiations of the old Law performed, to figure the effusion of the blood of *Jesus Christ*. *Saints were anciently those who were chafed and sprinkled with blood of the victim, immolated in the Sacrifice*, say Schole Divines. 2. This name was appropriated to those who alienated themselves from secular life, and affairs, to serve God. 3. Such as in this separated life, lived much purified from the dregs and contagion of sensuality. This being so, who seeth not the excellent title of sanctity wholly appertaineth to *Jesus Christ*, because he purgeth all the Mass of mankinde, not only by the sacred effusion of his blood, but likewise being sequestred, and separated from his mother's womb, to the honour of his Heavenly Father, he led a life in the most eminent height might ever be imagined. His sanctity hath three incomparable Prerogatives. First, it is a sanctity not of participation, but of essence, to wit, of necessity and independency, sanctity being as intimate unto God, as his Divinity. That is it S. *Dionysius Alexandrinus*, would say in the disputation against *Paulus Samosatenus*, that the sanctity of S. *John Baptist*, and all other Saints, was the work of God: but this in *Jesus* was the nature of God himself. Secondly, that it is the original and exemplar cause of all sanctities in the world, which borrow all lustre of lights from the first sanctity. Thirdly, that it hath been through all times in freedom from sin, as well because the created sanctity of *Jesus Christ*, was governed by the increated sanctity, as for that it was moistned with sources of capital Graces, and inseparably tied to the beatified vision. O Eternal word! how worthy art thou to be called by the Prophet *Daniel* The Holy of Holies, worthy the Seraphins should sing for thee eternally the Trisagion, *Holy, Holy, Holy*, worthy to bear the seal of Sanctity, and to imprint thy characters upon all the Saints. *I will establish thee* (saith the Scripture) *as the true seal of the world, because I have chosen thee.*

Ἰωάννου μὲν ἅγιον ἄνδρα σύνης, Ἰησοῦ δ' ἁγίης φύσις.

Vigetur Sanctus Sanctorum. Dan. 6. 24.

Posam te quasi signaculum, quia te elegi. Agg. 2. 2.

4. The great and eminent wisdom is united to sanctity; for as very well saith S. *Bonaventure*: *As all plenitude of grace was in* Jesus Christ, *so there was a plenitude of wisdom by a necessary association.* It was a wisdom increated on the part of the Divinity, a wisdom beatifying, capital, infused, experimental in the holy Humanity, acquired unto it from treasures of infinite sciences; in such sort, that it had knowledge of all things created, past, present, future, possible, impossible, discovering the most small Atomes from the highest Heavens to the lowest depths.

His wisdom. *Sicut in Christo fuit omnis plenitudo gratiæ, ita & omnis plenitudo sapientiæ.* S. Bonavent. Theol. verit. c. 15. l. 4. *Verbum Dei Patris, Deus de Deo, lumen de lumine, sapientia de sapientia, novit omnia, una novit Pater, sed ei nosse de Patre est, sicut esse.* Aug. l. 15. de civit. c. 14.

The Word of the celestial Father, God of God, light of light, wisdom of wisdom, knoweth all the Father knows: but knowledge cometh to him from the Father, as well as Essence. It is the River Tygris whereof the Scripture (*a*) speaketh, which overfloweth in the beginning of seasons; the river which spreadeth it self into divers Channels to moisten all the wise, which are the plants of his garden. His thoughts are of larger extent then the Sea, and his counsels far deeper then abysses.

(*a*) Eccle. 24. *Tygris in diebus novorum, sicut vinea Duryn. A mari abundavit cogitatio ejus, &c.*

The two Testaments, as well Old as New behold *Jesus Christ*, as the Cherubins did the Propitiatory: but there is as much difference between the Old and New, as between the grain of corn, and the ear, according to the saying of *Job* the Monk, in *Photius*. The doctrine of *Jesus Christ* surpasseth all other doctrines, because it hath its force and root in the Cross, as S. *Hierom* speaketh (*b*): *Jesus fortified all his doctrine by the merit of his Passion.*

(*b*) *Omnem doctrinam suam patibulo roborabat.* Hier. ad Agiasiam.

Add, that as wisdom is observed in the order and œconomy of great affairs, when they are well proportioned to their ends, so there cannot be a matter either more important, then that of the eternal salvation of men; or which hath been managed with more choice, order, and success; or which hath succeeded by means more distant from the tracts of humane wisdom. The science of *Jesus Christ* hath inlightned the most ignorant with the knowledge of secrets unknown to Philosophers, and his word hath been as the eternal seed of so many sundry books, as were hitherto published, and which will encrease to the consummation of the world. And although the most able Philosophers, had they been persecuted by Tyrants, would not willingly have lost a tooth for defence of their Maxims, yet the wisdom of our Saviour is such, that having possessed the heart and hands of those who profess it, causeth them to pour out all the blood of their veins, and to use so much courage for preservation thereof, as it afforded them lights in its establishment.

His power. *Data est mihi omnis potestas in cœlo, & in terra.* Mat. 28. 18

5. From thence consider, it is his absolute power over all things, and note, if you please, that it is manifested principally in three Articles. First, the facility of prodigies and miracles, which appeared in *Jesus Christ*. For this large house of Nature, which we call the world, had no other motion but from his will, and he therein commanded so universally, that he seemed to hold the Heavens and Elements under hire, to be instruments of his wonders. He lighted new Stars at his birth; he eclipsed the ancient Sun at his death, he walked on waters, as on marble pavements, he caused the earth to cast up the dead four days after. We finde many of *Pharaoh's* Magicians have done false miracles; but it was, saith S. *Augustine*, by speedily applying active natural things to passive. We finde Saints have done true miracles, but in the quality of Ministers. It only appertaineth to *Jesus Christ* to do them with an original power, which hath its source in his bosom; with an absolute command, which receiveth not any modification in all nature; with a simple will, which needeth no other instruments. It only belongeth to him to do them for the full manage of the world's government, and to transmit them into the person of Saints, to the consummation of Ages.

In

In the second place, I say this power marvellously shineth in the great Empire of the Church, which his heavenly Father hath put into his hands to build it, raise it, cement it with his blood, illuminate it with his lights, nourish it with his substance, to make laws in it, establish Sacraments, eternize sacrifices, create Pastours and Priests, and invisibly to rule in it by a visible head, a power not to be shaken even unto the gates of hell; to exercise a jurisdiction over souls, to bind them, to unloose them, pardon sins, change harts, ordain their predestination according to his will. Finally, this great power appears in that he first of all opened Paradise, his soul being exalted from the first day of his creation to the vision of God's essence, and afterward passing through all the heavens, to place himself at the right hand of his Father, and put his Elect into the possession of the Kingdom, he had purchased by his blood. Have not we cause to cry out thereupon, and say: *O happy he, whom you have chosen to raise him to the Hypostatical union! He shall dwell in the Palace of the Divinity, and we shall be filled with the blessings of thy house. Thy Temple, which is his sacred Humanity, is infinitely holy.*

Beatus quem elegisti & assumpsisti, habitabit in atriis tuis, replebitur in bonis domus tuæ: sanctum est templum tuum mirabile in æquitate. Psal. 64.

Temple of Justinian.

It is said, *Justinian* having finished the magnificent Church of S. *Sophie*, which he built with so much industry and charge, such numbers, and such a general contribution of endeavour, of riches, and power of the whole Empire, placed therein a statue of *Solomon*, who seemed to be astonished, and to hide himself through shame and confusion, to see his Temple surpassed by that of the Emperour. It was a vanity of a worldly Prince: But we in verity, would we represent what passeth here, should paint both *Moses*, and all the Prophets absorpt in a profound reverence, in the consideration of the Temple of the Church, and the wonders of *Jesus Christ*.

6. Let us for conclusion of this discourse, adore that which we cannot sufficiently comprehend, and endeavour to bear an incomparable love to the Person of our Saviour, for the excellencies we have expressed. But if you require the practise of this, I say it is reduced to three heads, which are, to *adhere*, to *serve*, and *suffer*. The first note of faithfull affection appears in a strong adherence to the thing beloved, so as the Scripture speaking of love, says it causeth one soul to clasp unto another. If you begin heartily to love *Jesus Christ*, you will find you shall think upon him almost insensibly every moment, &, as saith S. *Gregory*, every time you fetch your breath, there will come a pleasing idea of God to fil your soul with splendours and affection. You will feel a distast and unsavourines of heart against all earthly things, so that it will seem to you, that the most pleasing objects of the world, are mingled with gall and wormwood. You will seek for your *Jesus* in all creatures, you will languish after him; all which beareth his name and memory will be delightsome to you, you will speak of him in all companies, you will have an earnest desire to see him honoured, esteemed, acknowledged by all the world. And if you perceive any contempt of his Person, which is so estimable, you will think the apple of your eye is touched. Your solitude will be in *Jesus*, your discourse of *Jesus*, *Jesus* will be in your watchings, and in your sleep, in your affairs, in your recreations, and you wil account it a kind of infidelity to loose sight of him but an hour. Love is a great secret, very wel understood by *Abbot Moses* in Cassianus, *Let our soul* (saith he) *sigh and think it self sequestred from the soveneign goodnes, so soon as it looseth never so little sight of the divine presence, accounting it a spiritual fornication to be seperated one sole moment from beholding* Jesus.

Practise of the love of Jesus reduced to 3. heads.

1. To adhere.

Conglutinata est anima ejus enim ei. Gen. 34. 3.

Numquid quem diligit anima mea, vidistis. Cantic. *Sapiret, ac tanties sit a summo bono anima nostra sentiat discessum, quoties ab illo intuitu deprehenderit separatim, fornicationem judicans vel momentaneum a Christi contemplatione defectum.*

For the second degree, as it is not enough in worldly amities to have affections, languors, and curious lip complements, but you must necessarily come to some good effects, and considerable offices, which are the marks and cement of true affection; so you must not think the love of *Jesus* consisteth in slight affectations of idle devotion. He must serve who wil love; his wil must be wedded, his command entertained and executed, his liveries put on, and we wholly transformed into him by imitation of his examples. S. *Augustine* to confound the weakness of our love towards God, pertinently maketh use of the practise of prophane loves. Behold (saith he) these foolish and dishoneſt Amorists of the world. I demand, whether any one surprized with the love of a woman, attireth himself any otherwise, then to the liking of his Mistres. If she say, I would not have you wear such a cloak, he puls it off: I command you in the midst of winter to take a summer garment, he had rather shiver with cold, then displease a miserable creature. But yet what will she do if he obey not? Will she condemn him to death? Will she send him executioners? Will she thrust him into a dungeon? Nothing less, she will onely say, if you do not this, I will never see you more. This word alone is able to make a man tear himself in pieces in the endeavour of complacence and service. O soul confusion of our life, and prostitution of spirit! A God, who makes a Paradise of his aspects, and a hell in his separation from us, promiseth never to behold us with a good eye, unless we keep his commandments: nor can his menaces but be most effectual, since he hath sovereign authority in his hands. He deserves to be served above all things: service done to him is not onely most pleasing, but after this life gaineth recompence. In the mean time we rather choose to live the slaves of creatures, and dwell under the tyranny of our passions, then to embrace the yoke of God. Were it not fit we hereafter order the small service we do to God as well in our prayers, as actions, in such sort, that there be neither work, word, nor thought from morning till night, which hath not all its accommodations, and is not squared within the rule God desireth of us, with intentions most purified, and indefatigable fervours?

Siquis diligit me, sermonem meum servabit. Joan. 14.

August. serm. 19. de verbis Apost. *Inhonestos amatores ostendite. Siquis amore fœmina lasciviens, vestiri aliter quam amanta placet, & illi dixerit, molo te habere tale birrhum; non habebit: si per hyemem illi dicet, in lacinia te amo, eleget tremere quam displicere. Numquid illa tamen damnatura est? Numquid adhibitura tortores? num, quid in carcerem missura? Hoc solum ibi timetur, non te videbo, faciem meam non videbis.*

Finally, the last character of love is to suffer for *Jesus*, the father of sufferings, and King of the afflicted. The Kingly Prophet said: *I shall be satisfied when thy glory shall appear to me.* Another translation importeth, *I shall be well pleased, when I shall behold my self marked with the characters of thy sufferings.* Jesus Christ in the great sacrifice of patience made in the beginning of Ages, supplies the person of a great Bishop, putting on flesh wholly imprinted with dolours, a heart drenched in acerbities, a tongue steeped in gall: Round about him are all the most elevated and courageous souls, who all wear his livery, and both constantly and gloriously dispose themselves to this great model of dolours. Would we at the sight of so many brave Champions lead a life lazy, languishing, and corrupt? Know we not all creatures of the world groan, and bring forth, that all elements are in travel, & in a ceaseless agitation? The air it self, (say Philosophers) is perpetually strucken with the motion of heaven, as with a hammer or whip, that this benummed mass may not hatch any poison. Rivers are cleansed and putrified by the streaming current of their waters. The earth is never in repose, and the nature of great things, is generously to suffer evils. The clock goeth on by the

3. To suffer.

Satiabor cum apparuerit gloria tua. Psal. 16.

Satiabor cum assistam, ero ad similitudinem tuam.

the help of its counterpoise, and Christian life never proceedeth in virtue, but by counter-ballance of its crosses. *Our souls are engaged by Oath to this warfare so soon as first we enter into Christianity*, said the noble *Tertullian*. Suffering is our trade, our vow, our profession Love, which cannot suffer, is not love, and if it cease to love when it should bear, it never was what it professed.

Animus noſtras actiuitati, in bac pugnat acceſſionem. Tertul. ad Scap.

A lover said in *Olympius*, that when he was onely some little moment absented from the creature he most loved in the world, all the best seasons were irksom, all discourses troublesome, and the greatest delights turned into bitterness. Flower de-luces seemed cole-black in the meadow, when he beheld them in his pensive solitude, roses the most vermillion grew pale, gilli-flowers lost their lustre, the very bay-trees which resist winters cold, could not withstand the sadness caused by this absence; but in a moment they all appeared quite withered to him. Viands with him had no relish, wine tast, nor sleep repose. But so soon as this creature returned, all was animated by her absence. Flowerde-luces became white again, roses resumed their vermillion, gilli-flowers their beauty, lawrels their verdure, wine and viands their tastfulness, and sleep its contentment. But if there happened any harsh and painful accidents, which he must bear for her sake, they seemed a Paradise.

Olympius. Te ſine, nec miſero mihi, lilia nigra oſdeor. Pallorque ſi roſa, &c.

All worldly loves speak the same; yet are we unwilling to say, or do any thing for this excellent Word of God, which is endowed with a beauty incomparable, exalted above all the beauties of the sons of men. This *Jesus*, who maketh a Paradise spring from his eys; This *Jesus*, who distilleth honey from lips of roses, for the comfort of his elect; This *Jesus* who causeth Nations to tremble under the force of his word, as under flaming arrows, and is attired with the conquest and tropheys of souls.

Behold him on the bright empyreal Heaven, crowned with a diadem of honour, and revested with celestial purple, who regardeth us, who beholdeth us and never ceaseth to draw us unto him. So many brave spirits have followed him, amongst torrents, thorns, and flames, which they found repleni shed with a sweetness, that charmed their pain in the sight of their best beloved.

It is this sweetness turned the stones of S. *Stephen* into flower-de-luces, and changed the burning coles of S. *Lawrence* into roses. For it, S. *Bartholomew* despoiled himself of his skin as freely as of a garment, and S. *Catharine* hastened to the wheel armed with keen rasors, S. *Teela* to Lyons, S. *Agnes* to the wood-pile, S. *Cicely* to the sharp sword, and S. *Apollonia* suffered her teeth to be torn out with as much ease, as the tree suffers his leaves to fall away from him. O the sweetness of *Jesus*, who makes all the valiant, and knoweth how to turn doves into eagles of fire! Shall we never understand, what it is to love him, towards whom all generous hearts sigh, and for whom all charities are crowned with immortal garlands?

The eight EXAMPLE upon the eight MAXIM.

Of the admirable change of worldly love into the love of Jesus Christ.

St. BONIFACE.

Drawn from the Eccleſiaſtical hiſtory.

IT is a thing very rare, to see worldly love suddenly transported from the visible to the invisible, from the temporal to eternal, from errour to truth and from wretched passion to perfect charity. Notwithstanding Histories furnish us with some examples, and we often observe, those who were very sensible in worldly affections, when they found a good object, were more fervent & couragious in the love of God. Such was the heart of Saint *Augustine*, such likewise of generous *Magdalene*. For both of them knew so well to make use of their losses, that they seemed to have served their apprentiship unto creatures, to learn how the Creatour ought to be beloved.

Worldly lovers being converted, are the most fervent in the love of God.

Architects, when they build vaults and arches, make certain counterfeits of wood, which they call *Centries*, to serve as preparatives for their designs: but so soon as they thereon have raised true and solid works, they destroy fiction to admit verity. Much so it happeneth to souls as yet sensual; they are taken with sleight affections, which many times are not dishoneſt, but ever light, and far distant from perfection. Yet therein is to be learned what we should do for a God immortal, since we undertake so much for a mortal man. But *Jesus* insensibly building his architecture in these loving hearts, ruineth all these feignings of amity, there to establish his love.

A goodly comparison.

This which I say, is evidently to be seen in the person of *Aglae*, and S. *Boniface*, whose acts I will here produce, to give instruction how to sanctifie worldly love by the love of *Jesus Christ*. This *Aglae* was a *Roman* dame, of prime quality, having a delicate wit in a beautiful body, and powerful passions in a great fortune. She had been married, but becoming a widow in an age as yet furnished with verdant freshness, grace, and beauty, she had not buried all her affection in the tomb of her husband.

Aglae a noble dame.

After she had a little wiped away the first tears, which nature exacteth as tribute in such like accidents, she quickly plaid so much the Courtier in her slight sorrow, that she seemed greatly to desire, as soon as might to be, to finish what she had never well begun. She failed not to be sought unto by many gentlemen, who saw her to be accomplished with all parts desired in an eminent marriage; and although she denied not to like their services, yet making no resolution to marry, she was all for her self, and for none else; so much she feared to take a master, instead of a husband.

She is a worldly widow.

It is nothing commendable in a Christian widow, to make a shew no longer to have a heart for the world, so to draw all the world into her heart, to change a moaning life into perpetual chatter, and turn her widow-hood into a petty Empire. *Aglae* was not yet entred into vice, but pleased her self so much to afford the love of her person, and receive none, that ere a ware she was surprized, and having disdained masters, saw her self become the slave of a servant.

Superstitities of widows.

She had a Steward in her house named *Boniface*, a witty man, and of a good presence, who managing the affairs of his Mistris discreedly forgat not his own. He so well knew how to please her, to conform to her humours, to feed her with glory, whereof she was very ambitious, to free her from cares, and fill heart with joy, that he already possessed no ordinary place in her favours: besides that, he was handsom, he had a singular grace in jesting without offence to any, to utter good conceits, and entertain his Mistris with all the delightful occurrents of the City. Love entreth in very far by this gate. It is not always beauty which surprizeth; for if it be nor joyned with promptness of wit, and discourse,

Boniface Aglaes Steward.

His sweet behaviour.

discourse, it is a bait which floats on the water without a hook.

Dispositions to love should be avoided.

Familiar conversation with an Officer so pleasing, was no slight snare in the house of a young widow, who lived easily, and loved pleasure. It is not without cause Saint *Hierom* would not endure to see about widows, servants so frizled and quaint, fearing least love might render them Masters over their proper Mistrisses. *Aglae* began with pretty love-tricks, which are the little idols of affection, not observing, that all these gentle dalliances in a carriage too free, still thought to be constant in innocency, are not without danger. But by succes of time she felt her passion so much enkindled towards this Steward, that she neither thought, spake, nor lived, but for him, not daring to discover her fancies, so much is vice ashamed of its own conscience.

Aglae in love.

Boniface, who had an intelligent and ready wit, well enough imagined from whence these extraordinary favours proceeded, which he received from his Mistris; but the more he saw her grow passionate for him, the more he persisted in his duty; whether that he in the beginning would divert this affection, which he perhaps thought not firm enough, or whether he was willing to kindle the fire by a slight resistance. His Mistris beholding him more serious in this matter then she wished, let him plainly enough understand, that having had the stewardship of her estate, he should have the like of her heart, and entertained him with more courtesie, then was fit for a man of his employment and condition.

She in the beginning managed her affections with much discretion, following the advice of *Boniface*, who knew how to hide the matter; his fortune not making him loose the remembrance of what he had been; nor passion, providence in what he might be.

Disorder of love.

Notwithstanding, it being a thing very difficult long to restrain fury, all composed of fire and violence, the favours of *Aglae* so plainly appeared, that they no longer could be hidden from the world, which is a hundred ey'd *Argus*. She occasioned speech of her, even to infamy, with so much noise and scandal in the City, that it much abashed all such as had relation to her. But being of a haughty humour, which rather useth to irritate passion by censure, then amendeth manners, she neglected what was said of her, since she stood free from controul: For love, which had bereaved her of innocency and gravity, despoiled her likewise of the care of reputation, (one of the greatest miseries may happen to a wretched soul.) She well saw her kindred neither had the will or power to hinder her pleasure, which made her change close affection into manifest whoredom.

Love is weakned by too much easiness.

Love sometimes is weakened by over-much easiness of entertaining of it. It is like the *Polypus*, which finding nothing to oppose nor devour, eateth it self by gnawing it's feet, and fins. So this passion, finding no more resistance with which it ordinarily is cherished, lessened, and lost it self. *Aglae* began at first to be weary of the frequency of this infamous familiarity, then recalled again into her heart the sense of honour, next of virtue, and lastly, God more fully touching her soul, set her in open view to her self, and made her entertain a great distast of this inordinate life.

Boniface on the other side, felt his conscience much galled, and thought on nothing but to break his chain, which he often begged of God, giving many alms in the height of his uncleanness. *Aglae* called him to her in this disposition, and said: *She was resolved to make an end of the exorbitantes of her life, that it was in conclusion to weary heaven and earth too much by her sins, and that if love had wounded her, repentance would cure her, God having left her no other remedy upon evils past, then sorrow to have committed them. As for the rest, as he had followed her with so much facility in wickedness, it was no reason he should forsake her in the way of repentance. That she was a woman, he a man, that his sex obliged him to take at the least so much courage as her self, in a matter which concerned eternal salvation, and that desiring to equal him in this resolution, she should have the happiness above him to have prevented him.*

Admirable conversion.

Boniface replied, *She might confidently do what she thought good, he would ever account it his glory to wait on her in so good a purpose, and that God could not do him a greater favour, then to change the commandments of his Mistris into precepts of salvation.*

Devotion of *Aglae* in enquiry after Martyrs.

The Lady answered, She found nothing more necessary then to implore the mercy of God by the blood of his Martyrs, and therefore he should take a voyage into the Province of *Cilicia*, where daily many such were made, and bring her thence some relicks. The Steward, who could not forget his sweet nature, said unto her: Madam, you would much wonder, if from the Country of Martyrs I return a Martyr, and that my body be brought back to serve you for relicks. *Aglae* replied, Mock not, but do speedily what I tell you, and think your self most happy to be at the feet of so many glorious Confessours.

He failed not to put himself quickly on the way with men and money, handkerchiefs, and perfumes for performance of his purpose, and handled the matter so, that he was speedily in the City of *Tharsus*, at that time the Theater of Martyrs. Scarcely was he arrived, but he heard twenty Christians were led forth into a publick place to be martyred, and being already changed into another man, who breathed nothing at all but the glory of God, he stole from his company, and went presently into the open place, where perceiving the Martyrs, he brake through the throng, hastned to kiss their chains and wounds, moistening his eyes with their blood, and earnestly beseeching them to pray unto God for him.

Boniface Martyred.

The President *Simplicianus*, seeing this young stranger meddle so far in a matter whereunto he was not called, commanded him to withdraw: but he speaking with a generous confidence, and publickly professing what he was, he caused him to be apprehended, and to be put to the torture, where he was roughly handled: for the executioners not content to have pulled off his skin with iron pincers, thrust slivers of pointed reeds between the flesh and nails, which caused most exquisite torments. Notwithstanding the valorous Champion had no other words in his mouth in the extremity of his torments, but:

My Saviour Jesus, *I give thee thanks for the favour thou hast done me to day, by letting me suffer for thy sake. It is good reason the body which hath so much offended thee, bear somewhat for thee. If executioners exercise my torments, augment the assistance of thy grace, & crown my combat with a faithful perseverance.* He spake with so much fervour, grace, and devotion, that those present were much moved thereat, which the Judge perceiving, commanded molten lead to be poured into his mouth, to enforce him to a cruel silence: but that not succeeding as he imagined, the people mutined, and brake down an Altar, set up there for sacrifice to idols, whereat the Provost was somewhat astonished, and thinking it not fit at that time any further to incense them, he sent all the Martyrs back into prison.

The next day he went to the place with more violence and terrour, and thinking to terrifie *Boniface*,

he ſhewed him a cauldron of hot ſcalding pitch, threatning withal to burn him, if he obeyed not the Emperours Edicts. To which the Martyr anſwered, There was neither fire, ſword, nor any horrid torture able to ſeparate him from *Jeſus Chriſt*; he then ſhewing himſelf very reſolute, without leiſure given to ſay any more, was plunged into the cauldron, from whence he by miracle came forth entire, to the admiration of all the world, which began to work great converſions among the people.

Simplicianus fearing a ſecond ſedition, cauſed his head ſpeedily to be cut off with an ax, and to conſummate a glorious Martyrdom. In the mean ſpace they who were of his company, ſought round about for him, at which time they heard there was a young Chriſtian ſtranger to be executed, who had ſhewed very much conſtancy in his puniſhment. They thinking nothing leſs then of him, ſaid, it was not their *Boniface*, who ever would more readily be found among Courtiſans, then the executioners of *Tharſus*. Yet coming to the place for curioſity, they found his head upon one ſide, his body on the other extreamly amazed at what was paſſed. They bought his body for five hundred liures, and having it in their hands, they asked him mercy with weeping tears, for the raſh judgement they had given to the prejudice of his virtue.

Upon this, they had nothing ſo much in their deſires, as to carry back the body to their Miſtriſs *Aglae*, ſuppoſing they could not give her any relicks, either more undoubted or acceptable. The holy woman had already had a revelation from the mouth of an Angel of the glory of *Boniface*, and being on the way to encounter him, ſo ſoon as ſhe met him, ſhe proſtrated her ſelf before his body, and ſaid:

Speech of *Aglae* to *Boniface*.

My dear Boniface, *I ſhed not tears over thee, they would fall too low to bewail ſuch a death, as thine. Thou wenteſt out a penitent from me, and returneſt a Martyr, thou art become a Maſter from the firſt day of thy apprentiſhip, thou haſt vanquiſhed, ere ſcarce ſeen, the enemy; yea, the Crown wherewith thou ſoughteſt to gloriſie other Martyrs, is fallen on thine own head. Ah how many bloudy gates were to be opened to thy generous ſoul, to afford a large paſſage to its triumphs. Iron hooks which have diſſevered thy holy members, have united thy heart to* Jeſus. *Reeds thruſt under thy nails, have confirmed thy conſtancy. Boyling cauldrons found in thy heart a love more fervent then their flames, and the ax which ſeparated the head from thy body, placed a Crown on thy head. I behold thee with an eye wholly rapt with the beauties of thy glory. I a thouſand times kiſs thy wounds, and take part in thy tropheys, and ſanctifie my ſelf by loving thee, as a Martyr of* Jeſus Chriſt. *What then remains, O bleſſed ſoul, but that I imitate thee? and though executioners forbear my body, never to ſpare my pains. That all my life may be but a martyrdom, and that there be not any part in me, which ſerves not as a victim to the ſacrifice of my patience.*

Aglae, having performed her duties, and cauſed a Church to be built, dedicated to God in memory of the Martyr S. *Boniface*, entred into a Monaſtery, and perfected her ſelf in the glorious travels of penance, finiſhing her courſe near her well-beloved, and entombing her aſhes at his feet.

THE SECOND PART OF MAXIMS. *Of the* HOLY COURT.

THE DESIGNE.

WE have directly looked towards God in the firſt Part, deducing Maxims which moſt nearly conſern the Divinity. I now deſcend in this Second, to thoſe which touch the direction of this preſent life; and conſider them in three reſpects, whereof one tendeth to the ſervice of God, the other to our neighbour, and laſt ſtayeth upon our ſelves. In the firſt, I treat of Piety, againſt all counterfeit devotion. In the ſecond, I ſhew we muſt carry our ſelves towards our neighbours with juſtice, ſincerity, and ſweetneſs, excluding our own ends, diſſimulation, and cruelty. In the third, I entertain what concerns the ordering of our ſelves in proſperity againſt Epicureans, *and in adverſity againſt impatience, upon accidents of humane life: wherein I endeavour throughout effectually to obſerve the diſorders which* Plato *and* Ariſtotle *noted, were the cauſes of the deſtruction of Families, Cities, and Empires.*

THE

THE SECOND PART.

Touching the Direction of this present Life.

IX. MAXIM.

Of DEVOTION.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That if Devotion must be used, we should embrace that which is in fashion, accommodating it to our ends.

IT is a matter very considerable, that Devotion is subject to many more illusions then all other virtues, of which we have proof enough from our own experience, although we could find no other foundation in reason. But if the judicious Reader desire to know the cause, I will tell him, that as nothing hath been so much turmoiled and counterfeited as Religion, which hath in all Ages been disfigured by such variety of Sects: so it is no marvel, if Devotion, which is according to S. *Thomas*, as the branch of this tree, find the like contrarieties.

The cause wherefore Devotion is subject to so many illusions.

Bodies most delicate, are sooneſt corrupted by extream impressions: so this virtue, which is of a temperature very subtle, since it is as it were the cream of charity, may easily be perverted by the evil manage of it. Add, that the wicked spirit seeing this exercise is very necessary for us, seeks to envenom it in its sources, to the end we may draw poison from those things which might be our remedy.

Besides, men either through superabundance of idleness, presumption of ability, through love of their own conceits, or desire of novelty, multiply their inventions upon this matter, and many make golden calves to themselves in *Bethel*, in stead of the Cherubins of *Jerusalem*. The *Lacedemonians* ever attired their gods according to the fashions and humours which then swayed in their City: Every one delights to dress up devotion by the pattern of his passions.

Golden Calves taken for Cherubins. The practice of the *Lacedemonians*.

I affirm one cannot worthily enough praise the practise of so many devout souls, which live in singular purity, either in Religious or Civil life: And I may say, it is an Hoast of the living God, as terrible in his mildness, as he is sweet in his terrours. I honour all the bodies, yea, the particulars, with the honor their deserts have acquired. But as the strongest truths fail not to be invaded by some obscurities, so it is no wonder, if in the ordering of virtues, some defects creep into the life of particulars, which should no way prejudice the integrity of the general.

Of Dark Devotion.

Gross and afflicting Devotion.

THere is a dark Devotion, which is rude and stupid, another nice, a third transcendent, and a

THE HOLY COURT.

That we must be devout for God, and that if Devotion be not solid, it is no longer Devotion.

fourth sincere and solid. I call a stupid devotion, that which establisheth all virtue in indiscreet and immoderate austerities, which very often kill the body, and extinguish the total vigour of the mind: that, which without any obligation of the Church, or of some particular Order, or sage direction, ties it selfe to straight and rigorous observations, rather for satisfaction of self-will, then through any other sense of piety, and which placeth in this act all Christian perfection, not minding so many other duties, which strictly bind us to matters more considerable.

We have heard the Idolaters of the Eastern parts kill themselves with recital of a fearfull number of prayers to their Idols, roul in the scorching sands, clog themselves with fetters, and slash themselves with razors, thinking by these ways they may arrive to the top of sanctity. Nor can we likewise be ignorant what is sufficiently declared unto us by holy Scripture, that many of the Ancients were much inclined to these superstitious devotions, establishing therein all the order of spiritual life, in such sort, that they perpetually afflicted their bodies, and in the mean time suffered their hearts to sway in empty vanities, burning avarice, rigours, and cruelties towards their neighbours wholly insupportable.

Such was the devotion of *Pharisees*, so often rebuked, and condemned herein by the lips of the eternal Truth. For when you saw them walk in publick, you beheld men lean and disfigured, who bare scrowls of parchment on their heads, wherein they wrote some sentence of the Law of God, and tied thorns to the border of their gowns, to prick and torment their heels; whilest the heart uncontroulably committed all disorder. Such also was the devotion of certain superstitious, reproved by the Prophet *Isaiah* in the 58. Chapter, where God speaketh, saying unto them: *Who ever hath bin about to exact such fasts from you, and such devotion as you practise? to afflict the body a whole day together, bow the head, lie on sackcloth and ashes? Is this then that which you call fasting, and can you think days and times spent in such actions are very acceptable to God? I will teach you another kind of fast: Break off those bargains you have made with such iniquity, tear in pieces*

Isaiah 58.

Dissolve obligationes iniquitatis, solve fasciculos deprecationis.

pieces the bundles of unjuſt and inſupportable obligations, let the poor go at liberty, who are overwhelmed with wants. Take the yoke from them which they can no longer bear, give food to the hungry, lodge pilgrims, and wayfarers in your houſe, cloath the naked, and diſdain not your fleſh.

3. This dark devotion hath three things, whith make it much to be ſuſpected, and are the cauſe it is not well proportioned to the manner of life of ſolid ſpirits, First, when it is extreamly ſubject to novelties, ſingularities, and pride, which proceed from fooliſh confidence in ones own judgment. Many, who are wiſe according to their own way, reſemble the Bat, which employeth the chryſtalline humour of his eyes, to make large wings to himſelf, but yet very uſeleſs: ſo they conſume all the lights and inſpirations of God, to create wings of pride and vanity, which onely ſerve them to fly in the night and ignorance of themſelves. Now, it is well known to all, that the moſt fatal plague in matter of Religion and devotion, is the deſire to ſeek direction from ones own opinion, which the learned *Gerſon* very well obſerved, when he ſingularly well ſaid: (a) *If you ſee one walk in the way of proper judgement, although he had already one foot in Paradiſe, take this foot and withdraw it. For it were better to walk in the ſhades of death under the conduct of humility, then to have a Paradiſe in the pleaſures of proper fantaſie. Drunkenneſs is taken by wine* (ſaid the Prophet) *and pride by its own opinion.*

Three bleminſhes of anxious devotion.

The Bat employeth her eyes to make her wings.

(a) An excellent ſpeech of Chancellour *Gerſon* In vitis patrum libro de diſcretione, littera S. fol. 171. citatus à Richardo Alto.

Et quomodo vinum potantem deripit, ſic erit vir ſuperbus Habac. 2.

Such there are, who after infinite many pains paſſed over in religious Orders, have miſerably loſt themſelves, following the curſed *ignis fatuus* of their own opinion. Had penſive devotion no other blemiſh it were always much to be feared: but beſides I affirm, that as fiſher-men fiſh in a troubled water, ſo the Devil fiſheth in the melancholly of a perplexed ſoul, principally when it is tyed to ſuperiours, which govern conſcience. We know by the Scripture and Fathers, the importunities and ſmooth practiſes of the evil ſpirit to undo us. Satan every where hath laid his nets before us, the whole earth is nought but a ſnare; ſnares in riches, ſnare in poverty, ſnare in meat, ſnare in drink, ſnare in eating, ſleep, words, works, in all our actions: but we muſt confeſs there is no ſnare more miſerable, nor of greater force, then ſadneſs and melancholly: becauſe it is that which bloweth out the candle, which puts out the light of the mind, and by this means makes ſport for the enemy of our felicity.

Excæcavit enim oculos noſtros laqueos infinitos, & omnes vias noſtras variis replevit deciplis ad capiendas animas noſtras: Ecquis effugiet? Laqueus poſuit in divitiis, &c. Aug. ſolil. *Caſſian.* collat 2. de diſcretione

Doth not *Caſſianus* obſerve, that an Hermit named *Heron*, who had ſweat for the ſpace of fourty years under the habit of Religion, and grown white amongſt ſo many glorious palms, yet ſuffering himſelf to fall into a devotion dark, anxious, and ſolitary, was ſo deceived by the ſubtlety of Satan, that at the latter end of his days, he threw himſelf into a pit, from whence he was drawn half dead, nor was it poſſible to make him ſay, he had done ill in this act ſo exorbitant and deſperate: proper judgement having ſo bewitched him in this ſadneſs, that all his own reſolutions ſeemed oracles unto him?

Horrible iſſue of a hollow devotion.

And although a ſoul ſeldom falleth into ſuch extremities, notwithſtanding for a third inſtance, we may bring a proof taken out of S. *Thomas*, who ſaith, That ſeeing ſadneſs is the moſt venemous of all paſſions, becauſe it gnaweth the root of the heart, which conſiſteth in a certain alacrity and largneſs, ſpreading it ſelf from the fountain of life through all the members, it is impoſſible that any man who ties himſelf to a penſive and melancholy devotion, can long perſevere in the way of virtue.

S. Thom. 1. 2. q. 37. art. 4.

Gilbertus a great Doctour, writing upon this ſentence of S. *Paul*, drawn out of the firſt to the *Corinthians*, ſixth Chapter, *Gloriſie, and bear God in your body*, hath theſe notable words: *You muſt bear* Jeſus Chriſt, *not drag him. He draggeth him, who is ſurcharged with him, and who indiſcreetly afflicteth himſelf in the ſervice he doth to the Divine Majeſty, not conſidering* Jeſus *is the flower of the field, or the poſie of myrrhe between the breaſts of the ſpouſe, and not a load of hay, under which you muſt needs groan like a wheel ill greazed.*

Glorificate, & portate Deum in corpore veſtro. Notable adviſe of Doctour Gilbertus.

Tortari vult Chriſtus, non trahi; non eſt ſanum Chriſtus ſed ſtas campi, & faſciculus myrrha inter uberâ ſponſæ.

4. On theſe ſame gronnds ſuperſtition is raiſed, which through errour feareth all it ſhould love by virtue, and ſcarcely knoweth God, but by violating his clemency through a falſe preſumption of his ſeverity. What ſenſe is there to enter into devotion as if one were lifted upon a rack to be tortured, and to think there is no piety in the world, if the body be not torn and the ſpirit beaten down.

Superſtitio amandos timet, quos colit, violat Senec. Epiſt. 114.

One muſt be crucified in his thoughts by vain apprehenſions, infinite many ſcruples muſt be nouriſhed, ſins imagined which never were ſins, and conceits fed, that if one have walked on ſtraws a-croſs, a great ſacriledge is committed. Some impoſe a thouſand fantaſtical obſervations upon themſelves, ſome inflict voluntary tortures; and you ſhall find of them, who leading a life wholly innocent, make themſelves hells in their own conſciences, watchings wither them, dreams terrify them, and if the leaf of a tree wag, it is a ſpirit which comes to ſurprize them, nay, if ſome fatal bird croak in the obſcurity of night, it is the voice of a dead man, who bids them prepare to paſs into another world.

Oh alaſs! Is it poſſible a ſoul which hath never ſo little feeling of the Divinity, can think God, infinitely merciful, is as a *Minos* and *Rhadamant*, mentioned in Fables, who ſpitefully comes to pry into all our actions, to number all our ſteps, takes pleaſure to prepare puniſhments for us, and to raiſe his tropheys on our ruins. Is it ſo hard a matter to believe a good directour, who perſwades the contrary, as that for want of a little inſtruction, labours in religion ſhould be undertaken without relaxation, diſturbances without repoſe, and miſeries without comfort?

Affected Devotion.

Quaint devotion.

Effeminate and nice Devotion is of another ſtrain, for it hath not learned to kill the body for the life of the ſpirit; but ſeeketh out witty ways to accord God and the world together, and under pretext of piety, to take thoſe pleaſures which may flatter the moſt refined ſenſuality. We now adays ſee many women of quality, who engroſs this ſecond order, and who being little interiour, open themſelves with profuſion to all, whatſoever hath in it exteriour oſtent. Some fall into it for ſatisfaction of their own wills, others by ſervile imitation and complacence to the humour of powerful perſons, who like the great Orbs of heaven, draw along the lower planets; ſome through intereſt of fortune, others for colour of piety, and the reſt by amuſement. I know ſome who therein proceed ſincerely, and did the wicked and Libertines underſtand the purity, excellency, and ſanctity of ſo many good ſouls, who handle devotion as it ſhould be, of which the Church is at this preſent furniſhed with a good number, they ſhould be raviſhed with ſight of the inteſiour, and take their lives to be a perpetual miracle. But we muſt confeſs, there are many devotes, who wander from theſe purer paths, to run after a fantaſm of pie-

ty:

ry; and although I here note defects, I would have virtuous souls know, my censure no more toucheth them, then thunder the stars in heaven.

All exteriourly.

The first endeavour of this sophisticate devotion, consisteth in making an Oratory or little household Chappel, in building a little magazin of relicks begged on all sides, with more curiosity then Religion, setting candlesticks and pictures in order, in providing rich ornaments, in inventing new fashions of crewets, in weaving girdles, and dressing up a little mercery of trinkets. And though these actions which concern the care of Altars are very laudable, yet are they often very much perverted, both by the intention, which is vain, and execution most indiscreet. We many times finde in these cabinets so religious and curious, a *Venus* with our Lady, a *Cupid* near S. *Michael*, and a pair of beads hanging on the toes of some little giddy marmouzet. This is to renew the practise of that Lady named *Marcellina*, of whom S. *Augustine* speaketh in the book of heresies, who mingled the pictures of our Saviour, with those of *Pythagoras*. Furthermore these places, which seem dedicated to piety, so follow the humour of their Mistris, as they are accommodated to all: and if they in the morning have seen a Priest celebrate Mass, they will make no difficulty to entertain a Ball that very evening. All this devotion is pompous and proud in its furnitures, there is not so much as hair-cloaths, & disciplines but are made of silver, rather to see the bright lustre of it, then feel the smartings. It hath mysteries and marvellous intrications, which many times look on the earth under a veil of sky-colour.

Aug. lib. de haref. c. 7.

The pomp, and practises of it.

It seems to many, the aim of piety is nothing else, but to seek out all its petty accommodations and contentments in the world, to have liberty to do all, game-courtship, costlinesse of apparel, a carosch to ones self to flutter through the streets; whilst the essential parts of marriage are contemned, affairs of the house neglected, and a husband enforced to murmur, who doth express more impatience in an hour, then the other gaineth devotion in ten years.

If question be made of choosing a ghostly Father, there are of them, who much delight in change; and if *Seneca* said, that *Roman* Ladies in the time when divorces were permitted, reckoned their husbands by the number of Consuls, who altered every year, one may more justly say, that some devotes measure their Confessours by the course of moons, by taking almost every moneth a new. Other stick so close to one, and set him in so high account above all humane things, that according to their opinion, he alone hath the grace, Sacraments, and blood of *Jesus Christ* in his hands. But if they must be deprived of him, there is no more piety nor religion for them in the world: the paths of *Sion* mourn, Churches and Altars are but wildernesses, and the hope of salvation hath lost its lustre.

Seneca lib. 3. de benefic. cap. 16.

Such services and diligence must be used to a slight conscience, as if it were a huge Common-wealth. After the tediousnesse of a confession, which maketh those to lose patience, who were most resolute to attend it, you must give & receive frequent visits, spin out discourses, and eternal prattle: one cannot suppose they are all of God, who is more honoured by silence; one would hardly believe a soul should need such polishing, which appeareth not to be so much refined in the knowledg of things divine. One thinks this devout creature through superabundance of charity, beareth all the sins of the house, another, that she tells all the tales in the City, & those who easily suspect what themselves do without difficulty, imagine there are other ties, which I had rather conceal.

This devotion is not foolish according to the world, but having learnt to make an arrow of any wood to hit the mark of its interests, she maketh use of a Confessour, pliant and mercenary for this purpose. If any be found in the world, who stretch their conscience, who teach to withhold goods ill-gotten, to sooth humours, entertain libertines, and lodge sin almost in the bosom of Theology, these are sanctified spirits, and Prophets in fashion.

There is enough done, if there be outward shew enough. If some small alms be drawn out of those great treasuries of gold and silver, and that she communicate often. For since some Priests are satisfied with saying Mass but once a year, it is come to pass that certain devotes, as if they meant to supply their defects, take almost so many Communions as there be dayes in the year. God forbid I should blame an exercise so holy, which cannot be too much recommended, but it troubles me they go to it without any feeling of that awfull Majesty, and seek access to God, as unto fire to make it tractable. Frequent Communions, which ought not to be permitted but with great discretion as a reward of the most solid virtues, are turned into pillage according to the greedy humour of a spirit, giddy and inconstant. There needeth but the want of some small circumstance to stay a Priest, and hinder him from saying Mass: but these devotists pass all over, and some of them have found the way, to accord the Communion and a Comedy upon one and the same day.

What will ensue of this, but that such women may draw water from the fountains of our Saviour, like the *Danaïdes* in the hell of *Poets* with a sive. They often bear profanation to Altars, to bring back vengeance, and know not the many evils which assaile them, proceed from the contempt of holy things.

After so many Communions, these souls profit in spiritual life, as the little Cavalier shewed at *Rome*, who laboured much in running in a wheel, and at the end of his travel, had gone no further then when he began. When was it that a dozen of Communions have taken from them one hair of vanity? Are they less pompous, less powdered, less frizled, more reserved, more chast, more discreet? You see to come from thence wily spirits, who perpetually byass all to their own ends, who busie themselves in affairs, who betray the most holy amities, who practise little furies of choller, who render themselves inexorable in the most civil requests, who have hearts of ice towards the miseries of mankinde, who make tributo of all, and deifie all in themselves, yea their own follies. I speak this, to make the solidity of solid devotions the more appear, which are practised in the Church, answerable to treatises written by blessed *Sales*, and my Lord Bishop of *Belley*.

Caliped.

6. You may easily judge by such proceedings, how weak and frivolous all these manners of serving God are. But if you thereunto will apply the light of reason, you shall observe, that any thing is so much the more solid and firm, as it hath foundation and support upon the Divinity, because Eternity only appertaineth to the Divinity, which rendreth things lasting. Now this Eternity, which is in God, as in its source, distilleth by participation into those things which adhere, & are most perfectly united unto him. Behold the reason why we must conclude, that true devotion, which hath much union with God, hath so much the more subsistence. Bees bred of the body of a Bull, bear upon them a little resemblance of a Bull; and the tree in the seed, whereof you shall have some characters engraven, will many times represent them in its leaves and fruits. Every thing naturally

Reason of the nullity of this devotion.

tendeth

tendeth to the imitation of its original. What marvel then, if true devotion which is derived from the eternity of *God*, being unable to have eternity of it self as a creature, hath at leaſt a band ſtrong and durable: whereas quite contrary, this apiſh devotion being merely terrene, hath no true root in God, nor can draw any nouriſhment from thence, whereupon enſueth, it muſt dry up and wither. *Every plant which my heavenly Father planted not, ſhall be rooted out*, ſaid our Saviour in S. *Matthew*.

Omnis plantatio quam non plantavit Pater meus, radicabitur. Mat. 15.

A ſoul ſolidly Chriſtian, reſembleth the Palm, which beareth its ſtrength on the top: it hath all its vigour in God, and of God. He is the ſource and end of all good works. And if God chance to fail it, the whole fabrick of ſalvation falls to the ground. Beſides, this devotion becomes ruinous, becauſe it wholy depends on conſolations derived from creatures mutable, ſhort, unable to content a ſoul only made for God. Every creature proceedeth from nothing, and if you diſengage it from the preſervation of the firſt being, behold it is forthwith in its nothing, it cannot furniſh you with any thing but wind, to feed you like a wretched Chameleon, which is the cauſe the creature that ſticketh unto it, remains ever hungry. And this is it which S. *Auguſtine* hath divinely ſpoken: *My God, my life, and my happineſs. It is fit I confeſs my miſery unto thee, after ſo many filly trifles of temporal conſolations have ſeparated me from thee, who art an eternal and an immutable good, I am diſſolved, and have been poured through the conduit-pipes of my ſenſes, parted and divided into ſuch and ſo many objects, and I have every where found hunger, thirſt, and penury in plenty it ſelf. For nothing was able to fill me, ſince I could not perceive in my ſelf a Good, ſolid, ſingular, inſeparable, which contenteth all deſires, and ſatisfies all appetites.*

S. Paulinus — *Deus in omnes operis ſui & ſui.*

Aug. ſoli. Et in Deum vita mea beata, hoc eſt miſeriam meam confiteor tibi, &c.

Add, that in ſearching for petty ſenſual conſolations, they are not always had, but one often meets with repulſe, with affliction and gal, from whence comes to paſs, that falſe piety, which is tied to theſe curious niceties, as they fail, it looſeth all ſupport and vigour.

Iſaiah 36.6. Ecce confidis ſuper baculum arundineum.

All theſe kinds of devotion reſemble the bird called by the Grecians *Clotide*, a counterfeit ſwallow, which doth nothing but chatter with ſuch loudneſs, that ſhe deafens all the world: ſhe much loveth the warm and clear air; but ſo ſoon as ſhe feels the firſt approach of winter, ſhe is ſtark, creeps along, and hangs the wings as half dead: ſhe will paſs the ſeas with other ſwallows to ſeek out heat, and yet ſhe flies ſcarcely one day but repents it. To return back ſhe is aſhamed, follow ſhe cannot. It remains ſhe become prey to ſome unhappineſs. Behold juſtly the image of this plaiſtered devotion. If the falſe ſwallow be a chatterer, this devotion is often nought elſe but babble. If ſhe ſeek for warmth, this is nouriſhed with temporal proſperities and ſenſual comforts. If the one be ſo quailed with cold, the other bears the leaſt adverſity with ſtrange impatience. If the one making ſhew to follow, the reſt ſtays in the way, how many ſouls ſee we, who not having well run their race in matter of devotion, nor taken God for their ſcope, reſt in inconſtancies, agitations, troubles of mind, and in the end break with God.

Tiuol. 1.c. 25.

Of Tranſcendent Devotion.

Tranſcendent devotion.

I Paſs to the third kind, called Tranſcendent Devotion, which practiſeth to purſue unuſual ways, and to refine all other devotions by ſubtlety of wit. Common things, which are often the beſt, are not for its purpoſe. It can abide nothing uniform and temperate; but muſt of neceſsity raiſe much noiſe and oſtent, to make it ſelf known. It affecteth unheard-of obſervations, extracted methods, Chymerical words: you would ſay, it is a rich trader, who hath a ſhop of ſpirituality, and huge magazins ſtored with ſpecious titles; but when you come to look narrowly into it, you ſhall find there ſo many leaves and bark, ſo much vanity and empty merchandize, that this which at firſt ſo affrighted the ſimple, ſerves afterward for an object of ſcorn to the wiſeſt.

We are not ignorant there are kinds of excellent ways to treat with God, reſerved to ſouls the moſt eminent, and that it were a raſh attempt to condemn myſtical Theology, wherein ſo many worthily religious have proſperouſly proceeded. We know the exerciſe of prayer goeth by degrees, and that according to *Richardus de Sancto Victore*; the firſt, is thought, the ſecond, meditation, and the third, contemplation. Thought ordinarily is inconſtant and indeterminate; Meditation is confined and limited to certain points; Contemplation flieth like an eagle with more liberty, and picks up (as ſaith *Syneſius*) the flowers of increated light, to colour and illuminate it ſelf the more. Thought is a ſimple impreſſion on things divine, Meditation is a more exact ſearch into the Maxims of our faith; but Contemplation is an immoveable aſpect of this firſt Verity, which ſeedeth & ſatiateth the ſoul with the ſweetneſſes of God.

Sublime prayer.

Rich. l. 1. de contempl. c. 2.

Syneſ. in hym. ἀγνοθεα παρ᾽ ἡμῖν.

This Contemplation alſo is divided into divers degrees. For there is one ordinary, which maketh uſe of imagination and of ſenſible ſpecies drawn from the ſight of objects, though it ſubtilize and purifie them by the help of the underſtanding. There is another termed immediate & perfect, which goes directly to god, without any mixture of fantaſies, or aid of creatures; but if it be much diſcharged from all things create, it is called dark contemplation; becauſe the ſoul being in it wholly dazled, & (as it were) blinded with rays of the divine Eſſence, frameth not to it ſelf any ſenſible idæa of God, but beholdeth him by the way of negation, baniſhing all repreſentations & reſemblances of creatures, the more firmly to adhere unto the ſimplicity of the firſt Being. But if it proceed in a ſuperiour manner, then it mounteth to the contemplation, termed the moſt eminent, which is the whole-ſiſter of the beatified viſion, and the laſt heaven whereunto S. *Paul* was rapt, a ſphere totally enflamed with ſeraphical love, where the uſe of ſenſe and exteriour man, ſeems quite annihilated, and the ſpirit tranſported to the ineffable converſation with the Divinity.

Divers degrees of contemplation.

S. *Ambroſ. l. 3. de virginibus. Influentibus divinis cæleſtibus puris peregrinatur affectus, & uſus illi exterioris hominis exoleſcit.*

Now we muſt obſerve upon this diſcourſe, what the learned S. *Thomas* ſaid, That whileſt our life is ſhut up in this mortal body, its manner of actuating proceedeth by ſimple and ordinary ways, which conduct us to the Creatour, by contemplation of creatures: and if any one underſtand ſpiritual things in this ſublime nakedneſs, which is diſcharged of images, it is an admirable way, & ſurpaſſeth all humane things. Firſt, it is neceſſary to have a pious affection to matters divine, thence we paſs to meditation, from meditation to ordinary contemplation, which is attended by admiration and admiration by a certain ſpiritual alacrity, and this alacrity by a certain fear with reverence, and fear by fervent charity diffuſed into the exerciſe of good works. Theſe are the moſt aſſured ways to walk in ſpiritual life.

S. *Thomas* in 3. dist. 34.

The ordinary manner of proceeding in things divine.

But theſe tranſcendent ſouls will in the beginning liſt a man up from the earth and make a Seraphin of him from the firſt day of his apprentiſhip. To meditate well, is nothing elſe but to make a review of our ſelf and actions, to adapt them to the commandments

Illuſions of this tranſcendent devotion.

of

of God, and counsels of *Jesus Christ*. You must fly fervently even to the third Heaven, and remain there rapt, without knowledge whether one be on this side, or that side of the world. But alas! how many times happeneth it these Eagles descend from this false imperial Heaven, to fish some wretched Frog in the Marsh of this inferiour Earth?

After all these large temples of prayers, gilded with so goodly words, we see in the Sanctuary a Pourtraict of a Rat, a soul faint and pusillanimous, shut up in self-love, tied to petty interests, imperiously commanded by so many tumultuous passions, which play their prize, whilest the spirit slumbers in this mystical sleep and living death.

They will in the beginning go equal with the seraphical souls of Saints, who arrived at this purity of prayer by great mortifications, and most particular favours from God. But they imitate them so ill, that instead of being suited with great and solid virtues, they retain nought but ostentous forms, and a vain boast of words.

What importeth it a devote, who cannot tell how to govern her house, to know the retire, introversion, extroversion, simplification, dark prayer, mystical sleep, spiritual drunkenness, tast, fire, quiet, the cloud of glory, and so many other kindes, which serve to disguise devotion? Know we not many spirits of young women lose themselves herein, and seeking too much to refine ancient piety, have made it wholly to vapour out in smoak, finding themselves as void of humility, as they were puffed up with presumption? From thence often proceeds the curiosity of matters ravishing and extraordinary, to gain to themselves the reputation of great spiritual persons, and to sooth themselves with the opinion of a false sanctity. When one is once gained by a false pretext of errour, it is no hard matter to be perswaded all we think on is a Vision, all we say is a Propheste, and all we do is a Miracle. The evil spirit finding souls drunk with this self-love, hath played strange pranks, which may be read in *Epiphanius* and *Cassianus*, and whereof it would be an easie matter to produce many examples, were it not much better to deplore, then recount them.

The word of God altered in chairs, by the extravagant opinions of hearers.

8. This vanity not satisfied to harbour in the minde which bred it, extendeth to the chairs of Preachers, where the curious and phanatical spirits of Auditours would willingly hatch Chymæra's for such, as are yet but young beginners in the mystery. One will have, that use be made of thoughts transcendent and extraordinary, and many times extravagant, intangled with a perplexity of periods, which leave nothing but noise in the ear, and arrogance in the minde: the other, who is most ignorant, startles at this quaint Theology, and seeks to wrest mysteries, and dis-joynt men's judgments, thereby to draw upon all sorts of people discourses of the Trinity and Incarnation, involved in visionary imaginations, and turned about on a counter-battery of affected antitheses; and if this be not as ordinary in all sermons, as was the Delphick sword, which heretofore served for all purposes in Sacrifices, it is to be ignorant in the ways of souls elect. The other delighteth in doctrines unheard of, in a vast recital of Authours and forrein tongues, as if he went about to exercise Devils, and not instruct Christians: some one boasts to alledge neither Scripture, Fathers, nor any passage whatsoever, for fear of marring the plaits of his periods; he makes trophey to take all within his own fancy, and to borrow nothing of the Ancients: As if Bees, who rob flowers in the garden to make honey of them, were not much better then Spiders, who spin their wretched webs out of their own substance. There are of them, who desire to bundle up an endless train of fantastical conceptions, without Scripture, or reason, who seem to tell wonders and rarities most ravishing, but if any man will weigh them in an equal ballance, he shall finde vanities, only big with noise and wind. They who have the itch of ear, are devoted to the beauty of language, and bestir them rather to talk, then speak in a sermon. They adore discourses replenished with a youthful eloquence, and devested of wisdom, having no sinews for support, and less sting to transfix a heart.

Sapientia, atque facundia componi. Tertul. l. de anima c. 3.

Good God! how knowing would Preachers be, did they understand (as saith S. *Paul*) how to speak, both on God's part, before God, and in *Jesus Christ*, as being shut up within the Word, before they bring forth a word; and Auditors should be well instructed, if they all heard (as saith S. *Paulinus*) with the ear through which *Jesus Christ* entreth. To preach God, hatred of vice, and love of virtue, with a discourse firm and rational, and first of all to perswade himself, what he wisheth others may practise; this is the mark whereat all preaching should aim. We have cause to praise God, that he hath rendred our Age very fruitful in men able and sufficient in this kinde, to whom I bear such respect, and whom I so much admire, that I seek not to censure them. It were to be wished the younger sort would rather frame themselves by their examples, then to be surprized with an itch to please certain ears, and so many unjoynted judgments.

All such as judge of Preachers only by the garb and exteriour shew, use to deifie their vices; and it is a note one doth not always please God when he seeks over-much to please those who like nothing but extravagancies. Care must be had of City-bruits and vulgar opinions, as the Eagle regardeth flies. Light never blushed to be despised by Rear-mice, and a prime spirit is not troubled at the sinister judgments which the ignorant make, so that he learn to cast up his reckoning with God, for whom he laboureth. Onions hinder the attraction of the Adamant, and all these popular opinions do nothing but disturb a spirit on which they make impression.

Solid Devotion.

9. LEt us dis-involve what we may, the devotion of Sacraments, Books and Sermons, from these sophisticate forms, which varnish the lustre of it, and let us learn to seek it in the purest sources and fountains of our Saviour.

True devotion. 1. Cor. 13. Θρησκεία τοῦ θεοῦ μία ἐστὶ, μὴ εἶναι κακόν. Hermes.

True Devotion, if you desire to know the condition of it, beareth the same liveries which S. Paul *gives to Charity: It is patient, it is not offended with any thing, but that which tendeth to the displeasure of God; it digesteth all acerbities, turning them into its colour and taste; it is sweet and benign; it hath emulation, but for virtues, it doth nothing unfitly; it hath not any thing to do with the puffings of vanity nor ambitions, which invade worldly spirits; it seeks not its own ends, it is not moved with anger to see it self despised, it thinks no ill, it rejoyceth not at iniquity, but enlargeth it self chearfully in the truth, it suffereth all, it believes all, it hopeth all, it endureth all. It is a devotion always joyful, always content, ever active in its dutie, not prying through curiosity into others affairs. It hath thoughts innocent, an eye simple, hands clean, little noise, and much fruit. A Devotion which complaineth of none, is troubled at nothing, which speaks little and doth much, which hath more good effects, then slight complements, more silence then eloquence, more humility in the interiour, then ostent in the exteriour, which flyeth on all the actions of life, as a Bee on Flowers, and converteth them all into honey. Oh what a Treasure of peace, what a treasure of love, what a treasure of glory is this devotion.*

There needs but one great word to express great things. Disquiet not your self upon the multitude of precepts and books, to know how you may arrive

to this excellent virtue, which sowethe the seeds of perfection in the heart. The first step you must make towards it, is the knowledge of the will of God. Know what he would have of you, what you of him, in what manner he expecteth it, and what desire you have to please him.

An Epistle to *Demetrias*, written by an Ancient, and translated by a great personage of this Age.

That man offendeth in serving, who understands not how he should serve, and it is ever a main part of obedience, to learn how you must obey. There are things forbidden, and things commanded, some permitted, others advised. God forbids the evil, commandeth the good, permits the indifferent, adviseth the perfect.

Who puts himself in a way of devotion, puts himself in a way of perfection: but who flieth above nature, ought not for all that to destroy the law of nature. To say one is devout, and fails in the duties of common charity, which commandeth us to do to our neighbours, what we would have done to our selves, is to have fair titles, and feeble actions.

That man is not exempt from the law, who would do above the law, and there is not any more obliged to avoid things not permitted, than he, who for the love of God denieth himself such as are permitted. Devotion is not practised to excuse sins, but to perfect virtues.

A soul truly devout, hath three aspects, which repleniſh the whol capacity of the duties it professeth; one upon God, another on it self, the third upon a neighbour. It serves in common piety, and above common piety: that applieth it to all the ordinary actions of our Christianity, and the other disposeth it into a more sublime commerce than the common, yet contemns not the common. It hath its retirement, its prayers, its meditations, guided & digested, not for satisfaction of will, but edification. It keeps all the senses well governed in great equality, the tongue under the rule of discretion, the heart in a secure peace; and towards a neigbour carrieth hony in the mouth, charity in the hands, and example in all its actions, which make it live in all the antepasts of Paradise.

Non est census super censum salutis corporis, non est ebis diamentum super cordis gaudium. Eccles. 30.

As there is no corporal riches comparable to health, so there is not any spiritual wealth in the world, that comes near the alacrity which God distilleth into a heart truly and solidly devout, freely unloosened from earth, to be resigned to Heaven.

The oyl of consolation (said *Hugo*) drieth up in worldly vessels, but as for the consolation and joy which is drawn from Devotion, it is so exuberant, that there is no vessel here below able well to contain it. It is necessary the heart break into sighs, and dissolve into desires for the presence of God. I call your consciences (O devout souls) to witness, that I were eloquent if I could make to pass through my pen, what you feel in your hearts. I affirm, that if there be any life in the world, which is able to nourish and foment the joy whereof I speak, it is the Christian life, holily and purely led according to the rules of the word of God, and I borrow the proofs of what I say, from the great wit *Tertullian*, who in the Book he composed of games and sportive entertainments, sheweth by lively and urgent reasons there is no game nor recreation in all the world can be compared to the soul of a Christian, whose conscience is a portative Theater, where incessantly are presented many admirable shews. All, which is powerful and energetical to glad a well-composed soul, and to entertain it in eternal delights, is eminently found in the exercises of piety. if the chief source of peace and alacrity, be to be throughly reconciled to God, is it not in this Angelical Devotion? Is it not in piety, that an entire reconciliation is made with our Master, that the stool, the ring, and shoes of hyacinth, are put on to walk in the paths of his commandments? If there be nothing so majestical, so delicious, so pleasing, as the contemplation of truth, whereon our soul liveth, as the eye on colours, the Bee on dew, and the Phenix (as is said) on the thinnest vapours of the air; is it not here, where after so many errours, so many fantasies, so many illusions, which turmoyled our minds in the disturbances of the world, we enjoy in purity and plenitude the consideration of the most noble Maxims of spiritual life? If it be a sweet and sensible repose, having obtained remission of sins of the life past, to return into the peaceful harbour of a good conscience; is not here the rock where so many waves are broken, where so many little currs, which cease not to bark in the bottome of a troubled conscience, are appeased; and where the soul becomes a calm sea, beautified and curled with the rays of an enamoured and smiling Sun? Finally, if there be no greater pleasure in the world, than to despise temporal pleasures, and to trample under foot the vanities which Monarchs themselves have set over their heads, where are they despised, but in this school of virtue, where mortification of passions is learned, and the exercise of goodly and heroick actions, which give the soul an antepast of Heaven in this mortal life, and an enfranchisement from fear of death? How can a devout soul which lives amongst so many helps, so many remedies, so many comforts, give the least advantage to one black and cloudy thought of the world? What can we find out able to contristrate us amongst such succours and lights? O a thousand times happy soul, which having chased away all these illusions of vanity, beholdest with a clear serene eye the ever to be adored rays of this verity!

The ninth EXAMPLE upon the ninth MAXIM.

Of Solid Devotion.

SOlid Devotions resemble those rivers which run under the earth; they steal from the eyes of the world, to seek for the eyes of God, they study solitudes and retirements, they are wholly shut up within themselves, and it often happens, that those of whom we speak least on earth, are the best known in Heaven.

I verily think among all the great examples which may be produced of piety in Courts, there will not any one be found more sincere, or more strong, than that of S. *Lewis*, as it appeareth by all the acts of his life, namely, that which was written by his confessour. It is an easie matter to judge his was a most holy life, because the most disinteressed, he having no other aim, but to dissolve his person, his Kingdome, his wife and children, into the will of God, to make the world no longer to be ought else, but a Temple of the Divinity.

S. *Lewis* the true Table of the most solid Devotion.

Requiescat anima mea, memor sui Dei, & delectatus sum, & exercitatus sum, & defecit spiritus meus. Psal. 76.

Tertul. de spectaculis. Hæc spectacula sancta, perpetua, gratuita, Quid jucundius quàm Dei patris, & Domini reconciliatio, quam veritatis revelatio, quam erroris cognitio, quam tantorum retrò criminum venia? &c.

The Divine providence drew him out of his Kingdom with an *Abraham's* faith; gave him among so many lands and seas, the conduct of *Moses*; and to set a seal on him of all his greatness, caused him to end his life with the patience of *Job*. We find many Princes who embraced piety, one after one fashion, another after another, and who have covered great vices with great virtues: but it is a very hard matter to find one either more universal in al actions of virtue, or more free from blame in the point of innocency, than our S. *Lewis*. *David* ows all he is, more to penance, than to innocency. *Constantine* the Great, before

before he was a Christian, saw himself most unhappily stained with the bloud of his allies. *Theodosius* the elder, was inflamed with choller, which cost many people of *Thessalonica* their lives. *Arcadius* persecuted S. *Chrysostom*, at the solicitation of the Empress his wife. *Honorius* his brother, who was very pious and innocent, and nothing warlike in him, and ever better knew what the white cock named *Roma* did, in whom he took pleasure, then the capital City of the world, whereof he was Emperour. *Theodosius* the younger, entertained love or hatred, according as his Eunuchs and women dictated.

Belisarius, one of the bravest Captains which the earth ever bare, had a very commendable souldier-like piety; but did all at the will of *Theodora* the Empress, observing her passions, even to the taking the Pope, and putting him into prison by her command. *Narses* who succeeded him, did wonders and subdued *Totila*, the most valorous King which ever reigned among the *Goths*, he was very devout to the Blessed Virgin, to whom he attributed all his victories, but withall so insolent, that to be revenged for a word of disdain, which his Mistress the Empress of *Constantinople* spake, he gave *Italy* over as a prey to the *Lombards*.

Finally, to conclude this Relation, and to speak of that which more nearly concerneth us, *Charlemaign* was the greatest Emperour of the world in matter of religion, valour, policy, liberality, sweetness, and affability; but the love of women, though expiated by sharp penance, set blemishes on this Sun, which the memory of ensuing Ages, hath much ado to wash off. It is a strange thing, that God chastised the sins of the father in his own daughters, who had very little care of their honour, through too free an education and indulgence of the Emperour, who spared the punishment of his own sins in another.

There hath not been almost in all the Monarchies, but one S. *Lewis*, who was so like to virtue, that if it upon one side appeared incarnate to mortal eyes, and on the other shewed this great King, there would have been much ado to know which were the copy, and which the principal. He had three things very recommendable in him, religious wisdom in the brightest lustre of the world, humility planted even upon the rubies and diamonds of the Royal Crown, courage and valour invincible, in a devotion incomparable.

Who would see a manifest token of his wisdom, let him behold now his spirit in the greatest concussions of worldly accidents stood ever in the same posture, without any whit forgoing the ordinary exercise of his piety. One sole action of his life, which was his taking in *Ægypt*, made what I say well to appear. This good King having lost a great battel, which ruined all his affairs, saw the wide fields covered with the bodies of his servants, and *Nilus* overflowing with the bloud of his *French*, himself surprized and taken by his enemies, and led into the *Sultan's* Tent among clamours, out-cries, infernal countenances of *Saracens*, and all the images of death, able to overwhelm a soul of the strongest temper: notwithstanding though his heart were steeped as a sponge in a sea of dolours and compassion, ever making use of reason, he entred into the *Barbarians* pavillion, not at all changing colour, and as if he had returned from his walk in the garden of his palace, he asked his pages for his book of prayers, and taking it, disposed himself to pay the usual tribute of his oraisons in a profound tranquility of mind; which I conceive to be very rare, since there needeth oftentimes but the loss of a trifle, to stay devotion, which is not arrived to the point of solidity.

But if you therein seek for a perfect humility, consider what passed in the Council of *Lyons*, and see how he laboured to depose the Emperour *Frederick* the second, who was ruined in reputation in the opinion of almost all the world. Other Princes who have not alwaies their hands so innocent, but that they readily invade the goods of others, when some religious pretext is offered them, would have been very ambitious to be enstalled in his place whom they meant to despoil, but the universal consent of great men, judged this throne could not be worthily supplied, but by this great King: yet he notwithstanding declined it, as a wise Pilot would a rock, and thought better to choose the extremity of all evils of the world among *Saracens*, than to mount to the Empire by such wayes.

But that which is most considerable in the matter we handle, may be observed in his valour, never weakned by his great devotion: for he was one of the most courageous Princes in a cold temperature, and with reason, that was then under Heaven. It was courage, which taking him from the sweet tranquility of a life wholly religious, caused him to leave a Kingdom replenished with peace, contentment, and delights, to go to a land of *Saracens*, and live in all incommodities imaginable to nature. It was courage, which caused him so many times to expose his royal and valiant person, not onely to the toyls of a desperate voyage, but to the strokes also of most hazardous battels; witness, when at his arrival in *Ægypt*, the coast being all beset with *Saracens*, very resolute to hinder the passage of his ship, he threw himself first of all from the ship into the water, where he was plunged up to the shoulders, with his target about his neck, and sword in hand, as a true spectacle of magnanimity to all his Army, which encouraged by the example, came to the land, as the King had commanded. The greatness of the sun is measured by a small shadow on the earth, and there many times needeth but very few words to illustrate a great virtue. So many excellent pens have written upon his brave acts, and made them so well known to all the world, that it were to bring light into day, to go about to mention them.

If some say, He is to be as a pattern for Kings and Lords; Ladies, who should manure devotion as an inheritance for their sex, shall never want great lights, and worthy instructions, if they will consider those, who being more near to our Age, should make the more impression upon their manners. *Divers Ladies excellent in piety.*

If we speak of the endeavour of prayer, look upon *Barbe Zopoly* Queen of *Polonia*, who continuing days and nights in prayer, all covered over with sackcloth, affixed good success to the standards of the King her husband, and for him gained battels. *See the reverend Father Hilarion of Costa.*

If account be made of the chastity of maidens and sequestration from worldly conversation, reflect on *Beatrix du Bois*, who being one of the most beautifull creatures of her time, and seeing the innocent flames of her eyes too easily enkindled love in the hearts of those who had access to her, put her self upon so rough a penance for other's sin, that she was fourty years without being seen, or to have seen any man in the face.

If you speak of modesty, let wanton Courtiers behold *Antonietta de Bourbon*, wife of *Claudius*, first Duke of *Guise*, who after the death of her husband, was cloathed in serge, and went continually amongst the poor with her waiting women, to teach them the practise of alms.

If charity be magnifi'd toward persons necessitous, cast your eye upon *Anne* of *Austria*, Q. of *Poland*,

who accuſtoming to ſerve twelve poor people every Munday, the very ſame day ſhe yielded her ſoul up to God, when ſhe had ſcarcely ſo much left as a little breath on her lips, asked ſhe might once more wait on the poor at dinner, and that death might cloſe her eys, when ſhe opened her hands to charity.

If the inſtruction of children be much eſteemed, fix your thoughts upon *Anne* of *Hungary*, mother of eleven daughters, and admire her in the midſts of her little company; as the old Hen-Nightingale, giving tunes and proportions of the harmony of all virtues, and ſo breeding theſe young creatures, that they all proſpered well with excellent and worthy parts.

If you delight in the government of a family, which is one of the chieſeſt praiſes of married women, take Direction from *Margaret* Dutcheſs of *Alenton*, who governed the whole family with ſo much wiſdom, that order, which is the beauty of the world, found there all its meaſures, and that if the domeſtick ſervants of other Lords and Ladies are known by their liveries, ſhe cauſed hers to be known by their modeſty.

If you deſire auſterities, look with reverence on the hair-cloath and nails of *Charlotte de Bourbon*, the King's Grand-mother; and behold with admiration *Frances de Batarnay*, who during a Widowhood of threeſcore years, was twenty of them without ever coming into bed.

If you praiſe chaſt Widows, who can paſs without an Elogy, *Elizabeth* widow of *Charls* the ninth, who in a flouriſhing youth being much courted by all the great Monarchs of the world, anſwered, *That having been the widow of a* Charls *of* France, *ſhe had concluded all worldly magnificencies, and that nothing more remained for her, but to have* Jeſus Chriſt *for a ſpouſe.* And verily ſhe ſpent the reſt of her days in a converſation wholly Angelical, amongſt religious women, whom ſhe had founded.

If conſtancy in the death of kindred have place, let the leſſon be hearkned unto, which *Magdalen*, wife of *Gaſton de Foix* gave, who having ſeen the death of a husband, whom ſhe loved above all the world, and afterward of an only ſon remaining the total ſupport of her houſe, made her courage to be as much admired among the dead, as her love was eſteemed among the living.

And what ſtyle would not be tired in ſo great a multitude of holy and ſolid devotions, and who can but think the choice becometh hard by abundance? unleſs we will ſay, ſuch as have been the moſt perſecuted, were the moſt eminent. Where it ſeems it is an Act of the Divine Providence, to have many times given to vicious & faithleſs husbands, the beſt wives in the world, as *Mariamne* to *Herod*, *Serena* to *Diocleſian*, *Conſtantia* to *Licinius*, *Helena* to *Julian* the Apoſtate, *Irene* to *Conſtantinus Copronymus*, *Theodora* to the Emperour *Theophilus*, *Theodelinda* to *Uthar*, *Thira* to *Gormondus* King of *Denmark*, *Charlotte de Albret* to *Caſar Borgia*, *Katherine* to *Henry* of *England*. This Lady was infinitely pious, yea, beyond limit. It is good to be devout in marriage, and not to forget ſhe is a married wife, much way muſt be given to the humours of a husband, much to the care of children and family, and ſometimes to loſe God at the Altar, to finde him in houſhold cares.

Good wives of bad husbands.

Katherine of England. Flor. Remond.

But this great Queen only attended the affairs of Heaven, and had already ſo little in her of earth, that ſhe ſhewed in all her deportments to be made for another manner of Crown, then that of *Great Britain*. She for the moſt part ſhut her ſelf up in the Monaſteries of Virgins, and roſe at midnight to be preſent at Mattins. She was cloathed from five of the clock, not decked like a Queen, but contented with a ſimple habit, ſaying, *The beſt time ſhould be allowed to the ſoul, ſince it is the better part of our ſelves.* When ſhe had the poor habit of Saint *Francis* under her garments, which ſhe commonly ware, ſhe reputed her ſelf brave enough. The Fridays and Saturdays were ever dedicated by her to abſtinence: but the Eves of our Ladies feaſts, ſhe faſted with bread and water, ſhe failed not to confeſs on Wedneſdays and Fridays, and in a time when Communions were very ſeldom, ſhe had recourſe thereunto every Sunday. In the fore-noon ſhe continued ſix hours in prayer; after dinner ſhe read two whole hours the lives of Saints, and ſpeedily returned to Church, from whence ſhe departed not till night drave her thence. This was to eat honey and Manna in abundance, in a condition which had too ſtrong ties for the earth, to be ſo timely an inhabitant of Heaven.

Whileſt ſhe led this Angelical life, her husband, young and boyling, over-flowed in all ſorts of riot, and in the end came to this extremity, as to trample all laws, both divine and humane under foot, to repudiate his lawful wife, who brought him children to ſerve as pledges of marriage, and wed *Anne* of *Bullen*.

Since this love, which made, as it were, but one Tomb of two parts of the world, never have we ſeen any more dreadful. The poor Princeſs, who was looked on by all Chriſtendom as a perfect model of all virtue, was driven out of her Palace and bed, amidſt the tears and lamentations of all honeſt men, and went to *Kimbolton*, a place incommodious and unhealthy, whileſt another took poſſeſſion, both of the heart and Scepter of the King. So that here we may behold virtue afflicted, and a devotion ſo conſtant, that the ruines of fortune, which made all the world tremble, were unable to ſhake it. She remained in her ſolitude with three waiting women, and four or five ſervants, a thouſand times more content, then had ſhe lived in the higheſt glory of worldly honour, and having no tears to bewail her ſelf, ſhe lamented the miſeries ſhe left behinde her. There is yet a Letter left, which ſhe wrote to her husband a little before her death, plainly ſhewing the milde temper of her heart, and the force of devotion, which makes the moſt inflamed injuries to be forgotten, to procure conformity to the King of the afflicted, who is the mirrour of patience, as he is the reward of all ſufferers,

My King, and deareſt ſpouſe, Inſomuch as already the hour of my death approacheth, the love and affection I bear you, cauſeth me to conjure you to have a care of the eternal ſalvation of your ſoul, which you ought to prefer before mortal things, or all worldly bleſſings. It is for this immortal ſpirit you muſt neglect the care of your body, for the love of which you have thrown me head-long into many calamities, and your own ſelf into infinite diſturbances. But I forgive you with all my heart, humbly beſeeching Almighty God, he will in Heaven confirm the pardon, I on earth give you. I recommend unto you our moſt dear Mary, *your daughter and mine, praying you to be a better Father to her, then you have been a husband to me. Remember alſo the three poor maids, companions of my retirement, as likewiſe all the reſt of my ſervants, giving them a whole years wages, beſides what is due, that ſo they may be a little recompenced for the good ſervice they have done me, proteſting unto you in the concluſion of this my letter and life, that my eys love you, and deſired to ſee you, more then any thing mortal.*

X. MAXIM.

of PROPER INTEREST.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

Every understanding man should do all for himself, as if he were his own God, and esteem no Gospel more sacred, than his Proper Interest.

THis Maxim of the Prophane Court, is the source of all evils, the very plague of humane life, and one may say it is the *Trojan* horse, which beareth fire and sword, sacage and rapine in its entrails, from thence proceed *ambition, rebellion, sacriledge, rapine, concussion, ingratitude, treachery, and in a word, all that which is horrid in Nature.*

Disloyalties that spring from this Maxim.

Self-love, which should be contained within the limits of an honest preservation of ones self, flieth out as a river from his channel, and with a furious inundation covereth all the land, it overthrows all duty and deep drencheth all respect of honesty. Men, who have renounced piety, if they peradventure see themselves to be strong and supported with worldly enablements, ackowledge no other Gods but themselves. They imagine the *Jupiter* of Poets was made as they: they create little *Sultans*, and there is not any thing from whence they derive not tribute, to make their imaginary greatness encrease. When this blindness happeneth in persons very eminent, it is most pernicious; for then is the time, when not being awed by the fear of a God Omnipotent, they turn the world upside down, to satisfie miserable ambition. And such Princes there have been, who have rather profusely lost the lives of thirty thousand subjects, than suffered so much land to be usurped upon them, as were needful for their tomb.

Practise of worldly men. Ingratitude.

Others, whom birth hath not made *Cæsars*, extend their petty power what they may. They observe men, sound their means, their abilities, their capacities, their wits and dispositions. They accommodate all to their own pretensions, they pull a feather from one, a wing from another; they flatter, promise, charm, and descend even to slavery, to mount up to the honours they aim at, no more afterward regarding their fortune who holp them, than a nightly dream.

Kingdome of particular interest.

The world is replenished with ungrateful and barbarous souls, who cannot so much as endure the sight of those, who formerly spent themselves in their service, thinking their presence a reproach of their crime; and there are such to be found, who will make no scruple to sacrifice the blood of their best servants at the Altar of their Fortune. Others, who cannot reach to the height of worldly ambition, bend themselves with all their strength to money, whereof they make a Deity, and run with full speed to the gainful hopes of houses. For this, friends dissolve the most stable amities; for this, allies tear one another, families divide, Cities and houses burn; and when I more nearly consider it, I find it is a blessing from God, that women do not often bring forth twins, for they would perpetually contend in this world, yea, in their mothers bellies, who should have the most land, even before they enjoyed air to breath in.

THE HOLY COURT.

That proper Interest is a tyranny framed against the Divinity, and that a man who is the God of himself, is a devil to the rest of the world.

Of so many noble sciences manured by our Ancestours, there almost remains nothing for us, but wretched images. There is an industry esteemed in the world above all other, called the *sleight of hand*, which shews how to draw all to ones self, to be enriched with the spoils of others, and to devour many little serpents to become a huge dragon, as saith the *Greek* sentence. Now observe here three principal points, which conclude the perverseness of this Maxim, the first whereof is tyranny, the second sacriledge, and the third disaster.

Ὄφις, εἰ μὴ φάγοι ὄφιν, δράκων οὐ γενήσεται.

Reasons against this Maxim, and first its tyranny.

First, it is a manifest thing, that tyranny, which invadeth the state and jurisdiction of the living God, is most impious and audacious: yet the sect which makes profession now-adays to serve God with exteriour ceremonies, and proper interests in the interiour of the heart, tyrannically usurpeth a right upon the eternal power of the Sovereign Master, which is to reflect upon ones self in all things, as his end and sovereign good. From whence you may very well conclude, his undertakings cannot be but tyrannical. Yet more to enlighten our thoughts and strengthen reason, know there is an axiom of Divinity. That God, as he can know nothing beyong himself, love nothing but in himself; so he doth nothing but for himself. For in doing for himself, he doth all for us, since we have not any thing which tendeth not to him as to the scope thereof, which subsisteth not in him as on its basis, which reposeth not in him as in its center. So doth S. *Thomas* understand that notable word of *Trismegistus*, *Unity hath produced unity*, that is to say, God only, Sovereign, and absolute, created one world, not many, *and thence reflected his fervour upon himself*, making all for his love and glory. Wherein he ceaseth not to oblige us, since we have neither love, grace, glory, greatness, or contentment, which cometh not from him. I find the interpretation of this passage much more reasonable thē theirs, who made *Mercury* more skilful in the Trinity, than all the Prophets: which is confirmed by the Author of the *Ægyptian* Divinity, who in the fifth Book, fifth Chapter, hath an excellent Maxim: *The first Agent acteth not for any end, having nothing more able than himself, for which he can act.*

Agens primus propter finem non agit, quòd ea nobilius non sit propter quod possit agere. Quod non est ex hoc, sed tantum est hoc, illud vere est id, quod est. Boet. l. 1. de Trinit.

It is not so with man. For if he will well rectifie his actions, he must act for an end, and for the Sovereign End, which, as saith the worthy *Boetius* in the first Book of the Trinity, is not composed of this, or that; but is simply what it is, without any dependence: and pursuing this end, it is necessary he proportion the means to the butt he aimeth at; for from thence resulteth that which they call good election, which is a science the most rare and necessary of the whole world. Now this wretched Maxim overthrows order so divinely established, and mortifieth what it may in the mind of man, the consideration

sideration of the dependence he hath on God. It will enjoy that it ought to use, never to enjoy the Divinity. It diverteth all creatures from the mark to which Divine Providence directeth them, and draws them from the use ag eed upon in Heaven; to appropriate them on earth to the prejudice of the Creatour.

All which is most excellent in creatures, is not for creatures who possess it. Light is in the Sun, but not for the Sun; waters are in the Ocean, but not for the Ocean. God, who gives brightness to the one, and rivers to the other, would that both tend to the commodity of men, thereby to pass on to the glory of the Sovereign Being. The Creatour (said an Antient) made all the most noble creatures for to give themselves, so much hath he banished worldly avarice. Kingdoms are not so much for Kings, as Kings for Kingdoms; for they are made to do them good, and to preserve them, as the goods of God himself. So soon as one is born with fair and worthy parts, he is born for the publick, and he who would retain to himself what Providence gave in common, commits a Sacriledg in the great Temple of the God of nature: if he perpetually reflect on himself in all things, and draw all to himself, as if all were made for him, he opposeth his judge, and makes himself a corrival to sovereign Majesty.

Besides, ponder here the greatness of this first Being which is invaded, the better to understand the violence of this tyranny. To whom would you compare God? (saith the Prophet *Isaiah.*) God, who graspeth the vast extent of seas in his fist. God, who weigheth Heaven with all its globes in the hollow palm of his hand: God, who supporteth the heavy mass of earth with three fingers of his power: God who poizeth mountains in his ballance: God, before whom the world, with all the huge diversity of its Nations, is no more than a drop of dew, or the cock of a ballance in the hand of a goldsmith: God, before whom all Monarchies are but dust, and men but silly Grashoppers. Were all mountains like to *Libanus* on fire, and turned into victims for his sacrifices, it would be nothing in respect of his Majesty.

Qui appendit tribus digitis molem terræ. & libravit in ponderemontes, & colles in statera, &c. Isaiah 40.

Since then, you little worldling, you politick spirit, will side against God, divide his Empire, raise an Altar against his, preferring your ends to his prejudice, what do you call it if not tyranny, since it is to enterprize upon the goods of your Sovereign, who hath not any thing indispensable from his laws, no not so much as nothing it self?

2. Reason. It is a great sacriledge to make a Divinity of proper interest.

Nay, if you afforded God some honourable association (though that were tyrannical) it would be more tolerable; but you allow him a wicked petty interest of honour, of gain, for companion, which you plant in your heart, as on an Altar, and daily present it the best part of the sacrifice. It is to injury a superiour, to compare an inferiour with him. It is said, the very feathers of the Eagle are so imperious, they will not mix with the plumage of other birds, if they do, they consume them with a dull file. And think you to mingle God who is an incomparable Wisdom, a riches inexhaustible, a purity infinite, with feeble pretensions, which have frenzie for beginning, misery for inheritance, and impurity for ornament?

Feathers of the Eagle imperious. *Plin.* l. 1. c. 3.

The most barbarous Tyrants, as the *Mezentiusses*, found out no greater cruelty than to tie a dead with a living body; and you fasten thoughts of the world, dead and languishing, with God who is nothing but life. This is not a simple tyranny, but a sacriledge. The Civil Law saith, you must not appropriate to your self sacred gold or silver, nor transfer to prophane uses, what hath been dedicated to God; the like whereof is expressed in Laws Ecclesiastical. According to which axioms, S. *Augustine* said to *Licentius*, if you had found a golden chalice, you would give it to the Church. God hath granted you a spirit of gold, and I may likewise say, a heart of gold, when he washed and regenerated you by the the waters of Baptism: and now so far are you from rendring to your Sovereign Master what is due to him, that you make use of that heart as of a vessel of abomination, to sacrifice your self to devils. One sacrificeth to love, another to revenge, a third to worldly vanity. As for you, behold you are altogether upon particular ends, which take all the victims from God, to throw them into the gulf of avarice.

Χρυσὸν ἢ ἄργυρον ἀγιάσθη μηδεὶς σφετερίζεσθω. Authent. Justinian. Jus canonicum *August* ad *Licentium.*

Osea 5. *Victimas declinastis in profundum.*

A man who hath conceived this Maxim in his brain that his affairs must be dispatched at what rate soever, hath nothing of God but for ceremony; he hath created a Temple to a little devil of silver, who sits in the middle of his heart. It is the object of all his thoughts, the bayt of all his hopes, and scope of his contentments: there is his Tabernacle, his Oracle, his Propitiatory, and all the marks of his Religion. I wonder why in *Ecclesiastes*, where the common Translation saith, *All obeyeth money*, another very ancient letter, and derived from the Hebrew phrase, hath, *Money rendereth all oracles*, for that is it which properly the word *respondere* signifieth. But I cease to admire, when I consider the course of the world: for in truth I see money is like a familiar spirit, such as heretofore Pagans and Sorcerers kept in secret places, shut up in a casket, or in some broken head, or the body of a serpent: when they became any thing irresolute, they consulted with their Idol, and the devil counterfeiting voices through wood and metal, gave them answers.

Lignum offenſionis eſt aurum ſacrificantium. Eccl. 11. 17.

Now adays the Devil mony is in the coffer of the covetous, as in a Chappel dedicated to his name: and the Infidel, if he have any business to perform in his family, thinks not at all to take counsel of God upon it, nor to appeal to conscience; but refers all these enterprizes to the devil of silver, who gives him forth crooked Oracles. Shall I buy a Benefice for one of my sons, who hath no propension to the Church, but it must be provided, in what sort soever? The little devil answers, *Buy, seeing you have mony.* Shall I corrupt a faithless Judge, whose soul I know to be saleable, to gain an evil spirit? *Do so, since you have mony.* Shall I be revenged upon such a man, whom I hate as death, by suborning false witnesses, and engaging them by strength of corruption in a bad cause? *Yea, since mony gives thee this power?* Shall I buy this Office, whereof I am most incapable, for never was I fit for any thing, but to practise malice: *Yea, since it is mony, which doth all.* Shall I take *Naboth's* vineyard by force and violence, to build and enlarge my self further and further, upon the lands of my neighbours, without any limits of my purchases, but the rules of my concupiscence? *Yea, since thou mayest do it by force of mony:* Shall I carry a port in my house-keeping, which is only fit for Lords, sparing nothing from expence of the palate, nor from bravery, in such sort, that my lackeys may dayly jet up and down, as well adorned as Altars on Sundays? *Yea, since thou hast the golden branch in thy hand. Finally, this is to say very little, but if thou hast ready mony, desire all thou wilt, it shall come to pass. For thou hast Jupiter shut up in thy coffer,* (said the Satyrist.) See you not much infidelity, a great contempt of God, plain Atheism? Moreover, that which likewise makes this manner of proceeding more detestable is, that

Ζύλον προσκόμματος συνάξωμεν ἀνδρί. Pecunia obedient omnia, Pecunia respondent omnia Eccles. 10. 19.

Parva loquor, quidvis nummis præsentibus opta, evenit; clausum possidet area Jovem. Satyricon. Pet.

3. Reason. False pretext of interests.

that beſides its Empire incompatible with God; it inſinuateth with ſuch ſubtleties and pretexts of Religion, as if it were moſt devout. Black ſouls of Sorcerers, given over to all manner of execration, make open war againſt God: they ſay, they are altogether for *Beelzebub*, and keep the Sabbath to yield him homage, and have renounced all the functions of Chriſtian piety: in recompence wherof they raiſe miſts in bright mornings, by the power which the evil ſpirits gives them, that herbs and trees may die, or ſuch like; for their witchcrafts extend but to bodies. But this furious paſſion of intereſts which now adays ſo powerfully ſwayeth, beſides that it ſucketh the blood and marrow of the people, and bewitcheth ſouls which come near it with manifeſt contagion, appears with ſemblances of religion and true Chriſtianity: although it be impoſſible to ſerve two Maſters, according to the words of the Saviour of the world, and to accord the Devil of proper intereſts with the Maxims of *Jeſus*.

Enemies the moſt dangerous are ever the moſt covert, it were better almoſt to fall abſolutely into diſorder, then to be fleſh and fiſh, hot and cold, to halt ſometimes on *Baal*'s ſide, another while on the Temple of *Solomon*'s part, and never to ſerve God, but with a ſhoulder; yea, with all manner of hypocriſie. *I wiſh thou wert hot or cold, but inſomuch as thou art luke-warm, being neither hot nor cold, I will vomit thee out of my mouth.*

Vtinam frigidus eſſes aut calidus. ſed quia tepidus es, & nec frigidus nec calidus, incipiam te evomere ex ore meo. Apoc. 3. 4. Reaſon. *Benedictio Domini divites facit, nec ſociabitur ei afflictio,* Prov. 10.

To all objections of Scripture and Saints, framed againſt this Maxim, we have but one only anſwer: *It is the world, we cannot live otherwiſe, the Goat muſt brouze where he is tied. He who would live as an honeſt man, and not be according to the faſhion, ſhall ever be poor.* To which I anſwer, It is ſo far otherwiſe, that one cannot be rich, perſiſting in integrity, that, who will well examine families & houſes, ſhall find riches the moſt ſtable, moſt honourable, and delightful, were ever on virtues ſide, as we may ſee in the examples of *Abraham*, *Jacob*, and *David*, if we will not learn it by our own experience. *The bleſſing of God make the rich, and drives affliction from them.*

But quite contrary, the fortunes which proceed by crooked and ſiniſter ways, bring moſt dangerous effects along with them; for before their coming, they cauſe toils and unſpeakable anxieties: but being arrived, they expoſe a man to publick ſcorn, in ſteed of making them worthy of regard; ſince they inſenſibly are conſummate, and in the end, alwaies reſerve to him who poſſeſſeth them, treaſures of anger and vengeance. Would you ſee the proof of all I have ſaid? Look on the travel beſtowed in purchaſe of ill gotten goods, and you ſhall find it was for that, the Saviour of the world called riches, *thorns*; becauſe thorns bare a fragrant flower, but the fruit is very bad, and which is more, they ſerve for a retreat to Vipers. A ſilly gain, which in the beginning ſmiles to the eye, is the flower of the thorn: but when it is ſwallowed with great convulſion of mind and body, it proves an ill fruit, as likewiſe being involved in an impure conſcience, it is as the viper among thorns. Will you therein obſerve publick ſcorn and indignation? When you behold a man of baſe condition, who by unlawful ways is come to great fortunes, he is looked on as the flea, which an Artificer fettered with a chain of gold, to make matter for gazers. O the flea (ſaid one) it is well for her, ſhe wears a golden chain, the baſeſt of vermin, bears the beſt of mettals! Is ſhe not very miſerable, to have her liberty ſo enthralled? Why was ſhe not content to be a flea, and not to become a Lady? Yet was this ſilly creature innocent; but whoſoever exceſſively raiſeth his eſtate by injuſtice, deſerves he not well to be the object of all the aims of ſlander, and the anger of God? *Our Lord* (ſaith the Scripture) *ſhall wither up the roots of proud Nations.*

Simon Majolus.

Radices ſuperborum gentium arefaciet Dominus. Eccleſ. 10. *Reſiduum locuſtæ comedit bruchus, & reſiduum bruchi comedit arugo.* Joel 1. Plin. lib. 2. cap. 103.

Will you ſee the progreſſion and concluſion thereof: the Graſhopper, according to the ſaying of the Prophet *Joel*, hath a ſhare herein, to wit, in bravery and riot of apparrel; the other part falls to the glutonous fly, which is the ſuperfluity of diet; and the laſt is eaten by ruſt, as are unprofitable treaſures of the covetous, who almoſt all reſemble the fountain of *Jupiter Hammon*, ſo cold in the day time, one cannot drink of it, and ſo hot by night they dare not touch it. In the day of proſperity, they have bowels of ice for the miſeries of the poor, and in adverſity their goods are all on fire, pillaged, burnt, and carried away, by thoſe who leaſt deſerve to enjoy them.

Finally, the day of Judgment muſt be undergone, to expiate many times by long torments, the goods we can no longer enjoy. Do we not underſtand how the God of vengeance ſpeaks to the rich of the earth, who are rich in iniquity? To thee I come, the great Dragon, who lodgeſt in the midſts of Rivers of *God* and *Silver*, and ſayeſt, Theſe rivers are mine: I will put a bridle into thy mouth, and will faſten to thy ſcales ſo many little fiſhes, as thou on every ſide haſt entrapped by ſo many injuſtices, ſo many concuſſions, ſo many falſhoods; and I will take thee out of thy element, out of thy honours and riches, which thou haſt abuſed, and I will thruſt thee into the deſart on the ſand reproachful, as thou art, faint and deſpoiled, nor ſhall any man compaſſionate thy miſery. *Oh, how poor are they always, who are rich with iniquity.*

Ezech. 29. *Ecce ego ad te Draco magne, qui cubas in medio flaminum & dicis, meus eſt fluvius, ponam fraenum in maxillis tuis, & agglutinabo piſces flaminum tuorum ſquamis tuis, & extraham te & projiciam te in deſertum.*

(a) But what if ſerving God faithfully in his vocation he muſt be poor? O poverty, which didſt receive the Son of God born, as between thine arms, in a wretched ſtable, and who ſaweſt him conclude his innocent life in ſo great nakedneſs, that it had no other veil to cover it but the blood which guſhed from his wounds; muſt it needs be, that having been ſo much honoured by the King of Monarchs, and all Saints, who waited on him, thou here below ſhouldſt be reputed as the dregs of nature, the ſcum of the world, the fury of humane life? muſt Chriſtians come to that paſs, rather to deſire to be eſteemed crafty, robbers, and excommunicates, then poor? No man (ſaith *Minutius Felix*) how poor ſoever, comes to the poverty wherin he is born; we ſhould poſſeſs all, had we learned to deſire nothing: but the rage now adays frequent, to appear in the world what one is not, the madneſs which maketh frogs deſire to ſwell like bulls, is the cauſe many ſtile a reaſonable fortune with the title of poverty, whileſt a thouſand and a thouſand who live in the world, in the midſt of extreme miſeries, had they hit upon thy fortune, would think themſelves equal in point of felicity to *Ceſar's*.

(a) 5. Reaſon. Againſt too much horrour of poverty, which nouriſheth the fervour of intereſts.

Nemo tam pauper poteſt eſſe quàm natus eſt, omnia ſi non concupiſcimus, poſſidemus. Minut. Felix.

One eſteems himſelf poor, if he have not thirty, forty, fifty thouſand crowns to buy an Office, which is a fearful exorbitance of our Age. One accounts himſelf poor, if he have not five & twenty thouſand crowns to give with a daughter in marriage, when the daughters of *France* had not heretofore above ſix thouſand. One imagineth he is poor, if vails of an Office make not thirty or fourty thouſand livres of rent, when the Chancellors of *France* had not in former time ſeven thouſand. O inſatiable avarice, the Cerberus, and gulf of mankinde! whither haſt thou tranſported our manners & underſtanding? No, no, there is not any man truly poor, who is furniſhed for neceſſities, without which life is intolerable to nature: and that which affrighteth (ſay you) is the gnawing

care

care of house-keeping, which shortneth your days, and drencheth your life in gall and tears.

Against the pusillanimous.

Weak and faithless that you are towards the Divine Providence; do you not yet behold, your distrust, your humane respects, your impatience is the source of all the evils which engulf you? Little birds that flie in the air and clouds, silly butter-flies which flutter through the meadows, painted with the enamel of flowers, and flowers themselves which are but hay, repose with all sweet satisfaction, under the royal mantle of the great Providence that covers all. Birds by his help, find grain fit for them. Butter-flies suck out the dew and juice of flowers; and flowers which live but one day, unfold themselves with beauties, that nothing yield to *Solomon's* magnificencies. There is not any creature so little in the world, which lifteth not up its eys to the paternal hand of God, distilling dew and Manna, and is never frustrated of its hopes. There is none but you (O wretched creature) who having a reasonable soul, stamped with the image of God, suffer your discretion to contribute to the excess of your miseries; do you not well deserve to be poor, since God is not rich enough for you?

Whose are the children which give you occasion of so much care? Is it you (O mothers) who have stretched their sinews, spun out their veins, numbered and knit their bones in your entrails? God hath made them, God will direct them, God will bear them on the wings of his providence, God will dispose them where you imagine not. But you would not have them suffer any thing; why then did you produce them into the number of men, if you be unwilling they should participate in the burdens of men?

Resolution of great courages in poverty.

If you and they falling from a flourishing estate, should be reduced to beggery, could you imagine you might be forsaken by the providence of God, yea although you under-went the strokes of warfare, which his beloved Son did here on earth? What shame would it be for you, if even those who have been in the world as great as Monarchs, are come to this estate? *Belisarius*, who thunder-struck three parts of the world by the lightning of his arms, who had possessed all which a great virtue might deserve, all which a great fortune might give, having seen himself engraven on gold and silver, almost equal to the Emperour *Justinian* his Master, came to that pass through extream disfavour, as to stretch out his hand for alms, yea, did it couragiously, braving his unhappiness by an abundance of virtues: And you, who are much short of his quality, deject your spirit in a slight humiliation befallen you. *Rusticiana* wife of *Boetius*, one of the most glittering beauties of *Rome*, in publick miseries saw her self reduced to such poverty, that she was cloathed as a country woman, no whit therewith dismayed, yea, appeared before the face of Kings in defence of her husband massacred: and you cannot endure to be seen at the Church in a modest habit, or a plain neck-kerchief. Alas your opinion, and your curiosity, is the greatest part of your evils!

Were it not better to undergo all the miseries of the World, in the fidelity we offer to God, than through disordinate love of proper interests, to become a devil? For what fitter title deserves he, who doing all for himself, looks on himself as a Divinity, accounts other men who are under him, as flies and catterpillers, tyrannizeth over inferiours, tormenteth equals, striketh at superiours, breaketh laws both divine and humane, to hasten unto gain or honour, and to anticipate his punishments, makes to himself an hell in his own conscience. If these truths perswade you not sufficiently the way of duty, consider a man of interest in the following example, and see by his success, that there is no greater unhappiness in the world, then to be fortunate contrary to the rules of a good conscience.

The tenth EXAMPLE upon the tenth MAXIM.

Of liberality, and unhappiness of those who seek their own ends by unlawful ways.

ANTIOCHUS the GOD.

Drawn from the Prophet *Daniel.* 11. S. *Hieron.* upon *Daniel. Polyænus. Appian.*

I Resolved to present unto you in this History *Antiochus* the God, who made a God of himself, a man as much perplexed as unhappy in his aims; to oppose him against *Ptolomæus Philadelphus*, who was free & generous; to the end these Princes, as contrary in qualities, as different in their successes, may make you the more sensibly see the truth of this excellent Maxim. When a great fortune and a prompt will meet together, they produce excellent effects of liberality. This *Ptolomey* of whom we speak, had one by nature, the other from love. For he was naturally disposed to magnificence, & the greatness of his condition seconded his purposes. The revenue he received from *Ægypt*, might then amount to fourteen thousand eight hundred talents, which were the matter of his bounty, but the form rested in his heart. He thought nothing to be his, but what he could give, and was willing gold should be drawn from his treasures, to relieve mens necessities, as water out of the streams of his *Nilus*. To know how to give well, is a great science. It belongs not to all (said *Socrates*) to manage the Graces well. There are some who give so ill, and to such as merit so little, that the Graces being Virgins by condition, are made prostitutes through the sottishness of their usage But this Prince was as wise in choice of persons, as liberal to distribute favours. He willingly did good to those who made profession of true piety, & loved learning, wel knowing it was to sow seeds in a land not ungrateful. It is observed in all times that Princes & men of quality who have disobliged the Religious and learned, have had ill success in their affairs, and given their reputation as a prey to posterity. That is it which lost the miserable *Antiochus*, surnamed the Illustrious: for though his father had shewed him an example to oblige the *Hebrews*, who then stood most eminent in Religion and divine knowledges, he unhappily engaged himself to torment them, and by this means heaped after his life a thousand disturbances, and darkned his name in an eternal History.

Magnificence of *Ptolomey.*

Socrat. apud Stobæum. Τὰς χάριτας παρθένους οὔσας, μητέρας ποιοῦνται.

It is very dangerous to disoblige pious and learned men.

Much otherwise *Ptolomey* favoured the people of God with all sorts of courtesie. For not satisfied to have granted liberty to more then a hundred thousand *Jews*, who were in his Territories, even to the redeeming slaves at his own charge from Masters who possessed them, he bestowed most costly gifts on the Temple of *Jerusalem*. From thence distending his benefits to men of learning, he furnish'd that incomparable Library, wherin in the end were numbred seven hundred thousand books, & having given the charge of it to *Demetrius Phalerius*, he caused to be brought thither, as we find in so many histories, the books of the law, with the seventy two Interpreters, who translated them into *Greek*, to be a singular ornament of his library. All this passed over with ceremonies, magnificencies & the wonders which so many Authors recount, the King wept for joy, such affection he bare to things divine, in comparison of which

Iosph. l. 12. c. 1. Library of *Ptolomey.*

whic h he no more esteemed gold, then dirt. By which means he gained the affection of all men, causing himself to be beloved and adored by the whole world.

Manners of Antiochus.

But *Antiochus the God* being as the Antipodes, opposite in manners to him, esteeming himself as a Divinity, thought upon nothing but to satisfie his ambition, augment his revenues, and seek his own ends, to the prejudice of equity, & all the most holy amities. Which was the cause, that undertaking a wicked design of invading the Kingdom of *Egypt*, he set a huge Army on foot against *Ptolomæus Philadelphus*, of whom we speak, without any pretext, but the satisfaction of an enraged condition which possessed him. *Ptolomey*, who for the love of books abandoned not the sollicitude of war, had put his Kingdom into such order, that he was able to bring into the field two hundred thousand foot, and twenty thousand horse, besides he had two thousand carriages for the war, four hundred Elephants, an hundred and fifty tall ships. So that *Antiochus* coming with all the strength of *Asia* to surprize him, found one ready to talk with him: for the *Egyptian* without any incommodity to himself, tired and supplanted all his endeavours, which were grounded more upon passion, then good discretion. This man loth to return with so much shame, being unable to get a Kingdom, sought to win a wife. He passionately courted *Berenice*, daughter of *Ptolomey*, whether he were in love with her, or whether he would make use of this marriage, to give some colour to peace, which could not be concluded without leaving on his face the marks of his temerity. *Ptolomey*, a Prince very peaceful, readily inclined to the resolution of matching his daughter with him, that he might quit his Territories of him, but it was understood he had been already married to *Laodice*, by whom he had children, which seemed to make this matter meerly impossible. Notwithstanding this unhappy Prince, who betrayed God and men without reflecting on any thing in his designs but proper interest, sware deeply to give assurance, that he kept not *Laodice* in the quality of a wife and Queen, but of a Concubine, whom he would dismiss so soon as the love of a lawful wife should possess his heart. They who desire, are ordinarily credulous. It was wished peace might be purchased for the wearisomness of war, and this Princess must be sacrificed as a victim without consideration, that as faith and treachery upon one side were incompatible in the person of *Antiochus*, so on the other, *Laodice* a Princess much like her husband, would not suffer another to lodge in her bed.

War against Ptolomey.

It was ended by a marriage.

Notwithstanding, the marriage is concluded, *Berenice* is conducted to *Damietta* by her own father, who gave huge treasures with her in marriage, she is put into the hands of this false husband, who carried her to *Babylon*, the capitol City of his Kingdom. This beautiful Queen, who had all attractive graces on her cheek, and the *caduceum* of *Mercury* in her hands, by reason of the peace she made between two puissant Nations, was received with much applause. Besides there went along with her a great number of mules laden with gold, silver, and all the most splendid riches of *Egypt*. For the father, who was so liberal towards strangers, had made spare of nothing to his daughter. The solemnity of marriage was performed with extraordinary pomp, there was nothing but games, theaters, publick joys; Heaven smiled, and the earth assisted in these hymeneal rites. There was none but *Laodice*, who being repudiated, looked on these triumphs with an owl-like eye, and a countenance surcharged with the vapours of her envy, which hastened to raise a tempest.

Berenice daughter of Ptolomey enreth into Babylon.

Laodice repudiated.

She failed not to flie out in the beginning, and to speak whatsoever a desperate jealousie could suggest to her, to embroil affairs, & stir up the Kingdom: but finding her self not throughly seconded, she covered her discontent under silence, and the fury of her revenge, under an apparance of sweetnes, supposing craft might afford that which force had bereaved her of.

Beholding her self far distant from Court, and put into a condition wherein she could not disturb any thing, she with a malicious prudence dissembled all that which lay on her heart, feigning to have no other pretence upon the Kings marriage, but that she onely desired to gain from him some solace, to sweeten the change of her fortune.

Forthwith she wrote a letter to King *Antiochus*, very cunningly excusing her self of all had passed, and shewing:

Her cunning.

That if she at the beginning spake a little too boldly touching the alteration he had made in his Kingdom, it was a folly pardonable, since it onely proceeded from the love she bare him. That the disfavour she suffered by being deprived of a God, seemed at first so harsh unto her, that she could find no means to digest it: But that time had shewed her some part of her duty, and her evil fortune daily taught her the humility, she could never learn in Empire. That she acknowledged it was not for her to controul his affections, but observe them; and rather to entertain admiration for her who hath the honour to enjoy his love, then envy it. That she now hath no care to think on Thrones and Scepters, but that the sovereign happiness, wherein she desires to breath out the remainder of her miserable life, is to approach near his person, more dear then all the world, and to behold with an eie more innocent then she had done, the prosperity of his affairs.

Antiochus was very well satisfied with Queen *Berenice*, and already had by her a fair son, who was as the seal of marriage: yet touched at the beginning with some compassion to see *Laodice* so humbled, he gave her leave to come nearer him, which *Berenice* all made of goodness, and over-credulous, never sought to hinder.

She returned with shews of humility, pretext of amity, and admirable conformity. *Antiochus* saw her, and readily entertained her with discourse & witty merriments, thinking her unable to re-enkindle his affection: but she stil had a commanding beauty accompanied with a wily wit, and a voluble tongue of power to win love, which the other very easily laid hold of, though he ever managed it to his own ends.

The Chronicle of *Alexandria* hath a remarkable passage, telling, that *Perseus* looking on the head of *Medusa* which he had cut off, took in poyson from it, whereof he became blind. We must not too much trust these beauties and loves, which after a long course of sway seem dead, when they but disappear. Flames sometimes break out of wrinkles and ashes, to inflame hearts they had heretofore possessed.

Antiochus quickly felt the sting of this *Gorgon*, whose insolence he thought he had vanquished. For having formerly surprized him by slight dalliances, she renewed her battery, and by force of her continual conversation, began to possess him as much as heretofore. *Berenice* retained nothing in all this great pomp of her fortune, but countenances and shews; whilst the other became Mistris of his heart, and had so bewitched the soul of this God, as to make him become a beast. The wicked woman staied not there, but infinitely desirous to place her son *Seleucus* in the throne of the *Antiochusses*, and fearing the mutable condition of this unfortunate lover, prevented his inconstancy, and gave him, (as saith S. *Hierom*) not the Nectar of Gods, but the poison appointed for offenders, to send him speedily unto the other world. Presently after she caused her son to be proclaimed King by the subtle practise of two powerfull Favourites, who assisted her

in this affair, and at the same time laid hold of the little son of *Berenice*, and gave him unto two murderers, to butcher him.

Behold whither the mischief of a woman, abandoned by God, reason and all humanity, goeth, when incensed love and blind ambition have let loose the rains to disorder. The poor Queen extreamly overtaken by this disloyalty, came forth in publick with her great sorrow, conjuring all the world with tears & sighs, able to rent rocks asunder. *To take pity of a poor stranger, their lawful Queen, & who had never sought any thing, but their good: whilest some not content to poison the King her husband, had murdered the little innocent, who was lawful heir to the Crown, would for full accomplishment of cruelty, serve the mother so: Then shewing her bosom, added, She was ready to receive therein the bloudy sword, which had cut off the life of her most precious child, in an age so tender and lamentable, if the people thought it might be for the Kingdoms good; but what could it benefit them to see a deplorable Queen torn in pieces before their eyes, who had no other crime, but her integrity towards them?*

The people were so moved with this discourse, that they caused *Berenice* to save her self in the best fortress of the City, and instantly demanded their young Prince might be brought forth. The murderers (as *Polyenus* affirmeth) already misdoubting the peoples fury, had prepared a supposititious child, who marvelously well resembled the young Prince, & presently producing him cloathed in his garments they for some time appeased the sedition. The wicked *Laodice*, seeing her business succeeded not to her mind, feigned much to desire a reconciliation with *Berenice*, and by practise of the ministers of her fury, found means to get some companies to steal into the Cittadel, whither she was retired, who cut the centinels in pieces, and killing all the Queens officers, came to her chamber to murder her. It was a pittiful spectacle to behold the poor maids, who were about her person; for standing in defence above the strength of their sex, they pulled the weapons out of the souldiers hands, running up and down amidst swords and partisans, like Lyonesses, until many all bloudy fell at the feet of their good Mistris, leaving an eternal monument of their valour and fidelity. The poor *Berenice* was amongst the dead, unworthily massacred on the bodies of her servants. Three maids survived this assassinate, who bathing the Queens body with their tears, and humbly kissing all her wounds, cloathed her again with Royal garments, and laid her on the bed, invoking Heaven and its powers to their aid. The people flocking with the bruit of this great murder, environed the Castle, and put the murderers to flight, who durst not then boast to have committed this execrable assassinate.

The Queens maids on the other side carried themselves very discreetly among such extream dolours: for as yet forbearing to publish *Berenice's* death, for fear of giving advantage to *Laodice's* plots, they shewed themselves at a window, and told the people their Mistris had been wounded by the cunning practises of *Laodice*, but that (thanks be to God) the wound was not mortal, she onely stood in need of some little rest, and good attendance, to take breath and be cured, to the end she might acknowledge their good services. *Polyenus* saith, that the business being drawn at length, & the people desirous to see the Queen, the maids put a counterfeit into the bed, dressed up for the purpose, and framed some words, feigning a low & mournful accent of their Mistris. This cunning held the subjects in obedience, and the enemies in fear, whilest a Courtier dispatched to *Ptolomey* the son of *Philadelphus*, advertised him of all had passed. He failed not to hasten speedily to *Babylon* with a potent army, where he surprized the Conspiratours, affrighted with the image of their crime. *Callinicus* fled, and was afterward slain by a fall from his horse. The wicked *Laodice* was taken & led to punishment, where the people understanding the death of *Berenice*, and the dreadful exorbitances of this wretched woman, meant to have torn her in pieces, loading her memory and ashes with maledictions. The Kingdom was for a time reduced under the obedience of the King of *Ægypt*, who carrying away infinite riches, & establishing Governours in Provinces, returned to his own country. One may see by this history, that men of interest desirous to swallow all by ways unlawful, loose their fortunes, honours, and lives, leaving their souls to the pains of hell, & their memory to the execration of posterity.

XI. MAXIM.

OF CRAFT.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That the life of curious wits is not governed but by fiction, and that the deceiver still finds such as will be deceived.

Dissimulation. CRAFT, one of the prime Maxims of an ill Court, is now adays become the lesson of all Ages, each sex, and condition; and it seems to many, that to prosper well in subtleties, is the flower of wisdom, and utmost period of felicity. All are not fit for arms, learning picks out wits with too much advice, arts are painful, and require in those who profess them some ability, which is not produced but by time and much industry.

But in the mystery of counterfeiting, dissembling and guile, every one perswadeth himself he therein can quickly acquire some skil, & be able to triumph over simple silence; and if he must labour in it, to strike the best strokes by the help of the tongue.

From thence it cometh to pass, that children are framed to this exercise almost from their cradle. Women, yea, they who make account to refine in devotion, keep now adays shops of counterfeiting: the great-ones think it is their trade; the mean, who are as their shadows, take the same course. The world becomes a Theater of fictions, where truth hath much ado to be known, so many false visages are put upon it. To speak truly, one would say the earth had changed its nature, and were now become a Sea, where

Dissimulation reigneth every where.

THE HOLY COURT.

That Sincerity is the Queen of virtues, and that the deceiver is taken in the snare he prepareth.

where the ſimple, like poor creeping worms, are abandoned to the malice of the moſt ſubtle. It was a worthy ſpeech of the Prophet, who ſaid to God, *Alaſs, Lord! have you then made ſo many mortals, like filly fiſhes, and wretched worms, which have no government? Deceit hath ſowed its ſubtleties every where, it hath every where ſpred nets and ſnares, and never ceaſeth to drive, take, and entrap: and it ſeems would catch the whole World with its hook. It rejoyceth at its own crime, as if it were a virtue, and maketh ſacrifices with the inſtruments of miſchief. It judgeth of happineſs by the multitude of preys, and acknowledgeth no other God, but its own good fortune.*

Habac. 1. 14. *Facies hominis quaſi piſces maris, & quaſi reptilis.*

2. Now as for you, who are perſwaded in this Maxim, that to proſper in converſation with men and affairs of the world, neceſſarily the foxe's skin muſt be put on, ſimplicity being too ſottiſh and diſarmed to bear any ſway in humane life. I pray at leiſure conſider ſome reaſons which I intend to preſent, and rather weigh them in the ballance of judgment then of paſſion. Firſt know, that in the inſtant you reſolve to be crafty, to be a lier, a deceiver, you proclaim war againſt a great Divinity, which will follow you ſtep by ſtep all your life time, which will diſcover you when you ſhall not know it, even to the bottom of your thoughts, which will overthrow all your pernicious intentions, and hold the ſword of God's vengeance over your head, even to the gates of hell.

2. Reaſon againſt counterfeiting. The blemiſh of truth.

This puiſſant adverſary againſt whom you undertake reſiſtance, if you as yet know it not, is truth, the moſt ancient and admirable of all virtues, which hath ever been, and which ſhal never end; nay, could you make your thoughts penetrate into an abyſs of time, and could you flie through ten millions of Ages, there ſhould you find truth. But if you ſay, it was not before Heaven and earth, and that in pronouncing this word, you had ſome reaſon (which cannot be) at the leaſt denying verity, and ſpeaking truth, yet muſt you find truth; ſo neceſſary is its being. It runs through time (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) not being under the laws of time, it paſſeth through all, and ſhifteth not place; it is hidden in night, not obſcured by night, it is in the ſhadow, not ſhut up in ſhadows; it is not ſubject to ſenſe, ſince it ſwayeth over underſtandings. It is always near us, nay, let us rather ſay, It is within us, or we live in it; and although it do not occupy place, it poſſeſſeth all place in its Empire. It exteriourly giveth notice, it appeareth inwardly, it turneth all into the better, and is not changed by any into worſe. Of it, unleſs belied, one cannot think ill; and without it, unleſs by flattery of ſelf preſumption, we cannot enough diſcern. What then ſhall we ſay more, ſince God himſelf is Truth, verity of Eſſence, verity of Reaſon, verity of Speech, as Theologie teacheth us. All virtues are truely for him; but he is not called by their names, as he is by the title of truth. (a) It is the apple of his eye, his heart, his ſolace, his delight, his power, his wiſdom, his throne, and dignity. All what God is, is nothing but verity. It penetrateth all virtues, as fire and light do all the parts of the world. There is not any thing ſo victorious or triumphant in all greatneſs; for it never ceaſed ſince the beginning of the world to cruſh heads which rebel againſt light. It hath untwiſted ſo many webs, ſcattered ſo many wiles, overthrown ſo many lies, brought to nothing ſo many ſects, deſtroyed ſo many humane powers, trampled under foot ſo many dragons. And you who pretend to be the cunning and refined ſpirits of the time, renounce it; you take up arms againſt it, and are not afraid of it; you think to avoid it, but it will avoid you, and the firſt of your afflictions ſhall be to looſe ſight of it. O my God, what a bold enterprize is it to draw a ſtrong adverſary upon us, and to provoke thy juſtice, when we may enjoy thy Clemency!

The power of truth.

Auguſt. l. 2. de liber. arb. Non peragitur tempore, non migrat loco, nec noctis intercipitur, nec umbra involvitur, nec ſenſibus corporis ſubjacet: omnibus proximo, omnibus ſempiterno, &c.

(a) *Ego ſum via, veritas, & vita.* Joan. 14. 10.

Remember you the ſon of *Cyrus*, who cloſely attempted on *Ethiopia* with his arms, and prepared to make war againſt it? but the King thereof to ſtay him, was pleaſed to ſend him his bow, and cauſed to be ſaid unto him, *Ad hunc venis*, that is, you come againſt the Maſter of this bow. He was ſo amazed at the ſight of this armory, that he ſurceaſed from the temerity of his counſels, to provide for the ſafety of his perſon. Now had you ſeen the arms of truth, which from ſo many Ages have quailed ſo many monſters, and gained ſo many victories, you would fear conteſt with ſuch a Princeſs. She wil never forſake you, if you renounce untruth; and if you do it not on earth, you wil be enforced to do it in hell. *Hippocrates* gave the eyes of a ſtar to truth, but ſhould he have ſeen her face more uncovered, he had ſaid it was a Sun, which illuminateth by its light, animateth the beſt ſpirits by its vivacity, as it diſſipateth the miſts of lies by virtue.

A notable act of a King of Æthiopia. *Herod. l. 3.*

Hippoc. ep. 10.

3. Beſides, not content with this, when you in this manner undertake diſcourſes of ſilk, and promiſes of wind, to reveal a ſecret, to lay ſnares for the ſimplicity of a man, to ſatisfie your paſſion, or ſerve your ends, you commit another crime moſt pernicious to humane ſociety, for you ſeek by theſe ſleights to ruin all belief and fidelity. The ancients made ſo much account of human faith, which is conſtancy and ſtedfaſtneſs of words conſonant to the heart, and performance of promiſes; that the *Romans* placed it in their Capitol, cloſe by the ſide of their prime Divinity, and one of their Poets durſt ſay, Faith was before *Jupiter* himſelf, and that without it the world would not be, and that it was a Divinity which had a Temple in the hearts of men, the moſt purified and beſt worthy of God. If with one ſingle glance of an eye, you might ſee the world as a huge Theater, you therein ſhould behold Empires, arms, laws, Cities, Provinces, ſciences, arts, riches, infinite magnificencies, you would be enforced to ſay, the baſis which ſupporteth all this great majeſty of Commonwealths, is fidelity, without which, Cities would rather reſemble Cyclopean Caverns, then temples of peace and juſtice. But if you deſtroy it, not by improvidence or frailty, but by the form of a ſetled liſe, and by example cauſe others to imitate you, is it not to overthrow all that which is beſt eſtabliſhed, and to profane whatſoever is moſt holy?

2. Reaſon. Diſſimulation ruineth humane faith.

Excellency of fidelity. *Cato Cenſorius. Silius. Anti Jovem genitorem &c tantum in poſtera Numen.*

4. You perhaps will ſay, publick virtues little concern you, ſo you may advance your particular intereſts. I wil not tell you, this anſwer better becomes the mouth of a *Tartar*, then a Chriſtian; but I dare wel aſſure you, theſe ways of craft and deceit, which ſo much pleaſe you, are moſt prejudicial to your honour, and moſt fatal for your ruin. For firſt of all, ſay you be a man of quality, you are not ſo unnatural, but you have ſome ſenſe of honor. Now reſt aſſured, nothing ſo much vilifieth you as to be reputed a crafty man, who carrieth labyrinths in his heart, & ſnares in his tongue. *Dion Chryſoſtomus* judiciouſly obſerved, that nature gave ſubtlety as an inheritance to creatures, the moſt feeble and abject, as to Apes, Foxes, Cats, & ſpiders: but the moſt generous, as Eagles and Lyons, know not what ſlights and wiles mean. We muſt likewiſe affirm, all the moſt eminent and divine ſpirits are very naturally inclined to ſincerity: and that it onely belongs to inferiour ſouls, and ſuch as diſtruſt their own ability to amuſe themſelves in

3. Reaſon. Craft ſhameful to the author of it.

Debaſement.

search of inventions and tricks, to involve those, who treat with them by the way of sincere freedom

See you not, mirrours render forms when they are leaded? and think you natively to represent the draughts of verity, unless your soul be solid and stable, supported by its proper weight, on constancy & magnanimity? *Seneca* noted, that women the most destitute of strength are most inclined to fraud and doubleness of heart; (what I speak, nothing concerneth the prudent and generous, who know how to correct infirmities of sex by virtue) but our daily experience teacheth us, that there are of them very crafty, and such as under a pure and delicate skin, with a tongue distilling honey, often hide the heart of a panther, all spotted over with subtlety, as the skin of this beast with diversity of mirrours. Their throat is more slippery then oyl, (said the *Wiseman*) but in the end you find effects more bitter then worm-wood, and more penetrating then a two edged sword. What sense is there that a Noble man, who would in all things seem more then a man, should take upon him the vices of women, and inclinations onely fit for silly creatures?

Subile women. *Seneca* in Octavia. *Pectus infirmis dolus sed vim negavit.*

Nevissima illius amara quasi absinthium, & acuta quasi gladius ancipes. Prov. 5. 4.

It is a strange thing to see what the light of nature dictated to the souls of infidels, so alienating them from all manner of deceit, that they made scruple to treat with their enemies by way of dissimulation. We learn in *Titus Livius*, that one called *Philippus*, giving an account to the Senate, what he had negotiated in the Court of the *Macedonian* King, declaring particularly the course he took to entertain *Persens* under pretext of peace, and to feed him with fair words; the old Senatours stood up, and aloud protested much to disavow such proceedings as matters opposite to *Roman* generosity. Violence (said that great Captain *Brasidas*) though it seem unjust, is always more excusable in a man of authority then craft; which secretly contriveth some black business under colour of amity. What could there be more odious in nature, then a man, who to deceive the world, might have the art to change faces every hour, and seem sometimes white, sometimes black, sometimes gray, another while grizly, sometimes hairy, another while beardless; in such sort, as to be meerly unknown to those who should treat with him? Now what deceivers cannot do on their faces, they act in their souls through a strange profanation of Gods Image, they take upon them a thousand countenances, and a thousand impostures, to train a poor victim into the snare. They flatter, they promise, they swear, they protest, they call Heaven and earth to witness; you would take all their words for eternal truths: but if you speak to them an hour after, and that it be time to pull off the mask, they with a brazen brow will deny all they said, they will mock at all they promised, and disavow all they have done, with the same lips which before contrived it. What Behemoth, what Leviathan was ever beheld so prodigious in nature?

Sincerity preserved in the light of nature. *Tit. Liv.* l. 2 Decad. 5.

Thucid.

Hatred and horrour of doubleness

Phot. Biblior. p. 67.

I know *Ctesias* among the great rarities of the *Indies*, makes mention of a Martichore, a beast which hath the face of a man, and the body of a Lion, who counterfeiteth the sound of flutes to charme passengers, and then entrappeth and kills them with the tail of a scorpion, all bristled with pricks, and which is more, makes the same serve for bowe, arrows, and quiver. Needs must this be terrible; but to see it before our face, is to have one beast for an enemy, which may by prudence be avoided, which may by force be vanquished, and with weapons mastered: but in a faithless man, you discover under a smiling brow, a thousand plagues, a thousand Centaurs, a thousand Geryons, infinite many Charibdes, and Syrens, who lay snares for you, who undo you, who ruin you, who strangle when they seem to embrace you. Can you then admire, if among the six abominations of the heart of man, deceit be one of the first. Laws have not severity enough, arms terrour, nor scaffolds punishments, to chastise, affright, torment a man with a double tongue and heart, who persecuteth truth, killeth faith, poisoneth friendship, and many times plotteth effects of death even in a banquet, the solace of life.

Linguam mendacem, cor machinans cogitationes pessimas. Prov. 6

5. All this is to no purpose will some *Polyphemus* say, so that one prosper in the world, either by treason or craft; little heed must be given to the judgements of certain men, who are only able to bark at our fortune, not to hinder our felicity. Here now is the knot of the business, wherein we must consider, that besides that the ways of treachery are laborious and shameful, they always carry along with them the confusion, misery, and ruin of those who embrace them. Who diggeth a pit (saith the *Wiseman*) shall fall into it, and the stone shall return back on his head who threw it. The reputation of honesty is so necessary in the manage of affairs, that such as lost integrity of manners, sought to retain the bark, to cherish a renown amongst men, swolen up with smoak and imposture. A deceiver fears nothing so much as to be discovered, and to lay open the face of designs which he closely worketh for the ruin of others. Judge now how hard a matter it is, to practise at this present in the world with such proceedings in an Age most vigilant, and where little children are almost grown wise. What a trouble is it to hide your jugling in a Court, where are so many *Argus* eyes, who perpetually watch upon all actions. If one be surprized before the act, he must expect to be flouted even by foot-boys, & used like one who cannot hit upon it to be wicked although this trade be very easie, and who having sold his conscience to devils, knows not how to evict payment, unless he plead it in hell. But if a man some one time come to the point of what he projected, which he can hardly keep from breaking through the ears of others, (they who are deceived, seldom wanting eloquence either in themselves or their own ashes, were they dead, to decry treachery;) yet must he heareafter for one trick of craft, loose reputation & credit, two pillars of discretion. All the world will avoid you as a rock or a monster, what ever you do, you have but one heart and one tongue, to invent and tell lies: but you shall raise a thousand against you by it: For all those who know you practise this trade, and that you make it your endeavour to deceive, will bend all their sinews and strength, to entrap you in the same snares you laid for other; in such sort, that you shall become a prey aimed at (if it were possible) by all the world.

4. Reason. Craft pernicious.

Qui fodit foveam, incidet in eam & qui volvit lapidem, revolvetur ad eum. Prov. 26. 27

Troubles and miseries of dissimulation

Where have we ever seen a deceiver to prosper in all his enterprizes to the very end? You may as well number the waves of the sea, and leaves of trees, as recount the lamentable and tragical events of all these common cheaters, who never had the power to avoid God's vengeance. The pernicious *Machiavel*, who taught the art to deceive, produceth the example of an infamous Prince, whose impostures succeeded so ill, that by mistaking, he drank the poison prepared by himself for another in a banquet, & ended his detestable life. Is not this man abandoned by religion, wit and reason, to seek to perswade treachery with so weak examples? If he will work this way, let us oppose both against him, and the like the experience of passed Ages, to set (as it is said) the Sun in full splendour before their eyes.

Dreadful events of deceivers.

THE

The eleventh EXAMPLE upon the eleventh MAXIM.

Of Craft.

VIce many times hath a ſhop near unto Virtue (as ſaid *Origen*) and deceives Merchants under colour of ſelling good commodities. Craft readily counterfeiteth wiſdom, and ſome there are alſo, who make the wiſe to paſs for ſubtle. But there is ſo much difference between them, as between glaſs and diamond. Craft is a falſe prudence, which maketh uſe of ſubtleties againſt right and juſtice; but true wiſdom, though it be ſubtle, is never craftie: For it pretends nothing at all againſt equity and good conſcience.

The witty conceit of *Theodora. Zonaras in Theophilo.*

If you deſire to know wary wiſdom, and to diſtinguiſh it from craft, look upon what the Empreſs *Theodora* did, one of the worthieſt women of her Age. She was married to the Emperour *Theophilus*, an Heretick, and a capital enemy to the honour of Images, which he forbad to be kept, or eſteemed, upon pain of death. Notwithſtanding this pious Princeſs, who maintained Religion in the Empire what ſhe might, and ſweetned with much wiſdom the wilde humours of her husband, ſpared not to have in private, pictures and holy Images, affording them ſingular veneration. It happened one day, that *Dender* the Emperour's fool, who played this part at Court, rather through natural blockiſhneſs, then diſſimulation, came (as he was roaming up and down) into the Empreſſe's chamber, and found her reverencing thoſe Images. He failed not in dinner-while to give the Emperour notice of it, at which time he uſed to entertain him with a thouſand merriments, ſaying aloud, He found *Manna* (ſo he called the Empreſs) with her babies, and that ſhe was ſuddenly ſurprized with it. *Theophilus* preſently doubted it was Images his wife honoured, and at the riſing from the Table, he ſought her out all foaming with anger, and asked, where thoſe puppits were ſhe adored in the preſence of *Dender*? Truly we muſt confeſs, devout women have ſometimes a marvellous dexterity to excuſe a buſineſs; for ſhe ſuddenly hit upon a handſom evaſion, which freed her from the importunity of her husband. For in ſtead of ſeeming troubled and overtaken, ſhe ſmiled very ſweetly, having therein an excellent grace: Behold Sir (ſaith ſhe) verily one of the prettieſt knacks happened in your Court of a long time. This fool *Dender*, who ſtill doth ſomewhat worthy his name, came into my chamber, as I ſtood before my looking-glaſs with my women, and confuſedly ſaw our faces repreſented in the glaſs; he thought they were images, ſo ſubtle witted is he. Is not this an excellent jeſt? Then cauſing the fool to be taken by the arm, they ſet him before the looking glaſs, ſaying: how now *Dender*, *are not theſe thy babies?* The Emperour was ſo ſurprized with the witty conceit of a diſcreet Princeſs, that he believed ſhe had reaſon, and all the matter was inſtantly turned into laughter.

Stratagem of *Chares. Polyenus. l. 2.*

I term not this example a piece of craft, but a prudence, as the ſtratagem of a Captain called *Chares*, who enjoyning his ſouldiers ſome labour upon his fortifications, and ſeeing they undertook it coldly, becauſe they feared to marre their garments, which were handſome enough, he preſently commanded every one ſhould uncloath, and take the apparel of his fellow. That done, and all the ſouldiers being perſwaded their caſſocks would not be ſpared by thoſe who put them on, they wrought in good earneſt, and very quickly performed the task impoſed upon them.

This ought to be ſtiled with the name of wiſdom, rather then any other title. But if we obſerve what paſſeth in the world, we ſhall find there are two ſorts of crafts. Some are politick addreſſes and ſubtleties, which proceed not fully to injuſtice; but which notwithſtanding aim at intereſt, at reputation and glory, by ways not ſincere.

Baro. de aſtutia. Craft of the world.

So there are men who reſemble thoſe houſes, which have goodly gates, and moſt magnificent ſtair-caſes, but never a fair chamber: they have ſome ſweetneſſe of ſpirit, ſome readineſſe and prattle, which is never wanting, but no depth nor capacity, yet will ſeeme able among company: which is the cauſe, that not daring to examine or ſolidly debate a point of doctrine, or a buſineſs, they preſently fly to the concluſion, and find handſom evaſions. Others have admirable tricks to ſeem wiſe, by making uſe of another mans labour, and like droans eating the honey which the Bees gathered. Other, in handling affairs, and ſeeking to get diſpatches, amuze and dazle with variety of diſcourſe, ſuch as they negotiate with, to the end to entrap them. Other; to croſs a buſineſſe, cauſe it to be propoſed in the beginning by a man, who underſtands nothing thereof, of purpoſe to give ſome ill impreſſion of it. Other, break off a diſcourſe they began upon ſome matter, to draw on the more appetite. Others, make a ſhew to have nothing leſſe in their thoughts, then what they moſt deſire, and let their main texts creep in the manner of a gloſs. Other, have tales and hiſtories in ſtore, wherein they can enfold in covert terms, what they will not openly affirm. Other in things important, cauſe the foord to be ſounded by men of leſſe note, and many (as it is ſaid) pull the cheſtnuts out of the fire with the cats foot.

Theſe are ſleight merchandizes taken from the ſhop of worldly policy, which proceed not ſo far as to great injuſtice. But there are black and hideous ſubtleties, which tend to the ſubverſion of humane ſociety, and deſerve to be abhorred by all living men.

Such were thoſe of *Tryphon*, (of whom it is ſpoken in the Book of *Macchabees*) which were moſt fatal to the people of God. This wicked man, being the Tutour of young *Antiochus*, ſhewed himſelfe in the beginning very zealous in all which concerned the good of his ſervice, and having a deſign to ſubdue *Syria*, he would firſt have ſurprized the *Macchabees*, who were then very eminent in arms. But when he ſaw *Jonathas* come towards him with an Army of fourty thouſand men, the fox played his ordinary pranks, he received him with a pleaſing countenance, and overwhelmed him with heaps of courteſies. He told him he deſired to live with him as a faithful brother, and that he accounted it too heavy a charge, to keep ſo great an Army on foot in full peace, which could not but be prejudicial to the repoſe of the people. That he might walk confidently every where how he pleaſed, without any other armour, then the amity of King *Antiochus*, which was an aſſured buckler for all thoſe who would make trial of his protection. This crafty companion not content with meer complements, carried *Jonathas* into all the places of his charge, with ſuch honour and reſpect, that he cauſed him to be attended as himſelf, making ſhew, that whereſoever he ſet foot, there roſes and lillies ſprang. Never doth any man take with a ſnare, untill he have ſome bayt ſuitable to the appetite of him who catcheth at it. *Jonathas* a little loved honour, and his ſenſes were dazled with the luſtre of pomps, and charmed with the ſweetneſſes of converſation in this ſubtle fellow. He believed, he truſted, his whole

1 Macch. 12.

Army

Army was cashier'd by the perswasion of a man who wished him not wel. He only kept a thousand men with him to be as a guard, and entred with *Tryphon* into the City of *Ptolemais*, where he presently saw himself arrested, and his souldiers cut in pieces. The Impostour desirous to extend his plot further, wrot to *Simon* brother of *Jonathas*, that he should not be troubled at what was past, and that his brother was onely detained for some money due to the King, which being satisfied, he should have liberty, onely let him send him a hundred talents of silver, with the two sons of *Jonathas* in hostage, to bring the business to the period he desired. The poor *Simon* who doubted the plot, had more wisdom to know him, then force to avoid him. For, fearing lest the people might murmur if he accepted not the ways of accomodation proposed, he sent the money and children, whereof the one was despoiled, the other massacred with their father, by the command of the treacherous *Tryphon*. This factious and cruel man pursued his plot to the usurpation of the Diadem, and dispatch of his pupil. But in the end after a reign of two years, Heaven, elements, and men conspiring against him, he was knocked down like a ravenous beast, and buried in ruins and publick desolations.

I would willingly know, to whom hath treachery ever been fortunate? Was it to *Saul*, who after he had so many times promised *David* the safety of his person, yet not ceasing to persecute him, was reduced to such necessity of affairs, that he slew himself with his own hands, leaving finally his spoils to him whom he meant to beguile? Was it to the unhappy *Ammon*, who using treachery to draw his sister *Thamar* into his chamber and dishonour her, was afterward murdered at the table by his brother *Absalom*? Was it to *Joab*, who moistned with his bloud the Altar whereunto he fled, after he had slain *Amasa*, in saluting him? Was it to *Amasis* King of *Ægypt* who lost both Kingdom and life, for having fostred in another daughter then his own, whom he feigned to give in marriage to *Cambyses* King of *Persia*?

1 Reg. 11.

Herod. l. 2.

Impostours surprized.

So many Impostours there have been, who in all times sought to usurp Scepters and Crowns by admirable inventions: were they not all shamefully ruined in rashness of their enterprizes? *Smerdes* the Magician who had possessed the Kingdom of *Persia* by tricks & incomparable sleights, was he not torn in pieces as a victim by *Darius*, and other princes? The false *Alexander*, who rebelled under *Demetrius Soter*, after some success, was he not vanquished under *Nicanor*, and slain in *Arabia*? *Archelaus*, who called himself the son of great *Mithridates*, overcome by *Gabinius*? *Andriscus* a man of no worth who falsely boasting himself to be descended from *Perseus* King of *Macedonia*, and durst confront the *Romans* arms, was he not subdued by *Metellus*? *Ariarathres*, who affected the Kingdom of *Cappadocia* by the same ways, sent to punishment by *Cæsar*? The false *Alexius* who durst aspire to the Empire of *Constantinople*, slain by a Priest with his own sword, under the reign of *Isaacus Angelus*?

Val. l. 9. c. 16. Nucl. l. 1.

False Alexander discovered.

Josephus relateth, that pursuing the same ways, there was a young Jew who had been bred at *Sidon*, with the freed-man of a *Roman* Citizen, who having some resemblance of *Alexander* the son of *Herod*, whom the father had cruelly put to death, feigned he was the same *Alexander*, saying, Those to whom *Herod* had recommended this so barbarous an execution, conceived such horrour at it, that they resolved to save him, yet to secure their own lives upon the command imposed, they promised to conceal him till after the death of his father; which was done, he remaining unknown in the City of *Sidon*: But that he was now returned as from the gates of death to demand his right, as being the indubitate and lawful heir of the Kingdom. This Impostour had gained a subtle fellow, a servant of *Herod*'s household, who taught him all the particulars of the Court, the better to colour his counterfeiting. He led the Bear through all the City with good success, and great applause of the people, who embraced this false *Alexander*, as a man returned back from the other world. For besides that the Jews were credulous enough in any thing which flattered them, they were ever much inclined to the race of poor *Mariamne*, whose son this man counterfeited to be: under this pretext he was very welcome into all the Cities where there were any Jews, and the poor Nation freely impoverished themselves, to afford some reasonable support to this imaginary King.

When he saw himself strong in credit and coyn, he was so confident as to go to *Rome*, to question the Crown against *Herod*'s other sons; there wanted not those, whereof some countenancing him by credulity, others through the desire they had of alteration, bare him to the throne. He failed not to present himself before *Augustus Cæsar*, the God of fortune and distributer of Crowns, shewing he had been condemned to death by his own father through false rumours, but was delivered by the goodness of the God he adored, and the merciful hands of the ministers of execution, who durst not attempt on his person; beseeching him to pity a fortune so wretched, and a poor King, who threw himself at his feet, as before the sanctuary of justice and mercy. Every one seemed already to favour him: But *Augustus*, a Monarch very penetrating, perceived this man tasted not of a Prince, for taking him by the hand, he found his skin rough, as having heretofore exercised servile labours. Hereupon the Emperour drew him aside, saying: Content thy self to have hitherto abused all the world; but know thou art now before *Augustus*, to whom thou must no more tell a ly, then unto God. I will pardon thee on condition thou discover the truth of this matter; but if thou lyest in any one point, thou art utterly lost. This man was so amazed with the lustre of such majesty, that prostrating himself at his feet, he began to confess all the imposture. *Augustus* perceived by the narration, he was none of the most daring in impostures, and said: Friend, I give thee thy life, on condition thou ransom it in my Galleys; thou hast a strong body, and canst well labour, the Scepter would have been too ful of trouble; I will have thee take an Oar in hand, and live hereafter an honest man, without deceiving any.

As for the Doctour, who had been Tutour to this counterfeit *Alexander*, the Emperour observing him to be of a spirit more crafty, and accustomed to evil practises, caused him speedily to be put to death. One might make a huge Volum of such Impostours, as have been entrapped in their tricks; but satisfie your self with experience of Ages, and if you dare believe me, take in all your affairs a manner of proceeding noble, free, sincere, and true, throughly perswading your self, what the Wise man said, That he who goes forward with simplicity, walketh most confidently.

XII. MAXIM.

Of REVENGE.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That it is good to reign over men like a Lyon, and take revenge, not permitting freſh favours to aboliſh the memory of old grievances.

THis maxim of the prophane Court more properly proceeds from the throat of Tygers and Lyons, then the lips of men: but being harſh in execution, it is ever direful in its effects. The experience of *Tiberius*'s, *Caligula*'s, *Nero*'s, *Domitian*'s, *Herod*'s, and ſo many other, who have purſued this with events ſo tragical, and lives ſo monſtrous, are fit leſſons to convince a heart, which yet retaineth ſome humanity.

How this maxim oppoſeth common ſenſe.

All power imployed onely to hurt is ever pernicious, and having made havock, it reſembleth the ruins of buildings, which overwhelm not any, but ſuch as they oppreſs by falling on them. Man is a creature more tender then any other, and muſt be handled with much reſpect: nor is there any blood ſo baſe, which ought not to be ſpared, as much as juſtice and reaſon may permit.

Notable veities.

The moſt part of men in theſe miſeries and weakneſſes of nature, ſeldom hit upon innocency, but by paſſing through many errours. He who cannot tolerate ſome one, baniſheth all virtue. He muſt neceſſarily excuſe many things within himſelf, who pardons nothing in another. If he think himſelf a God, his nature ought to be mercy, and if a man, the experience of his own faults ſhould render him more favourable to the like in another.

It is a ſtrange folly to think greatly to proſper by rigour. For all done through fear being forced, cannot be of long laſting, unleſs the courſe of humanity fail. The ſavage beaſt is then much to be dreaded, when he ſees the knife on one ſide, and rails on the other. There is no ſtrength ſo feeble, which becomes not fierce upon the defenſive, within the limits of neceſſity. A man who menaceth every one with blows of a cudgel, ſword, or fire, ſhould remember he is not a *Briareus* with an hundred hands, and hath but one life. Now becoming cruel and inexorable, he makes himſelf an enemy of all mankind, which hath ſo many hands, and ſo many lives. Such an one thinks he is well accompanied in revenge, who ſhall find himſelf all alone in peril.

The ſcope of the diſcourſe.

Then let us here ſay, there is nothing ſo Sovereign for the government of men, as the love of a neighbour, clemency, and pardon, and that the character of an excellent nature is to forgive all other, ſo much as reaſon may permit, & to pardon nothing in himſelf.

Excellency of love.

Love is the firſt law of nature, and laſt accompliſhment of our felicity. Love from all eternity burneth in the boſom of the living God: & if he breath with his Word, as he doth with a reſpiration ſubſtantial, he breaths nought but love. He reſpiteth this love by neceſſity within himſelf, he inſpireth it by grace out of himſelf, and laſtly draws all to himſelf by love. The worthy S. *Dionyſius* in the book of Divine attributes, diſtinguiſheth three ſorts of love, one is called circular, the other love in a right line, & the third oblique. Circular love properly is that which carrieth the ſoul with full flight into the boſom of God, and there holds it, as in a ſweet circle of raviſhing contemplations, which tranſport it from perfection to perfection, never finding end or beginning in the Divinity. Love in a right line is that which tends directly to creatures, by ways not onely lawful and laudable, loving them for God, of God, and in God, but ways likewiſe eaſie, and yielding to natural inclinations. Oblike love is that, which holdeth of both the other, and which imitating the Angels of *Jacobs* ladder, climbs to God by creatures, and deſcends to creatures by the love of God. But behold a love of enemies commanded by God, which ſeemeth not comprized in this diviſion, ſo much it ſeeketh out ways alienated and inacceſſible to nature, yet I intend to ſhew, it may be found in the third part of this liſt, and that it is a love, which by the love of God deſcendeth unto the love of man, to love him according to God: A love which I maintain to be poſſible, glorious, and neceſſary in three proofs that ſhall make three heads of this diſcourſe.

Diviſion of love. χύκλικος, εὐθὺς, ἑλικοειδὴς. S. *Dionyſ.*

Three proofs of this diſcourſe.

First reaſon poſſibility of the love of enemies. *Diligite inimicos veſtros.*

1. To deny the poſſibility of the love of enemies, is to bely the Goſpel and reaſon, the Goſpel which commandeth it, reaſon which fortifieth the juſtice of the commandment. The words ſpoken by our Savior, *Love your enemies*, is not a counſel but a commandment: ſo explicateth the Council of *Carthage* the fourth, chap. 93. the Council of *Agde* Can. 22. and all holy Fathers, who lent the light of their ſtile to the firſt light in the Goſpel. Now to ſay God commandeth a thing impoſſible, is to make a tyranny of the Divinity, and to make a God like to the cruel Duke of *Muſcovia* named *Baſilides*, who commanded from his ſubjects a tribute of ſweat, and of nightingales in the midſt of winter.

Right of nature.

2. Reaſon dictateth to us this commandment is not onely of Divine right, but of nature, ſo far is it from being contrary to nature, that to ſpeak naturally, we judge that ſhould be done to our neighbour, we would have done to our ſelves: and we deſire to be beloved by all the world, yea, by thoſe whom we have offended; we then neceſſarily conclude, we are bound to love thoſe who have done us ſome injury. Beſides, we wel ſee that to ſeek revenge by proper authority is to deſtroy the right of nature, & to make of a civil life, the life of a *Cyclop*, which were to have no other reaſon then ſtrength, nor limit but the ſword.

Anſwer to an objection.

Some will ſay it were good, could love as eaſily be put on as a ſhirt; but if we have much ado to love things indifferent, how can we affect bad and offenſive? Love ever purſueth good as the ſhadow the body, and God who made both love and nature, will not that it ſettle it ſelf unleſs there be ſome attractive or appearance of good, which inviteth it to love. Now what is lovely in an enemy, in whoſe perſon all is odious, yea, the very name? Behold how carnal Philoſophy with ſtrong paſſions, and weak reaſons, ſtrikes at the eternal Word; as if in the worſt man in the world, there could not ever be found ſomething which may be an object of reaſonable love. We are not commanded to affect him with

THE HOLY COURT.

That mildneſs and pardon is the beſt revenge.

with a love of tenderneſs, but of reaſon. It is not ſaid, you muſt love him as vicious, you muſt endear him as injurious or wicked, for that were to force nature; but we are commanded to love him as a man, to love him as a Chriſtian, to love him as the work of God, and as a creature capable of life eternal: All things in the world (ſaid an Ancient) have two handles, and two faces. Take a good hold-faſt, look on the good countenance, and you ſhall find that eaſie, which you thought impoſſible.

Omne animal diligit ſimile ſibi, ſic & omnis homo proximum ſibi. Eccl. 13. 19

Let us alſo paſs with Divinity to a reaſon more eminent, and ſay, it is not a thing againſt nature to love above nature, by the commandment of him who made nature. it is asked, whether a creature can naturally love God more then it ſelf, ſince all that nature loveth, it loves as a thing united to it ſelf, according to the ſaying of Philoſophers: and all well conſidered, the moſt learned Divines anſwer, that the ſoul of man remaining within the liſts of natural reaſon, ſhould love the Creatour, more then its own life becauſe naturally the wil wel rectified, hath a ſtrong inclination to its end, which is the Sovereign Good, and the underſtanding neceſſarily judgeth the ſubſiſtence of eſſence increate & independent, wch ought rather to be preſerved then that of eſſence create. And if that be done by ways of nature, how may one ſay it is againſt nature to love an enemy, when there is the commandment and honour of God in it?

Amicabilia ad alterum ſumuntur ex amicabilibus ad ſe. Ariſt. Ethic. l. 4. c. 8. *D. Tho.* 2. 2. q. 26.

Nay, it is ſo much otherwiſe, that I will add a reaſon, which perhaps may ſeem ſtrange, but it is undoubted true. I ſay, it is much more hard to love ones ſelf well, then an enemy. For I beſeech you, why was it that the Son of God ſo much ſpake, laboured, wept and bled, if not to teach how we ſhould aptly love our ſelves? And wherefore were ſo many Saints fifty yea threeſcore years at ſchool in deſarts, but to learn this hard leſſon? And who hath ever thought any thing more difficult to be repreſſed then ſelf-love, which powerful in fury, and impotent within it ſelf, forgetful of God, & ſtill mindful of its own intereſts, ever gluttonous and ſtill hungry, ſwalloweth like a gulph, ſweepeth along like a torrent, beateth down like thunder, and in the end is buried in the ruins it made?

A remarkable conſideration.

Self-love very hard to be repreſſed.

If well to love ones ſelf, this monſter, be neceſſarily to be tamed; who ſees not there is much difficulty therein, & that on the other ſide there is nothing to be done but to love the gift of God in man; which cannot be ill but in your imagination? Why create we ſo many impediments in the love of an enemy, & find none in the love of our ſelves? Were it not natural, why in the law of nature did *Cato* ſmilingly wipe away tough phlegme, which an enemy ſpit in his face when he pleaded a cauſe? Why was *Socrates* content having received a blow on the cheek from an inſolent man, to ſet over his head a ſcroul uſed on ancient tables, *Lycus faciebat*? Why did *Auguſtus* in an abſolute ſovereign power of revenge, tolerate with ſo much curteſy a certain writer named *Timagenes*, who perpetually barked againſt him? Traytours that we are to nature, ſo to cover our neglect and weakneſs with the pretext of nature.

Effects of the love of enemies in the Law of nature. *Senec.* l. 3. *de ira* c. 38

3. Let us yet add more force to truth, and more ſcope to our pen. Let us enter into the ſecond point of this diſcourſe, which teacheth us the greatneſs and glory of a man, who knows how patiently to ſuffer an injury. The maxims of the world ceaſe not to perſecute us, & ſay: *That by tolerating a firſt affront a ſecond is provoked; that mildneſs & manſuetude ſerve as matter of mirth to inſolency; and that a man never ſo much undervalueth himſelf, as by publiſhing his little courage in the revenge of an affront.* Behold goodly propoſitions, which ſo oft have drawn blood out of the veins of *France* in theſe deteſtable duels, nouriſhing afterward covert hatred & ever laſting averſions. O ignorant that we are of Gods greatneſs, and ever unfaithful to his word! We fear by pardoning, to be contemned; when the only reaſon which God uſeth in the Goſpel to perſwade us unto pardon, is the excellency and glory derived from this action: for he ſaith. *It is the means to become the children of God, who cauſeth his Sun to ſhine upon the good and the bad, who lets his ſhowrs fal as wel on the offenders, as the innocent.*

Second point of proofs drawn from the glory of pardon.

Vt ſitis filii Patris veſtri qui in cœlis eſt, & qui ſolem ſuum facit oriri ſuper bonos & malos, & pluit ſuper juſtos & injuſtos. Mat. 5. Iaiah. 40.

What beauty, what luſtre, what ſplendour to enter into the number of the children of God What elevation to be tranſported with full flight into conformities with the Omnipotent! The Prophet *Iſaiah* ſaith, God meaſureth the waters with his fiſt, and poizeth the heavens in the palm of his hand; to ſignifie he goeth with a ſhut hand to puniſhments, ſignified by the waters, but proceeds with the whole extent of his goodneſs to reward, repreſented by the heavens. The rain-bow which God hath taken for the ſymbole of his reconciliation with man, environeth the throne of his Majeſty in the Apocalips; and it is a bow without arrows (ſaith S. *Ambroſe*) to inſtruct us, this divine Majeſty is ſweet and peaceful. So in the Prophet *Ezechiel*, after the deſcription of this terrible cloud, which ſerves as a chariot for the God of Hoaſts, you read theſe words: (a) *And upward a face ſmiling with light*; where *Theodotion* (as ſaith S. *Hierom*) hath tranſlated: (b) *The weſt hath the higheſt place with the Creatour*, meaning, the mildneſs of weſtern winds, and coolneſs from ſcorchings, is in the pavillion of glory, where this Sovereign Monarch inhabiteth. O wonder! God, who is a Sovereign Majeſty, Sovereign greatneſs, and Sovereign Juſtice, ſhewed himſelf in al times ſo patient to ſuffer men, who are the worſt of all evils, that he had rather we doubted his Divinity, then make any queſtion of his mildneſs: he had rather that by ſo patiently tolerating ſuch infidels & ſinners, the lips of blaſphemers ſhould receive encouragement to ſay *there is no God*, then by taking revenge on every ſin in the heat of crime, it ſhould be truely ſaid there is a God, but he is ever armed with lightnings, & inacceſſible to the miſeries of men, as thoſe mountains, which all flaming caſt out their entrails. O Prodigy! God maketh it ſo great a matter to pardon an injury, that he rather permitteth his eſſence to be touched, then his clemency; his title of God to be taken away, then the glory of pardon: Shall we then place greatneſs in revenge.

Ambroſ. 16. de arca & Not 17 *Arcus contentus ut careat ſagitta magis terrere vult quam ferire.*

(a) *Et ſurſum quaſi aſpectus ſplendoris.* (b) *Aura in ſupernis Dei.*

Non eſt Deus.

Tertul. de pat. c. 2.

How many Pyrates are there, to whom God daily openeth ſeas? How many Idolaters, for who he cauſeth ſtars to give light, fountains to ſtream, corn to grow, harveſts to become yellow, and vines to ripen? How many ungrateful children, who take benefits from him as hogs do acorns, by grumbling againſt the tree which gave them, and never caſting an eye to heaven? God not withſtanding ſuffereth them, and confounds their ingratitude by continually conferring favours, in an abſolute power of revenge.

What anſwer we to that? Shall we make it our glory to do like the ſilly mouſe, which bites that which pincheth her; or rather imitate the perfections of God, who never appears ſo great as in pardoning great injuries? What may we hope in revenge, but to enter into the community of a brutiſh life? That is it bears do, tygers, ſerpents, and ſo many other creatures, which imploy their teeth, horns, poyſon, & all the arms they have from nature, to purſue revenge: Yet many times they meaſure it by the neceſity of their defence: but to pardon an ungrateful man and an enemy, is to go out of our elements, and the baſe

droſs

droſs of earth, to enter into a ſphere of glory and light, ranked in the number of ſovereign beauties, to be an aſſociate with ſo many noble and illuſtrious ſouls, who have in all ages placed their glory on actions of mildneſs and patience.

Let us, I pray you, enter into it with a firm footing and a bright forehead. There ſhall we ſee *Moſes* at the feet of the Tabernacle to pray, and almoſt binde up the hands of God, to ſtay the courſe of his revenge againſt thoſe, who perſecuted him even to the Tabernacle. There ſhall we ſee an *Aaron* in the majeſty of his Prieſtly habit, bearing all the world, with the incenſory & ſacrifice in hand, to appeaſe the anger of God againſt his perſecutors, when heaven was all on fire over their heads, and the earth became a gulph under their feet to ſwallow them. There ſhall we ſee a *David* bear honourable wounds, which the envenomed tongue of *Shimei* had thrown on his reputation, and to mount to the Throne of *Saul* by the ſteps of patience witneſſed in ſuffering *Saul*. There ſhall we ſee all the Martyrs laden with torments, opening as many mouths as they had wounds to beg pardon for thoſe who perſecuted them, and in the midſt of all the Martyrs, *Jeſus*, the great and faithful witneſs quickning by effuſion of his blood, even thoſe who ſhed his. There finally ſhall we ſee *Conſtantine* laughing at his ſtatues they ſtoned; a *Theodoſius* pardoning ſuch as dragged his an; *Andronicus*, who at the taking of a City embraced in ſight of all the world him, who moſt eagerly had oppoſed him with all manner of outrage.

Goodly company of courteous.

Let us now judge which is moſt glorious, either to enter by pardoning into the moſt noble and generous ſociety, or in ſeeking revenge, to become of the number of certain wranglers, ruffians, men of the damned crew; and laſtly, creatures the moſt bruitiſh in the world, wholly inclined to revenge.

Third point of reaſons, drawn from necity.

4. Let us conclude finally with the third reaſon, and withal ſay, that to pardon injuries is not ſomuch an election of virtue, as a neceſſity of ſalvation, ſince God will not we hope remiſſion of our ſins, but on condition we baniſh the reſentment of injuries. Neceſſity of ſalvation, ſince prayer & ſacrifice, eſſential are parts of our ſalvation, cannot ſubſiſt without the pardon of our neighbor. And purſuing this precept, we have a tradition from the *Hebrews* which ſaith, He who being intreated to pardon, after warning given before competent witneſſes, if he ſhewed himſelf inexorable, was ſurnamed as with a title of infamy, the *Sinner*, and held as one excommunicate, as a rotten member, and cut off from the ſociety of the faithful. I likewiſe ſay, neceſſity of ſalvation, ſince according to S. *Auguſtin*, without this virtue, all devotion is but hypocriſy, all religion blaſphemy & all faith infidelity.

Dimitte nobis ſicut dimittimus. Vade prius, reconciliare fratri tuo, & tunc veniens offer munus tuum.

Auguſt. ſuper Joan. homil. 10. Quid prodeſt quia credis & blaſphemas? Adoras illum in capite, blaſphemas in corpore, &c.

To what purpoſe is it (ſaith the Prelate) *to believe and blaſpheme, to adore God in his head, and blaſpheme him in his members? God loveth his body which is his Church: if you diſſever your ſelf from his body, he will not for all that forſake his own members. Hear you not the head which ſpeaketh to you from heaven, ſaying: O Man, it is in vain thou honoureſt me, hating thy neighbour? If any one, whileſt he is giving thee low obeyſance with his head, tread on thy foot, thou wouldſt in midſt of all his complement cry out, Sir, you hurt me.*

The horrour and confuſion of revenge.

What is there either more powerful or perſwaſive, then theſe reaſons? Yet notwithſtanding among ſo many lightnings & thunders which incompaſs us on every ſide, there are to be found infinite many black ſouls in the world, which practiſe hatred, ſome in ſecret, ſome in publick, & make vaunts to eternize their revenge in the everlaſtingneſs of their puniſhments. What a horrour is it to ſee a man, who beſought and intreated with all earneſtneſs to pardon a brother, who hath offended him, anſwereth with diſdain, furious & intolerable, he will never agree nor hold correſpondence with him, no more then with a *Turk* or *Moor*? Ah *Barbarian*! ſhut up that mouth, unhappy creature, and never open it, at leaſt never open it before the wounds of Chriſt which bleed againſt thee. Thou wilt embrace no other friendſhip with thy brother, but ſuch as may be found between *Turks* & *Moors*. Lyar that thou art, ſeek yet out words more outrageous to expreſs the gall of thy paſſion: For, if thou knoweſt it not, *Turks* and *Moors* retain the amities and ſenſe of man, whereof thou art deſpoiled. *Turks* even in the general deſolatiō of *Moors*, entertained them into their Countries, and afforded them helps, which thou haſt denied thy fleſh and blood. If that ſeem worthy of thee take a turbant, and become a *Turk*; but when thou haſt put it on, yet ſhalt thou find laws which will oblige thee to love a man. The *Turks* have their *Behiram*, a feaſt, wherin they pardon all injuries; & wilt thou turn *Turk* to retain an injury? Out of God's Church, out of the ſociety of men, out of nature, bloody monſter as thou art. Where wilt thou any longer find place in the world, when thou once haſt pulled down the Altars of clemency?

That alſo which is ſpoken in choler and haſty precipitation, might ſeem pardonable in repentance, were it not there are ſome, who in cold blood foſter ſuits, and immortal pertinacities, and which is worſt, many times in publick ſhewing a fair face, in ſecret they tranſfix the heart of a poor man, like unto witches, they rip up the bowels of wife and children, to ſatisfy a revenge. Barbarous man! Eeat, rather eat the miſerable heart, then pierce it perpetually with thy infernal Bodkins. I would in the reſt be ſilent, if there were not women, who being infirm in all things, get diabolical ſtrength for revenge. What may we ſay of a creature of this ſex, who being very ſlightly offended by another of the ſame ſex, whileſt ſhe, adviſed by her Confeſſour, diſpoſed her ſelf to all duties of ſatisfaction, the other looked on her with a *Gorgons* eye, and foaming with anger, ſpitefully reviled her with bloody words; ſo that nothing now remained but to take her by the hair, and drag her on the floor: which violence reproved by other, ſhe repeated the burthen of the Ballad, That ſhe wiſhed her not ill, but would never ſee her again. Inhumane and furious creature, a *Magera*, not a woman, what mouth will you hereafter bring to the Altars, which you ſeem to honour? Have you any other then that by you polluted with this poiſonous choler? What heart remains in you for God? Is there any part of it not ſteeped in gall? What expect you at the hour of death, and in the inſtant of your ſouls ſeparation, but that God repeat unto you your own words: I wiſh thee no ill, I will not put thee upon the wheel, nor the rack, I have neither raſors nor flames to torment thee; but thou never ſhalt ſee my face? Wilt thou then cheriſh quarrels, maintain ſides, ſpread rumours either true or falſe, ſecretly undermine the fortune of men, and make thy ſelf as inexorable to reconciliation, as thou art inflexible to reaſon? Lord have mercy on us, a cruel Angel will be ſent againſt thee, an ill ſuit commenced, a ruinous buſineſs, a tedious ſickneſs, a loſs of goods, a confuſion of underſtanding, and then ſhalt thou ſee, whether fire being in the four corners of thy houſe, thou ſtill retaineſt the itch of revenge.

Semper jurgia quærit malus, Angelus autem crudelis mittitur contra eum. Proverb. 6

But, you generous ſouls, march on by union to the chief of unities, and think the only revenge, is well to be revenged on your ſelf. If as I have ſhewed, pardon be poſſible, glorious, and neceſſary, why ſoment

we our curiosities to inflame our fevers? Let us take away these silly humane respects, this slender pride, which often broodeth under silken devotions, and which is the cause, that God is daily beheld and adored upon both the knees, by those who will not see nor speak to any that have committed some slight indiscretion, whilst feigning to honour God the Master with lips, the servat within the heart is strangl'd.

Goodly considerations to pacifie the mind.

Say (O Christian) say to thy self: Am I more powerful in my small family then God in the universe? He daily endureth so many injuries, not threatning mortals with his thunders; what am I, who have ears so tender? Many have forgiven their deaths, and I cannot pardon a cold countenance, a silly word, a slender negligence. Is it a child, is it a young man hath offended? Age excuseth him; is it a woman Sex, a stranger? Liberty; a friend? Familiarity. He hath offended, he hath displeased thee once, and how many other times hath he done thee good offices? But this is not the first time; so much the better shall we bear, what we already have suffered. Custom of injuries is a good Mistriss of patience. He is a friend, he did what he would not; if an enemy, he hath done according to the world, what he ought. If he were wise, he hath not done it without reason; if simple, he deserves compassion. Whoever bit a Dog because he was bitten by a Dog? Or who ever entred into a combat of kicking with a Mule? If he did it in anger, let us give him leisure to come to himself, and he will correct himself without our trouble to give assistance. If it be a superiour or man of eminent quality, let us suffer that which God hath set over us; if a person of base condition, why by striving against him, shall we make him our equal? What pleasure hath a woman whose hands are so delicate, to seek to foul them with crushing flies and caterpillers? Let us reflect on the carriage of humane things, we are all faulty, and live among errours. There is no wise man whom some indiscretions escape not. We shall never live content, if we learn not to excuse in another what our selves are. Are we not ashamed to exercise in a life so short, eternal enmities? Behold death comes to separate us, although we forcibly hold one another by the throat: let us give a little truce to our reason, light to our understanding, and rest to our ashes. JESUS *in his last words recommended forgiveness to us, moistned with his tears, and blood: Go we about to tear his Testament, that we afterward may pull his Images in pieces? The blood of Just* Abel *still babbleth on the earth, and is unrevenged; shall we then seek to revenge it? O my God, we utterly renounce it with all our hearts, and are ready to seal peace with our blood, that by thy blood thou maist sign our mercy.*

Vide Senec. de Ira.

The twelfth EXAMPLE upon the twelfth MAXIM.

Of Reconciliation.

CONSTANTIA.

THere is nothing more certain then that he, who seeks revenge, shal find the God of revenge. It followeth those who pursue it, and when they think to exercise it on others, they feel it falling on their own heads. It is only proper to base and infamous spirits to endeavour to glut themselves with bloud, and to delight in the miseries of mortals, but souls the most noble, are ever beautified with the rays of clemency.

Zonar. Theophilus a bloody Emperour.

Theophilus, one of the most bloudy Emperours that ever ware the diadem, an enemy both of heaven and earth, of Saints and men, as he had lived on gall, would end in bloud. He felt his soul on his lips flying from him, and saw death near at hand, which he could not escape. It was time, he should now yield up life to others, when it appeared he could no more take it from them: But this wicked man, holding at that time *Theophobus*, one of his prime Captains imprisoned in his own Palace, upon certain jealousies conceived he was too able a man and well worthy of Empire, commanded a little before his death, to have his head cut off; and causing it to be brought to his bed side, he took it by the hair, held it a long time in his hands, so much was he pleased with this massacre; then seriously beholding it, he cried out: *It is true, I shal no longer be* Theophilus, *nor art thou any more* Theophobus. And many times repeating these words, he yielded up his damned ghost like a ravenous wolf, which passed from bloud to infernal flames, although certain revelations spake of his deliverance. Behold how having taken in his youth evil habits of cruelty and revenge, he persevered in them to his death, being besides most unfortunate and infamous in all his enterprises.

But contrariwise it is observed, all great ones disposed to clemency, have been very glorious & most happy before God & men. I could here reherse very many, yet pursuing our design, I rest contented with relation of a notable pardon given by a Queen to a Prince, on a Friday in memory of our Saviors Passion.

It cannot be said, but so much the greater & more outrageous injuries are, so much the more difficult is their pardon, especially when one hath full power of revenge in his hands. Now the injury whereof we speak, was the death of poor *Conradinus*, which well considered in all its circumstances, rendereth this clemency whereof I intend to speak, much more admirable. Know then this Prince, son of the Emperour *Conradus*, went into *Italy* with a huge army to defend the inheritance of his Ancestours, pretending it to be unjustly usurp'd by the wily practises of *Charls* of *Anjou*: He stood at that time in the midst of his armies, sparkling like a star, full of fire & courage, when Pope *Clement* the fourth seeing him pass along with so much nobility, said: *Alas, what goodly victims are led to the Altar!* His valour in the tenderness of his age, was as yet more innocent, then wary; and he had to do with a Captain, whom war like experience had made more subtle in this profession. *Conradinus.*

Charls being ready to give him battle, resolved it was best to weary out this yong vigour, & to afford him the bait of some success in appearance, the more easily to draw him into his snare. He gave the leading of one part of his army to a Captain of his call'd *Alardus*, commanding him to bear al the royal ensigns, as if he had been *Charls* of *Anjou's* person. *Conradinus* thinking he had nothing to do but to conquer what he saw before his eys, for decision of the difference, advanc'd his troups, which falling like a tempest upon the enemies, quickly dispatched *Alardus*, who was slain in the battel, as some histories record, carrying from all this ostent of regality, a fatal glory into a tomb. He gave battle to Charles of Anjou.

This yong *Mars*, supposing the war ended by the death of his adversary, presently proclaim'd victory, at which time *Charls* of *Anjou*, who lay hidden in a trench with the activest troups, as yet very fresh, came suddenly upon him. He did all that for his defence, which a brave spirit might in an evil fortune. But his army being cut in pieces, he was enforced to save himself, after the loss of 12000. dead in the place

His calamity caused him to change the habit of a King, to that of a horse-keeper for his greater security, so much he feared to be known by those, who would decide the dint of war by his bloud. He embarked with his cousin *Frederick* of *Austria*, to pass unto *Pisa*, committing himself in this disguised habit to a Pilot, who much importuned him for his hire. He had not then about him either bread or mony, so that he was constrained to pull off a ring, and leave it in pledge to the Pilot to assure the debt. He seeing these young men of a graceful garb, and considering this jewel was not a wealth suitable to their habit, doubted some trick, and gave notice to the Governour, a crafty man, who complying with the times, laid hold of the Princes, and put them into the hands of the Conquerour. His taking.

Charls

His sentence and death.

Charls of *Anjou* much fearing this young Lion, forgat all generosity to serve his own turn, and did a most base act, detested by all understandings that have any humanity: which is, that having kept *Conradinus* a whole year in a straight prison, he assembled certain wicked Lawyers to decide the cause of one of the noblest spirits at that time under Heaven, who to second the passion of their Master, rendered the laws criminal, and served themselves with written right, to kill a Prince contrary to the law of nature, judging him worthy of death, in that (said they) he disturbed the peace of the Church, and aspired to Empire. A scaffold was prepared in a publick place, all hanged with red, where *Conradinus* is brought with other Lords. A Protonotary cloathed after the ancient fashion, mounteth into a chair set there for the purpose, and aloud pronounceth the wicked sentence. After which *Conradinus* raising himself, and casting an eye full of fervour and flames on the Judge, said: *Base and cruel slave as thou art, to open thy mouth to condemn thy Sovereign.*

It was a lamentable thing to see this great Prince on a scaffold, in so tender years, wise as an *Apollo*, beautiful as an *Amazon*, and valiant as an *Achilles*, to leave his head under the sword of an Executioner, in the place where he hoped to crown it. He called heaven and earth to bear witness of *Charls* his cruelty, who unseen beheld this goodly spectacle from an high turret. He complained that his goods being taken from him, they robbed him of his life as a thief, that the blossom of his age was cut off by the hand of a hang-man, taking away his head to bereave him of the Crown, lastly throwing down his glove, demanded an account of this inhumanity. Then seeing his cousin *Frederick's* head to fall before him, he took it, kissed it, and laid it to his bosom, asking pardon of it, as if he had been the cause of his disaster, in having been the companion of his valour. This great heart wanting tears to deplore it self, wept over a friend, and finishing his sorrows with his life, stretched out his neck to the Minister of justice. Behold how *Charls*, who had been treated with all humanity in the prisons of *Saracens*, used a Christian Prince; so true it proves, that ambition seemeth to blot out the character of Christianity, to put in the place of it something worse then the Turbant.

This death lamented through all the world, yea, which maketh Theaters still mourn, sensibly struck the heart of Queen *Constantia* his Aunt, wife of *Peter* of *Arragon*: She bewailed the poor Prince with tears which could never be dried up, as one whom she dearly loved, and then again representing to her self so many virtues and delights, drowned in such generous bloud, and so unworthily shed, her heart dissolved into sorrow. But as she was drenched in tears, so her husband thundred in arms to revenge his death.

Collenutius histor. Neapol. l. 5. c. 4. & 5. The son of *Charls* of *Anjou* taken.

He rigged out a fleet of ships, the charge whereof he recommended to *Roger de Loria*, to assail *Charls* the second, Prince of *Salerno*, the only son of *Charls* of *Anjou*, who commanded in the absence of his father. The admiral of the *Arragonian* failed not to encounter him, and fought so furiously with him, that having sunck many of his ships, he took him prisoner, and brought him into *Sicily*, where Queen *Constantia* was, expecting the event of this battle. She failed not to cause the heads of many Gentlemen to be cut off in revenge of *Conradinus*, so to moisten his ashes with the bloud of his enemies. *Charls* the Kings onely son was set apart with nine principal Lords of the Army, and left to the discretion of *Constantia*. Her wound was still all bloudy, and the greatest of the Kingdom counselled her speedily to put to death the son of her capital enemy, yea, the people mutined for this execution: which was the cause; the Queen having taken order for his arraignment, and he thereupon condemned to death, she on a Friday morning sent him word, it was now time to dispose himself for his last hour. The Prince, nephew to S. *Lewis*, and who had some sense of his uncle's piety, very courageously received these tidings, saying,

That besides other courtesies he had received from the Queen in Prison, she did him a singular favour to appoint the day of his death on a Friday, and that it was good reason he should dye culpable on the day, whereon Christ died innocent.

This speech was related to Queen *Constantia*, who was therewith much moved, and having some space bethought her self, she replyed:

An excellent passage of clemency.

Tell Prince Charls, *if he take contentment to suffer death on a Friday, I will likewise find out mine own satisfaction to forgive him on the same day, that* Jesus *signed the pardon of his Executioners with his proper bloud. God forbid I shed the bloud of a man, on the day my Master poured out his for me. Although time surprize me in the dolour of my wounds, I will not rest upon the bitterness of revenge. I freely pardon him, and it shall not be my fault, that he is not at this instant in full liberty.*

This magnanimous heart caused the execution to be staied, yet fearing if she left him to himself, the people might tear him in pieces, she sent him to the King her husband, entreating by all which was most pretious unto him, to save his life, and send him back to his Father. *Peter* of *Arragon*, who sought his own accommodation in so good a prize, freed him from danger of death, yet enlarged him suddenly. For his deliverance must come from a hand wholly celestial.

Sylvester Pruere writes, that lying long imprisoned in the City of *Barcelon*, the day of S. *Mary Magdalen* approaching, who was his great Patroness, he disposed himself to a singular devotion, fasting, confessing his sins, communicating, begging of her with tears to deliver him from this captivity. Heaven was not deaf to his prayers. Behold on the day of the feast he perceived a Lady full of Majesty, who commanded him to follow her, at which words, he felt as it were a diffusion of extraordinary joy spread over his heart. He followed her step by step, as a man rapt, and seeing all the gates flie open before her without resistance, and finding himself so cheerful, that his body seemed to have put on the nature of a spirit, he well perceived Heaven wrought wonders for him. The Lady looking on him after she had gone some part of the way, asked him where he thought he was; to which he replied, that he imagined himself to be yet in the Territory of *Barcelon*. *Charls* you are deceived (*said she*) you are in the County of *Provence*, a league from *Narbon*, and thereupon she vanished. *Charls* not at all doubting the miracle, nor the protection of S. *Mary Magdalen*, prostrated himself on the earth, adoring the power of God in his Saints, caused a fair Church to be built to this most blessed woman, and a Cross to be erected in the place where she left him, which was called the Cross of the place: Thus was God pleased to ratifie by so great miracles, the pardon *Constantia* had given to Prince *Charls*.

I will shut up this discourse with a passage of so rare a clemency of a Monarch, offended in the honour of a daughter of his, by a mean vassal, as it seems could never have fallen but into the heart of a *Charlemaign*.

Curio l. 2. rerum Chronologicarum.

It is to this purpose recounted, that one *Eginardus*, who was Secretary to the Prince, having placed his affections much higher then his condition admitted, made love to one of his daughters, which was in

mine opinion natural, who seeing this man of a brave spirit, and a grace suitable, thought not him too low for her, whom merit had so eminently raised above his birth. Shee affected him, and gave him too free access to her person, so far as to suffer him to have recourse unto her, to laugh, and sport in her Chamber on evenings, which ought to have been kept as a sanctuary, wherein relicks are preserved. It happened upon a Winters night, these two amorous hearts, having inwardly so much fire, that they scarcely could think upon the cold, *Eginardus* (ever hastening his approaches, and being very negligent in his returns) had somewhat too much slackned his departure. The snow mean while raised a Rampart, which troubled them both when he thought to go out. Time pressed him to leave her, and heaven had stopped up the way of his passage. It was not tolerable for him to go forward. *Eginardus* feared to be known by his feet, and the Lady thought it not any matter at all to see the prints of such steps about her door. They being much perplexed; love, which taketh the diadem of majesty from Queens, so soon as they submit to its tyranny, made her to do an act for a Lover, which had she done for a poor man, it would have been the means to place her among the great Saints of her time. She took this Gentleman upon her shoulders, and carried him all the length of the Court to his chamber, he never setting foot to the ground, that so the next day no impression might be seen of his footing. It is true which a holy Father saith, That if Hell lay on the shoulders of love, love would finde courage enough to bear it. But it hath more facility to undertake, then prudence to hide it self; the eye of God not permitting these follies should either be concealed or unpunished. *Charlemaign*, who had not so much affection in store for women, that he spent not some nights in study, watched this night, and hearing a noise, opened the window, and perceived this pretty prank, at which he could not tell whether he were best to be angry, or to laugh.

Goodness and indulgence of *Charlemaigne.*

The next day in a great Assembly of Lords, and in the presence of his daughter and *Eginardus*, he proposed the matter past, in covert terms, asking what punishment might a servant seem worthy of, who made use of a King's daughter as of a Mule, and caused himself to be carried on her shoulders in the midst of Winter, through night, snow, and all sharpness of the season. Every one gave hereupon his opinion, and there was not any who condemned not this insolent man to death. The Princess and Secretary changed colour, thinking nothing remained for them, but to be flayed alive. But the Emperour looking on his Secretary with a smooth brow, said: *Eginardus*, hadst thou loved the Princess my daughter, thou oughtest to have come freely to her father, who should dispose of her liberty, and not play these pranks, which have made thee worthy of death, were not my clemency much greater then the respect thou hast borne to my person. I now at this present give thee two lives, the one in preserving thine, the other in delivering her to thee, in whom thy soul more survives, then in the body it animateth. Take thy fair Portress in marriage, and both of you learn to fear God, and to play the good husbands. These lovers thought they were in an instant drawn out of the depth of Hell to ascend to Heaven, and all the Court stood infinitely in admiration of this judgment. It appears by the narration, what was the milde temper of *Charlemaign* in this point, and that he followed the counsel of S. *Ambrose*, who advised a Father named *Sisinnius* to receive his son with a wife he had taken for love. For receiving them both (said he) you will make them better; rejecting them, render them worse. The goodness of these great hearts for all that, justifieth not the errours of youth, which grievously offendeth, when it undertaketh resolutions in this kinde, not consulting with those to whom it oweth life.

Epist. l. 8. ep. 64. *Si bonam duxit, acquisivit tibi gratiam: Si erravit, accipiendo meliores facies, refutando deteriores.*

XIII. MAXIM.

Of the Epicurean life.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That the flesh must be daintily used, and all possible contentment given to the minde.

EXperience teacheth us, there is in the World a sect of reformed *Epicures*, who do not openly profess the bruitishness of those infamous spirits, which are drenched in gourmandize and lust, but take Maxims more refined, that have (as they say) no other aim but to make a man truly contented. For which purpose they promise themselves to drive all objects from their mindes, which may bring the least disgust, and to afford the body all pleasures which may preserve it in a flourishing health, accompanied with grace, vigour, and vivacity of senses.

The Philosophy of *Epicurus* swayeth in the world.

Here may the judicious observe, that such was the doctrine of ancient *Epicurus*. For although many make a monster of him, all drowned in ordure and prodigious pleasure, yet it is very easie to prove, that he never went about to countenance those bruitish ones, who through exorbitance of lust, ruine all the contentments of the minde and body: But he wholly inclined to finde out all the pleasures of nature, and to banish any impediments which might make impression on the soul or body. For which cause I think *Theodoret* mistook him, when he made him so gluttonous, as to contend with *Jupiter* about a sop, and that *Nicetas*, who represenceth him so licourish after honied Tarts, well understood him not: For *Tertullian*, S. *Hierom*, *Laertius*, and *Seneca*, who better noted his doctrine, assure us he was a very sober man, and speaketh not in his writings but of pulse and fruits; not for the honour he bear to the virtue of temperance, but for that it seemed he found himself better disposed in this frugality, then in superfluities, the tormenters of health. Yet notwithstanding he is ever greatly reprehensible, in that he so deifieth the contentments of Nature, and this kinde of life free from bodily pain and mindes unquiet; that he makes a Sovereign God of it, honouring and adoring it as a Divinity.

Theodor. l. 2. Therap. Nicet. 2. Thesaur. c. 1. Tertul. apol. c. 38. Hierom. 2. in Jovin. Laertius. lib 10. Senec. l de vita beata.

THE HOLY COURT.

That life without crosses, and flesh void of mortification, is the Sepulcher of a living man.

From

From this principle he derived concluſions, which led to a life wholly repleniſhed with eaſeful idleneſs, much prejudicial to civil ſociety. For he would not have a wiſe man intermeddle in ſtate-affairs, nor undertake deſigns for the good of Common-wealths, for fear of troubling the repoſe of his mind, & gave a moſt infamous advice, to taſt the pleaſures of marriage, without taking care for the education of children, becauſe it was painful: whereupon *Arrianus* in *Epictetus* reproacheth him, that his father and mother would have ſmothered him in the cradle, had they known ſuch peſtilent words ſhould come from his lips.

Arian l. 4. c. 10.

He now-adays is waited on by many, who take other ways then he did, to arrive at the practiſe of his Maxims. For they uſe their bodies to ſuch effeminacy, that they ſeem ſingle in their kind, and feed their minds what they can with tender thoughts free from any care or affair, which may divert contentment, ſo that they ſuffer themſelves with all endeavour to be diſſolved in an eaſie truantly life, wholly to enjoy themſelves.

1. Reaſon againſt this Maxim of riot.

2. Now you, who incline to this Sect, by ill habits taken in the great ſervice you daily do your bodies, I beſeech you conſider how far it is alienated both from reaſon and Chriſtianity. Firſt, ſee you not that to imagine here on earth a life without pain, is to frame Chymera's in your mind, ſince the world is a ſoil as natural for thorns, as barren of violets. All the ſons of *Adam* (ſaith the Scripture) have trouble enough to carry their yoke. Where find you this perpetual quiet of mind, this freedom from bodily diſturbances which you figure in your thoughts? It is in my opinion not unlike the little Iſland of ambergrece, whereof *Garcias* ſpeaketh, which was perceived by certain merchants, who ſayled along on the Ocean. But they much labouring to take it, in ſuch proportion as they advanced towards it, it recoiled back, and when they thought to touch it, it was loſt in the waves. I dare affirm you purſue an Iſland more imaginary then that, running with full ſpeed after the falſe pleaſures of *Epicurus*. It is a fantaſie that mocketh you, and which amuzeth you on the ſurges of this life, to make you periſh, ſeeing according to *Clemens Alexandrinus*, ſenſuality is the ſhipwrack of ſpiritual life.

Occupatio magna creata eſt omnibus hominibus, & jugum grave ſuper filios Adam, Eccl. 40.

Iſle of amber. felicity of Epicurus. Garcias.

Clemens Alex. Pædag. l. 3, c. 7.

A man muſt not be born of a mother to eſcape worldly moleſtations, ſince the Scripture, which cannot lie teacheth us, travel is as natural for the children of women as flight for birds. How could there be pleaſures of body without pain, ſince pleaſures would never be pleaſures if they had not been preceded by ſome incommodities? It is a witty reaſon of the philoſopher *Simplicius*, which was well conſidered by S. *Bernard*, (a) Take away hunger (ſaith he) & there is no pleaſure in viands, take away thirſt, and the moſt chryſtal fountains would be unto you but as mariſhes. Hot things muſt be had to ſeek for coolneſs, and cold to be delighted with heat. If you take away evil and neceſſity, you take away the moſt active ſpur which ſenſuality hath over nature.

Homo naſcitur ad laborem, ut avis ad volatum. Job. 57.

Reaſon of Simplicius.

(a) S. Bern. tract. de gratia, & lib. arbitrio.

Tolle famem, & panem non curabit; Tolle ſitim & limpidiſſimum fontem quæſi paludem reſpicies; umbram non quærit niſi æſtuans; ſalum non curat, niſi ægre.

The world which is ſo old, the earth ſo fertile, experience ſo knowing, and hiſtories ſo curious, could not this day produce one ſole man abſolutely happy and content. The great Genius of nature *Pliny*, who ſearched into all the corners of the world to meet with a man, ſuch as *Epicurus* framed in his idea, aſſureth us, that after a very long enquiry, he found but one, a Muſician named (b) *Xenophilus*, who was ſaid to have arrived to the age of an hundred and five years, free from diſquiet or ſickneſs. This is a *Rodomontado* of *Greece*, which went about to make him brave it on paper. But might we have penetrated into his heart, and taken all the parts of his life aſunder, I am perſwaded we might preſently find ſomewhat, for which he ſhould be baniſhed out of the imaginary Palace of felicity. I can as ſoon believe *Xenophilus* came into the world free from original ſin, as imagine he went out of it exempt from any dolour. It were as eaſie to ſail proſperouſly amidſt the tempeſts of the Ocean, having no other veſſel but a tortoyſe ſhel, as to live in the world without ſuffering. We are condemned to it before we are born, and our tears teach us this decree before we iſſue from our mothers womb.

(b) Plin. l. 7. c. 50.

One ſole man happy.

What remaineth (ſaies S. *Bernard*) *to finiſh the deſcription of man, and to make him a true picture of calamity, ſince he entreth into the world by the gate of ſin, with a body frail, a mind barren, weakneſs of mortal Members, and ſtupidity of heart being given him as a portion of his birth, and a neceſſity of his condition?* The miſerable *Epicurus*, who was the firſt Authour of this lazy life, and who ſought by ſpeculation and practiſe into all he could imagine, bending all his thoughts and actions to this purpoſe, found he ſatisfaction in this ſearch? Hiſtories tell us, this great father of the happy had a ſtone in his bladder, which infinitely pained him: & this being a time, that knew not the operations now in uſe to deliver mortals from theſe vexations, he carried his affliction to the grave, dying with enraged dolour. Upon this you ſhal obſerve, that it ſeems God, nature, elements, and men, conſpire to torment one, who ſeeks with over-much curioſity and too ſeriouſly, the contentments of his body, and the eaſe of his mind.

Bern. l. 2. de conſid. c. 9. Quid enim calamitatis vacat naſcenti in peccato? fragili corpore, mente ſterili, cui infirmitas corporis, vanitas cordis, cumulatur tradux ſortis, mortis additio.

The whole world an enemy of curioſity.

3. But, that I may here produce a ſecond reaſon, although you were permitted to pleaſe your ſenſuality throughout the whole latitude of your deſires, & the capacity thereof, what ſhould you elſe do, but ſerve a miſerable body & tie your ſelf all your lifetime to the preſervation of a fool and ſick man? *If you live according to the fleſh you ſhall dy*, ſaid the Apoſtle to the *Romans*. All great ſpirits, who have a feeling of their extraction, the beauty and nobility of their ſouls, take not the neceſſities of life but with ſome ſhame and ſorrow. They regard the fleſh as the priſon of a ſpirit immortal, and think to flatter it, is to ſtrangle the better part of themſelves, which reſteth in the underſtanding. The Philoſopher *Plotinus*, who was renown'd as the worlds Oracle, could not endure to have his picture taken, ſaying, he had trouble enough to ſuffer a wretched body, without multiplying the figures thereof by the help of painting, and you imagine it is a virtue of the times to adore it, and afford it ſubmiſſions which paſs to the utmoſt period of ſervitude. How much the more we profit in the liberty of God's children, ſo much the more we proceed in diſengagement from ſenſe, and enter as into the ſanctuary of ſouls, there to conſult on truths, and underſtand reaſons, which vindicate us from the dregs of the world, to give us paſſage into the ſociety of Angels.

3. Reaſon.

Rom. 6.

Great ſpirits enemies of the fleſh.

Plotin. Porphyry upon his life.

It is a ſtrange matter, that the ſubtle Divine *Scotus* thinks, that to underſtand and know objects by ſenſible repreſentations, paſſing through the gate of ſenſe, and ſtriking our imagination, is a puniſhment from original ſin. He finds it is a harſh ſubjection, to make application to the body, to derive colours, odours, and ſounds from it, which notwithſtanding ſeemeth as innocent as the purchaſe of bees, who ſuck hony out of flowers: and ſhal we think there can be any felicity to plunge our judgment into all the voluptuous pleaſures of fleſh?

Diſcourſe of Scotus, concerning ſenſe. Scotus locis diſquiſit. 1. indicatis.

Know we not, it many times doth to the ſoul, as the

Heron

An observation of *Contarinus* concerning the heron.

heron to the faulcon? He endeavoureth to flie about him, and to wet his wings with his excrements, to make his flight heavy, and render his purpose unprofitable. Alas, how many times feel we the vigour of our reason enervated by the assaults of concupiscence, which contracteth the like advantage from its ordures, for the enthralment of the spirit! And why would we second its violence by our weakness.

Instance upon the weakness and misery in service of the body.

I moreover demand of you, what can you hope from so punctually observing your body? You are not a *Geryon* with three heads and three throats: There needs but a little to fill you. For though your concupiscence be infinite, yet are your senses finite, and many times pleasure overwhelms them before they afford themselves the leisure of tasting them. If you resolve so curiously to attend the search of pleasures, you should desire the spirit of a horse, to enjoy them with the more vigour and liberty. But what sense is there to have the soul of a man, and seek to be glutted with the mire of the earth: as if one would feed a Phœnix with carrion, on which ravens live? when you have done all you can to make your self happy by diversity of worldly pleasures, beasts will ever have more then you. For their sensitive souls much sooner meet the heighth of nature; and as their pleasures are free from shame, so they drag not sorrow after them. They are not gnawn with cares by desiring things needless, they take what the elements afford them, and what the industry of man manures for them, and know not what it is to find poisonous maladies in the most ardent pleasures sensuality may imagine. But admit you were resolved to become a beast with the disciples of *Epicurus*, yet ought you not for all that, according to your own limits, surpass the bruitishness of beasts. And I pray tell me, where is the beast which hath never so little generosity, would not think it self most miserable, if it were condemned to eat and drink perpetually, and grow lazy in an idle life? They frame themselves very willingly to the exercises nature appointed them for the service of man, and a man thinks it a great Phylosophy to consecrate all the parts of his body to sensuality, no whit considering, he is made for the contemplation of things Divine, for the love and fruition of the first cause.

Avicenna lib. de prima Philosoph. p. c. 1. apud *Javellum.* Notable saying of *Avicen.*

Avicenna, an excellent wit, by the unhappiness of his birth ranked in the sect of *Mahomet*, coming to consider this false Prophet had placed the beatitude of the other life in the injoying sensual pleasures, was so ashamed of it, that he shrunk from his Prophet, that he might not betray his reason. The law (saith he) which *Mahomet* gave us, considered beatitude and misery within the limits of the body: but there are promises, and hopes of other blessings much more excellent, and which cannot be conceived but by the force of a most purified understanding. Which is the cause, wise Divines ever set their love on the blessings of spirit, without any account taken of those of sense, in comparison of the felicity we one day pretend to have in the union of our immortal spirit with the first Verity. What can our worldlings answer to this *Arabian*? Should they not blush with shame, to see a man bred in the school of *Epicurus*, gone out of it to teach us the Maxim of Christianity?

Felicitas ab conjunctio cum prima Veritate.

3. Reason. tyranny of ryot.

4. Finally, to conclude this discourse with a third reason, although the service of the body were possible, and not shamefull to you, do you not well see it is tyrannical, and that *Epicurus* himself, wholly bent to pleasure, cut off all he could from nature for this onely cause, which made him think over-much care of the body was extreamly opposite to felicity?

Opinion of *Platonists.*

The *Platonists* said, our souls were of an extraction wholly celestial, and sent from Heaven to serve God on earth, in imitation of the service, Angels do to him in Heaven, but that many of those poor souls forgetting their original, instead of going directly to the Temple of virtue, stood amuzed in the house of a Magician, which was the flesh, that enchanted them with his charms, and had cast them into setters, where they were enforced to suffer a painfull bondage, from whence there were but two passages, wisdom, or death. To this *Synesius* made allusion in his Hymns, complaining, his soul from a servant of God was become a slave of matter, which had bewitched it by wily practises. And verily who can sufficiently expresse the servitude a soul suffers, fast linked to flesh, and which onely endeavours to dandle it, hoping by this means to give true contentment to the mind? First, pleasures are not exposed now-adays to all the world as the water of a river: such an one there is, who hath sold himself for the life of a hog, who will never have his fill of hogs draft, as S. *Peter Chrysologus* said of the prodigal child. Men covetous of bodily riches would willingly make themselves horns and claws of iron, to speak with the wise *Plato*, of purpose to take and defend, the one his wealth, the other his loathsome pleasures. Many times iron gates must be broken to purchase a fruition, which draweth along with it a thousand disturbances. Behold how a man who is excessively enamoured of his own health, becomes suppliant and servile to his body. He fears his proper dyet, all kind of airs are dreadfull to him; nor can he take but with distrust, those very comforts which afford him life. He makes of his stomach a soyl of drugs; he perpetually consulteth with his Physicians; he tells his infirmities to all the world, he seeks out extraordinary cures, as he often hath imaginary diseases; he lives in an afflicting equality, and would many times rather transgres Gods ten commandments, then fail in one of *Hypocrates*'s aphorisms. I leave you to think, what death were not much sweeter, then health so religiously preserved.

Τλαι μακάρις ὑπόδουλος τύχας. Synes. hym. 3.

Miser qui porcum osurit, & desiderat in fagina. Chrysol. serm. de prodigo. *Plato*, 9. de Rep.

Inordinate love of health.

See now on the other side a worldly woman, who feeleth her beauty (that short tyrany) already in the wain, & yet would cherish it in the opinion of men, who heretofore adored it; or of such likewise, who may be taken in the same snare. What doth not this silly creature to make her self to be esteemed fair? What time wasteth she not to seem slender, to wash, paint, to divide the white, well to mingle the red, to powder her hair, to make her self eyebrows, to preserve the whiteness of her teeth, to set a vermillion tincture on her lips, little patches like flies on her cheeks, choose stuffs, and think of new fashions. What torture inflicteth she not on her body with those iron stayes and whalebones? How many turns maketh she dayly before a looking-glasse? What perplexities of mind, what apprehensions, least her defects may appear? And what discontent, when after such torments so miserably ended, she sees her self despised by men, before she becomes the food of worms? What Captain of a Galley was ever so cruel to fettered slaves, as vanity and love of the body are to the soul? Pursue the track of all other pleasures, and you shall find them painful and dolorous; and in the end you will be enforced to say, there is no worse bondage then that which is afforded to wretched flesh. The Prophet *Esay* speaking of punishments due to sinners and worldlings, faith, they are written on box, whereupon we may say with S. *Hierom*, it is to shew the lasting of it, since characters graven on such kind of wood, cannot so easily

Slavery of women. *Cultus magna cura, magna virtutis incuria.* Cato Censorius.

Scribe eis super buxum. Isai 30. 8. Observation upon Esay. Flower of box.

easily be taken off. But I here consider a secret, which teacheth me box bears no fruit, only satisfied to produce a flower, which otherwise making a goodly shew, killeth Bees that suck it. The Prophet in this figure presented to us a lively image of pleasure, which surprizeth the eys by a vain illusion, whilst it conveyeth poyson into the heart. Rest then assured, you shall never meet with solid contentment of minde, but by the ways the Saviour of the world shewed us on earth, to transfer us to Heaven. The just are here below, as little Halcyons on the trembling of waters, or Nightingales on thorns. They finde their joys amongst holy tears, and their delights in austerities of life. There is nothing so Sovereign, as early to accustom to depend little on your body, and quickly to forsake a thousand things by election, which you shall be enforced to abandon of necessity. When a manner of virtuous life is chosen, and which hath some austerity in it; custom makes it sweet, grace fortifieth it, perseverance nourisheth it, and glory crowns it. How many worldlings daily putrifie in a miserable condition, who have from their tender age yielded all submission to their flesh, and how many delicate bodies in Monasteries have we seen, which the whole world condemned to the beir from their entring into Religion, to go out of hair-cloath, ashes, and fasts, as a Phœnix from her Tomb? A life without crosses is a dead Sea, which breedeth nought but stench and sterility: but austerity is like the *Ægyptian* thorn, which had an excellent grace in Crowns. We are called to Christianity, to bear a God crucified on our flesh, and, as it were, impressed with the Character of Divine Love, Let us carefully preserve our selves from prostituting members to sensuality, made to be the Temple of the living God, and the ornament of Paradise. Holy *Job* was in state so lamentable, that those who beheld him could scarcely tell, whether it were a man reduced into a dunghil, or a dunghil into the shape of a man. Notwithstanding in the midst of these smarting dolours which over-ran all his body, and the afflictions which assailed his minde, he received so unspeakable comforts from God, that himself confesseth to have nothing so strange in his own person, as his proper torments. Behold the reason why he exalted himself on his dunghil, as upon a throne of virtue, he adorned himself with his wounds as with a royal purple, he took the Scepter in hand over all effeminacies of body, and pronounced Oracles unto vs, which to all Ages shew, that there is neither evil nor affliction wherein God maketh not his miracles of our pains, and his glory of our rewards.

Life of the Just.

Glorificate, & portate Deum in corpore vestro.

Mirabiliter me Crucias. Job. 10.

The thirteenth EXAMPLE upon the thirteenth MAXIM.

The miserable event of Lust.

AMMON the Son of DAVID.

IT is not one of the least miseries of the greatest of all evils, I mean sin, that the ill example which often accompanieth it, doth likewise survive it. It is, to say truly, a most bitter fruit of this direful tree, or rather a Cien, which it in growing produceth, and which being fed from its sap, stands upright after the fall of it. Nor is it strange, that when once the mercy of God (only able for this great work) hath stifled the monster sin in the soul of parents, yet fails it not (though wholly dead) to infect their families, and poyson their posterity with the stench of its ordure.

David that great Prince, that King according to God's heart, had lost the affections and sweet indulgencies of it, by an adultery and an homicide. He afterward weepeth, he humbly prayeth, he loudly cries, and God, who is willing to be moved, turneth his eys from his crimes, and that he may no more hereafter see them, applies the Sponge to cleanse them: yet behold long after *Ammon*, one of his children, who casteth an eye on these bad lessons, and though blotted out, fails not to read them, and to learn thence the science of his own ruine. This unhappy Prince scorns to reflect on the milde temper, the penance and zeal of his father, to look on his exorbitancies. He cannot see this Sun but in eclipse, and not seeking to make choice among so many eminent virtues, which had made him happy, he will not follow his steps but in a path, where needs he must meet with ill adventures.

Although the holy Scripture speaketh not of the wicked deportments of this Prince until his incest, yet there is a great probability he began not at the end, nor mounted this tower of confusion by the top: but rather arrived thither by the degrees of a life irregular, effeminate, and freed from the care of the soul, wholly to resign himself to the service of the body and its concupiscence. But insomuch as loathing, which always waits very near upon the most exquisite pleasures, is wont every moment to put the levity of sinners upon new objects, & in that, besides the pride of those who hate thee (O God supremely amiable) perpetually mounteth, until their giddiness precipitate them into the abyss. Behold here our wicked one, our *Epicure*, before there was an *Epicure* in the world, who rejecteth mean crimes, distasteth common pleasures, and projecteth an incest with his own sister, not considering how unreasonable it is to sacrifice the honour of the royal house, the tranquility of his father, his soul and salvation to the distemper of his fancy.

Ammon plotteth incest with his sister.

He turneth his eys from heaven, and from the God of heaven, whose wonders his father had so often sung unto him: he is wholly for passion which predominateth over him, nor entertains any other cogitations but to satisfie it. Already this feaver, which takes away his sense, hath inflamed his blood, leaving him nought in his veins, but the fire of Hell, which more and more increaseth. The contagion of this unsound soul spreads over the body. Behold (saith the History) he falls sick for the love of his sister, who hath nothing at all in her, which can displease him but her chastity; because that sets before him the great difficulties of his enterprize. He hath a friend, & this proves his main unhappiness; a worldly wise one, a flattering friend, a companion of his riots; but such amities which deserve not the name, resemble false fires, which seeming all inflamed, are nothing else but smoak very easily dissipated, & whose bright splendour only serves to lead into precipices.

This was *Joadab*, one of *David*'s Nephews, who having searched into the change both of his countenance and humour, quickly understood the reason of it from his lips, so that too easily complying with his passion, he lastly gave him this counsel: Lye (saith he) on your bed, counterfeit sickness, the King doubtless will visit you, you shall beg of him that your sister *Thamar* may come to you to prepare your diet, and he without doubt will assent to it.

Joadab counselleth *Ammon* to incest with his sister *Thamar*.

Cruel friend, nay rather soothing enemy, what dost thou? Thou well knowest that thus flexibly to serve the passion of this violent spirit, thou subjectest him to the extremity of all unhappines. Thou stranglest this Prince whilst thou flatterest him, and in lieu of good offices,

offices, giveſt him a hand to lead him down into ruin. Were it not better to uſe fire and ſteel for the cure of this mad man, then to comply with his malady to render it incurable? Were it not better with a bitter, but charitable correction, to purge his bad humours, then to pour into him a pleaſiug poiſon?

There is nothing more faithfully or more readily executed, then an ill advice; quickly our amoriſt is in his bed, he entreateth *Thamar* of the King, who came to viſit him; where behold the father, too good for ſo bad a ſon, grants what he demandeth. The poor virgin likewiſe obeyeth the commands of her father, and the ſuggeſtions of her own heart, which had but too much tenderneſs towards ſo execrable a brother. She runs like an innocent victim to the kniſe, which muſt cut her throat, ſhe ſollows the bait not doubting the hook, and goeth fearleſs into a place, where ſhe muſt looſe all. This diſſembling ſick man at firſt refuſeth the broths ſhe had prepared to procure him an appetite, but having given command all ſhould depart out of the chamber, deſires his ſiſter to bring them in: ſhe who nothing doubted the practiſe, readily goes in, offers them to him, but the enraged creature ſeizeth on her, and requires to lie with her.

Ammon diſſembleth ſickneſs.

Thamar's advice.

The poor Princeſs ſurprized in this attempt, ſeeks to temper him with ſweet words. *Alas, dear brother* (ſaith ſhe) *commit not ſuch a violence upon me, remember with your ſelf this abomination is without example in* Iſrael. *Baniſh ſuch thoughts from you, and take heed you enterprize not an act, which will among the wiſeſt be eſteemed an unſpeakable folly. Whither ſhall I go after ſuch a ſhame, or what will you do, when you have purchaſed ſo ill reputation? By all means ſpeak to the King, he is a good father, he perhaps will freely afford you that, which you by violence would take.* The enraged monſter will not ſo much as underſtand her, he forceth her, he finds himſelf to be the ſtronger, and makes uſe of this advantage for the ſatisfaction of a paſſion, nay rather of a fury, which even the moſt part of bruit beaſts abhor.

It is a ſtrange thing, how thoſe who ſeek their contentment in the contempt of God and his ordinances, make an ill reckoning. They meet with wormwood even in honey: their fingers are pricked whilſt they gather roſes, the odour of which ſo ſoon paineth them, and in a word they ſee, that loathing concludeth, what was begun by diſturbances and impatience. This inconſtant ſpirit promiſed himſelf pleaſures without anxiety or period, but behold him foiled in the firſt fruition. This infinite love finds its end in the beginning, or rather its change into averſion and hatred.

Ammon deſpiſeth his diſhonoured ſiſter.

Behold he preſently deſpiſeth his ſiſter, yea, exceſſively; mark the Scripture: The hatred was much greater, then was ever the affection. He commands her to be gone, and ſhe exaggerating the ſecond offence committed by him, his ſo unworthy uſage of her after ſuch an outrage, he willeth one of his ſervants to drive her out, and ſhut the door after her. Who can deſcribe the griefs and agonies of this afflicted creature, defamed by her brother, and thruſt by a groom out of a houſe, whereinto ſhe came not but to do him ſervice? She caſt aſhes on her head, rent her garments, lifts her hands over her head, goes away weeping and lamenting like one diſtract, to ſeek out her brother *Abſalom*, to give him an account of her dolours, and to ask revenge.

Abſalom cloſe in his revenge.

This Prince (one of the moſt prudent and politick of his time) at the firſt diſſembleth his reſentment; to make it ſeaſonably appear, he endeavoureth to ſweeten the acerbity of his ſoul by fair words, adviſeth her to be ſilent, ſheweth when all is done he is her brother, and that ſhe ſhould not take ſuch an injury to the heart. Needs muſt the ſmoake of pleaſure, turn the courſe of things into flames, and a momentary contentment tranſmit ſorrow and ſadneſſe over to poſterity.

Behold *Thamar* lives in her brothers houſe, quite diſconſolate, King *David* is enraged, nor can be appeaſed, and *Abſalom* hides under the aſhes of his diſſimulation a fire not to be quenched, but with the bloud of this caitiff.

Two years paſſed, and he ſpake neither well nor ill of this act, that he might not by his ſpeech betray the deſire he had to avenge it. In the end, at the time of his ſheep ſhearing in *Balhazor*, he took occaſion to invite all the Kings children to his houſe. He invited the King likewiſe, but he making excuſe to charge him with ſo great a train, he entreats that at the leaſt his brother *Ammon* might be his gueſt. He ſhrinks not back, not upon the firſt denial, he enforceth by the eagerneſs of importunity, where behold the miſerable man goes with his brothers, not knowing he muſt be the victim of a Sacrifice, prepared by the Juſtice of heaven, which hath ever undertaken the revenge of violated chaſtity. See in the midſt of a banquet, when *Ammon* had taken in a little wine, and was full of jollity, *Abſalom* cries out, kill; and his ſervants following the direction he had given them, fell upon him, ſtruck him, and left him dead in the place. The other brothers affrighted, roſe from the table, got on horſe-back, and came to *Sion*, where they ſatisfied the King, who thought his whole family had been maſſacred. They at their entrance cried out aloud, they wept with their father, who gave to the deſolation of his houſe what remaind of tears, after thoſe torrents which had heretofore dropped from his eyes, and where his ſins had happily made ſhip-wrack.

Ammon ſlain.

The murderer eſcapeth and forſakes the Kingdom, and *David* languiſheth with ſorrow for his abſence, being unable to endure that one death alone ſhould bereave him of two of his children. Laſtly he comforted himſelf in it, and admired the judgments of God upon his houſe, who permitted that two of his ſons were partakers in his crimes, and had ſurmounted his adultery and homicide, with an inceſt and a fratricide.

XIV. MAXIM.
Of TRIBULATION.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That one muſt be evil to be happy, ſince the Juſt are moſt afflicted.

IT is a wonderfull thing how the Prophane Court dares propoſe this maxim, refuted by the experience of all Ages, obſervations of all hiſtories,

THE HOLY COURT.

That all is happy for the Juſt, yea, even tribulation.

underſtandings of all people, and common voice of nature.

Camerarius in his Problem, wherein he purſueth the

the tracts of ordinarily life, without search into other considerations more Divine, makes a question, why those who are addicted to Religion, are always most happy. And on the contrary, from whence it is, that the wicked are most unfortunate: affirming it to be observed throughout all Histories. Now this Author, who plainly sheweth in this Treatise he is none of the most Religious, gently toucheth some reasons, saying among other things, there is some power which pleased to depress the wicked, because ordinarily they are of a spirit fierce and insolent, as if impiety alone were not sufficient for their infelicity. The punishments of the wicked are so frequent in histories both divine and humane, that in so great an Ocean of examples, which may take up more then fifty Ages; scarcely can we produce one sole notable felicity, which felt not some great mishap. That we many times may have cause to make use of S. *Augustine's*, and S. *Eucherius's* argument, who say, that although God punish not a crime in this life, he doth it to assure us there is a great Tribunal, and a puissant Justice in the other world. It were a thing superfluous at this time to oppose this Maxim by effects which are so evident, and whereof I think I have produced sufficient observations in preceding Tomes: I had rather here imploy reason, and shew all to be happy to the just, yea, tribulation.

That the Providence of GOD excellently appeareth in the afflictions of the Just.

MEn curious in their censures, and distrustful in their actions, have never ceased in all times to argue with Divine Providence about the afflictions of the Just, but I with the assistance of heaven intend at this present to prove the Eternal Wisdom maketh it self visibly appear by the same things, wherwith many think to overthrow it. Now I make it good by four reasons: the first whereof shall shew, worldly blessings cannot be great but by the experience of evils. Secondly, that tribulation is the nursing-mother of all virtues. Thirdly, that there is no spectacle more glorious among the works of God, then an Innocent afflicted for Justice, and patient in affliction. Fourthly, that it is a proof of beatitude.

We then deliver in the beginning of this discourse, a notable Maxim drawn out of *Æneas Gaza*, an ancient Author, inserted in the Bibliotheck of the Fathers; Never do we sufficiently know the sweetness of good, without the trial of evil. *Joseph* mounted upon the triumphant Chariot of *Pharaoh* by prisons and fetters: *David* to the throne of *Saul* by many persecutions. And their great prosperities were much more sweet unto them, because they were for-gone by sharp afflictions. We see the same in Nature, where the Sun is more resplendent after its eclipse, the Sea more calm after a tempest, and the air much brighter after a shower, which made a great Statesman say: *Storms and tempests contribute to the clearness of the heavens, and the smoothness of the sea. The condition of mortals hath this proper, that adversities grow out of prosperities, and prosperities from adversities. God bideth from us the seeds both of the one and the other, and many times the causes of blessings and evils are covered under one and the same appearance.*

One may here object, that if we must always have evil to tast good, we might infer the Angels were not sufficiently happy, because they arrived at beatitude without passing through tribulations; these being the Flower-de-luces of God's garden, which neither wrought nor took pains to be cloathed with the robe of glory; we might conclude God himself had some defect in his felicity, since he always hath a most accomplished beatitude, with exclusion of all manner of evil. I answer to that, there is very much difference between the condition of things eternal and temporal. Angels entred almost as soon into felicity, as into being, because they were placed in the upper region of the world, where miseries cannot approach, and who having besides a singular knowledge of God's favour, stood not in need to be aided by the counterpoize of adversities. But as for us, we are not only born in a soil, which is as fertile in calamities, as forrests in birds, and rivers in fish: but besides, we are extreme ignorant of God's grace, when we long enjoy prosperity; which is the cause that adversity, though necessarily tied to our condition, maketh us notably open our eys to know the felicities which follow it, and to understand from what source they proceed. As for that which concerneth the Divinity, it cannot, to speak properly, endure any thing contrary by reason of the condition of its essence, which is fully replenished with all sorts of beatitude. *God* (said *Philon*) *is incommunicable to tribulations, he is always vigorous, ever free from dolour or pain, perpetually in action, without weariness, still plunged in a sea of most pure delights, as being the height, end, and aim of felicity.*

Thereupon unable to suffer (as he is God) and yet willing to undergo some special part in the great sacrifice of patience, which began with the world, he took a body, and in that body drank the cup of the passion, shewing evidently to all mortals, that tribulations by their darkness avail to the brightest rays of glory, which S. *Augustine* spake in very expres terms.

The only Son born of the substance of the Father, and equal to the Father in Divine Essence: the Word, by which all things were created, had nothing to suffer as God, and is cloathed with our flesh to participate in our punishments.

2. The second reason which visibly sheweth the secret of Divine Providence in the tribulation of the Just, is, that God being the Sovereign Sanctity, was necessarily to procure and plant it in the souls of his Elect, by all the most effectual ways which his wisdom hath ordained. Now there is not any shorter way to virtue, then a well managed affliction, and therefore it was necessary to maintain adversity in the world, as the Nurse of great and generous actions of Christianity. *It was necessary* (saith the Scripture) *to try thee by tribulation, because thou wast acceptable to God.*

It is a matter almost impossible to preserve a great virtue in perpetual prosperity, one must be more then a man, and to have a double spirit: which is excellently well observed by S. *Augustine*, upon the words of *Elizeus*: *I intreat your spirit may be doubled in me. Elizeus* (saith he) begged the spirit of *Elias* might be doubled in him, because he was to live in the favour of Court and worldly prosperities, where the way is more slippery, and dangers most frequent. His Master *Elias* had passed his life in many persecutions, wherefore a singular spirit was sufficient for his direction, adversity being not so difficultly born as prosperity. But insomuch as eminent fortunes are subject to deep drunkenesse, & supine forgetfulnes of God, the Prophet saith by an instinct of the Divinity: *Let your spirit be doubled in me.*

Prosperity under the shew of felicity deceiveth us, tribulation is ever true: the one flatters us, the other instructeth us: the one tieth up our senses & reason, the other unbinds them: the one is windy, empty, giddy, ignorant; the other sober, reserved, and prudent: the one withdraws us from real good by the allurements of vanity; the other reduceth us by a whole-

Ἀκείσεται τὴν κακῶν γνῶσιν ἡ τῶν ἀγαθῶν γλυκεῖα σύνεσις.

Mare Caliquè tempestatem, turbines tempestatesque commendant: habet hæc vitæ conditio mortalium, ut adversa secundis, & adversis secunda nascantur. Occultat utrorumque semina deus, & plerumque horum & malorum causa sub

divers à facis Lamia. Plin. in Panegyr. Trajan.

Verbum illa de Patris substantia Natus, æqualis Patri in forma Dei, Verbum quo facta sunt omnia, non habebat quid flagellaretur, ad hoc autem carnem induit ut sua flagella nos efficeret. August. *Quia erat acceptus Deo, necesse fuit ut tentatio probaret te.* Tob. 12. 13. Reg. 4. 3. 9. S. Aug. l. 2. de mirab. Scrip. *Obsecro ut fiat in me duplex spiritus tuus.*

Fiat in me duplex spiritus. 2. Reg. 2. 9. de consol. 2. gra. 2.

wholsome way into the duty from whence we wandered. S. *Bernard* ſaith excellently: Proſperity is in weak and inconſiderate ſouls, as fire to wax, and the ſun's rays to ſnow. *David* was very wiſe, and *Solomon* much more, yet both charmed by the great ſucceſs of affairs loſt underſtanding, the one at leaſt in part, the other wholly. We muſt affirm, there is need of a ſtrong ſpirit to ſubſiſt in adverſity, without change of reaſon or conſtancy: but it is much more hard to taſt very pleaſing proſperities, & not be deceived. This is the cauſe why wiſe providence, ever to keep virtue in breath, ceaſeth not to exerciſe it in this honourable liſt of great ſouls; and we behold, that following theſe proceedings, it thence deriveth great advantages and many beauties. The Scripture noteth that *Job* (a) returning into the luſter of his former ſtate, gave titles to his three daughters, much obſerved: for he called one by the name of *Day*, the other *Caſſia*, or as ſome Interpreters ſay *Amber*, & the third *Amalthea's Horn*, ſo the Septuagint tranſlate it. We muſt not think ſo holy a man would herein do any ſlight thing, or not to ſome purpoſe. But if we believe Holy Fathers upon it, he meant by theſe three names to ſignifie the three conditions of fortune. The firſt, (which was before his great adverſities) is compared to the day rejoycing us with the natural ſweetneſs of its ſerenity. The ſecond, which was that of his calamity, to amber becauſe it is properly in tribulation, where virtue diffuſeth her good odours; it reſembleth aromatick ſpices, which more ſhew their virtue when they are pounded & brought into powder in a mortar; or incenſe, which never lets it ſo much appear what it is, as when it is caſt on coals: ſo that this motto of the Wiſeman may be attributed to it, (b) *A reſplendent fire, and increaſe burning in the fire.* In the end iſſuing forth of tedious tribulations, and having been hardned and fortified under ſtorms, it openeth its boſom, and unfoldeth admirable fruits, which fitly make it to be called the *Horn of abundance*. Whereof we ſay with S. *Ambroſe* (c) there is a certain beatitude in dolours, which virtue full of ſweetneſs and delight repreſſeth, from whence it acquireth palms, and ineſtimable riches, as well for ſatisfaction of its conſcience, as the condition of glory.

3. For we affirm for a third reaſon, that God hath not a more glorious ſpectacle on earth, then a juſt man afflicted and patient. Is it not that which God himſelf meant in the book of *Job*, where the Prince of darkneſs, telling he had gone round about the world, he ſaid not to him: Haſt thou ſeen the Monarchies and Empires, which bow under my Scepter, and circumvolve under my laws? Haſt thou ſeen Palaces of Kings and Princes, whoſe turrets penetrate the clouds? Haſt thou ſeen armies all encloſed with ſwords, making the earth tremble under the claſhing of their arms? Haſt thou beheld the theaters, beauties and triumph of greatneſs? Haſt thou conſidered all the wealth which nature reſerveth for me in magazins? He ſayes nothing of all that. What then? (d) Haſt thou looked on my ſervant *Job*, who hath not his like on earth? And what maketh him more admirable, then that which *Caſſianus* (e) mentioneth? A man was ſeen abounding in all ſorts of bleſſings, become very poor, having not ſo much as wherewith to cover his nakedneſs, fallen from a moſt perfect health into a prodigious malady, which diſfigured his whole body, and having loſt ſo many goodly farms, reduced to the extremity of being the inhabitant of a wretched dunghil: But he out-braving his miſeries, and ſhewing himſelf to be nothing curious, took a rough ſtone to wipe his wounds, and putting his hand far into the botto of his ulcers, drew thence the corruption and worms, which made him honourable by the lights of his patience. Have we not cauſe to cry out with *Tertullian*: (f) *Oh what a trophey hath God erected in this holy man! Oh, what a ſtandard hath he advanced in the ſight of all his enemies?* I dare freely pronounce it, there is not any approacheth more near to God, then a man laden with afflictions, and become invincible in the arms of patience. And I ask of you what made *Toby* to be called the *Good God* (g) but this admirable virtue? I ſay although many have been honoured with marks of the Divinity, by reaſon of their favours and benignities towards men, (there being nothing which ſo charmeth people as the profuſion of benefits) yet intereſt was the cauſe great men were flattered with ſuch titles above their deſerts; whereas quite otherwiſe, praiſe rendered to patience is much more ſincere, as being expreſſed by a certain veneration afforded to a virtue abſolutely heroick: which makes me conclude, that men raviſhed with the ſight of this notable patience which ſhined in *Toby*, when having done wel, evil was retributed, ſurnamed him the *Good God*, not for any other reaſon but his admirable conſtancy, having this maxim wel engraven in their hearts, that God hath not on earth a more perfect Image of his greatneſs, then a patient man. S. *Denis* (h) likewiſe plainly calleth patience the imitation of the Divinity, and addeth, *Moſes* was honoured with the rays of Divine viſion for his ſingular manſuetude.

4. Laſtly, I ſay tribulation confirmeth us in the faith of future things, as being a maniſeſt proof of beatitude. For reaſoning, though never ſo little by the light of nature, we judge if there be any juſtice in men, it is in God as in its ſource, with an incomparable eminency; and therefore we cannot imagine a Divinity without the inheritance of goodneſs and equity, which perpetually accompany it. Now when we ſee innocent men continually afflicted, who go out of this life by bloudy and horrible ways, many times oppreſſed by the tyranny of men, and having none to revenge their aſhes, we neceſſarily conclude, there is in the other life another juſtice, and another tribunal, where cauſes muſt be decided in a laſt Court of judicature. We ſay with S. *Paul*: (i) *The expectation of the creature looketh for the revelation of Gods children: For every creature is ſubject to nothing, not of his own liking, but by the ordinance of him, who hath ſubjected him with hope of riſing again: For creatures ſhal be delivered from the ſervitude of all corruption into the liberty of the children of God.* That was it, which comforted all the Martyrs in hideous torments, when their ſouls were torn out of their bodies with incomparable violence. For although mortal members yielded to the ſword of perſecution, yet they beheld, though with an eye drenched in bloud and tears, the bright glory which waited on them, and ſaw as in a mirrour the throns of thoſe prodigious ſufferings diſpoſed all into Crowns. There S. *Stephen*, ſaw his ſtones changed into as many rubies to ſerve for matter of veneration to piety, and an example of courage for all poſterity. There S. *Laurence* looked on his flames turned into roſes and delights. There S. *Felicitas*, the mother of glories and triumphs, beheld ſeven ſons, who received her with palms in their hands into the beautiful pavillions of heaven, where all torments made an end to give beginning to infinite comforts. That is it which animated all the juſt in ſo great a heap of tribulations, and which made them ſpeak theſe words of *Tertullian*: (k) *God is payable enough, in that he is the Arbiter and Feoffee, of your patience. If you commit an injury to him, he is the Avenger*

Quando hæc incantu non fuit ad diſciplinam, quod agnis ad cœnam, quæ à ſolis radius ad nivem vel glaciem? Sapiens David, ſapiens Solomon, ſed blandimentis nimis fœcundis rebus, alter de parte, alter ex toto deſpuit. Magnus qui incidens in adverſa non exoſtat vel parum à ſapientia, ne minor eſt præſens ſalvitas ſi arriſit, non irriſit.

(a) Job 42. Mercerus in Job.

(b) Quaſi ignis reſulgens, & thus ardens in igne. Eccleſ. 50. 10.

(c) Et ergo beatitudo in dolentibus, quæ plena ſuavitatis virtus cum premit & coercet, ipſa ſibi domeſticis opibus abundans vel ad conſcientiam vel ad gloriam. Ambroſ. offic. l. 2. c. 4.

(d) Nunquid conſideraſti ſervum meum Job, quod non ſit ei ſimilis in terra? Job 2.

(e) Ex locupletes pauperrimus, modus ex divite, ex valido infirmus, ex inclyto & glorioſo ignobilis, ferquiniis ſedens

(f) Quale in illo viro ſpectaculum, Deus de diabolo extruxit! quale vexillum de inimico ſua gloria exaltavit? Tertul. de Pat. c. 13.

(g) Ὁ ἀγαθὸς κύριος μόνος ἐστὶν ὁ μακάριος. Clem. Alex. Pæd. 2.

(h) Θεοπρεπὴς μιμητὴς τοῦ Θεοῦ. S. Dionyſ. Ep. 8.

(i) Expectatio creaturæ revelationem filiorum Dei expectat: vanitati enim creatura ſubjecta eſt, non volens, ſed propter eum qui ſubjecit eam in ſpe: quia & ipſa creatura liberabitur à ſervitute corruptionis in libertatem gloriæ filiorum Dei. Rom. 8.

(k) Satis idoneus fidejuſſor Deus ſi ſit injuriam

Avenger of it, if a loss of goods, he is the restorer; if a pain or malady, he is the Physician; since it makes God himself the debtor, who by the condition of his independent nature, being not accountable to any, doth notwithstanding particularly bind himself to patience.

Let us conclude with four excellent instructions to be observed in adversity, which are expressed in the book of *Job*; (1) for it is said: *He rent his garments, and having cut off his hair, and prostrated himself on the earth, adored and said: Naked I came out of my mothers womb, and naked I return into earth.*

Note, that rising up he rent his garments, to shew he courageously discharged himself of all exteriour blessings, which are riches & possessions, signified by garments. He cut his hair, which was a sign he put the whole body into the hands of God, to dispose of it at his pleasure. For as those Ancients sacrificing a victim first pulled off the hair & threw it into the fire, to testifie the whole body was already ordained to sacrifice; so such as for ceremony gave their hair to temples, protested they were dedicated to the service of the Divinity, to whom the vow was made. In the third instance, he prostrated himself on the earth, acknowledging his beginning by a most holy humility. And for conclusion, he prayed & adored with much reverence. Behold all you should practise in tribulation, well expressed in this mirrour of patience.

First, are you afflicted with loss of goods, either by some unexpected chance, or by some tyranny and injustice? Abate not your courage, but considering the nullity of all earthly blessings, and the greatness of eternal riches, say: My God, although I have endeavoured hitherto to preserve the wealth thou gavest me, as an instrument of many good deeds; yet if thou hast ordained in the sacred counsel of thy providence, that I must be deprived of them for my much greater spiritual avail, I from this time renounce them with all my heart, & am ready to be despoiled, even to the last nakedness, the more perfectly to enter into the imitation of thy poverty. Say with S. *Lewis* Arch-bishop of Tholouse: *Jesus is all my riches, and with him I am content in the want of all other wealth. All plenty, which is not God, is mere penurie to me.*

If you be tormented with bodily pain, by maladies, by death of allies, say: My God, to whom belongs this afflicted body? Is it not to thee? Is not this one of thy members? It now endureth some pain, since thou hast so appointed, and it complains and groaneth under the scourge: where are so many precepts of patience? where is the love of suffering? where conformity to the cross? S. *Olalla*, a Virgin about thirteen or fourteen years of age, as she was martyred, and her body torn with iron hooks, beheld her members all bloudy, and said: O my God, what a brave thing is it to read these characters, where I see thy tropheys and monuments imprinted with iron on my body, and written in my bloud. A creature so tender, so delicate, shall she shew such courage in the midst of torments, such transfixing pains, and cannot I resolve to suffer a little evil with some manner of patience? If it be the death of an ally, behold that body, not in the state it now appears, but in the bright lustre of glory, wherewith you shall behold it in the day of the Resurrection, wipeing away your tears, say what *Ruricius* did: *Let them bewail the dead, who cannot have any hope of Resurrection. Let the dead lament their dead friends, whom they account dead for ever.*

In the third place arm your self with profound humility, and looking on the earth from whence your body came, say: My God, it is against my pride thy rod is lifted up in this tribulation. Shall such a creature as I, drawn out of the dust become proud against thy commandments, and so often shake off the yoke of thy Law? I now acknowledge from the bottom of my soul the abjectness of my nothing and protest with all resentments of heart my dependence on thee. The little hearb, called *trefoyl*, foldeth up the three leaves it beareth, when thunder roareth, thereby willing to tell us, it will not lift a creast, nor raise a bristle against Heaven. Lightning also, which teareth huge trees asunder, never falls upon it. My God, I hear thy hand murmuring over my head in this great affliction, and I involve me within my self, and behold the element whereinto I must be reduced, to do the homage my mortality oweth thee. Exercise not the power of thy thunders against a worm of the earth, against a reed which serves for a sport to the wind. Lastly, take courage what you may, in the accidents that happen, and by the imitation of our Saviour, retire into the bosom of prayer, which is a sovereign means to calm all storms. *Jesus* prayed in his agony, and the more his sadness encreased, the more he multiplied his prayers. Say in imitation of him: *My God, why are my persecutours so encreased? Many rise up against me. Many say to my soul, there is no salvation for it in God. But Lord, thou art my Protectour and my glory, thou art he who wilt make me exalt my head above all mine enemies.*

Factus in agonia prolixius orabat. Domine, quid multiplicati sunt qui tribulant me. Multi insurgunt adversum me, multi dicunt animæ meæ, non est salus ipsi in Deo ejus. Tu autem Domine susceptor meus &c.

The fourteenth EXAMPLE upon the fourteenth MAXIM.

Of Constancy in Tribulation.

ELEONORA.

WE are able to endure more then we think. For there are none but slight evils, which cause us readily to deplore, and which raise a great noise, like to those brooks that purl among pibbles; whilest great ones pass through a generous soul, as huge Rivers which drive their waves along with a peacefull majesty.

This manifestly appeareth in the death of *Sosa* and *Eleonora*, related by *Maffæus* in the 16 th. book of his history of the *Indies*. This *Sosa* was by Nation a *Portingal*, a man of quality, pious, rich, liberal, and valiant, married to one of the most virtuous women in the whole Kingdom. They having been already some good time in the *Indies*, and inflamed with the desire of seeing their dear Country again, embarked at *Cochin*, with their children very yong, some gentlemen and officers, and with about 600 men. The beginning of their navigation was very prosperous; but being arived at *Capo de buena speranza*, they ther found the despair of their return. A westerly wind beat them back with all violence; clouds gathered, thunders roared, Heaven it self seemed to break into fire over their heads, and under foot they saw nothing but abysses and images of death. If they would anchor, the Ocean tosseth them, if return to the *Indian* coast, contrary winds blow to stay their passage. Their sails are torn, Mast crack'd, Rudder broken, their ship shaken with surges, begining to leak, industry of men fruitless, and all let loose to the sway of tempests. To conclude their unhappiness, another Southern wind violently thrust them into the port, where they met with ship wrack. They must avoid this counter-buff, if they would not be buried in the waves. They cast anchor to stay the ship, and leaped into cock-boats, to recover shore with the more safety. *Sosa* first of all saved himself, his wife and children, carried with him his gold, silver and jewels, so much as so imminent danger would permit. The

Maffæus hist. Indicar. l. 16.

Divitiæ meæ Christus, desint cætera. Omnis copia quæ Deus meus non est, mihi inopia est.

Quam juvat hos apices legere, qui tua Christe trophæa notant. Prudent.

Fleant mortuos qui spem resurrectionis habere non possunt. Fleant mortui mortuos suos, quos in perpetuum existimant interisse.

depositaris pœnes eum, ultor est; si damnum, restitutor est; si dolorem, medicus est: si mortem resuscitator. O quantum patientiæ lucret sibi Deus habeat debitorem! Tertull. de pat. 13.

(1) Job. 1. *Tunc surrexit, & scidit vestimenta sua, & totso capite corruens in terram, adoravit, & dixit: Nudus egressus sum, &c.*

boats after a return or two, were ſcattered, the cable unto which the Anchor of their Ship was faſtned, brake, the ſides leaked, the keel opened, every man ſought to ſave himſelf; many were drowned, other ſtrugled with the Ocean, golden coffers, painted cabinets, and the goodly riches of the *Indies* ſwom with men half-dead, toſſed by the waves amongſt fardels and packs, and loſing life, loſt not (as yet) the ſight of that which made them live. Some became black with the buffets they received, others bedewed the Sea with their blood, yet all deſired to reach the haven; ſo much, deſire of life poſſeſſeth us. Scarcely got they thither, but they ſaw their Veſſel ſink down to the bottom, leaving them not any hope of return. The dead bodies of their companions, with the doleful baggage utterly ſpoiled with Sea-water, were caſt up at their feet. On what ſide ſoever they reflect, nothing is ſeen but calamity. Here the dead which begged burial, there the living all drenched in water, laden with wounds, overwhelmed with toil, worn with hunger, to arrive in a ſavage Country, where having nothing almoſt to hope, they have all to fear.

All that poor *Soſa* could do, was to kindle fire, and draw out ſome tainted victuals, wherewith to take reſection; his heart was ſeized with apprehenſion of this diſaſter, in which he ſaw all he eſteemed moſt precious, involved; notwithſtanding clearing his brow he comforted this afflicted company, and ſaid:

It was not time to think upon their loſſes, but to give God thanks he had ſaved their lives. That they were not ſo ignorant of the ſea, as not to know full well, when one makes account to embark thereon, he muſt expect hunger, thirſt, loſſes, ſhip-wracks, and all the miſeries of mankind. And therefore when they happen, they muſt be regarded as things already foreſeen, and profit made of evils for expiation of ſins. As for the reſt, being ſo deſtitute of all things in a ſtrange Country, there was no better riches than mutual correſpondence, which would preſerve the whol body adhering together, as diſcord infallibly ruineth divided members. He added (fetching a deep ſigh) *They might behold their poor Lady with their tender infants, in the extremity of peril, and that although both Sex and Age required they ſhould be ſomewhat aſſiſted, he would neither ſpare himſelf nor his, for the common ſafety.*

All anſwered with tears in their eys, he might confidently lead them where he pleaſed, and that they had no further hopes of their lives, but in the obedience they reſolved to yield to his commands. Having then remained 13 days in this miſerable Port, barricadoed with huge ſtones & coffers, left as remainders of their ſhip-wrack, to defend them by night from thieves and wilde beaſts, they put themſelves in the way to bend towards the *Eaſt*, directly to a great river which the *Portingals* had heretofore named the *Holy Ghoſt*. *Soſa* went foremoſt with his wife, who ſhewed a maſculine courage in a tender conſtitution: ſhe had her little children by her ſides, whom turn by turn every one carried. *Andrew de Vaſe* the Pilot, was in the ſame rank, bearing the ſtandard of the Croſs, attended alſo by about fourſcore *Portingals*, and an hundred ſervants who bear Arms. Then followed Marriners, poor creatures, and other inferiour people, who were not yet cured.

The good ſervants moved with compaſſion of *Eleonora*, whom they beheld walking on foot, framed her a kind of Litter, & ſopght all they might to comfort her; but that laſted not long. Needs in the end muſt the poor Lady travel through places, where nothing was to be ſeen but wild beaſts, and Cafres more inhumane then beaſts, over rocks inacceſſible, mountains which raiſed their heads above the clouds, vallys not to be looked down into without horrour, torrents ſwoln with ſhowers, mariſhes cloyed with mud, and which was moſt irkſom, they muſt go at random through ways of which every one was ignorant, nor could any direct them, ſo that they made an hundred leagues of thirty. Their little ſtore of victual failing, they eat firſt pieces of rotten whales, & other garbages of the Sea, then wild fruits, leaves, and laſtly, ſpared not the carkaſes of beaſts, which they found in the deſart. From that they fell into a great ſcarcity of water, and if they would have any ſomething tolerable, they muſt ſeek it among Moors and Tigers, and buy it at eight crowns the pinte. There were many, who overwhelmed with theſe hideous diſaſters, left the ſpoil of their bodies to cruel *Æthiopians*, to birds and beaſts, bidding a ſad adieu to their companions, with the laſt words they deſired to be delivered to their friends & kindred. But the fears and preſent calamities of every one, made them to forget the dead with their requeſts. The unfortunate *Soſa* oppreſſed with ſorrow, conſidering ſo many miſhaps redoubled one upon another, and beholding his wife, who to comfort him, ſhewed her ſelf indefatigable both in mind & body, ſhe carrying her children in her turn, and incouraging all the reſt, it moſt ſenſibly wounded his heart to ſee a Lady ſo tenderly bred, endure with ſuch conſtancy the utmoſt of worldly miſeries.

At laſt, after four months travel, they came to the river of the H. G. ere they were aware, where a petty King commanded, who very courteouſly received them, partly moved with the ſight of ſo great a calamity, & partly alſo deſiring by this opportunity to make uſe of the *Portingal's* favour, wherof he ſtood in need for his affairs. He let them underſtand, as wel as he could, his deſire of their ſtay with him in expectation of the commodity of re-imbarquing. Otherwiſe, ſhould they hazard themſelves to proceed forward on their way in this miſerable equipage, they would be in danger to be robbed by a neigbour-Prince, one of the greateſt thieves in the Country.

The more this *Barbarian* King ſhewed himſelf courteous, ſo much the more *Soſa* grew ſuſpicious of his proceedings, and ſiniſterly judged, that ſuch ſweetneſs in man unknown, was but the cover of an evil purpoſe. He thanked him for his favour, and very earneſtly beſought him to accommodate them with Boats to paſs the River, which the other unwillingly did, ſeeing the peril whereinto they haſtned to fall. They went, there remaining not above ſixſcore of five or ſix hundred men, and having been five days on the River, they landed at adventure, rather conſtrained by night, then invited by the commodiouſneſs of place. The next day they deſcried a Squadron of about two hundred *Æthiopians*, who came towards them, which made them prepare for defence; but troubled at their Arms, they ſhewing themſelves peaceful enough, the other by geſture and ſigns diſcovered their infinite miſeries. Theſe people wholly practiſed in tricks of deceit, and who would make benefit of this occaſion, let them with much ado underſtand, they might paſs along to the King's Palace, where they ſhould be very well entertained, which they attempted; but approaching to the City in arms, the King of theſe *Barbarians* timerous and wicked, forbade them entrance, and confined them to a little wood, where they remained certain days, paſſing the time in a poor traffick of knives and trifles, which they bartered for bread. But this treacherous Prince, who meant to catch them in the ſnare, ſeeing they had ſome commodities, ſent word to *Soſa*, he muſt excuſe him that he denied entrance into the City, and that two cauſes had put him from it: The firſt whereof was the dearth of victual among his people, & the other, the fear his ſubjects had of the *Portingal's* arms, they never, as yet, being accuſtomed thereto. But if they would deliver their

their weapons, they should be received into his city, and his people consign'd to the next towns, to be wel entertained. This condition seemed somewhat harsh, but necessity digested all. They agreed with one consent to satisfie the King, *Eleonora* only excepted, who never would consent to betray their defences in a place where they had so much need of them. Behold them disarmed and seperated, some dispersed into several villages here and there: *Sosa* with his wife, his children, and about twenty other brought to the regal City. Scarcely was he arrived, but all his company were robbed, beaten with bastonado's, & used that very night like dogs; whilest himself had little better entertainment: For this Prince of savages took all his gold and jewels from him, and drave him away as a Pyrate, leaving him only life and his poor garments. As they went out of this calamity, deploring their misery; behold another troup of Cafres, armed with javelins, who set upon them, and let them know, they must leave their apparel if they meant not to forsake their skins. They were so confounded, they neither had strength nor courage to defend themselves: behold the cause why they yielded what was demanded, as sheep their fleece. There was none but *Eleonora*, who preferring death before nakedness, stood a long time disputing about a poor smock with these savages: but in the end, violence bereaved her of that, which modesty sought by all means to keep.

The chast and honourable Lady, seeing her self naked in the sight of her domesticks, who cast down their eyes at the indignity of such a spectacle, presently buried her self in sand up to the middle, covering the rest of her body with her dishevel'd hair, and every moment having these words in her mouth, *Where is my husband?* Then turning towards the Pilot, and some of her Officers there present, she said to them with a setled countenance: *My good friends, you have hitherto afforded to my husband your Captain, and to me your Mistress, all the duty may be expected from your fidelity: It is time you leave this body, which hath already paid to the earth the moiety of its tribute. Go think upon saving your lives, and pray for my poor soul; But if any one of you return to our native Country, be may recount to those who shall please to remember the unfortunate* Eleonora, *to what my sins have reduced me.* Having spoken these words, she stood immoveable in a deep silence some space of time, then lifting her eyes to Heaven, added: *My God, behold the state wherein I came from my mothers womb, and the condition whereunto I must quickly return on earth, one part of me being already as among the dead. My God, I kiss and adore the rods of thy justice, which so roughly, though justly, have chastised me. Take between thy arms the soul of my most honoured husband, if he be dead. Take the souls of my poor children, which are by my sides. Take mine, now on my lips, and which I yield to thee, as to my Lord and Father. There is no place far distant from thee, nor any succour impossible to thy power.*

As she spake this, *Sosa* her husband came having escap'd out of the hands of these thieves who had robbed him, and finding his wife in this state, he stood by her, not able to utter a word. The Lady likewise spake only with her eys, which she sweetly fix'd upon him, to give comfort in the violence of the insupportable afflictions. But he feeling his heart wholly drenched in bitterness, hastned into a wood of purpose to meet with some prey, at least to feed his little children, which were as yet by their mothers side. Thence he ere long returned, and found one of them already dead, to which with his own hands he gave burial, immediately after he went again into the forest, to hunt as he had accustomed, finding no other comfort. His heart was perpetually in *Eleonora's*, where he survived more then in his own body, and coming to behold her once again for his last, he perceived she was already deceased, with his other child, who died near her; there being only left two poor maids, who bewailed their Lady, and made the wilderness resound with their sad complaints. He commanded them to retire a little aside, then taking *Eleonora* by the hand, he kissed it, standing a long time with his lips fixed unto it, and nothing to be heard but some broken sighs. That done, with the help of the maids, he buried her near his two children, without any complaint or utterance of one word. In a short space after, he returned into the thickest of the forrest, where it was thought he was devoured. So joyning his soul at least to hers, who had tied her heart to his in death, with examples of her constancy.

The third Part of MAXIMS. OF THE HOLY COURT.

THE DESIGN.

Having in this Second Part deduced the principal Maxims which concern the direction of this present Life, we enter into the other, there to behold the power of death over mortal things, and the immortality of our souls in the general dissolution of bodies. We consider them in the several ways they take in their passage, and then set them re-united to their bodies, at in the Resurrection. It is under thy eyes, Eternal Wisdome, and by thy favour we enter into these great labyrinths of thy Eternities, therein hoping thy direction, as we intend thy glory.

The THIRD PART, Touching the State of the other World.

XV. MAXIM. *Of DEATH*

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That it is to no purpose to think upon death so far off, and that it alwayes cometh soon enough without thinking on it.

1. IT is a strange thing that men, being all made out of one and the same mass, are so different in beliefs, in reasons, in customs, and actions, as the *Protens* in Poetical Fables. Our manners daily teach us a truth, which says: *There is not any thing so mutable upon earth, as the heart of man.* Diversity of men.

THE HOLY COURT.

That the best employment of life is to be well prepared for death, and that good thoughts of death, are the seeds of immortality.

Yet we see in the world many honourable personages, and good men who travel apace to this triumphant

phant City of God, this *Heavenly Jerusalem*, looking on the blessings of the other life with an eye purified by the rays of faith, and expecting them with a hope, for which all Heaven is in bloom. But there are an infinite number of black souls marked with the stamp of *Cain*, who consider all is said of the state of the other world, as if it were some imaginary Island, feigned to be in the Ocean to amuze credulous spirits, and fill them partly with pleasing dreams, partly with irksom visions.

Opinion concerning the other life.

If these people could find some apparent proofs, they would eahly perswade themselves there were no death; but their senses convinced of the contrary from experience of all Ages, they believe that which they dare not think on, and commonly dye after so bruitish a fashion, that a man may say, they had converted the lights of an immortall spirit wholly into flesh.

But you, generous souls, whom at this present I intend to guid through the hopes and terrours of the other life, observe this first step you must make, to enter into a new world with constancy, not unworthy a soul sensible of its immortality.

Life and death, the two poles of the world.

2. Life and death are two poles, on the which all creatures rowl: life, is the first act moveable and continual, of the living thing; death, the cessation of the same act. And as there are three notable actions in things animated, the one whereof tendeth to nourishment and increase, the other to sense, the third to understanding; so there are three sorts of lives, the vegetative, the sensitive, and the intellectual: the vegetative in plants, sensitive in beasts, the intellectual which only appertaineth to God, Angels, & men. The intellectual life is divided into two other, which are the life of grace and glory. In Heaven (the place of things eternal) reign those great and divine lives which never die, and which are in a perpetual vigour, being applied to the first source of lives, which is God. But in the more inferiour rank of the world are dying lives, of which we dayly see the begining, progress, and end. Here properly is the dominion of death, and our only mystery is to dye well. Some do it of necessity, others every day anticipate it by virtue. Now it is my desire here to shew you; That death in the state wherin the world is at this present, is a singular invention of Divine Providence, whether we consider the generality of men, whether we look on the vicious, or fix our thoughts on the just.

Divers kinds of life.

Providence of God concerning the sentence of death, in the generality of men.

3. Some complain of death, but you would see much other complaints, if in such a life as we live, there were no death. You would see men worn with years and cares, daily to charge altars with vows and prayers, men insupportable to all the world, irksom to life, inexpugnable to death, men old as the earth, incessantly calling upon the hour of death, and almost eating one another with despair. God hath herein (saith *Plato*) well provided; for seeing the soul was to be shut up in the body as in a prison, he hath at least made it chains mortal.

Plato in Timæo. *Pater misericors illis mortalia vincula fecisset.*

What makes you so much desire life? *I find* (saith the worldling) *it is a pleasure to behold the light, the stars, elements, and seasons.* There wil be a much more delight to see them one day under your feet, then there is now to behold them over your head? Are there now so many years you have been upon the earth, and have you not yet sufficiently looked upon the elements? There were certain people among the Pagans, who by laws forbade a man of 50 years to make use of the Physitian, saying, It discovered too much love of life; and yet with Christians you may find at the age of fourscore, who will not endure a word of the other world, as if they had not yet one days leisure to look into it. *But I must still perform the actions of life.* Have you not done them enough? See you not that to live long, is to be long in the entertainment of travel and misery, which extend their power over our heads, according as the web of our life lengtheneth? Do you not consider we are in this life as fish in the sea, perpetually in fear of nets or hooks? Will you not say, we live here in the midst of misery and envy, as between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and that to decline once perishing, we dayly make ship-wrack? Notwithstanding we are pleased with life, as if man were not so much a mortal creature, as an immortal misery.

Ambr. l. 2. de Abel & Cain. *Non advertitis senectutem hanc arumnarum esse veteranam, processionibusque ætatis miseriarum crescere stipendia, Scyllæo quodam usu circumsonari nos quotidianis naufragiis?*

Revolution troublesome.

Do you not know life was given by God to *Cain*, the most wicked man on earth, for a punishment of his crime, and will it rest with you as a title of reward? There is a great cause to desire life. Were there no other miseries (which are but too frequent) this anxiety and turmoil of relapsing actions would tyre us. What is life but cloathing and uncloathing, rising and down-lying, drinking, eating, sleeping, gaming, scoffing, negotiating, buying, selling, masonry, carpentry, quarrelling, cozening, rowling in a labyrinth of actions, which perpetually turn and return, filling and emptying the tub of the *Danaïdes*, and to be continually tyed to a body, as to the tending of an infant, a fool, or a sick man? *That is not it which withdraweth me*, (say you) *But I must see the world, and live with the living.* Had you been all your life time shut up in a prison, and not seen the world but through a little grate, you had seen enough of it. What behold you in the streets but men, houses, horses, mules, coaches, and people, who tumble up and down like fishes in the sea, who have many times no other trade, but to devour one another, and besides, some pedling trifles hanged out in stals? When I have seen all this but for half an hour, I say: O God, how little is the world? Is it for this we deceive, we swear, and make a divorce between God and us!

Baseness in the world.

But admit we were not interessed in this action, must we not rest on the law of God, who maketh life and ordaineth death, by the juridical power of his wisdom, ever to be adored by our wills, though little penetrable to understanding? Will you I pronounce an excellent saying of *Tertullian*: The world is the belly of Nature, and men are in it as children in the mothers womb: the birth of men are the world's child-bearings, death its lying in, and deliveries. Would you not die, to hinder the world from bringing forth, and unburdening it self by the way the Sovereign Master hath appointed it? We have seen Tyrants of all sorts, some invented exquisite torments and tryals, others forbad eating and drinking, some to weep, some caused children to be taken from the teat, to strangle them and cut their throats, as *Pharaoh* & *Herod*. But never was there any amongst them, who forbad women with child to be delivered. The world hath for a long space been big with you, and would not you have it to be delivered at the time God's counsels have ordained? Were it a handsom thing think you to see an infant presently to have teeth and articulate speech, and yet (if it might be) would stay in the mothers womb, using no other reason but that there is warm being.

Uterus natura. An excellent conceit drawn from the words of *Tertullian*.

Judg now, and take the even ballance; if the world be the belly of nature, if this good mother bare us the time Gods providence appointed, if she now seek her delivery, that we may be born in the land of the living, in a quite other climate, another life, another light, are not we very simple to withstand it, as little infants who cry when they issue out of bloud and ordure,

ordure, at the sight of day-light, yet would not return thither from whence they came.

Providence in the death of the vicious. Bur. l. 1. de consol. *Cum supplicio carent, inest illis aliquid ultra mala, ipsa impunitas.* S. Eucher. in parænesi.

4. Behold the Providence of God in that which concerneth death in the generality of all men. Let us see in this second point the like providence towards the wicked, the vicious, rich, and proud Great-ones, who spit against heaven. We must first establish a most undoubted maxim, that there is nothing so unhappy as impunity of men abandoned to vice, which is the cause the paternal providence of God arresteth them by the means of death, dictating unto them an excellent lesson of their equality with other men.

Mortals circumvolve in life and death, as Heaven on the pole artick and antartick, from east to west; the same day which lengthneth our life in the morning, shortneth it in the evening, and all Ages walk that way, not any one being permitted to return back again. Our fore-fathers passed on, we pass, and our posterity follows us in the like course, you may say, they are waves of the sea, where one wave drives another, and in the end, all come to break against a rock. What a rock is death? There are above five thousand years, that it never ceaseth to crush the heads of so many mortals, and yet we know it not.

I remember to this purpose a notable tradition of the *Hebrews*, related by *Masius* upon *Josuah*, to wit, that *Noah* in the universal deluge which opened the flood-gates of Heaven, to shake the columns of the world, and bury the earth in waters, in stead of gold, silver, and all sort of treasure, carried the bones of *Adam* into the Ark, and distributing them among his sons, said: Take children, behold the most precious inheritance your father can leave you: you shal share lands and seas, as God shal appoint; but suffer not your selves to be intangled in these vanities, which are more brittle then glass, more light then smoak, and much swifter then the winds. My children, all glideth away here below, and there is nothing which eternally subsisteth. Time it self which made us, devours and consumeth us. Learn this lesson from these dumb Doctours, the relicks of your grand-father, which will serve you for a refuge in your adversities, a bridle in your prosperities, and a mirrour at all times.

Masius in *Josuah.* Notable action of *Noah.*

Moreover, I affirm death serves for a perfect lesson of justice to the wicked, which they were never willing throughly to understand, for it putteth into equality all that, which hazard, passion, and iniquity had so ill divided into so many objects.

Birth maketh men equal, since they receive nought else from their mothers womb, but ignorance, sin, debility, and nakedness; but after they come out of the hands of the Midwife, some are put into purple and gold, others into rags and russets: some enter upon huge patrimonies, where they stand in mony up to the throat, and practise almost nothing else throughout their whole life, but to get by rapine with one hand, and profusely spend with the other. Some live basely and miserably necessitous. A brave spirit, able to govern a large Common-wealth, is set to cart by the condition of his poverty. Another becomes a servant to a coxcomb, who hath not the hundreth part of his capacity.

It is the great Comedy of the world, played in sundry fashions, for most secret reasons known to Divine Providence; would you have it last to eternity? See you not Comedians having played Kings and beggars on the stage, return to their own habit, unless they day and night desire to persist in the same sport? And what disproportion is there, if after every one have played his part in the world, according to the measure of time prescribed him by Providence, he resume his own habit?

I also add, it is a kind of happiness for the wicked to dy quickly, because it is unfit to act that long, which is very ill done. And since they so desperately use life, it is expedient, not being good, it be short, that shortness of time may render the malice of it less hurtful. If examples of their like who soon dy, make them apprehensive of the same way, and how seasonably to appear for death, it is a singular blessing for them. But if persisting in contempt, they be punished, it is God's goodness his justice be understood, and that it commandeth even in hell.

5. But if at this present you reflect on the death of the Just, which you should desire; I say, God's Providence there brightly appeareth in three principal things, which are, cessation from travels and worldly miseries, the sweet tranquility of departure, and fruition of crowns and rewards promised.

First, you must imagine what holy *Job* said, That this life is to the just as a myne, wherein poor slaves are made to labour, that they may hit upon the veins of gold and silver. And *Tertullian* had the like conceit, when he said, *The first man was clothed with skins by the hand of God, to teach him be entred into the world as a slave into a myne.* Now as these hirelings, who cease not to turn up the earth with sweat on their brows, tears in their eys, and sighs in their hearts, no sooner have they met with the hoped vein, but they rejoyce and embrace one another, for the contentment they take to see their travels crowned with some good event: So after such combates, such rough temptations, so many calumnies, so many litigious wranglings, such persecutions, such vexations and toils which chosen souls have undergone in the thraldom of this body, when the day come wherein they by a most happy death, meet the veins of the inexhaustible treasure, whereof they are to take possession, they conceive most inexplicable comfort. Then is the time they hear these words of hony: *Go confidently faithful souls, go out of these bodies, go out with alacrity, go out in ful peace and safety: the Eternal Mountains, to wit, the Heavens, and all the goodly company of Angels, and most blessed spirits which inhabit them, will receive you with hymns of triumph: Go confidently on, behold God, who is ready to wipe away your tears with his own fingers. There shal be no more death, no more tears, no more clamours, no more sorrows, behold a state wholly new, what repose, what cessation of arms, what peace!*

the sweetness of the death of the just. *Job.* 3. *Qui expectant mortem, quasi effodientes thesaurum.* Tert. de pallio. *Homo pallium ortus, quasi metalla datur.* Isaiah 35. *In lætitia egredeminí, & in pace deducemini montes & colles canebunt coram vobis laudem.* Apoc. 21. *Absterget Deus omnem lachrymam ab oculis eorum, & mors ultra non erit, neque luctus, neque clamor, neque dolor erit ultra: quia prima abierunt, ecce nova facio omnia.* Acta Clement. Psal. 35. *Quoniam apud te fons vitæ, & in lumine tuo videbimus lumen.*

Do you not sometimes represent unto your self these poor Christians (of whom it is spoken in the acts of S. *Clement*) men of good place banished for the faith, who laboured in the quarreys of *Chersonesus*, with a most extream want of water, and great inconveniencies, when God, willing to comfort their travels, caused on the top of a mountain a lamb marvelously white to appear, who struck with his foot, & instantly made fountains of lively water to distil? What comfort, what refreshment for the drowsie multitude! But what is it in comparison, whe a brave and faithful Christian, who hath passed this life in noble and glorious actions, great toyls and patience, beholds the lamb of God Omnipotent, which calleth him to the eternal sources of life? What a spectacle to see S. *Lewis* dy, after he had twice with a huge army passed so many seas, tempests, monsters, arms, and battels for the glory of his Master? What a spectacle to see S. *Paul* the Hermit dy, after he had laboured an hundred years under the habit of Religion.

The second condition of this death, is great tranquility, for there is nothing at that time in all the world able to afflict, or by acts unresigned to shake a soul

soul firmly united to its God. *But what say you: Juſt men if they be rich, do they not bear in thoſe laſt agony ſome affections to their riches and poſſeſſions?*

Nay, ſo far is it otherwiſe, that they with alacrity go out of all worldly wealth as a little bird from a ſilver Cage, to ſoar in the fields at the firſt breath of the ſpring-tide. I pray tell me, that I may pronounce before you an excellent conceit of S. *Clement* the *Roman*, in the third of his Recognitions: If a little Chicken were ſhut up in an Egg, the ſhell whereof were gilded, and ſet out with curious and delicate paintings, and had reaſon, and choice given it, either to remain in this pretious priſon, or enjoy day-light with all other living creatures under Heavens vault; think you it would abide in a golden ſhell, to the prejudice of its liberty? And imagine with your ſelf, what are all the brave fortunes which have ſo much luſtre in the world? they are gilded ſhells, no way comparable to the liberty of God's children. A good rich man dieth as *Abraham*, who ſays in *Origen*: *My God, if I have been wealthy, it was for the poor; I went out of my houſe, to become a houſe for thoſe who ſtood in need of it, and am perſwaded, that thou haſt made me a Steward of thy goods, to diſtribute them, and not to brood them, as the Hen her Eggs.*

Clemens Rom. Recognit.

Dives fuit ſed pauperi; exterrâ patriâ, domus neſcius, ipſe omnium ſuæ domus & patriæ: ſciens non incubatorem, ſed diſpenſatorem divinæ largitatis.

But if the Juſt man dye poor, he is by ſo much the better pleaſed to forſake wretched lodgings of ſtraw and mortar, to go into an eternal Palace. *But doth it not trouble him to leave a wife, children, and allies?* He leaves all that under the royal mantle of the eternal Providence, and firmly believes, that he who hath care of the flowers of the field, Birds, Bees and Ants, will not forſake reaſonable creatures, ſo they reſt in their duty: But if they muſt ſuffer in this world, he will make of their tribulations, ladders and footſtools of their glory.

What ſhall we ſay of the body? Doth not the ſoul ill to leave it? The body is to the ſoul, as the ſhadow of the earth in the Eclipſe of the Moon. See you not how this bright ſtar, which illuminateth our nights, ſeemeth to be unwillingly captived in the dark, but ſparkleth to get aloft, and free it ſelf from earthly impreſſions. So the faithful ſoul readily untwineth it ſelf from the body, well knowing it hath a much better houſe in the inheritance of God, which is not a manufacture of men, but a monument of the hands of the great Work-man. Repreſent unto your ſelf *Job* on the dunghil, a great anatomy of bones covered with a bloody ſkin, a body which falleth in pieces, and a ſoul on the lips, ready to iſſue forth as a leſſee from a ruinous dwelling. Think you he is troubled to leave his body? Nay, rather he dieth as a Phœnix on the mountain of the Sun, in the odours of his heroick virtues.

2 Cor. 5. *Scimus quoniam ſi terreſtris domus noſtra hujus habitationis diſſolvatur, quod ædificationem ex Deo habemus, domum non manufactam, ſed æternam in cœlis.*

Job 29, 18. *In nidulo meo moriar, & ſicut Phœnix multiplicabo dies.*

But that which maketh this death more ſweet and honourable then any thing, is the hope of beatitude, wherof I will ſpeak in the nineteenth Maxim. Note, that worldlings dye here, ſome like unto Swallows, others as Spiders; the evil rich, paſs away as Swallows, who leave no memory of them, but a neaſt of mortar and ſtraw; for ſuch are all the fair riches of the earth. The ambitious periſh as Spiders, who preſent wretched threds, and ſome little flies in them; ſuch are alſo the ſnares, purſuits, and buſineſſes of the world. But the Juſt forſake us like the ſilk-worm. For this little creature had it underſtanding, would be well pleaſed iſſuing forth of her priſon, to become a Butter-fly, to ſee the goodly Halls of great men, Churches & Altars to ſmile under her works. What a contentment to the conſcience of a juſt man in death, to conſider the Churches adorned, Altars covered, poor fed, ſins reſiſted, virtues crowned, like ſo many pieces of tapiſtry, by the work of his hands! Hath he not cauſe to ſay: *I entred into the liſt, I valiantly fought, I have well ended my race, there remains nothing more for me, but to wear the Crown of Juſtice, which God keeps for me as a pledge.*

2 Tim. 4. *Bonum certamen certavi, curſum conſummavi, in reliquo repoſita eſt mihi corona juſtitiæ*

6. I yet come again to thee (worldly man) who ſo much feareſt this laſt hour. Learn from this diſcourſe to fortifie thy ſelf againſt theſe vain apprehenſions of death, which have more diſturbance for thee, then the Sea ſurges. Is it not a goodly thing to ſee thee tremble at thy entrance into ſo beaten a path, wherein ſo many millions have paſſed along before thee, and the moſt timorous of the earth have finiſhed their courſe as well as the reſt, without any contradiction? All that which ſeemeth moſt uneaſie in this paſſage, is much ſweetned by two conſiderations; the firſt whereof is, That God made it ſo common, that there is no living creature exempt; and the other, That to diſpoſe us to a great death, we every night finde in our ſleep a little death.

Exhortation to ſuch nice people as fear death.

Wilt thou then ſtill doubt to ſet thy foot-ſteps firmly in the paths which the world's Saviour, with his holy Mother, imprinted with their tracks? After thou haſt ſlept ſo many years, and ſo long paſſed through the petty miſeries of death, ſhalt thou never come to the great? Sickneſs and miſeries of the world will one day perhaps make thee deſire that, which thou now moſt feareſt. Were it not better to do by election, what muſt be ſuffered by neceſſity? Haſt thou ſo little profited in the world, that thou haſt not yet ſome friend, ſome only dear beloved, who paſſed into the other life? Needs muſt thou have very little affection in ſtore for him, if thou feareſt the day, which ſhould draw thee near to his company.

What is it maketh all theſe apprehenſions ariſe in thy mind? Is it ſo ill with thee to forſake a world ſo treacherous, ſo miſerable, ſo corrupt? If thou haſt been therin perpetually happy, which is very rare, courageouſly ſet a ſeal upon thy felicity, and be not weary of thy good hap, which may eaſily be changed into a great misfortune. Many have lived too long by one year, others by one day, which made them ſee what they feared more then death. But if thou be afflicted & perſecuted in this life, why art thou not aſhamed when God calleth thee, to go out faintly, frõ a place where thou canſt not ſtay without calamity? Deploreſt thou thy gold, ſilver, coſtly attire, houſes and riches? Thou goeſt into a Country where thou no longer ſhalt need any of that. They were remedies given thee for the neceſſities of life, now that thy wounds ſhall be cured, wouldſt thou ſtill wear the plaiſters? Bewaileſt thou loſs of friends? There are ſome who expect thee above, which are better then the worldly, more wiſe, more aſſured, and who will never afford thee ought but comfort.

Thou perhaps laments the habit of body, & pangs of this paſſage. It is not death then which makes thee wax pale, but life thou ſo dearly loveſt. It hath been told thee in the laſt agonies of death, the body feeleth great diſturbances, that it turns here and there, that one rubs the bed-cloaths with his hands, hath convulſions, ſhuts faſt the teeth, choaketh words, hath a trembling lower lip, pale viſage, ſharp noſe, troubled memory, ſpeech fumbling, cold ſweat, the white of the eye ſunck, and the aſpect totally changed.

What need we fear all that which perhaps will never happen to us? How many are there who dye very ſweetly, and almoſt not thinking of it? You would ſay, they are not there, when it happens. *Cæſar* the Prætour died putting on his ſhoes; *Lucius Lepidus* ſtriking with his foot againſt a gate, the *Rhodian* Ambaſſador having made an Oration before the Senate

Iuſt

of

Embaſſadour, having made an Oration before the Senate of *Rome*, *Anacreon* drinking, *Torquatus* eating a cake, Cardinal *Colonna* taſting figs, *Xeuxis* the Painter laughing at the Picture of an old woman he was to finiſh, and laſtly *Auguſtus* the Monarch, performing a complement. But if ſomething muſt be endured, think you the hand of God is ſtretched out to torment you above your force, or ſhortened to comfort you? He will give you a winter according to your wool (as it is ſaid) ſufferings according to the ſtrength of your body, & a crown for your patience.

You fear nothing (ſay you) of all that I mention, but you dread Judgment: Who can better order that then your ſelf? Had you been the moſt deſperate ſinner in the world, if you take a ſtrong reſolution to make hereafter an exact and effectual converſion, the arms of God are open to receive you. He wil provide for your paſſage, doubt it not, as he took care for your birth. He wil accompany you with his Angels, he will hold you under the veil of his face, under the ſhadow of his protection, and if he muſt purge you by juſtice, he will crown you by his mercy.

The fifteenth EXAMPLE upon the fifteenth MAXIM.

The manner of dying well, drawn from the Model of our LADIE.

ONe of the moſt important myſteries in the world, is to die well. It is never done but once, and if one fail to perform it well, he is loſt without recovery. It is the laſt lineament of the table of our life, the laſt blaze of the torch extinguiſhed, the laſt luſtre of the ſetting Sun, the end of the race which gives a period to the courſe, the great ſeal which ſigneth all our actions. One may in death correct all the defects of an ill life, and all the virtues of a good are defaced and polluted by an evil death. The art of dying wel being of ſo great conſequence, it ſeems God permitted the death of his Mother, to teach us what ours ought to be. The death of the Virgin *Mary*, is the death of a Phenix, which hath three conditions, *reſolution*, *diſengagement*, and *union*.

1. Quality of good death, is the indifferency of time and manner.

I begin with reſolution of conformity to the will of God, which is the firſt quality ſhould be had to die well. That is to hold life in your hands as a loan borrowed from Heaven, ever ready to reſtore it at the leaſt ſummons you ſhall have from the will of God. It is not perfection not to care for life through impatience, nor to have an ear not deaf to death, through faintneſs of courage. This reſignation was moſt excellent, and very admirable in our Lady, for two reaſons. Firſt, the great knowledge ſhe had of beatitude. Secondly, the ineffable love ſhe bare to her Son. For I leave you to think, if our deſires follow the firſt rays of our knowledges, and if we be ſo much the more earneſt after a good, as we are the better informed of its merit, what impatience muſt our Lady needs have of life, ſince ſhe received a ſcience of beatitude, ſtrong, powerful, and reſplendent above all other creatures, God giving her leave to ſee in Calvarie the abyſs of his glories, in the depth of his dolours.

Patience of our Lady to endure life.

It is no wonder we ſo very eaſily affect life, ſeeing we are as the little children of a King, bred in the houſe of a ſhepherd, as the gloſs upon *Daniel* retorteth touching the education of *Nebuchadnezzar*. We know not what a ſcepter, Kingdom, or crown is, in this great meanneſs of a life, baſe and terreſtrial. But had we talked onely one quarter of an hour with a bleſſed ſoul, and diſcourſed of the ſtate of the other life, our hearts would wholly diſſolve into deſires. Which makes me ſay, It was an act of a moſt heroical reſolution in the bleſſed Virgin, in thoſe great knowledges ſhe had of Paradiſe, to have continued ſo many years in this life, and if you conſider the moſt ardent love ſhe bare her Son, who was the adamant of all loves, you ſhall find the holy Virgin, who had borne all the glory of Paradiſe in her womb, more merited in this reſignation ſhe made, to ſee her ſelf ſeparated the ſpace of thirty years, both from Paradiſe & her ſon, then all the Martyrs did in reſigning themſelves to deaths ſtrange, bloody, and hideous.

Martyrdom of love.

There is nothing comparable to the martyrdom of love. It is an exhalation in a cloud. It is a fire in a myne, a torrent ſhut up in ditches, a night of ſeparation, laſteth Ages, and all waxeth old for it, but its deſires. Now this holy Mother to be thirty years upon the croſs of love without repining, without complaint or diſturbance, peaceably expecting the ſtroke of her hour, what virtue, and how far are we from it.

Worldly irreſolutions of death. *Eccl.* Carm. 1. *Ebeu cur dura miſeros aveterit ars, Et flentes oculos claudere fata negat?*

So now adays throughout the world you ſee nothing but mourners, who are loth to live, or faint-hearted that would never die. Some crie out: *Come to me, (O ſluggiſh death) thou haſt forgotten me, what do I here? I am but a living death, & an unprofitable burden to the earth? Ah (death) haſt thou tears of braſs and diamond for me alone? Canſt thou not ſhut up mine eyes, which I daily drown in my tears?* Much otherwiſe, when we ſee one die young, freſh, flouriſhing, in honour, wealth, health, proſperity, we crie out upon death as if it were cruel and malicious. *To take* (ſaith one) *this young betrothed, this poor maid, this husband intended, this excellent man, who ſo well played the* Rhodomont: *to lay hold of one ſo neceſſary for the publick, in the flower of his age! Why took it not away this cripple, this beggar, who hath not wherewith to live? Why took it not away this other, who daily dies, yet cannot die once?* O our manners! O dainty conceits! O fit language! were it not ſome little humane reſpect, we would take Gods Providence by the throat.

Whom do we contend withal? The indifferency we daily ſee in the death of men, where as ſoon the young is taken as the old, the happy as the miſerable, the Emperor as the porter, is one of the greateſt ſigns of Gods Providence to be admired. Why then complain we that God maketh us to leave life when he pleaſeth? It is not a puniſhment, but a wholſom doctrine, by which we learn the power of the Divine Wiſdom. Firſt, when we entred into life, our advice was not required whether we would be born in ſuch or ſuch an Age, ſuch a day, ſuch a year, ſuch an hour; ſo when we muſt be gone from hence, there is no reaſon to ask our counſel. Let us onely yield up this laſt loan, and not murmur againſt the father of the family. Let us not ſay, *this man ſhould go before, and this after*. Who knows them better then God? You complain this miſerable creature lives ſo long, how know you whether he accompliſh the years of his purgatory? How know you whether God ſuffers him to become a ſpectacle unto you of his patience? Why gnaſh you your teeth for anger, that this man rich, that man fortunate, and that other ſo qualified, is taken hence in his flouriſhing youth? How know you the miſadventures and ſhipwracks which attended him, had he ſtill continued in the world? You ſay, he was neceſſary? why, God will ſhew there is not any thing neceſſary in the world but himſelf.

Uno avulſo non deficit alter aureus.

Poor eyes of a bat, which ſee nothing but darkneſs, you would give eyes to *Argus*, and light to the Sun. If you deſire to take part in the prudence of the juſt, handle the matter ſo, that for the firſt ſign of a good death, you be ever indifferent to live or die, accor-

Instinct of the *Onocratalus.*

ding to our Ladies example. Daily expect death, ſtād perpetually on your guard. Do as the brave bird the Grecians call *Onocratalus*, which is ſo well practiſed to expect the Hawk to grapple with her, that even when ſhe ſhuts up her eyes, ſhe ſleepeth with her beak exalted, as if ſhe would contend with her adverſary. Know we are continually among rocks and dangers, that there needs but one hour to get all, or looſe all, that the day of Judgement comes with the pace of a thief, and that we muſt be ready to receive it, and reſolute to combat with death, to gain immortality. Hold this concluding ſentence of *Tertullian*, as an Oracle: Amongſt the rocks and ſhelves of this ſea, called life, Chriſtian faith paſſeth on, breaking the waves, filling the ſails with Gods ſpirit ever aſſured, yet ever diſtruſtful, and perpetually fearleſs, yet ſtill careful of the future. As for the reſt it ſees under its feet an abyſs not to be paſſed by ſwimming, & inexplicable ſhipwrack for thoſe who are drenched, a gulph which ſuffocates all ſuch, as it once ſwalloweth.

Constancy of faith. *Tertul.* l. dol. c. 2. *Hoc inter ſcopulos velificata ſpiritus Dei fidit, navigat tuta ſi cauta, ſecura ſi attonita. Caterum inclinabile excuſſis profundum, inexplicabile impactis naufragium, irreſpirabile devoratis hypocriſibium.*

Second quality of good death. *Philo* l. 3. de vita *Moſis* in fine.

Thé ſecond quality of a good death, is the ready and conſtant adieu given to the world, as did the Bleſſed Virgin, who was ſo diſengaged from it towards death, that ſhe touched not earth at all, but with the ſoles of her feet.

Notable ſpeech of *Philo* of *Moſes* his ſtate Τέλος γὰρ ἦν ἁλῶναι Νόμῳ τὸν.

Philo ſaith, God gave *Moſes* leave to live very long, perpetually in glorious actions, in contemplations, in lights, ſo that his body was worn, waſted, & almoſt wholly vapouredout into the ſubſtance of his ſpirit. By a much ſtronger reaſon may one ſay the like of the Mother of God. For it is certain her life was nothing elſe but a divorce from the world. But as Phyſitians obſerve, that the breath of ſtorks is purified and made ſweet in the proportion as they increaſe in age, in ſuch ſort, that becoming old, they yield forth moſt odoriferous exhalations: So the life of this holy Mother, which was ever hanging about the heart of her Son, ever in the contemplation of the great myſteries of our ſalvation, perpetually in the furnace of love, wholly transformed it ſelf into her well-beloved, as one wax melted into another, as a drop of water poured into a great veſſel of wine as incenſe waſted into flames. O what ſweetneſs of breath! what odour of virtues in her old age! Her body ſeemed to be exhaled, and to vapour out all in ſoul; the ſoul, which is the knot of life, and which poſſeſſeth in us the moſt inferiour part of ſpirituality, diſſolved wholly into ſpirit, which is in the middle, & the ſpirit melted entirely into the underſtanding, which hath the higheſt rank in the ſoul, and which bears the image of the moſt holy Trinity. Her memory in a ſilent repoſe was freed from all remembrances of the world, her will reſided in languiſhing ſervours, and her underſtanding was wholly engulphed in great abyſſes of lights; there was not one ſmall thred of imagination, which tied her to earth.

Harph. c. 49. libri de myſt. c. Theol.

Cant. 3. 6. *Quæ eſt iſta quæ aſcendit per deſertum ſicut virgula fumi, ex aromatibus myrrha & thuris & univerſi pulveris pigmentarii.*

O what an adieu to the world! It is very well declared in the Canticles by theſe words: *Who is it that aſcendeth through the deſart, like a thin vapour compoſed of odours, myrrhe, incenſe, and all the moſt curious perfumes.*

Which ſaith in a word, the holy Virgin was wholly ſpiritualized, wholly vapour, all perfume, all ſpirit, and had (as it were) nothing of body, maſſineſs, or earth.

The three ties of the world, Geneſ. 12. *Egredere de terra tua, de cognatione tua, & de domo patris tui.*

O how many unreaſonably fail in this ſecond condition! When death comes to ſound his trumpet in our ears, and ſaith to us: *Let us go, thou muſt diſlodg from thy lands and inheritances, never to return again, from thy kindred, from the houſe thy father gave thee, to wit, thy body*; how harſh that is to ill mortified ſpirit, and which hold of the world by roots as deep as hell, and as big as arms. *Go out of thy land.* O how hard is this firſt ſtep, to go out of the land, to forſake the land, not at all to pretend to the land, to the gold to the ſilver, to thoſe jewels, that inheritance, to all that glorious glitter of fortune? See the firſt torment of worldly ſpirits. Such there have been, who ſeeing themſelves in the laſt approches of inevitable death, have ſwallowed their gold like pills; other to eternize thēſelves on earth, have cauſed formidable ſepulchers to be built, wherein they put all their wealth, as the *Ægyptian* King *Cheopes*, who proſtituted even his own daughter, to raiſe unto himſelf a Pyramid for burial, ſo enormous, that it ſeemed the earth was too weak to bear it, and Heaven too low to be freed from its importunity. Beſides, he cauſed to be engraven upon it, that the manufactures alone of this ſepulcher, had coſt ſix millions of gold in coleworts and turneps. Others cauſed to be buried with them dogs, horſes, ſlaves, apparel, diſhes to ſerve them in the other world.

Deſperate deſire of worldly goods. *Joannes Nider.*

Yea, it is not long ago, ſince there was found in *Rome* a coffin of marble eight foot long, and in it a robe embroidered with Gold-ſmiths work, which yielded ſix and thirty pounds of gold, beſides fourty rings, a cluſter of emeralds, a little mouſe made of another precious ſtone, and amongſt all theſe precious magnificencies, two leg-bones of a dead corps, known by the inſcription of the tomb, to be the bones of the Empereſs *Mary*, daughter of *Stilicon*, and wife of the Emperour *Honorius*, who died before conſummation of marriage. About twelve hundred years were paſſed, after ſhe was buried with all theſe goodly toys, which (no doubt) gave much eaſe to her ſoul. My God, how are we tied to earth! Tell me not the like is not done now adays, for it is worſe, ſince they were buried after death with their riches, and you (O mortals) alive as you are, build your ſepulchers thereon. We ſee men, who having already one foot in the grave, if you ſpeak to them of the affairs of their conſciences, all the ſpirit yet remaining, is perhaps for two or three hours beſieged by an infinite number of thoughts of worldly wealth. Death crieth out aloud in their ears, ſaying: *Go from thy land*, and you pull it to you as with iron hooks.

Anno 1544 Belforeſt. Goodly monument of the Empereſs *Mary.*

After that cometh kindred, allies, table-friends, friends for game, buffons, amoriſts, and all the delights of former companies. Some weep, others make ſhew of tears, the reſt under a veil of ſorrow make bones-fires in their hearts, they ſeem all to appear about the bed, and to ſing this ſad ſong of S. *Auguſtine*: *Alas, do you leave us, and ſhall we hereafter meet no more together? Farewel pleaſing amities. Adieu feaſts, adieu ſports, adieu loves. This nor that will any longer be permitted from this moment for ever.* Behold another very ſlippery and dangerous ſtep, notwithſtanding you muſt leave it: Death haſtneth and ſayes: *Go from thy kindred.*

Aug. Conf. 6. 11. *Dimitis ne nos a momento illo non erimus ſecum ultra in æternum? Et a momento iſto non licebit hoc & illud ultra in æternum?*

In the laſt, the body and fleſh is preſented, which ſeems to ſay: Ah my ſoul, whither goeſt thou? My dear hoſteſs, whither goeſt thou? Thou haſt hitherto ſo tenderly pampered me, ſo pompouſly clothed me, ſo wantonly cheriſhed me. I was thy Idol, thy Paradiſe, thy little Goddeſs, and where will you put me? into a grave with ſerpents and worms? what ſhall I do there, & what will become of me: Behold a hard task, principally for ſuch of both ſexes, as have dearly loved their bodies, like the Dutcheſs of *Venice*, of whom Cardinal *Petrus Damianus* ſpeaketh, who was plunged into ſenſuality with ſo much profuſion, that ſhe could not endure to lodge but in chambers full of delicious perfumes of the Eaſt, ſhe would

Damian. opuſc. in. ſtit. ad Blanch. c. 11. The prodigality of a Venetian Lady, and her punishment.

would not wash her self, but in the dew of Heaven, which must be preserved for her with much skill. Her garments were so pompous, that nothing remained but to seek for new stuffs in Heaven, for she had exhausted the treasures of earth. Her viands so dainty, that all the mouths of Kings tasted none so exquisite, nor would she touch her meat, but with golden forks and precious stones. God, to punish this cursed superfluity, cast her on a bed, and assailed her with a malady so hideous, so stinking and frightfull, that all her nearest kin were enforced to abandon her, none staying about her, but a poor old woman already throughly accustomed to stench and death, yet could not this proud creature part with her infamous body but with sorrow. She was of those souls that *Plato* calleth *Philosomates*, which tie themselves to flesh as much as they can, and after death would gladly still walk round about their flesh, to find a passage into it again.

Modesty of a son of S. *Lewis.*

The way how to be well provided for death.

Know you what is to be done to die well? Cut off in good time, the three chains which straightly bind foolish and sensual souls. For the first passage that concerneth earthly goods, seasonably dispose of your temporal. Entangle not your hands for so short a time as you are to live in great affairs, perilous, and uncertain, which will perplex you all your life, and throw you down to death. Do not like evil travellers, who stay to reckon and contend with their hostess, when it is already fair day-light, and that the guid wrangles and sweareth at them. Digest your little business, that you may leave no trouble in your family after death. Make a Will clear and perspicuous, which draweth not suits after it. Preserve your self carefully from imitating that wicked man, who caused all his gold and silver to be melted into one mass to set his heirs together by the ears, who killed one another, sprinkling the apple of discord and the object of their avarice, with their blood. Say to your self, I brought nothing into the world, nor will carry any thing away, no not the desire of it. Behold one part of my goods, which must be restored to such and such; these are true debts that must necessarily be discharged. Behold another for pious legacies. Another for alms to persons needy and indigent, another for my servants male and female, & my poor friends who have faithfully served me. They have wasted their bodies & lives, to contribute all they might to my wil; there is no reason I should forget them. Nay, I desire my enemies have some part in my will. As for my children and heirs, the main shal go to them, they wil be rich enough, if they be virtuous enough. Behold how the temporal should be disposed.

And for so much as concerneth kindred, give the benediction of God to your children, and all your family; leave worthy examples of contempt of the world, of humility, of patience, of charity: procure a full reconciliation with your enemies, entertain your friends with sage discourses, which may shew you gladly accept Gods visitations, that you die full of resolutions to prepare them a place, and that you expect from their charity, prayers and satisfactions for your negligence and remisness. If needs some small tribute must be paid to nature in two or three drops of tears, it is tolerable. But take away these whyning countenances, these petty furies, these mercenary weepers, who weep, not knowing why, nor for what they mourn.

As for that which toucheth the state of your body, it would be a goodly thing for you to bewail it, after you have had so many troubles in it. Go out of it like a Tenant from a ruinous house, go from it as from a prison of earth and mortar: Go out of it as on the sea from a rotten leaky ship, to leap on the shore, and care not much what will become of it after death, so it be on holy land. Souls well mortified speak not of flesh, considering the state of sin, but with horrour. Yea, we find in the bequests of one of the sons of S. *Lewis*, Count of *Alencon*, these words: *I will the Tomb that shall cover my stinking flesh, exceed not the charge of fifty livres, and that which encloseth my evil heart pass not thirty livres.* Behold how the son of one of the greatest Kings in the world speaketh of his body, & would you idolatrize yours?

Lastly, for the third condition of a good death, it must have union with God, whereof our Lady giveth us a perfect example. For it being well verified by Theology, that there are three unions supernatural, and as it were wholly ineffable, the first whereof is the sacred knot of the most holy Trinity, which tieth three persons in one same Essence, the second, is the tie of the Word with humane nature, which subsisteth by the hypostasis of the same Word, and the third, the intimate conjunction of a Son-God with a Mother-Virgin; I affirm, the Virgin being a pure creature cannot equal either the union of the Trinity, or the hypostatical union, yet notwithstanding hath the highest place of all created unions; as she who was united to God when she lived in the world, in the most sublime and sacred manner, the spirits of the most exalted Seraphins might imagine, which was most divinely expressed by S. *Bernard*: *She entred into a deep abyss of divine wisdom, so that she was united to light inaccessible, so much as a creature might be permitted, not arriving to the personal union of God.*

The third quality of a good death.

Profundissimam divina sapientia penetravit abyssum, & quantum sine personali unione creatura conditio patitur, luci illi inaccessibili videatur immersa. D. Bernard. serm. In signum magnum *Mater mea quam appellatis fœlicem, inde fœlix, quia verbum Dei custodit, non quia in illa Verbum caro factum est, &c.* Aug. tract. 10. in Joan.

But saying this, I not onely speak of the union she had in quality of the Mother of God, being one same flesh, and one same substance with her Son, but of the union of contemplation, devotion, and submission to the will of God, which alone was the center of her felicity, as witnesseth S. *Augustine*: *My Mother whom you call happy, hath all her happiness, not so much because the Word was made man in her, as for that she kept the word of God, who made her, and who afterward allied himself to humane nature in her womb*; as he would say, Our Lady was more happy to have conceived God in her heart, and continually kept spiritual union with him, then to have once brought him forth according to flesh.

We cannot arrive at this sublime union of the Mother of God, but howsoever at least in the last period of thy life, having bid adieu to the world, and drawn the curtain between thee and creatures, endeavour to be united as perfectly as is possible, to thy Creatour. First by good and perfect confession of the principal actions of all thy life, Secondly by a most religious participation of thy *viaticum* in presence of thy friends, in a manner the most sober, well ordered, and edificative, thou maist. In the third place seasonably receiving extream unction, thy self answering if it be possible, to the prayers of the Church, and causing to be read in the approaches of this last combat some part of the passion. Lastly, by the acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition.

I approve not the manner of some, who make studied remonstrances to dying men, as if they were in a pulpit, nor of those who blow incessantly in their ears unseasonable words, & make as much noise with the tongue, as heretofore Pagans with their kettles in the eclipse of the Moon. We must let those good souls depart without any disturbance in the shades of death. S. *Augustine* would die in great silence, desiring not to be troubled with lamentations nor visits, for ten days together, where having hanged some versi-

cles of Pſalms about his bed be fixed his dying eyes upon them with a ſweetneſs moſt peaceful, and ſo gave up the ghoſt. It is good to ſay:

Credo Domine, adjuva incredulitatem meam. Marc. 9. *Scio quod Redemptor meus vivit, &c.* Job. 9. *Si ambulavero in medio umbra mortis non timebo mala, quoniam tu mecum es.* Pſal. 22. *Quid mihi in cœlo, &c.* Pſal. 72.

My God I believe, aſſiſt my incredulity. I know my Redeemer is living, and that I ſhall ſee him in the ſame fleſh which I at this preſent diſarray. Though I muſt walk into the ſhades of death, I will fear nothing, becauſe (Oh my God) thou art with me. What haue I to deſire in heaven, and what would I of thee on earth? My fleſh and my heart are entranced in thee, O thou God of my heart, and my portion for all eternity. Wherefore art thou ſo ſad (Oh my ſoul) and why doſt thou trouble me? Turn now to thy reſt, becauſe God hath afforded the mercie.

Quare triſtis es anima mea, &c. Pſal. 21.

Behold how the Virgin, our Lady died; behold how Saint *Lewis* died, behold how Saint *Paula* departed, of whom Saint *Hierom* (a) ſaid: The holy Lady rendring up her life, put her finger on her mouth, as deſirous to imprint the ſign of the Croſs upon it turning the gaſps of death, and laſt breath of the ſoul, into the praiſes of God, whom ſhe ſo faithfully had ſerved.

(a) *Hier. ep. 27. ad Euſtoc.* *Digitum ad os tenens, crucis ſignum pingebat in labris. Anima eius rumpere geſtiens, ipſum ſtridorem quo mortalis vita finitur in laudes converterat.*

XVI. MAXIM

Of the Immortality of the SOUL.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

Little care is to be had of the Soul after death, ſo all be well with it in this life.

1 A Man who doubteth and queſtions the immortality of the Soul, ſheweth in the very beginning that he almoſt hath no ſoul and that retaining nought but the ſubſtance of it to ſuffer, he hath loſt the lights and goodneſs which might crown it. Never enter theſe thoughts into any man without making a tomb of fleſh for his reaſon, whileſt he ſo flattering his body, forgets all the excellencies of his ſoul.

We muſt here follow the counſel of ancient Sages; when a Libertine will impugn a verity known by the only light of nature, it is not needful to anſwer his abſurdities, but to lead him directly into the ſtal, and to ſhut him up with beaſts, ſpeaking unto him the ſentence which the Prophet *Daniel* pronounced againſt *Nebuchadnezzar*: *Thou ſhalt hereafter be baniſhed from the company of men, and thy abode ſhall be with beaſts and ſavage creatures.*

Sentence againſt the wicked. *Ejicient te ab hominibus, & cum beſtiis feriſque erit habitatio tua.*

All ſpeak, and all diſpute for the Maxim of the *Holy Court*, and although we ought to have full obligation to faith, which manifeſtly hath ſet this truth before us, thereunto affixing all the order of our life, and the principal felicity we hope for, yet are we not a little enlightned with ſo many excellent conceits which learning furniſheth us withal upon it, and which I will endeavour to abbreviate, comprehending much in few words.

2. I will then ſay for your comfort, that it hath happened that an Heretick loſt both of underſtandng and conſcience having oppoſed the belief of Purgatory (hereſy being a beaten path to infidelity) came to this point of folly, as throughly to perſwade himſelf that death ended all things, and that theſe endeavours of prayers and ceremonies which we afford to the memory of the deceaſed, were given to ſhadows. He did all a wicked man might to tear himſelf from himſelf, and bely that which God made him: but it was impoſsible for him as you ſhall ſee in conſidering the three chambers of juſtice wherein he was condemned. Firſt, he entred into the Court before the tribunal of Nature, & thought he ſaw a huge troup of all the learned men of the earth, and all Nations of the univerſe, who came to fall upon him as a mighty cloud, armed with fire and lightning.

The belief of the immortality of the ſoul invincible. Condemnation of impiety in the tribunal of nature.

My God (ſaid he) what is this? The great *Tertullian* ſaid, and it is true, that verities which fall in-

Quod apud multos commune inve-

THE HOLY COURT.

That we have an immortal Soul, capable of happineſs or unhappineſs eternal.

to the general underſtandings of all men, as acknowledged, avowed, and confeſſed by all ſorts of nations, ought to be believed as by a decree of Nature. The example thereof is evident. For all men in the world believe, that the whole is greater then a part, that the ſuperiour number exceedeth the inferiour. That the father and mother ſhould be honoured, as the Authours of life: That one muſt not do to another what he would not be done unto himſelf. And becauſe every one underſtands & averreth this by the light of nature, he would be thought a beaſt or a mad man who ſhould contradict it. Now from whence proceedeth it, that the belief of the ſouls immortality, holds the ſame place with theſe general Maxims, although it be otherwiſe much tranſcendent above our ſenſe? If I regard the courſe of time and revolution of Ages, from the beginning of the world, one cannot aſsign any one wherein this faith hath not been publiſhed by words or actions, correſpondent to the life of the other world. And if ſome depraved ſpirits have doubted it, they were gain-ſaid by publick voice, by laws, ceremonies, cuſtoms, proteſtations of Common-wealths, of Empires and Kingdoms where they took beginning. If I look upon all the Nations of the earth ſo far diſtant in climates, ſo divided in commerce, ſo different in diſpoſitions, ſo contrary in opinions, they all agree in this ray of the light of nature, that there is a life of ſeparated ſouls, that there are puniſhments and rewards at the going out of the body.

nitur, non eſt erratum ſed traditum. Tertul.

Tertul. de teſtimonio animæ.

It is the belief of *Hebrews*, *Chaldeans*, *Perſians*, *Medes*, *Babylonians* *Ægyptians* *Arabians*, *Ethiopians*, *Scythians*, *Grecians*, ancient *Gauls*, *Romans*, & that wch is moſt admirable, after one hath roamed over *Europe*, *Africk*, *Aſia*, let him enter into the new worlds which nature hath divided from us by ſo mighty a maſs of Seas, ſhelves, rocks, and monſters, he findeth the faith of the ſouls immortality began there, ſo ſoon as men. It is obſerved to have been ſo publick with the ancient, that they carried the marks thereof on their garments, and inſcribed it on their tombs.

Men of the beſt quality of *Rome*, had little croiſſants on their ſhoes (ſaith *Caſtor*) to ſignifie their ſouls came from Heaven, and were to return to Heaven after the death of the body, and therefore there was not any thing in them which ought not to be celeſtial. The like alſo is found of tombs, where open

Plutar. Problem. 71.

Camerar.

gates

gates were engraven on them, to shew that after death all was not shut up from the soul, but that it had passages into eternity.

All the most eminent Philosophers, following the bright splendour of natural light, although distant by the course of Ages, parted into sects, divided into so many different Maxims, agreed in this, as *Mercury Trismegistus, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Xenocrates, Seneca, Plutarch, Maximus Tyrienſis, Jamblicus, Themistius, Epictetus* and *Cicero*, as may be seen in so many excellent Treatises, which I might mention at large were they well enough known. But if sometimes doubtful passages occurre in *Aristotle* and *Seneca* hereupon, were it not much better to judge them by so many perspicuous and illustrious sentences, which they have upon the life of the other world, then to censure them by some words insensibly escaped in discourse? In which, if some thing repugnant to our doctrine may be discovered, it is to be understood of the sensitive and vegetative soul, not the reasonable and intelligent, which these Authours ever set aside, as being celestial and divine.

Enu. l. 7. c. 10. *Nec vult improbus animam immortalem esse, ne ad conspectum Judicis aqui torquendus veniat. Malunt enim extingui penitus, quam ad supplicia reservari.*

3. Never (saith *Plotinus*) was there a man of good understanding amongst so many Writers, who strove not for the immortality of the soul. But if any one among them hath impugned it, even in the darkness of Gentilism, it hath been observed, there ever was some disorder and impurity in his life, which made him controvert his opinion, to divert the apprehension of punishments due to his crimes. That was it, which *Minutius Felix* said: *I well know many pressed with a conscience guilty of crimes, rather desire to be nothing after their death, then to be perswaded of it, for they wish rather wholly to perish, then to be reserved for their punishment.*

He should make an annotation, not a discourse, who would here alledg all the authorities of the ancients, which are very ordinary. I satisfie my self with a most excellent passage of wise *Quintilian*, who in the case of an inchanted sepulcher, comprized all the doctrine of Gentiles upon this Artiele, when he said:

Animam inde venire, unde rerum omnium authorem, parentem, Spiritum ducimus, nec interire, nec solvi, nec ullo mortalitatis affici fato? sed quotiès humani corporis carcerem effugerit, & exonerata membris mortalibus, levi se igne lustravent, petere sedem inter astra.

Our Soul came from the same place from whence proceeded the Eternal Spirit, Authour, and Father of all things, to wit, the true God, and that this soul could neither be corrupted, die, nay, nor feel the least touch of mortality common to corruptible things. But at the passage out of the prison of body, it was purged by fire, and after this purgation it ascended to Heaven, there to live happie. Which is to be understood of good souls: for polluted and impious, are deliuered to eternal torments, by the consent of the wisest Gentiles.

Behold a man, who in few words heaped together the belief of more then fourty Ages which preceded him, touching the immortality of the soul, Paradise, Purgatory, hell, and that within the limits of the light of nature. (a) *Plato* saith the same:

(a) Plato 1. de Legib. συμβαλλε πατρῶα. Ῥῆτος λευκή.

That our soul wears the liveries of the eternal Father which make it incorruptible.

Algazel in the book of nature:

That our soul being separated from the body, shall subsist with the first intelligence.

Maximus Tyrienſis:

That that which we call death, was the beginning of immortality.

Dionysius the Geographer forgat not in the worlds description, the *white Island*, whereinto it was held the souls of Heroes were carried.

Lawyers were not ignorant of it, for when there is any speech of legacies to be distributed on the birth-day of the Testatour, they avouch them to be legacies which must be given in perpetuity, every year on the birth-day, by reason, *that by death we enter into another nativity*, which is that of glory. To the very same, the law of sepulchers hath relation, which saith: *We know, and our faith is not in vain, that souls discharged from bodies, have understanding, and that the spirit which is celestial, returneth to its original.* Marcel. in l. cum quidam. l. 23. de annuis legatis. Theodosius, & valent. Novella de sepulchris tit. 5. *Scimus nec vana fides est, solutas membris animas habere sensum, & in originem suam spiritum redire cœlestem.* Tertul. de testim. animæ.

From whence comes this consent so great, so universal, so authentical, in a thing so sublime, so alienated from sense, so eminent, but from the spirit of God? Let us say with *Tertullian* in the book of the souls testimony: *From whence proceeds it, that those who will neither see nor hear Christians, have the language of Christians? I much suspect the consent of words in so great a disagreement of conversation.*

4. I am condemned in this first Court of justice, (said the Libertine.) But let us go along to the Tribunal of supernatural light, and see what the divine Wisdom will affirm: Let us follow the counsel of *S. Ambrose: He who made heaven, teacheth us the mysteries of heaven, whom shal I believe touching the verities of God, but God himself?* And verily, behold the advice God giveth us, to resolve us in doubtful cases, which is, to follow some great and powerfull authority, that may draw our spirits with a strong hand out of so many labyrinths. Without it (saith *S. Augustine*) there would neither be world, rest, light, wisdom, nor religion. And if a decisive authority must be chosen, where shal we find one more certain then that of a Man-God, whose words were prophesies, life sanctity, actions miracles, who by ways secret and incomprehensible, advanced the Cross on Capitols, and gave a new face to the whole world? Sentence of God upon the immortality of the soul. *Ambros.* in Symmachus. *Cœli mysterium docet nos Deus ipse qui condidit. Cui magis de Deo, quam Deo credam?* Vide *August.* ep. 4. ad Vincent. *An veritas comperta sine Deo? cui Deus cognitus sine Christo?* 3 Reg. 17. *Revertatur anima pueri ejus in viscera ejus.*

Now without speaking at this time of the Pentateuc, where the Word with his own mouth drew reasons for the immortality of the soul, against the *Sadduces*, I might alledge the book of *Kings*, where the soul of a little infant returneth into its body, at the words of *Elias*. I could produce the true soul of *Samuel*, which returneth from Limbo and speaks to King *Saul*, as the Wiseman rendereth this apparition undoubted, which I will shew. I might mention the book of *Tobias*, which distinguisheth two places for souls in the other world, one of darknes, & the other of lights. But let us hear *Ecclesiastes*, since Infidels will make an arrow of it against us, where, after the propositions of the wicked rehearsed in this book to be refuted (which must be well observed) the Wiseman decideth and concludes, *That the body returneth into the earth from whence it came, and the spirit to God who gave it.* Let us hear Wisdom where it is written: Ecclesiast. 26. 21. *Exaltavit vocem ejus de terra in prophetia.* Tob. 4. 11. Eccles. 12. 7.

That the soules of the Just are in the hands of God, and shall not be touched with the torment of death. Sap. 3. 1.

Let us hear the Prophet *Daniel*, who saith: Daniel. 12. 3.

The true Sages shall shine as the brightnes of the firmament, and that such as instruct many to justice, shall be as stars for ever.

Lastly, let us hear our Saviour, who speaketh to us clearly and intelligibly in the blood of all Martyrs:

Fear not those who kill the body, and cannot kill the soul. Mat. 10. 28.

Here will we hold this doctrine of the immortality from his own mouth, more then from any other reason: he caused us to make it an Article of faith, he establisheth upon it all our beatitude, why should we then argue and trie new conclusions, after the decision of Gods Word?

5. I knew well (said the wicked man) this second Court would condemn me, but I am not yet satisfied. After nature and faith, I appeal to reason, I will enter into the bottom of my self, to know some news of my self. What a madnes is it to appeal from the decrees of God, to reason? And yet was this wretch condemned likewise by this tribunal. For Proofs drawn out of reason.

asking

asking his ſoul, whither wilt thou go? What will become of thee after the death of thy body? Wilt thou not accompany it in death as thou didſt during life? I dy (replyeth the ſoul) It is as impoſſible the light of the Sun become night, and fire ice, as the ſoul of man, which is the ſource of life and underſtanding, ſhould be ſubject to death.

S. Thom l. 2 contra Gentes c. 79. For from whence ſhould this death and corruption proceed? If thou haſt never ſo little reaſon, thou welſeeſt what the great S. *Thomas*, and all the Sages of the world ſaid: A thing cannot dy and be corrupted but by one of three ways, either by action of its contrary; ſo heat, cold, moyſture & drougth corrupt our bodies by mutual counterbuffs and continual combats: or by the want of ſubject which ſerves as a baſis or foundation to it; ſo the eye dyeth, when its organ is corrupted: or by defect of the aſsiſtance of the cauſe which hath influence into it; ſo the light faileth in the air when the Sun retireth. In which of theſe three kinds wouldſt thou corrupt me? Should it be by the action of the contrary. I am not ſubject to bodily impreſsions, but to thoſe only of the mind, which are rather to perfect then corrupt me. I am not compoſed of elements, I am not hot, cold, moiſt, nor dry, I admit no contrariety. But when I (a) comprehend in my underſtanding, white, black, water, fire, life and death, I accord all contraries. Death (ſaith (b) *Lucretius*) is only made for the things which have a collection of parts, and I am moſt ſimple.

Subſtantia intellectualis patitur tantum intelligibiliter. qui motus potius eſt perfectivus quam corruptivus. S. Thom. l. 2. contra Gentes c. 55. (a) *Anima parvo continetur corpore, continetque res maximas* Æneſius Platonicus (b) Lucr. l. 1. *Mors cœtum diſſipat ollis.* *Ariſt.* l. 2. de anima l. 2. text. 1.

Wilt thou ruin me by defect of the body? I am of a nature different from body. It was ſometime without me, & I ſhall be a long time without it, for I depend not on it, but by accident and chance. I take ſomewhat of it as an hoſteſs in this life, but I govern it as a miſtriſs for eternity. I make uſe of the organs of ſenſes, but I correct ſenſes, and when they tell me the Sun is but a foot broad, I prove to them by lively reaſons it is much greater then the globe of the earth if I borrow fantaſies from imagination, I make truths of them: and in matter of underſtanding, willing and judging, which is my proper profeſsion. I have properly nothing to do with bodies, as the Philoſopher *Ariſtotle* hath well obſerved, ſaying, I could not be before body, but I might remain after the death of body, and be ſeparated from it, as things eternal from corruptible, becauſe I have an action diſentangled from body, wch is contemplation. All that which is idle periſheth in nature: but I have no death becauſe not idle. I make it my profeſsion to underſtand, to will, and to love, which I now exerciſe in a body, but which doth not abſolutely depend on body. I make uſe of my ſenſes, as of my windows: when they ſhall be no more, and that the panes of my priſon ſhall be broken, I ſhall not for all that looſe ſight but ſhall ſee the more eaſily. Behold you not how even at this preſent, I never am more knowing, then when I ſink into the bottom of my ſelf, and ſeparate my ſelf from commerce of ſenſe. For I am a Miſtriſs (ſaid S. *Auguſtine*) who ſee better by my own eyes, then by thoſe of my ſervant. Wouldſt thou deſtroy me by the want of an influent cauſe? Needs muſt God fail, if I ſhould be ſo defective on that part, ſince God having created a thing, never reduceth the ſame to nothing. Material creatures are corrupted by changing themſelves into another nature, and return into elements, but I who have no matter, ſubſiſt by neceſsity, abſolutely entire, and wholly incorruptible, without ſuffering theſe changes.

Radix intellectualitatis eſt immaterialitas

Ask likewiſe thy underſtanding, and it will repeat the philoſophical Axiom: The workman is known by the work; by the operation of every thing its nature is diſcovered: from whence enſueth, that if the manner which thy ſoul uſeth in its functions & operations be wholly ſpiritual, we may truely ſay, it is all ſpirit, all indiviſible and wholly incorruptible. Now where is it, that it worketh not with a tenderneſs and admirable ſpirituality? Firſt, in the ſeparations it maketh of univerſal natures, in numbers, relations, proportions, orders, correſpondencies, harmonies, in things eternal and divine. Secondly, in judgements, diſcourſes, diſputations, compariſons, applications, which it maketh on every thing. Thirdly, in the conſiderations and reflections it hath on it ſelf, yea, over all its actions, almoſt *in infinitum*. If it did not work ſpiritually, how could it harbour in the memory, ſo many ſeas, rivers, mountains, valleys, cities and caſtles? How could it put ſo many places into one place, not holding any place? If it operated not ſpiritually and indiviſibly, how could it be whole in each of its actions? The body, becauſe it is body and quantitative, and diviſible, what it doth with one part, it doth not neceſſarily with another, what it toucheth with the hand, it doth not neceſſarily touch with the foot; but the ſoul is all in its action. If the ſoul underſtand, all the ſoul underſtandeth. If the ſoul will, all the ſoul willeth. If the ſoul ſuffer, all the ſoul ſuffereth. For it is an indiviſible. That was it, which S. *Auguſtine* judiciouſly ſpake: *The ſoul is all in each of its motions.*

Avicenna apud Capreol. *Modus operandi ſequitur modum eſſendi.* The operations of the ſoul are admirable.

Auguſt. l. de ſpiritu & anima c. 19.

Mortal things can do nothing immortal. But our ſoul, to teach us its immortality, doth wounderful works, which fear not the ſythe of time, the wheel of inconſtancy, nor power of death; it out-lives ſtones, mettals, *Ægyptian* Pyramids, and the worlds ſeven wonders. It is a ſtrange thing to ſee a humane ſpirit, which taketh away the veil from nature, and looketh into the bottom, and penetrateth into the very marrow. It entreth into theſe great labyrinths of eſſences, it defineth, divideth, diſtinguiſheth, ſevereth, it appropriateth, maketh marvelous diſſections, mounteth above the tracks of the Sun and time, ſcoreth out the courſe of the Heavens, the periods of the Stars. It deciphereth eclipſes to an inſtant, and foregoeth by underſtanding thoſe great celeſtial bodies, whoſe motions are more ſwift then wind or thunder Frō thence it expatiateth into the air, there to hear the winds blow, rain pour down, tēpeſts roar, lightnings flaſh, rain-bows and crowns ariſe. It deſcendeth into the deep caverns of the earth, there to meditate on the mettals. It floateth on the ſea, it reckoneth the veins of the abyſs, it keeps a regiſter of ſo many birds and fiſhes, ſo many terreſtrial creatures, ſo many worms and ſerpents, ſo many hearbs and plants. All this great frame of nature paſſeth through its conſideration, from the cedars of *Libanus*, to the hyſſop. It createth ſciences, inventeth arts, it findeth out an infinite number of devices. It governeth the great bodies of Kingdoms aad Common-wealths with paſſages of incomparable prudence. Arms and laws, cures of maladies, commerce, navigations, induſtries of mechanicks, and finally, a million of rarities are produced from the ſources of the wit of man who cannot yet underſtand his own worth.

Anima in quibuſcunque ſuis motibus tota eſt Manillius l. 4. Aſtron. *Jam nuſquam natura latet, perviſimus omnem.*

Beſides, what is more ſpiritual, more independent on matter, then the action of the will, then free-will, which beareth the beginning of its motion and elevation within it ſelf, not borrowing it from any? What is more divine, then to ſee a heart more capable then abyſſes, which cannot be ſatiated with all the things in the world? The plant is contented with a little dew; the horſe with a few oats and hay, becauſe animal and vegetative nature is limited to certain ſmal quantities. But the immaterial

ſoul

soul, as it is in some sort infinite, bendeth to infinity.

(a) *Omnibus fere ingenita est fama post mortem cupido. Et unde anima affectaret aliquid quod velit post mortem, si nihil de posthoro sciret.* Tertul. de testim. animæ.

(a) It speaketh of Heaven as of its mansion, and of God, as of the object of its felicity. It desireth to live ever, it taketh incomparable care for posterity, it interesseth it self in the future, which it would never do, were it not its hereditary possession.

Sleep, which tameth Lions, cannot overcome it. It learns its immortality even in the image of death; there it is where it incessantly worketh, travelleth by sea and land, negotiateth, converseth, sporteth, rejoyceth, suffereth, hunteth after a thousand objects both good and bad, and knoweth (says *Eusebius*) that having no end in its motion, it hath none in its life.

And to conclude in a word, what is there more admirable for the proof of our immortality, then this *synderesis*, this conscience, which is in the body, contrary to the body, and a perpetual enemy of sensual nature, which pleadeth, which questioneth, which strikes us with remorse upon the remembrance of sin? What is there less corporal then a soul, which can see its body burned, flesh pulled off with pincers, and members torn piece-meal one after another, to maintain and preserve a belief, which it judgeth to be true, as did the Martyrs. Never should we behold such a combat between the soul and body, were they not two pieces, quite different, the one whereof is sublime, spiritual, immortal, the other low, frail, and mortal?

We likewise daily see how the soul wholly retired within it self (as it happeneth in apprehensive speculations and raptures) is more strong and knowing then ever, being touched by some ray from commerce with Intelligencies, to which it hath so much relation. We find by experience, that upon the declining age when the body shrinketh, it hath much more vigour in counsels and judgments, which giveth us assurance it cannot any way participate of the corruption of the flesh. Who will consider the effects of the soul in three principal things, which are, Intelligence, Sanctity, and Courage, shall find all therein is divine. And if the wicked, smothering these gifts of God, will put themselves willingly into the rank of brute beasts, do they not wel deserve the place of devils?

Eam decrescente corpore augeri maxime videmus. Æ. nesius. *Illa sine hoc vivit melius, hoc sine illa nec pejus.* Claudius Marcus l. 3. de statu animæ c. 2. Manifest conviction.

6. Finally, we say we have a soul immortal, because God both can and will make it such. He can, for he is Omnipotent, and it is not a harder matter for him to preserve souls he created, then to derive them from nothing: He will, because he engageth his Eternal word to give us this assurance; yea, he will, because it is manifested to us by the light of nature. One cannot believe a God, unless he believe him just: and it is impossible to think him just, without the belief of an immortal soul, as S. *Clement* reasoneth after his Master, the great S. *Peter*. For what a stupidity is it to imagine this father of spirits, who accommodated the most silly creatures with all the conveniencies of nature, hath neglected man so far, as to afford him a most lively knowledge, and a most ardent thirst of immortality, which principally appeareth in the most holy and worthy souls, to hold a heart in torment, never affording it any means to be satisfied, since in all nature, he never grants any inclination to any creature whatsoever, but that he provideth for its accomplishment?

Clemens. 3 Recogn.

But which is more, into what mind of a *Tartarian* can this imagination fall, that a sovereign Cause most intelligent, very good, and Omnipotent, should be pleased to burn virtue here with a slow fire, to tear it among thorns, to tie it on wheels, afterward to equal the soul of the most virtuous man of the earth, with that of murderers, *Sardanapaluses* and *Cyclops*: Never should these base thoughts take possession of the heart of man, if he had not vilified his reason with great sins, and drowned his soul in the confusion of body?

Put these prophane spirits a little upon the proof of their opinion, & let them consider the reasons of *Plinie*, of *Lucretius*, of *Panecus*, & *Soranus*; they are not men who speak, but hogs that grunt. They tell you, the soul is not seen at its passage out of the body as if the corporal eye were made to see a soul spiritual. Doth one see the air, the winds, odours, and the sphere of fire, which our soul incomparably surpasseth in subtlety? They ask, what doth this soul separated, where is its sight, its hearing, pleasure, taste, touching, and what good can it have without the help of sense? Spirits dulled with matter, which never gave themselves leisure to find out the curious operations of the soul in the understanding and love whereupon it lives of its own wealth. They curiously enquire where so many souls may abide, as if hell were not big enough to contain all the Athiests.

Plin. l. 7 c. 55. *Ubi cogitatio illis? Quomodo visus, auditus? and quod sine his bonum? Qua deinde fides? Qua malum ista dementia iterari vitam morte?*

Lastly they add, it is to tyrannize over a soul, to make it survive after death. Who sees not it is the fear they have of God's judgment, causeth them to speak in this manner? And are not they well worthy of all unhappiness, since they so readily become the enemies of an eternal happiness?

Let us cut off the stream of so many other reasons, and say at this present, This should teach us to treat with the dead, by way of much respect, and most tender charity, as with the living. It should teach us to use our soul as an eternal substance.

The care to be had of the soul.

What would it avail us to gain all the world, and loose that which God deigned to redeem by his death? Let us forsake all these inferiour and frivolous thoughts, which nail us to the earth, and so basely fasten us to the inordinate care for our bodies. Let us manure our soul, let us trim it up as a plot fit to receive impressions of the divinity. Let us prepare it for the great day of God, which must make the separation of a part so divine from these mortal members. Let all that die, which may yield to death. Let the contexture of humours and elements dissolve, as weak works of nature.

But let us regard this victorious spirit, which hath escaped the chains of time, and laws of death. Let us contemn the remainders of an age, already so much tainted by corruption. Let us enter into this universality of times, and into the possession of eternity. This day, which we apprehend as the last of our life, is the first of our felicities. It is the birth of another eternal day, which must draw away the curtain, and discover to us the secrets of nature. It is the day, that must produce us to these great and divine sights, which we behold with the eye of faith in this vale of tears and miseries. It is the day, which must put us between the arms of the father, after the course of a profuse life, turmoyled with such storms and so many disturbances.

Dies illa quem tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis est. Sen. ep. 102.

Let us daily dispose us to this passage, as to the entrance into our happiness. Let us not betray its honor. Let us not wither up its glory. Let us not deface the character which God hath given it. We are at this present in the world, as in the belly of nature: little infants destitute of air and light, which look towards, and contemplate the blessed souls. What a pleasure is it to go out of a dungeon so dark, a prison so streight, from such ordures and miseries, to enter into those spacious Temples of eternal splendours, where our being never shall have end, our knowledge admit ignorance, nor love suffer change.

The

The fixteenth EXAMPLE, upon the fixteenth MAXIM.

Of the return of Souls.

GOd, who boundeth Heaven, and limiteth earth, ordaineth alſo its place to each creature, ſuitable to the nature and qualities thereof. The body after death is committed to the earth from whence it came, and the ſoul goes to the place appointed it, according to its merit or demerit. And as it is not lawful for the dead body to forſake the tomb to converſe with the living: ſo the ſoul is not permitted to go out of the liſts Gods juſtice ordained for it, to enter meddle in worldly affairs. Notwithſtanding as the divine power often cauſeth the reſurrection of the dead for the confirmation of our faith, ſo it appointeth ſometimes the return of ſouls for proof of their immortality.

I would not any wiſe in this point favour all the ſhallow imaginations, which entitle ſottiſh apprehenſions of the mind with the name of viſions, but it is undoubted, there is no Country in the world, nor time throughout Ages, which hath not afforded ſome great example of apparition of ſpirits, by known witneſſes, and the judgements of moſt eminent perſonages. S *Auguſtine* holds, it is a doctrine grounded on Scripture, experience, and reaſon, which cannot be gain-ſaid, without ſome note of impudence, (although he much deny, that all the dreams we have of the dead, are ever their ſouls which return again.) Such was the belief of the Apoſtles in Saint *Luke*, it not being corrected by our Saviour, who was the rule of their faith. Such the truth of the apparition of the ſoul of *Moſes* upon Mount *Thabor*. I inſiſt not now upon proof, but example, contenting my ſelf to produce one or two out of a great multitude recounted by Authours.

Mini quoque ad vivos aliquos ex mortuis Scriptura teſtatur. De cura pro mortuis c. 15. &c. c. 19. Luc. 14.

Math. 17.

Apparition of the ſoul of Samuel. 1 Reg. 28.

As for the firſt, I hold the apparition of the ſoul of *Samuel* is moſt formal in Scripture, for any one who will conſider the whole progreſs of the narration. The Hiſtory telleth us, that King *Saul*, after the death of *Samuel*, was upon the point of giving battel to the *Philiſtines*, and that having firſt addreſſed himſelf to God by ordinary means, to learn the way he ſhould obſerve therein, ſeeing he had no anſwer either by dream, or the lively voice of Prophets, he did what infidels, and men deſperate do, who ſeek to get that from the devil, they cannot obtain of God. He commanded his ſervants to ſeek him out a ſorcereſs, although himſelf had baniſhed them by his Edicts out of his Kingdom. The ſervants ever ready to obſerve their Maſters in ill offices when their own intereſt concurreth, found a famous Magician, whom the *Hebrews* affirm to have been a woman of good place, but out of a deteſtable curioſity had put her ſelf into this profeſſion. *Saul* to cover his purpoſe, and not to amaze her, went thither by night in a diſguiſed habit, only accompanied with two gentlemen; where having ſaluted her, he demanded the exerciſe of her profeſſion. But ſhe being crafty, and careful to keep her ſelf from ſurprizes, anſwered: Sir, go you about to undo me and your ſelf alſo? Know you not the Edicts of King *Saul*? *Saul* replied, he knew all had paſſed but ſhe might confidently proceed, aſſuring her of his warranty; and whereas ſhe propoſed puniſhments to her ſelf, ſhe ſhould meet with rewards. But ſhe ſtill doubting, and ſticking on diſtruſt, uſual in all miſchiefs, he engaged his word with great oaths, proteſting no ill ſhould befal her for any thing might paſs at that time between them. Thereupon reſolved to give him ſatisfaction, ſhe asked if it were not his deſire to ſpeak to the ſoul of a dead man, as alſo whoſe it was.

It was very ordinary with theſe Negromancers, to raiſe illuſions and fantaſms, inſtead of true ſpirits of the dead. S. *Apollonius* made *Achilles* to be ſeen, appearing on his tomb as a giant of twelve cubits high; ſo *Santaberemus* ſhewed to the Emperour *Balilius* the ſoul of his ſon *Conſtantine*; ſo *Jamblicus* made to appear in certain baths of *Syria* two figures of little children like *Cupids*. All this (to ſpeak properly) had nothing real in it; and it is no wonder, if thoſe who thought *Samuel* had been raiſed by a ſorcereſs, believed it was a ſpecter. But he who well will weigh the phraſe of Scripture, and conſider, that this ſpirit of *Samuel* ſuddenly appeared before the ſorcereſs had uſed her ordinary ſpells, plainly ſhewing, he came meerly by the commandment of God, and not by the charms of the Magician, will eaſily change opinion.

Philoſtr. in Apoll. Zonaras, Eunapius Sardianus.

Verily the Sorcereſs was much aſtoniſhed, ſeeing the dead came contrary to the manner of other, and cried out aloud as one diſtracted: *Sir, you have deceived me, you are Saul*, much doubting, it was to him *Samuel* came. The miſerable King, who endeavoured by all means to aſſure her; fear not ſaith he, I will keep my promiſe, what have you ſeen? She anſwered: DEOS VIDI ASCENDENTES DE TERRA; as who ſhould ſay, according to the *Hebrews* phraſe, ſhe had ſeen a venerable perſon like an Angel, or a God, raiſed out of the earth. In what ſhape? replies the King: It is a venerable old man, ſaith ſhe, covered with the mantle of a Prophet. Then *Saul* with much reverence proſtrated on the ground, and made a low obeyſance to *Samuel*, who ſpake to him, and ſaid: QUARE ME INQUIETASTI, UT SUSCITARER? *Why haſt thou diſquieted me, to make me return into the world?* Neceſſity hath conſtrained me, anſwereth *Saul*, I am plunged in a perplexity of affairs, and cannot get any anſwer from heaven. *O man abandoned by God, why doeſt thou ask of me that, which I have foretold ſhall happen? Thy army ſhall be defeated by the* Philiſtins, *and thou with thy children ſhalt be to morrow with me*, that is to ſay among the dead as I am now: which ſo fell out. Now the Scripture upon this praiſeth *Samuel* to have prophetized after death: if it were not the true *Samuel* but a ſpecter, who ſee not it were to tell a ly, and to applaud the work of the divel?

Eccl. 46.

But to the end you may ſee this belief was held by Nations, as by a decree of nature, *Joſephus* in the ſeventeenth book of his *Judaical* antiquities relateth the apparition of the ſpirit of *Alexander*, ſon of the great *Herod* and *Mariamne*, who was ſeen to his wife *Glapphyra*, when ſhe re-married again to the King of *Mauritania*, to reproach her ingratitude & forgetfulneſs of her firſt husband, which having amply deduced in the firſt Tome of the holy Court, in the tenth edition upon an Inſtruction directed to widdows, I forbear here to repeat it.

Philoſtratus, in the eight book of the life of *Apollonius*, maketh likewiſe mention of a young man much troubled in mind concerning the ſtate of ſouls in the other life, and ſaith, *Apollonius* appeared unto him, aſſuring him the ſoul was immortal, and he need not to be troubled at all, ſince it was rather the work of the Divine providence, then of it.

Ἀδύνατον ἦν τὸν Ἀπολλώνιον ἰδεῖν τὸν νεανίσκον ἀθυμοῦντα περὶ τῶν ἐν Ἅιδου, καὶ μὴ ἐπιστῆσαι αὐτῷ, ἀλλὰ προσελθὼν ἔφη· ὦ νεανίσκε, ἀθάνατος ἡ ψυχὴ, καὶ οὐδὲν δεῖ σε ταράττεσθαι, ἀλλὰ τὸ τοῦ θείου προνοίας ἔργον ἐστὶν, οὐ τὸ σόν.

I willingly pass over many other examples, to tell you that *Phlegon* a good Authour, who flourished about an hundred years after the Nativity of our Saviour, and was not of our Religion, to favour our opinions (although honourably cited by *Origen*, *Eusebius*, and S. *Hierom*) writeth a strange History, witnessed by the testimony of a whole City, wherein he then governed. He saith, that at *Trayls* a City in *Phrygia*, there was a young Maid named *Philenion*, daughter of *Democrates* and *Charion*, who as her story well declareth, was an amorous piece, became Court-like, loved bravery, delighted in too free conversation, and followed the foolish pleasures of the world, true Gardens of *Adonis*, which in the beginning make shew of silly flowers, and in conclusion afford nought but thorns.

God, who followeth the voluptuous by the track, even into the shades of death; sent her a sickness, which having cropped the flower of her beauty, left her almost nothing but a living carkass, to deliver her over as a prey to death. The miserable Maid suffered the boiling fervours of the feaver through all her body, not losing the flames of love, which she cherished in her heart. She burnt with two fires, not being able either to quench the one or other, and having but a little breath of life left on her lips, she gave to love what already was wholly acquired to death, sighing after a young Gentleman then absent, and not daring fully to manifest her passion.

In the end, death took away the spoils of her life, with her pretences. The father and mother bewailed her with inconsolable tears, furnishing out very honourable Obsequies. And whereas she most ardently affected her dressings and little Cabinet, they buried with her all whatsoever she held most pretious. Six months were now past since her burial, when the Gentleman she loved, named *Machates*, arriving at *Trayls*, came to lodge in the house of his friend her father. The spirit of the Maid, which was of the condition of those whom *Plato* called body-lovers, retaining still the affections with which she went out of her body, appeared one evening to this *Machates* with words of affection, imbraces, & dalliances, which plainly discovered it was a damned spirit, and an instrument of the Devil, that tormented the one to burthen the other. The young man at the first was much affrighted with these proceedings; notwithstanding becoming tractable by little and little, he soon made this spectre very familiar. It happened during this time, that an old servant sent by her Mistris, to see what their guest did, found *Philenion* sitting near unto him with the same countenance, and the same garments she wear in her life-time; whereat much amazed, she ran to the father and the mother to tell them their daughter was alive. They sharply reprehended her for a distracted and wicked woman, as going about again to open their wound which still bled. The servant justified her self, and answered, she had not lost her wits, nor spake ought but truth. Hereupon she so enkindled the curiosity of her Mistris, that she secretly conveyed her self by night into the chamber, yet perceived nothing at all able to resolve her.

The next day being vehemently excited with the curiosity of knowing what to believe of this apparition, she threw her self at the feet of *Machates*, and conjured him to tell her the name of the young Maid who conversed with him. The Gentleman in the beginning was much surprized, and sought evasions to divert her, but in conclusion either through compassion of the mother, whom he saw in the posture of a suppliant, or by vanity of his passion, which easily unloosed his tongue, he confessed he was married to *Philenion*, that it was a business accomplished by the will of the gods, wherein nothing must be altered: and speaking this, he drew forth a little casket, wherein he shewed her a gold Ring her daughter had given him, with a piece of linnen she wear about her neck, protesting she was his wife: so much was he seduced by the subtle practises of the evil spirit.

The Mother having acknowledged the tokens of the deceased, fell down with astonishment, and coming again to her self, threw a thousand times kissed one while the Ring, another while the linned, moistning them with her tears, and moving the whole family to sorrow, which ran to see this spectacle. Then again embracing *Machates*, she signified it would be an infinite favour from heaven to have him for a son-in-law, but that she intreated as a courtesie one comfort he could not deny an afflicted mother, which was, once again to see her daughter, whom she accounted dead.

The other promised to give her all satisfaction, and as *Philenion* came secretly according to custom to converse with him, he closely sent his Lackie to the mother, who advertised her husband of it, and both of them came into *Machates* his chamber, where they surprized their daughter, at which they were so rapt, that being not able to utter a word, they cast themselves upon her neck, straightly embracing, and with tears bedewed her, which fell from their eys. But the daughter with a sad and dejected countenance fetching a deep sigh out of her breast: *Alas* (saith she) *losing father and mother, your curiosity will cost you dear, for you will lament the second time.* Hereupon she fell down dead, leaving a horrible stink in the chamber, which filled the whole house with terrour, groans, and out-cries, in such sort, that the neighbours came in upon the noise, and consequently the whole City ran thither to behold the corps.

The magistrates wondring at an accident so frightful, deputed some Citizens nearest of kin to open the tomb, where the body of *Philenion* could not be found, but a Cup and a Ring she had received from this Gentleman. The carrion lying in the father's chamber, was by decree of the Senate thrown on the dunghil, the City purged, and as for *Machates*, he was so over-whelmed with shame and confusion, that he slew himself with his own hands. Behold what an Authour recounteth, only illuminated by the light of nature, who wrote this history after he had been a spectatour of it, of purpose to send a man immediately to the Emperour *Hadrian* to make a recital thereof unto him, as he saith in a letter he directed to a friend of his. I might have many things to say upon all circumstances, which are not repugnant to that, which Ecclesiastical Authours relate concerning other apparitions of the damned. But I will not exceed the laws of Historians, and it is enough for me here to let you see the belief of the Ancients, and the punishment of God upon souls resigned to sin.

XVII. MAXIM.

Of PURGATORY.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That death is the remedy of all evils, and that the soul separated from the body hath no more to suffer.

Have you well considered in *Genesis* an Angel of fire, who with a flaming sword keepeth the gate of terrestrial Paradise, placed as an usher at the entrance into the delicious hall, which prepared by God to entertain the first man of the world, alas, it had been the theater of his glory, became the scaffold of his punishments? *Procopius* observeth, that poor *Adam* at the time of his banishment was placed just over against this Cherubin, and that this sentinel of the God of hosts no sooner lifted up his cuttel ax, but he made a terrour and icy horrour creep into his bones and in that proportion the sparkles flew from the sword of justice, fears and affrightments invaded the heart of this offender, who being a murderer of his race before he was a progenitour, had brought forth a thousand deaths by the sole bite of an apple. Alas, if the miserable *Adam* was so astonished at the steel of the Cherubin, which dazled his eies, what ought our representments to be, what our apprehensions, when we think on the flames of Purgatory, enkindled by the breath of the love and wrath of God? So many souls lie their now plunged, having heretofore conversed amongst us in mortal abode, and we must there perhaps long time remain to burn, and wear off so many ordures, as our soul contracted in worldly affections, if we make account to decline the eternity of torments.

Gen. 3.

Purgatory compared to the Cherubins fiery sword.

I am amazed when I reflect on the remisness of Catholicks, as wel in the provision for their own safety, as the comfort of their brethrens souls. And when I have well weighed the course and progress of this great neglect, I find it have two sources. The first is called *infidelity*, the second *stupidity*, which I resolve to convince in two passages of this discourse.

It is true, that after this direful heresie, blown by the breath of the infernal serpent, hath for this last Age opposed the verities of our faith, besides the lost souls it daily takes away in the torrent of corruption, it hath distilled into the minds of Catholicks faintness, and infidelities, which now adays turmoil irresolute wits upon many articles, and namely, that which is now our present object. *Purgatory*, will some Libertine say amidst the fumes of wine and good cheer, *is not so hot as folk talk. Who ever came back to tell us news of it? God is merciful, think you he takes delight to burn his children, and to cut off the price of his Sons passion who satisfied for our sins?* Young souls hear this, and suck in poison by the ear, which choaks their belief, and killeth the exercise of good works. What shal I say against these infidelities, and floating opinions of feeble Catholicks? It is not my purpose to cast my self upon a subtle controverse, which doth nothing but hale truth hither and thither. I wil loose no time to touch at many passages. I only to the matter express two reasons drawn from two lights, that of nature, and the other of faith,

THE HOLY COURT.

That the soul, which hath not in this world satisfied Gods justice, must pass in the other life through Purgatory.

No dogmata de Purgatorio pro sana ecclesia doctrina nobis obtrudant Pontificii, cavendum est.

which are able to evict confession of truth from a man who hath never so little shame or brain.

Purgatory proved by the light of nature.

1. It is a strange thing to see the great consent of all Ages, which agree in a pretension of purgation of the soul, so strong and powerful, that those lights of nature speak as understandingly, as if they were written with the rays of the Sun. All the Gentiles, who lived out of the law, knew not how to gainsay this doctrine. For they were sensible of the noble extraction of their soul, and knew it was defiled by the body and by sensual works. Behold the cause why they tied themselves to feeble elements to purifie it; one while washing themselves in the streams of fountains, another while passing through flames, and sometimes seeking other ways to cleanse themselves from pollutions of the flesh. But it was a pitiful thing they found prophanation even in sacrifices. They were not content to purge themselves in this life, but extend it to the souls of the dead, constantly believing they stood in need of remedies, to free themselves from bodily stains.

The opinion of the Ancients concerning the purgation of souls.

Theophilus Patriark of *Antioch*, in the book he directed to one nam'd *Antiochus*, saith, the Gentiles took out of the Scripture all they wrote of punishments in the other life. And S. *Augustine* observeth, that having this idea, that all stains of the soul proceeded from the earth, they imploied the other three elements to purge them, as he proveth by texts of the Ancients. *Synesius* likewise thought there remain'd certain visible spots in the soul, which made it appear they were the crimes wherewith it was contaminated in the body, which notwithstanding agrees not very well with the truth we hold of the spirituality of the same soul. And I find he spake in this text more like a Platonist then a Christian. The *Hebrews*, the *Ægyptians*, *Grecians* and *Romans* all contended for praiers for the dead and the truth of Purgatory. The *Hebrews* three times in the year celebrated the feast of the dead, and their Priest mounting up into a chair made expressly & ceremoniously four-square to represent the City of the blessed according to S. *John*, rehearsed aloud, and audibly the names of the dead, to recommend them to the praiers of such as were present, praiers so familiar amongst them, that they wrote them upon tombs instead of Epitaphs, in these terms: SIT ANIMA EIUS COLLIGATA IN FASCICULO VIVENTIUM, *let his soul be bound up in the fasit of the living*: As one would say, all the souls of Saints were as an odoriferous posie, whereof every elect constituted a flower. What is this but to make stones speak against impiety?

August. 21. de Civitate Dei, c. 13.

Synesius epist. ad Joan. Τούτων ἕνεκα τῆς ἀρχαίας ἰσχνολαμπείας. *Morus de Missa.*

An excellent observation upon the belief of Purgatory among the Hebrews. Apoc. 21. 16. *Civitas in quadro posita est.*

Notable purgation of Aegyptians.

What shal I say of the *Ægyptians*, that were so impressed with the opinion that souls must be purg'd in the other life, in so much as they had been drenched in voluptuous pleasures of the flesh, that in the funerals of the dead having opened the body, they took the heart out of the breast, and put it into a little

Τὸν νέκυον ἀναθυμιῶντες ἐξαιρέουσι τὸ ἦπαρ.

Plutarch in convivio septem Sapientum.

little casket, then on the bank of *Nilus*, where ordinarily tombs were erected, a herald holding the casket, and shewing it to the eys of heaven, protested before all there present, the deceased now in question had lived piously, and acco ding to the laws of his Ancestours; that if he had offended through bodily pleasures, they wished his soul might be as well cleansed, as they went about to purge the stomach, the instrument of the lusts of the living, thereupon they threw it into *Nilus*. Behold these poor *Pagans*, how they were moved with a touch from God, (which cannot lie) who says unto them, the dead must be purged, but as for the rest they know not how?

Shall I speak of the *Grecians?* And know we not that *Plato* the prime man of their Nation in his *Phædon*, spake so perspicuously for Purgatory, that he seemed to have been bred in the Christian Scholes? I will conclude with the *Romans*. And can we be ignorant how in the beginning of the Church under the Emperour *Domitian*, when as yet some Apostles lived, *Quintilian* a most renowned Oratour, making an Oration in the City of *Rome*, in a certain pleading concerning a Sepulcher which had been inchanted by magick, protested in terms, most expres the truth of Purgatory, saying; *The soul being purged by fire, went to take place in heaven:* as we shewed also in the 16 Maxim. If you also require authorities of Pagans who have seen what Christians practised: add to all this, that *Julius* a very ancient Authour, speaking of the death of a Lady named *Podon*, observed in plain terms, that her husband who was one of the most ancient Christians, made offerings for her, which he called λύσεις ψυχῶν εὐναι, *Gifts for ransom of the soul*, answerable to what *Tertullian* writeth, that it was the custom of the ancient Church to pray for the souls of the dead, yea, and to make annual offerings for them.

Quintil. Declam 10.

Julius Florileg. l. 3.

Tertul. in exhort. ad castitat. Jam repetes apud Deum pro cujus spiritu populos, pro quâ oblationes annuas reddas.

We must no longer say for evasion, it is *Plato*, it is *Quintilian* who speaketh, but confess with *Aristotle*, when we see an universal agreement in a proposition, it is not one man speaks, but the mouth of heaven which uttereth this verity. When S. *James* telleth us, God must be feared, and proves it by example of the Devils themselves, he saith not, we must fear God, because the Devils do so, but if any despise him, he is therein worse then Devils. Likewise when the holy Fathers produce an example of *Pagans*, it is not to instruct us by the *Pagans*, but to shew, that to waver in the belief of things they generally held by the sentence of Nature, is to be worse then a *Pagan*.

Dæmones credunt, & contremiscunt.

Second proof drawn from the light of faith.

Vide hæc, quia ita facienda sunt, disputare, insolentissima insania est.

3. I say for the second argument, that so often as a truth is proved to Catholicks by the universal consent of the Church, and of all Ages: if any one chance to make doubt of it, it is an evident sign, either that he hath a giddy spirit, or is malicious in Religion. This proposition is grounded upon the Axiom of S. *Augustine*, who in his Epistle written to *Januarius*, assureth us, that when we find the tracts of a custom generally observed throughout the whole Church, it is evident that it cometh from the Apostles, or those, to whom God hath given full authority in the Church, and that to go about to be-lye, or question it, is to pass from folly to insolency.

Now so it is, the truth of Purgatory is established by the opinion, practise, sentence, and decisions of all the Church, in such sort, that there is not any verity of our faith more fortified. How is that? Begin with our *France*. Behold the Council of *Chalons* upon *Saone* for prayers for the dead, and the truth of Purgatory. Go into *Spain*, behold that of *Braga*: into *Germany*, behold that of *Wormes*; into *Italy*, behold the sixth Council held at *Rome* under Pope *Symmachus*: into *Greece*, behold a number of Synods collected by *Martins*: into *Africk*, behold the third of *Carthage*. Lastly behold the three Oecumenical of *Lateran*, *Florence*, and *Trent*, which say the same. Doth not this suffice to establish a truth in the wit of a man, who hath never so little understanding?

Our adversaries, who still bark against this verity, as dogs at the Moon's brightness, when they have said, *Jesus* made purgation of sins, and that it was said to the good thief; *thou shalt to day be with me in Paradise*, or produced some other frivolous objections, have shewed all their ability.

I leave you a little to ponder the goodly consequences; *Jesus purged sins, there is then no Purgatory?* Should not we have cause to say in the same fashion, *Jesus* prayed for remission of our sins, then we no longer stand in need of prayer, or penance: and in vain is that S. *Luke* saith, *That* Jesus *must suffer, and that penance was preached in his name.* As the prayers of our Saviour destroy not our prayers, so his satisfaction overthroweth not ours. He prayed that we might pray; he satisfied, to give strength and merit to our satisfaction, which would be dead and unprofitable, were they not quickned by his blood. *To what purpose is it to say, the good thief went directly to Paradise, without feeling purgatory?* As if we should say, it was necessary for all the world to pass that way. Make your self a great Saint, and you shall have nothing to do with it. Purge all your sins by a love so fervent, that the purifying flames may not find any thing to cleanse. He who hath paied, ows nothing, and who hath satisfied in this world, shall find unrestrained freedom in the other.

Luc. 24. 47.

But think you, in a life which contracteth so many stains, a soul may be raised in an instant above the celestial orbs to the sight of God, before it have passed by those purgations, which the Divine Justice ordaineth to every one according to his demerits? Endeavour is used to deafen your ears with piety, wranglings, and unprofitable disputations, to make you believe Purgatory is an invention of interessed Priests: it seems this doctrine came into the world but within these two days. But read the Scripture and see the Fathers who interpreted it, you shall find proofs to fall upon you like a cloud for confirmation of this verity.

When S. *Paul* in the first of the *Corinthians* third Chapter said, that the day of God, to wit, the day of judgment, be it general or particular, shall be manifested by fire, which shal put every one's works upon trial; and that he who upon the foundations of *Jesus* shal build with wood, straw, or hay, to wit, with vain and sleight works *shall be saved as by fire*, he clearly declared the doctrine of purgatory, unless you be more illuminated then S. *Basil* and S. *Ambrose*, who have judged it so: for the first saith, *he threatneth the soul, not with destruction, but purgation.* And the other plainly expresseth, *he speaks of the pains of fire, which God hath appointed to purifie souls.* And it is a poor resistance to object, he said, *as by fire*, and not by fire, for it is a manner of expression in Scripture, which nothing diminisheth the reality of things, otherwise we should say, when S. *John* wrot in the first Chapter of his Gospel, *That men saw* Jesus *as the only Son of God*, that he were only a figure of it, not a truth. And when S. *Paul* to the *Philippians* second Chapter, witnesseth, *he was found as a man*, we might infer he were not man. See you not how these silly curiosities of words directly invade the truth? When S. *Matthew* in the 12 Chapter makes mention of *one sin which shall never be remitted, either in this world, or in the other.* S. *Bernard* in his threescore and sixth Homily upon

Basil in Isa. c. 1. *Non exterminium minatur, sed purgationem innuit.*

Ambros. *Hic ostendit pœnas ignis passurum.*

the Canticles mainly insisteth upon this passage, and takes it as an infallible proof of our doctrine. When the Evangelist himself toucheth the discourse of *the prisoner, which shall be put into a place from whence he shall not come, until he have paid the last penny*; S. *Cyprian* sayes plainly: *It is one thing to be a long time purged for sins by the torment of fire, another by the purgation, which is made by the passion of Jesus Christ.* When in the same Author it is spoken of divers punishments of choller handled in the fifth Chapter, S. *Augustine* in the first book of the sermon made on the mountain, interpreteth all that of punishments in the other life. When in the fourth Chapter of *Tobie*, it is written of bread to be put upon the graves of the dead, S. *Chrysostom*, Homily thirty two upon S. *Matthew* referreth this passage to the custom of the ancient *Church*, which called both the Priests and the poor purposely to pray for the dead. When mention is made in the fourth of Kings, of a solemn fast made for *Saul*, *Bede* makes no question but it was for the quiet of his soul: for S. *Paul* sheweth in the first to the *Corinthians* fifteenth Chapter, that it was the custom to mortifie and macerate ones self for the dead, and the second of *Macchabees* saith, it is a holy and a wholesome thing to pray for them. Who knew more, and who saw more in all this then the great S. *Augustine*, who on the thirty seventh Psalm hath these words: *My God, make me such in my life, that I may not need the fire of Purgatory after my death.* Hath the *Roman* Church hired all these so ancient Fathers to write such texts in its behalf? Is it not a shame that a brainless Libertine with the eyes of a bat should mock at all these lights?

Cyprian. l. 4. ep. 2.

Aug. in Psal. 37. *Talem me reddas, cui emendatorio ignis non sit opus.*

The manner of Purgatory.

4. Doubtless will some say, these reasons are forcible; but I understand not where this Purgatory is, and how souls are there tormented. To that I answer, the Church which walketh reservedly in its ordinances, ever grounded on the word of God, onely obligeth us to hold as an article of faith, a third place for the purgation of souls, which is neither Paradise nor hel. As for circumstances of the place and manner of sensible torments, it hath decreed nothing thereof as an article of our belief. School Divines ordinarily set purgatory in a subterranean place, which is very probable. It may also be, that souls may be purged in the air, in the sphere of fire, and in divers parts of the elementary world, according to the opinion of S. *Gregory Nyssen*, S. *Chrysostom*, and S. *Gregory* the great. It dependeth on the prerogative of Gods power, and the ministry of Angels.

Nyss. de anima & resurrectione. Chrysost. homil. de Beatorum præmiis. Bede l. 3. hist. Angl. 29.

As for punishments, it is most certain the first consisteth in suspension from the sight of God, a matter very dolorous to a soul, which being out of the body, and far absented from its source, is as would the globe of the earth be, were it out of its place, or like unto fire shut up in the bowels of mount *Ætna*. It naturally desireth to rejoyn it self to God, and the least retardation it feels from such felicity is most sensible unto it. It mourneth to be deprived from an infinite comfort, when the thirst is most ardent, and to see it self bereaved by its own fault; yea, such an one as might easily have been avoided. The second is the pain of sense which is exercised by fire (the great executioner of Gods justice) and sometimes also by other ways, known to his providence, as S. *Bonaventure* and holy *Bede* teach us. If you say you cannot comprehend how a material thing worketh on a spiritual? I ask of you again, this soul which is in your body, is it of any other kind then those in purgatory? And yet see you not how it dayly suffereth in the body? See you not how all the dolours of mortal flesh rebound back again by an amorous sympathy, and a counter-buff wholly necessary, to the bottom of our soul? And yet you ask how it can suffer? Is it not true, our soul containeth in it the root of understanding and all sensible knowledge, framed and accomplished by the help of the bodies organs? Is it not true, that being in the body it understandeth and feeleth with dependence on the body. But separated, doth it loose this root of understanding and knowledge? Verily no: For it then understandeth with independence on the body. To speak also according to the opinion of some, it may feel out of the body not onely by a knowledge naked and intellectual, but experimental in some sort, not unlike the understanding exercised in the body. *But there is no more corporal organ, which is as the chariot of feeling.* What importeth it? God by his power cannot he supply the organ of body, and necessitate the soul immediately to feel the sharpness of fire, as if it were still in the body? And which is more, some Divines think there would be no inconvenience to say, the soul were revested by God with a body of air, as in a sheath, wherewith it should have the same sympathy it had before with the body it informed: and this body being incorruptibly burnt, as that of the damned, should cause a painfull quality to arise to torment it: which I notwithstanding think not so probable. But I rather believe, the fire not being contrary of its nature to the spirit, might for all that be chosen and appointed by the singular disposition of providence to be unto the soul an afflicting sign, in that it representeth to it in its flames the anger of an offended God, as it shall be said in the subsequent Maxim.

Corink. de purgatorio. p. 529.

Alas! O Christians, God grant we may be ignorant of this eternal and temporal fire, & may rather be purged in this life, then expect it in the other.

Against the dulness of those who understand it not.

5. When I come to the 2d. point of this discourse, I cannot wonder enough at our stupidity and lethargy: we believe purgatory and bely our belief by our works. What may we hope in the other life, living so negligently and remisly? God is mercifull: Behold our ordinary saying. But see we not in Scriptures the hand of God armed with fiery tempests over the infamous Cities of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and the bodies which sacrificed themselves in the flames of prodigious luxurie, roasted and broyled under the breath of the anger of the Omnipotent? See we not a whole world buried in the waters of a deluge, waves of the Ocean rushing, as in a City sacked, on the heads of offenders, the sea becoming altogether the executioner and tomb of sinners? See we not those beautifull Angels so beloved of God, and so worthy of favour, which also came most resplendent out of his hands, lost by one thought of pride, scorched and precipitated into dungeons of eternal flames?

Think we to be more to God, then those cities repleniſhed with an infinite number of souls, then a whole world, then legions of Angels? Let us not flatter our selves by a presumptuous confidence of a mercy, not due to negligence so faint and dissolute.

The truth is, no uncleanesse entreth into Paradise: The truth is, the eyes of the supream Judge cannot endure pollution. For if there be any, it must infallibly be taken off with the file of justice. The torment of Purgatory is executed with sharp and transfixing pains, since that imperious element, which raiseth so many terrours in our world, hath there the place of an officer. The continuance thereof is long, by certain revelations that some souls have been there many years: its perseverance and activity dreadful, since the soul is immortal, and incorruptible to its torments. This

made

made the hair ſtand an end on the heads of all Saints. And when the great man *Job*, all compoſed of innocency and ſanctity, thought on this juſtice of God, he conceived himſelf to be as a little fiſh crouched in the water, that heareth all the ſtorms rouling over its head. S. *Auguſtine* grown hoary in a thouſand valorous battels for defence of the Church, apprehendeth purgatory; and the elect ſouls, who build all in gold and ſilver, and pretious ſtones, fear the trial of fire, and we with our edifices of ſtubble, ſtraw, and hay, walk with exalted creſts, as if we had all the aſſurances of our ſalvation.

Job. 11. *Semper enim quaſi tumentes ſuper me fluctus timui Deum, & pondus ejus ferre non potui.*

Where are we, if this torch of juſtice awaken us not? Perhaps we have made a bargain with this fire, and theſe puniſhments, or that we are torment-proof not to feel them. Is there any man who hath learned to abide among burning coals? We are ſo tender, ſo nice, ſo impatient, ſo the lovers of our ſelves, that one ounce weigheth a pound with us. O worldlings! who ſhal weep over you, ſince you know not how to bewail your ſelves? Your bodies are dainty both by nature and education, yea, your ſouls much more: you cannot endure the ſtinging of a Bee; the very ſight of a *Surgeons* lancet affrights you, and yet you daily entangle your ſelves in a thouſand vanities, a thouſand courtſhips, and a thouſand worldly loves, which defile your ſoul, and muſt at a dear rate be diſcharged in the other world. We know the Chriſtians of the *Indies* newly converted, when they felt ſome temptations contrary to the law of God, ran to their chimny hearths, and thruſt their hands into the flames, ſaying: *Sin ſoul, if thou canſt abide fire; if not go no further.* Do the like, touch if not in effect, at leaſt by conſideration, the devouring flames of God's juſtice. And if they ſeem ſtrange unto you, engage not your ſelf in them by your ſenſualities.

Quis poterit habitare de vobis cum igne devorante?

Rigour of the living againſt the ſouls in Purgatory.

6. From the ſlight apprehenſion we have of purgatory proceedeth another ſtupidity very unreaſonable, which is, that we are very little careful of the ſouls of the dead, a matter very worthy of blame for two principal reaſons. The firſt is, that the providence of God which diſpoſeth all with ſo great ſweetneſs, hath as it were tied the ſalvation of theſe good ſouls to the fervour of our prayers, and would have us to be as mediatours and interceſſours of their felicity, which is verily one of the greateſt titles of honour we can receive. It is a note of Divinity to have power to oblige men, ſaith an Ancient, and there is no ſhorter way to eternal glory. Now God gives us the means to oblige, not mortals, but immortal ſouls, and to oblige them in a cauſe ſo great and eminent, that if all the treaſures and lives of the world were diſſolved into one maſs, they could not reach to the leaſt degree of the felicity you may procure to theſe faithful ſouls.

Plin. l. 2. c. 7. *Deus eſt mortali beneſacere mortalem, & hac ad æternam gloriam via.*

By obliging them to this kind you gain eternal friends, who will entertain no thoughts, but ſuch as may tend to render you the like, and to bear you into the boſom of beatitude, & yet this being moſt eaſie for you (as a matter which conſiſteth in ſome prayers, alms-deeds, and good works) you neglect it: Is not this a prodigious careleſneſs?

Matth. 12. 11. *Quis erit ex vobis homo, qui habeat ovem unam, & ſi ceciderit hac ſabbatho in foveam, nonne tenebit & levabit eam?*

The ſecond reaſon is, that by ſuch negligence we betray our ſoul, which enclineth, out of a natural propenſion, to the ſweetneſs and mercy we exerciſe even towards beaſts. It is the argument which the Son of God made uſe of: If a horſe, an Ox, a ſheep fall into a ditch, there is neither feſtival nor ſabbath withholds; every one who is able, ſtretcheth out a hand and draws it forth: And behold here not a beaſt, but a ſoul created to the image of God, irradiated with the moſt excellent lineaments of his beauty, which is, to live with Angels eternally, fallen into a ditch, fallen into a boyling furnace, who is afflicted, tormented, imploreth the help of all the world, and whileſt we ſlacken to ſuccour it, hath theſe mournful words of *Jeremy*:

Hier. Thren. De excelſo miſit ignem in oſſibus meis, & erudivit me, &c. Vigilavit jugum iniquitatum mearum, &c.

Alas! God the juſt avenger of crimes committed againſt his divine Majeſty, hath poured fire into my bones to chaſtiſe me. Behold me in the nets of juſtice, behold me now deſolate, penſive, and diſconſolate both night and day. All afflicteth me in this ſaid abode, but nothing is ſo irkſom, as the burden of mine iniquities and ingratitudes. It is a yoke which ſurchargeth my neck like lead, and puls me down into the torments, from whence I cannot go without your charities. O you, my dear kindred, friends, and allies, who paſs through the Church-yard made the depoſitary of my bones, conſider and ſee with the eyes of faith, whether there be any dolour comparable to mine: ſince God hath cut me off on the day of his indignation, with a ſtrong and inevitable arm. O ingrateful and diſloyal ſon, it is the ſoul of the father which ſpeaketh unto thee in this manner, and ſays unto thee: Son, I have paſſed my life as the ſpider, ſtill ſpinning, ever ſeeking after worldly wealth, perpetually exhauſting my proper ſubſtance to enrich thee, I lived on gall and cares that thou mighteſt ſwim in roſe-water; I travelled over lands and ſeas, to build a ſilver bridge for thy fortune, to ſet thee on the flower-de-luces and employments of a Kingdom, where is thy retribution?

O vos omnes qui tranſitis per viam, attendite, & videte ſi eſt dolor ſicut dolor meus. Quoniam vindemiavit me, ut locutus eſt Dominus in die furoris ſui.

My ſon, I complain not, my eye being ſhut, my body was troubleſom to thee in thy houſe, and thou couldeſt not endure it; it was a dung-hill muſt be yielded up to the earth: but I complain, that thou being wel informed thy father had an immortal ſoul, which thou mighteſt comfort by thy good works, thou trayterouſly employedſt the mony, wherof the poor have too much been fruſtrated, to eſtabliſh thy vanities, and fatten thee in pleaſures. Where is thy liberality? Where are thy alms toward miſerable creatures, who dy in affliction in the ſtreets? Obſerve juſtice, and take example by my diſaſters.

Husband, it is thy wife ſo beloved, that ſpeaks to thee, ſaying: Ah my deareſt friends, where is the faith plighted in the face of the Church? Where are the faithful loves which ſhould have no limit but eternity? Death no ſooner abſented me from thy eys, but forgetfulneſs drew me out of thy heart. I complain not thou liveſt happy and fortunate in thy new affections, for I am in a condition wherein I can neither envy nor malice any; but I complain, that not only after my death, the children, which are pledges of our love, were diſtaſtful to thee, but thou haſt wholly loſt the memory of one who was ſo precious to thee, and whom thou as a Chriſtian oughteſt to love beyond a tomb. Open yet once unto her the bowels of thy charity, and comfort by thy alms and good works, a ſoul which muſt expect that help from thee, or ſome other.

The ſeventeenth EXAMPLE upon the ſeventeenth MAXIM.

Apparition of Souls in Purgatory.

HIſtories tell us, the apparition of ſouls in Purgatory are ſo frequent, that he who would keep an account, may as ſoon number the ſtars in the ſky, or leaves on the trees. But as it is not fit to be too credulous in all may be ſaid thereupon, ſo a man muſt be very impudent to deny all is ſpoken of it, and to oppoſe as well the authority of ſo many great perſonages, as the memory of all Ages.

He

He who believes nothing above nature, will not believe a God of nature. How many extraordinary things are there, the experience wherof teacheth us the effects, and of which God hideth the reasons from us? The Philosopher *Democritus* disputing with the Sages of his time concerning the secret power of nature, held commonly in his hand, the stone called *cathocita*, which insensibly sticketh to such as touch it, and they being unable to give a reason of it, he inferred there were many secrets which are rather to humble our spirits, then to satisfie our curiosity.

Solinus Polyhistor.

Who can tell why the Theamede, which is a kind of Adamant, draweth iron on one side, and repelleth it on the other? Why do the forked branches of the nut-tree, turn towards mines of gold and silver? Why do bees often die in the hives, after the death of the Master of the family, unless they be elsewhere transported? Why doth a dead body cast forth bloud in the presence of the murderer? Why do certain fountains in the current of their waters, and in their colour, carry presages of seasons, as that of *Blomnza*, which waxeth red when the Country is menaced with war? Why have so many noble families certain signs, which never fail to happen when some one of the family is to die? The commerce of the living with spirits of the dead, is a matter very extraordinary, but not impossible to the *Father of spirits*, who holdeth total nature between his hands.

Jul. Scal. A Porta. Gamerat.

Dithmarus. Petrus Albinus.

Peter of *Clugny*, surnamed the Venerable, and esteemed in his time as the oracle of *France*, was a man who proceeded in these affairs with much consideration, not countenancing any thing either frivolous or light. Behold the cause, wherefore I willingly make use of his authority. He telleth, that in a village of *Spain* named the *Star*, there was a man of quality called *Peter* of *Engelbert*, much esteemed in the world for his excellent parts and abundant riches.

Notwithstanding, the spirit of God have made him understand the vanity of all humane things: being now far stepped into years, he went into a Monastery of the Order of *Clugny*, there the more piously to pass the remnant of his daies, as it is said, the best incense cometh from old trees. He often spake amongst the holy Fryers of a vision which he saw, when he as yet was in the world, and which he acknowledged to be no small motive to work his conversion. This bruit came to the ears of Venerable *Peter*, who was his General, and who for the affairs of his Order, was then gone into *Spain*. Behold the cause why he, never admitting any discourses to be entertained, if they were not well verified, took the pains to go into a little Monastery of *Nazare*, where *Engelbert* was, and to question him upon it in the presence of the *Bishops* of *Oleron* and *Osma*, conjuring him in the virtue of holy obedience, to tell him punctually the truth touching the vision he had seen, whilest he led a secular life. This man being very grave, and very circumspect in all he said, spake the words which the Authour of the history hath couched in his proper terms:

In the time that *Alphonsus* the younger, heir of the great *Alphonsus*, warred in *Castile* against certain factious disunited from his obedience, he made an Edict, that every family in his Kingdom should be bound to furnish him with a souldier: which was the cause that for obedience to the Kings commands, I sent into his army one of my household-servants, named *Sancius*. The wars being ended, and the troups discharged, he returned to my house, where having some time sojourned, he was seized by a sickness, which in few days took him away into the other world. We performed the obsequies usually observed towards the dead, and four months were already past, we hearing nought at all of the state of his soul, when behold upon a winters night being in my bed, throughly awake, I perceived a man, who stirring up the ashes of my hearth, opened the burning coals, which made him the more easily to be seen. Although I found my self much terrified with the sight of this ghost, God gave me courage to ask him who he was, and for what purpose he came thither to lay my hearth abroad. But he in a very low voice answered: *Master, fear nothing, I am your poor servant* Sancius: *I go into* Castile *in the company of many souldiers to expiate my sins in the same place where I committed them.*

I stoutly replied, If the commandment of God call you thither, to what purpose come you hither? Sir, saith he, take it not amiss, for it is not without the Divine permission. I am in a state not desperate, and wherein I may be helped by you, if you bear any good will towards me. Hereupon I required what his necessity was, and what succour he expected from me. You know Master, said he, that a little before my death, you sent me into a place where ordinarily men are not sanctified. Liberty, ill example, youth, and temerity, all conspire against the soul of a poor souldier, who hath no government. I committed many outrages during the late war, robbing and pillaging even to the goods of the Church, for which I am at this present grievously tormented. But, good Master, if you loved me alive as one of yours, forget me not after death. I ask no part of your great riches, but onely your prayers, and some alms for my sake, which will much assist to mitigate my pains. My Mistris oweth me about eight franks upon a reckoning between her and me, let her bestow it, not for my body, which hath no need of it, but the comfort of my soul, which expecteth it from your charities.

I know not how I found my self emboldened by these speeches, but I had more desire to entertain it, then fear of the apparition. I demanded whether it could tell me news of one of my country-men, named *Peter Dejaca*, who died a while since. To which he made answer, I need not trouble my self with it, for he was already in the number of the blessed, since the great alms he gave in the last famine, had purchased heaven for him. From thence I fell upon another question, and was curious to know what had happened to a certain Judge, whom I very well knew, and who lately passed into the other life. To which he replied: Sir, speak not of that miserable man, for hell possesseth him through the corruption of justice which he by damnable practice exercised, having an honour and soul saleable to the prejudice of his conscience. My curiosity carried me higher, to enquire what became of King *Alphonsus* the great, at which time I heard another voice that came from a window behind me, saying very distinctly: It is not of *Sancius* you must demand that, because he as yet can say nothing to the state of that Prince, but I may have more experience thereof, then he, I deceasing five years ago, and being present in an accident which gave me some light of it. I was much surprised, unexpectedly hearing this other voice, and turning, saw by the help of the Moons brightness which reflected into my chamber, a man leaning on my window, whom I entreated to tell me where then King *Alphonsus* was. Whereto he replied, he well knew, that passing out of this life, he had been much tormented, and that the prayers of good religious men much helped him: but he could not at this present

preſent ſay in what ſtate he was. Having ſpoken thus much, he turned toward *Sancius*, ſitting near the fire, and ſaid, Let us go, it is time we depart. At which *Sancius* making no other anſwer, ſpeedily roſe up, and redoubled his complaints with a lamentable voice, ſaying: Sir, I entreat you once again remember me, and that my Miſtriſs perform the requeſt I made you.

The next day *Engelbert* underſtood from his wife what the ſpirit told him, and with all obſervation diſpoſed himſelf ſpeedily and charitably, to ſatisfie all was required. What may we infer upon this, but S. *Auguſtine's* concluſion which he left in a book of care for the dead, fifteenth Chapter?

Holy Scriptures witneſs, that the dead are ſometimes ſeen to living men, as on the contrary, S. Paul amongſt the living was lifted up to heaven. As we ordinarily know not what becomes of the perſons of the dead, ſo we muſt confeſſe, the dead know not all is done in the world at the time it is done, but they afterwards learn it from thoſe, who paſs out of this life into the other, and converſe with them. Yet they underſtand not all ſorts of affairs, but thoſe which may be told them, and ſuch as are permitted to remain in their memories, that reconnt them to ſouls who muſt know them. Angels who are preſent to actions here beneath, may alſo diſcover to the dead what the Sovereign Arbiter, to whom all things are ſubjected, ſhall appoint to come to the knowledge of the one or other.

XVIII. MAXIM.

Of Eternal unhappineſſe.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That we cannot be miſerable when we are no more.

Belief of a Judgment moſt generall.

THat there is an inevitable judgment of God for the damned, fire, darkneſs, eternal priſons, (O Libertine and prophane ſoul) is not a propoſition needs to be proved by many reaſons and arguments. It is the ſubject of all books, the diſcourſe of all tongues, the confeſſion of all people, the great voice of nature, which forgetfulneſs cannot obliterate, impiety extinguiſh, nor an evil conſcience take away. The *Hebrews*, *Grecians*, *Latins*, *Chaldeans*, *Perſians*, *Arabians*, *Abyſſines*, *Affricans*, *Indians*, and not ſpeaking of others, all Nations moſt remote from our region, moſt ſavage in manners, moſt ſtrange in cuſtoms have believed, proclaimed, proteſted, do believe, proclaim, and proteſt this through all Ages; and although different in condition, all notwithſtanding agree in the faith of a living God, who knoweth, ſeeth, judgeth of the good and bad deeds of this life, ordaineth rewards for virtue, and puniſhments for vice.

Natura plerasque ſuggerunter quaſi de publico ſenſu. Tertul. de anima.

The order of God.

It is the order of God, who governeth the world with two hands, which are juſtice and mercy. If you take away one of them, you maim him. It is the condition of humane and Divine things, where contraries are ever counter-ballanced by contraries, ſay Philoſophers. If there be a Paradiſe for virtues, there muſt be a hell for crimes. No leſs doth hell contribute to publiſh Gods omnipotency, then Paradiſe. As heaven is furniſhed with ſtars, hell ſhall be with the damned, and the juſtice of the Sovereign will no leſs appear in the condemnation of the culpable, then in the defence of innocents. I knew not what made Doctour *Toſtatus* ſay, that *Plato* placed hell in the ſphere of *Mars*, ſince he very well mentions it in the conceave of abyſſes in his *Phœdon*. *Triſmegiſtus* in *Pimander* omitted not to ſpeak of avenging flames due to impiety. The *Stoicks* treat among their ſecrets of the general fiering of the world, as witneſſeth *Clemens Alexandrinus* in his *ſtromata*. And other Philoſophers according to *Tertullian* ſpeak of ſecret fire, which muſt ſerve as an inſtrument of Gods vengeance. The moſt ſtupid have ſeen it, the moſt inſolent have frown'd at it, and the moſt forlorn are aſtoniſhed with it.

Notable ſpeech of S *Thomas*, S *Thom opuſc* 63. *Non eſt infernus pejor cœlo. Sicut cœlum fraderibus, ſic infernus damnatis ornabitur.*

The opinion of Philoſophers. Φλόγας πυρὸς πνεῖν. *Triſmegiſt. In Pimandro. Clem. Alex. ſtrom.* 5.

And verily it is a hideous thing to behold onely

THE HOLY COURT.

That the wicked being no more for this preſent life, are everlaſting for the pains of the damned.

on paper, what the Author of the cardinal works of *Jeſus Chriſt* writeth: *To burn in flames which waſt not, nor ſhall ever be conſumed, to be ſcorched through the whole body with remedileſs fires, to be broiled alive in his own greaſe, and broiled with ſtains of his impurities not to be taken off. To ſee nothing but pits of fire, and flaming furnaces without eaſe, relaxation, remedy, change, or diminution of ſentence.*

Incenſumptibilibus flammis corpus allambentibus ardere in propria adipe frixas libidines bullire, &c.

Notwithſtanding (O Libertine) thou doſt aſk, *how this material fire burneth ſpiritual ſouls?* It is one of the moſt unfortunate ſciences not to underſtand hell, but by proper experience, to diſpute the activity of a fire as true as the mouth of God, and unfaithfully deny on earth, what muſt everlaſtingly be learned under earth. Algazel *the* Arabian *and* Avicen *ſaid, a damned ſoul ſuffers no other pain but the object of its eternal perdition. Algazel* and *Avicen*: behold two goodly Authors to oppoſe the wiſdom of the eternal word. I am of opinion, we learn from devils how to believe in God, and derive our Theology from the lips of the wicked, and our belief from infidelity, as if one ſhould proſtitute a Veſtal to a loſt man. Alas wretched ſpirit! how worthy art thou of compaſſion, when not ſatisfied to play the *Epicure* in thy manners, thou wilt divide thy Libertiniſm with Philoſophy. If this diſcourſe, which ought to be dedicated to holy horrour of Gods judgments, did permit farther queſtion, one might ſhew with the great Biſhop of *Paris*, that a damned ſoul kept in a priſon of fire, retains all the ſame ſenſes, as if it were with the body in the middeſt of flames, ſince we feel in this life, ſuch vivacity only, from the imagination, that it in us produceth the ſame effects which the preſence of objects doth. And this Doctor witneſſeth he hath ſeen and known men, who needed no other purgation but the ſight of a medecine. But if the ſole idea do thus, what will the real impreſſion of fire work upon a ſoul, which raiſed by the Divine power above its ordinary force, leaves a form and a character, as if a hot iron were ſtamped on the fleſh. We might deduce with S. *Thomas*, *Turrecremata*, *Cajetan*, *Iſolam*, & *Ocham*, all the exquiſite dolours of a ſoul, that feeleth it ſelf impriſoned as in a cage of fire, and ſtorneth, ſeeing it ſelf not only deprived

How the fire of hell burneth.

Guillelmus Pariſ. de univerſo.

prived of sweet liberty, but tormented by an imperious element, destined by God for its punishment by extraordinary ways, by a suppliment of the antipathy of senses, and which shamefully wrack it, as if a person of eminent quality were insolently abused by some slave come from the *Moores* or *Arabia*.

See S. Aug. l. 21 City of God. S. Gregory in the 4. of his Dialogues. S. Thomas contra Gentes l. 4. c. 90. Suar. part. 3. and the R. T. Theophilus Raynaud in his natural Theology, where this question is excellently handled.

We should likewise set before you with other Divines the quality of a prodigious deformity, caused by fire raised above its condition, which extreamly afflicteth an immortal spirit, then especially, when it understands the excellent gifts wherewith God had endowed it, the favours and glories it might pretend to in this most blessed eternity. One might say with many other modern Doctours, that the soul being the root of sensitive qualities, is no less tormented by objects dissenting from sense, then as if sense were present, and hath a spiritual sense, by the help of which, it trieth and feeleth the fire with an experimental knowledg, wholly like the action of sense. All these opinions might be argued with many instances and reasons, but it being not according to the scope of this design, I say in one word with S. *Gregory* the Great: *There is made in the soul, from a visible fire, a heat and an invisible pain.* It is true, the soul separated from the body hath not a natural antipathy and disagreement from fire, but what this imperious element cannot have, remaining within the limits of nature, it obtaineth by a particular ordinance and disposition of God, who chooseth and expressly deputeth it to serve him, as an instrument and a sign in this action, and to be as an eternal messenger of his anger against a damned soul. Now as the Sovereign Judg of the world gave life to *Cain* for a punishment, so (according to S. *Ambrose*,) he engraved by the same means a disastrous mark on his person, which continually set before the eys of this fratricide the image of his crime, and the Divine justice, in such manner, that oftentimes turmoiled during life in the miseries and confusions of his brutish spirit, so soon as he represented to himself this sign, he acknowledg'd the decree of God, who prolonged his life to lengthen his calamities: So this Divine hand, Omnipotent in its effects, imprinteth fire on a damned soul, as the true token of his justice, the character of his anger, the centinel and executioner of his eternal will, who beareth the face of an incensed God with all his decrees in his own flames, who presseth and lieth heavy on this miserable thing, separated from the sight of God, and resigned through an eternal malediction to the life of devils.

Foundation of the eternity of the pains of the damned.

2. Thou must here understand, O Reader, this truth touching the eternity of the pains of the damned, confirmed by expres texts of holy Scripture, and the decision of the universal Church, and by all Ages, is grounded upon the justice of God, ever to be adored by our wils, although impenetrable to the weakness of our understanding: and for confirmation hereof, I think we should not omit the reasons of S. *Gregory*, S. *Bernard* and S. *Thomas*, before we produce that, which to me seems the most formal; for although they are not all necessary in their conclusions, yet they fail not to furnish us with much light, and to give matter of true piety, which is the butt whereat we aim in this discourse. You (O sinner) demand, why is a deadly sin strucken and punished with an eternal pain? I answer you first with S. *Gregory* the Great, that if an eternal malice be proved in sin, justice by all reasonable ways requireth the chastizement of it to be eternal: for an eternity of crimes must be counterballanced with an eternity of miseries. Now sin in some sort is eternal, and in some manner extends beyond our life, which alone is capable of merit or demerit. For tell me, those stones and kernels of pomegranates, & apple-trees, and all other trees created in the first week of the world, were they temporary or eternal? Temporary you will say, for they fell before the tree. And yet behold they propagate to our time, and live in as many trees as there are of their kind on earth, for these five thousand years, or thereabouts. The like is it with the actions you do at this present: For they seem to pass in a moment, yet are they so many seeds of eternity. Reader, understand well what I say, behold here a secret, wherewith daily to acquire a rich treasure of merits: make me all your virtues as eternal by the sincerity of your intentions, as they in effect are such in their consequence. When you do a good work, be it praier, alms, or other act of charity, do it stoutly, in such manner and disposition, that were you eternal on earth, you would eternally renounce evil, and embrace good. So do all the Just, and so do they eternize all good and laudable actions. But sinners, who pass out of this life in mortal sin, are so framed, that might you enter into their hearts, you there should find such marks of malice, such characters of sin imprinted, as with a hot iron, that they wish to live eternally, to sin everlastingly. Their life is mortal, but the affections they have towards sin are immortal, for which cause Gods justice requires they never be without torment, who would never live without sin.

Vellent sine vivere, ut possint sine fine peccare. Discrete austero judice corda pensat & affectus, non facta.

And say not to me, behold that miserable sinner seized on by the Divine Justice in the heat of his crime, it is not likely he would still persist in his enormous transgression, the boiling of his passion would vapour away, and his spirit be restored to the calm, and reason to its thron. Nay much otherwise. a sinner, who dieth in sin hath the root of affections, which is the heart, so envenomed, that all the sprouts are nought but abomination. And although he were to live an hundred thousand year, should not some servile fear stop the torrent of his corruption, he would spend them in these exorbitances.

Ad magnam justitiam judicandum pertinet, ut nunquam careant supplicio, qui in hac vita nunquam carere voluerunt peccato.

1. Reason of S. Greg. *Non transitus opera nostra ut evadantur, sed temporalia quaque velut æternitatis semina jaciuntur.*

3. The second reason is drawn from S. *Thomas*, who saith, the nature of mortal sin is a privation of spiritual life, as death is a privation of corporal. Behold a tree which was heretofore thick spread with boughs and flourishing, is now parched and dry, without force, and life. Let it be in this state, so will it remain still, never returning to its first vigour. Behold a man likewise, who hath killed charity in his heart which is the root of spiritual life, by some most grievous sin, to dy in this state. It is the impossibility of impossibilities, that in the other world not capable of merit or demerit, he may change himself. Death ever reigns there where is trespass, and trespass still reigning there, deserves to be punished without intermission. It is alwaies chastised and never expiated, saith S. *Bernard*.

2. Reason. S. Thom. 1. 2. q. 87.

Semper peccatis patet, nunquam potest expiari. S. Bernard. de consid. l. 3.

And that you may well understand this, represent unto your self an excellent conceit of one of the greatest wits which ever flourished, *Picus Mirandula*, in the book he composed of the dignity of man. We are in the world as in the shop of a Sculptour, who laboureth on Statues of Mettal. Behold the burning Furnace, behold the Mettal all boiling, behold many Moulds ready at hand. Say you unto him, Sir, make us some curious piece worthy of you, make us a generous Lion, make an Eagle, make a triumphant King, it is now in your power. But if the Workman through malice or incivility should say, I will make nothing of it, I am about to make of all this melted Mettal vessels of ignominy, and so he doth, had not

An excellent conceit of *Picus Mirandula*. *Tui ipsius quasi arbitrarius honorarius que plastes & fictor, quam malueris tu tibi formam effingas, poterunt in inferiora quæ sunt bruta degenerare, poterunt in superiora quæ sunt divina ex animi tui sententia regenerari.* Picus Mirandula de dignitate hom. by

you,

you cause to say unto him, what hast thou done; all is marr'd, there is no time given for you to repent it, the mettal is cast. I say the like after this great man: Behold us in this world, as in the house of a Plummer or Graver; our understanding is the Enginier, who laboureth upon the search of a thousand inventions: our will is the Mistris, who keeps the mettal still boiling, and the mettal is our life, and our soul indeterminate. God saith unto us, up friend, be courageous, thou may'st make thy self a little God, perfectly framed to my likeness: Behold, take the mould, cast it confidently. I will make nothing of it, saith the sinner, I am about to make a hog, an owl, a serpent, a hideous monster; and behold in effect all so made at the hour of death. The mettal is cast, repentance is unprofitable, since Hell vomiteth up good desires, and affordeth no felicities: thou hast made a monster, and thou shalt remain a monster whilest thou art in this estate, which is immovable, fire likewise shall be annexed to thee to gnaw thee, which is the worm in the rotten wood.

8. Reason drawn from the right of God, and from the nature of sin.

Add for a third instance, that God who is wholly infinite, hath right in him to oblige us to the keeping of the law, under an infinite penalty, considering the greatness of his perfection and benefits. The continuance of the pain is not measured by the lasting of actions. A man is hanged, who still so remaineth, for a theft done in a moment. If this be done daily for the reparation of the honour and goods of another man who is offended, although he be a captive and a miserable creature, what shall we think of offences committed against the Divinity? Must we not confess, that sin of its own nature, and by the only consideration of its proper malice, deserveth infinite punishment, since it hath mischief in it, respectively infinite? And as it needed the Incarnation, death, and passion of a Word infinite to wash it on earth, so it must have an eternal punishment to expiate it under earth. What can you find strange in this proceeding?

Punire non est malum sed fieri pœna dignum. Peccatum non potest residere ad perpetuum nisi in inferno. Dionys. c. 4. de divin. nom.

I say, it is not Hell that should put these quaking and icy fear into our bones: it is not pain should be strange unto us, but sin; it is not an evil to be punished, but to be worthy of punishment. You complain sin is lodged in Hell, where would you place it? In Heaven? Is it a fit thing, I pray you, to carry dirt into a King's Palace? The heavens according to *Job* are stronger then iron or brass; and yet you see these celestial bodies able to carry all the glory of God, cannot bear one single sinner, so heavy, so insupportable he is. So soon as the rebellious Angels conceived a sin of pride, heaven cried out murther, and could not indure them: behold them fall from the Palace of glory more thick then flakes of snow, or hail on a Winters day. Where would you lodge this mortal sin? On the earth? See you not in the book of *Numbers*, how after the rebellion of *Core*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, this earth, which is the foundation and basis of the Universe, changed its nature, shook with frightful tremblings, and opened its wide and gaping bosom to swallow these disastrous creatures? Where shall we lodge this sin? On the waters? Behold the waters could not indure one sole disobedience of *Jonas*? All the air is on fire, all the winds in blusters, all the Sea in rage and fury, whilest it is under the weight of this poor sinner. He must be cast into the belly of a Whale, although unable to digest, she vomited him up. God himself, God Omnipotent, in whose hands all this great world is but a drop of dew, complains he cannot indure sin. Where shall we place it then but in the pit of Hell?

Solidissimi quasi are fusi sunt. Job 37.

The grievousness of sin. Numb. 16.

Laboravi sustinens. Job 1.

But if at least this pain had some end. And see you not, sin hath neither end nor limits in its Eternity? Alas! he who would understand this, who would open his eys to behold what I am about to say, and what I conceal, had rather put himself into the arms of Hell being in innocency, then among imaginary felicities in crime and sin. If you know it not, O Christians, it is an infinite evil, because it striketh at the head of an infinite Divinity, and it is an horrible thing to think on, for that as much as is possible, it annihilateth God & the whole fountain of Essences, felicities, and mercies. Do you not consider a transgression increaseth according as the person interessed is of great and eminent quality? It is one thing to offend a peasant, another thing a Merchant, another thing a Judge, another a King. But he who offends all Kings and all judges of the earth, or should thrust a knife into the throat of a million of men, would he not seem very criminal? Nay, where all the greatness, grace, and majesty of a hundred thousand worlds poured and quintessenced in one body, what would it be in comparison of God, but one grain of sand? And then to invade God, in his will to infringe and annual the Divinity; O abyss of confusion! To say unto God Omnipotent, all good, and all holy, You will give me a law, and I will play the unbridled Colt, I will take it of my self, I will admit no Law-maker: you created me for your self, and I will live for my self, and be the sovereign good of my self: you created a world for my use, and I will people it with monsters, which shall be my sins. You redeemed and reconciled me by the blood of your Son, and I will contemn and trample it under foot. I should not presume to use these words, had not S. *Paul* prevented me. You will be a Judge to chastise me, and I make as much account of all your thunder-strokes, as of broken rushes. To despise God as a Law-maker, as a Creatour, as a Father, as a Redeemer, as a Judge, as God, as all, and then say, God did you wrong in making a Hell!

Duxerunt in bonis dies suos, & in punctо ad infernа descendunt. Job 21. 13.

Enormity of a sinner.

Irritam qui facimus legem Mosis sine ulla miseratione moritur, quanto magis putatis deteriora mereri supplicia, qui Filium Dei conculcaverit, & sanguinem Testamenti pollutum duxerit. Hb 10.

5. Behold there his justice purged, now see its effect in the quality and condition of pains of the damned. What is Hell? It is called *Silence*, to shew we cannot speak of it but by silence. All is said of Hell, is less then Hell. The holy history of *Ægyptian* Anchorites written by *Palladius*, recounteth an accident very prodigious happened to the great *Macharius*, which is, that one day this admirable man, commonly called the God of Monks (for his speech was an oracle, & his life a perpetual miracle) this excellent man, I say, travelling through the hideous and savage Deserts of *Ægypt*, always fixed and bent both with ey & heart upon the contemplation of a future life, met with the head of a dead man by the way, and ere he was aware, set a Palmers staff which he had in his hand upright upon it, & behold at the same instant (as it happened in other occasions) he heard to come from the head of this dead man, a sad and frightful voice, able to have astonished the most courageous. But the holy Saint, being wholly made for these apparitions of spirits, and armed to the proof against all illusions of Satan, stood still and asked, *Whose art thou?* It answered, I am the head of one damned. He replied, *What threw the head-long into this wretched misery?* Two things, said the dead; Misbelief, and Vice. Then being demanded concerning the torments he endured. He replied; *The soul makes hell, the soul suffers hell, and the soul cannot well comprehend what hell is. What have you on the earth, more odious then horrible darkness? and not to speak of our coals, nor of any of the rest of our greatest calamities, behold our greatest ease.* The unhappy spirit cutting off his words, held his peace, and the holy

Quality, and condition of the pains of the damned.

Strange narration of *Palladius*.

man lifting the head up from the ground, took it in his hand, then deeply ſighing with ſobs of lively and penetrating grief, he ſaid: O what eaſe! O what eaſe! what eternal darkneſs! blind world, proſtituted world, deſperate world, oh wouldeſt thou know, Wouldſt thou know! but thine unhappineſs hath put a ſcarf before thine eys.

I would here conclude this diſcourſe, and ſubſtitute in my place this bleſſed old man, the eye and honour of theſe deſarts, holding this dead mans head between his hands: I would intreat him to ask of it again, what have availed the damned their honours, reputation, riches, riots, pleaſures, delights; thoſe wretched lime-twigs, which entangled the wings of the ſoul, and plunged it into an abyſs of infelicities, I would intreat it to tell us what a monſter mortal ſin is, ſince to puniſh it ſuch dreadful dungeons muſt be built, ſuch racks and tortures. It would tell this with a voice of thunder accompanied with flouds of tears, and you would be appalled, tremble, and weep at it with all the juſt, who never think of hell but with terrour and tears.

Definition of hell. *Arcani ignis ſubterranei ad pœnam theſaurus: abyſſus in viſceribus terræ profundus, &c.* Tertul. de anima.

O brutiſh and ſenſual men, who live in a continual contempt of Gods anger! Ask the great *Tertullian* what hell is? And he will anſwer, hell is a treaſury of fire, enkindled by the breath of God for puniſhment of the damned: hell is an ugly and deep ſink, and a ſewer, wherein all the ordures of Ages are thrown. Ask of *Hugo* of S. *Victor* (*a*) what hell is, and he will reply a bottom without bottom, which ſhutteth the gate againſt all hopes, and opens it to all deſpairs. Ask of S. *John* (*b*) what hell is, and he will tell you aloud and plainly, hell is the great lake of Gods anger: It is a great pool of fire and brimſtone perpetually inflamed with ſtrong and vigorous breaths of the Omnipotent. And what do the damned there? (*c*) They burn and ſmoak. On what live they? On the gall of dragons. What air breath they? That of burning coals. What ſtars and lights have they? The fire of their torments. What nights? Of palpable darkneſs. What beds? The couches of aſpicks and and baſilisks. What language ſpeak they? Blaſphemies. What order have they amongſt them? Confuſion. What hope? Deſpair. What patience? Rage. O hell, O hell! Avant, O gnawing worm, avant O living death, avant death which never dies, avant life which daily, not dying, dies.

(*a*) *Profundum ſine fundo, ubi nulla ſpes boni, & nulla deſperatio mali.* Hugo Victor. l. de anima.

(*b*) *Lacus iræ Dei magnus ſtagnus ignis.* Apoc. 14. & 20.

(*c*) Life of the damned. *Horres vermem mordacem & mortem vivacem: horres videre in manum mortis venturi, & vitam morientis.* Guilielm. Paris. de univ. p. 1. c. 15.

I ſpeak not here of the pain of ſenſe, exerciſed by this pittileſs element, which worketh upon ſouls as I have ſhewed you in the beginning of this diſcourſe. I let paſs this world of puniſhments figured by vultures, gibbets, tortures, ſnakes, burning pincers, and all the inſtruments of terrours, I only ſpeak of the pain which tormenteth the damned by privation from the ſight of God. Imagine within your ſelf a ſublime conceit of the great Prelate of *France*, *William* of *Paris*, who in a Treatiſe he made of the univerſe, pertinently ſheweth, that as Paradiſe is the houſe of all felicity, ſo hell muſt be the receptacle of all miſery and calamity. Now the bleſſed, beſides beauty of the glory of their bodies, the contentment to enjoy ſo excellent and triumphant company, have a happineſs totally infinite in the ſight of God, which is the period of their eſſential felicity: So likewiſe in the ſame meaſure the damned ſhal have ſome object ſad and mournful, incomparably dolorous, and according to its nature infinite, which collecteth as into one ſum all their calamities. And what is this object? Some will imagine it is the aſpect of the great lake of fire, and horrid legions of devils. That truly is horrible, but that is not yet the top of their ſupream miſery. What is it then? I do aſſure my ſelf you will at firſt be aſtoniſhed with what I ſhall ſay, and will hold it as a paradox, but it is undoubted. The darkneſs of hell is apprehended as a moſt intollerable evil, and that with juſt cauſe. Notwithſtanding I affirm the greateſt torment of the damned, & heigth of their notable calamities, is light. I ſay light of ſcience and knowledge. To underſtand this, you muſt obſerve a paſſage of the Prophet *Ezechiel* in the firſt Chapter, where he deſcribeth the majeſty of the God of hoſts, who prepareth to chaſtiſe the wicked: he repreſenteth him unto us like a hideous chryſtal mirrour, that is to ſay, God planteth an idea of himſelf in the ſoul of a damned creature, as of a mirrour of Chryſtal, and a terrible light, in which, and through which, it beholdeth moſt clearly and evidently the good it hath loſt by forſaking God, and the evil incurred by drenching it ſelf into the ſad habitation of the reprobate. It ſeeth how in looſing God, it hath loſt a good, delicious, fruitful, infinite, everlaſting, incomprehenſible; a good, for which it was created, and formed by the hands of God; a good, which is meerly and abſolutely loſt by its infidelity, ingratitude, wickedneſs, perverſe obſtinacy in ſin; a good, which it might have repaired in a moment of the time it heretofore had: and behold it now irrecoverably for ever loſt. Moreover it ſees and feeleth by a diſaſtrous experience, the evil whereunto it is fixed by pertinacity. And that which is alſo more terrible, is, that as God is repleniſhed with a ful and moſt plentiful felicity, becauſe he hath all his contentments aſſembled together, ſo the damned ſoul, by a moſt lively and piercing apprehenſion of the eternity of its pains, beholdeth the evils it muſt endure beyond a hundred millions of years, and hath them all as preſent in thought. From theſe two lights and two knowledges in the damned ſoul, ſpring as it were two ſnakes, faſtned both to the one, and other ſide of its heart, which inceſſantly and unconſumably ſuck all the juice and marrow of its ſubſtance. The holy man *Boetius* (the eye of the *Roman* Senate and ornament of the Church) lets us underſtand what the puniſhment of the damned is, when he ſaith, there needeth neither wheels, tortures, nor gibbets to puniſh the wicked. He who might only ſhew them the beauty of virtue in the form of a lightning-flaſh, and ſay unto them, behold wretched creatures, behold what you have loſt by your folly, the ſorrow they would conceive for their loſs would be ſo ſenſible, that no keen razour, devouring flames, gnawing vultures might put them to a more exquiſite torment.

The ſouls of the damned tormented by their lights. *Aſpectus Chryſtalli terribilis.*

Quid dementium Holidius me actibus impreſſer, &c.

Now I leave you to think, if the wicked in this life for one ſole idea of virtue, which paſſeth in a moment ſhould conceive ſuch a remorſe, what may a damned ſoul that ſees in this hideous chryſtal, not for a moment, but through all moments of eternity, the infinite good it hath loſt, the infinite unhappineſs wherein it for ever ſees it ſelf involved. Then is it, yea perpetually gnawn, torn, and tumbled into a huge torrent of inexplicable dolours, which cauſe it to break into furies and unprofitable frenzies.

Locus pœnæ felicitatis nihil habet quod non addat felicitati: locus pœnæ miſeriæ nihil habet quod non addat calamitati.

O Palace of God, ſaith it, which I have loſt! O ugly dens of dragons, whereinto I am head-long thrown! O brightneſs of Paradiſe, which ſhalt be nothing to me! O hideous darkneſs, which ſhalt eternally be my inheritance! O goodly and triumphant company of elect ſouls, with whom I ſhould eternally have lived, had not my wretchedneſs ſealed up mine eyes! O infernal countenances of enraged devils, which ſhal hereafter be my objects and perpetual companions! O torrent of delights which poureſt thy ſelf upon thoſe bleſſed ſpirits, how have I

turned

turned thee into a lake filled with pitch, ſulphur, and ſcorching flames, enkindled with the breath of the Omnipotents anger! O couch of King *Solomon*, how have I given thee away for a bed of coals! O God, O God, whom I have loſt, and whom I cannot looſe! I have loſt him in the quality of a Sovereign Good, yet have him perpetually preſent as the object and cauſe of my pains. O eternity! It is then true, that ten millions of years hence my evils ſhall but begin. Curſed athieſm and infidelity of the world, thou wouldeſt rather feel theſe torments then believe them. Wert thou not mad? Cruel ambition, thou haſt given me the ſtroke of death. Diſaſtrous riches, you have forged gyves, which now fetter me. Loves, (petty vipers of inhumane hearts) you ceaſed not to breath and enkindle ſparks, which made theſe fires for me. Wicked companies, charming companies, traiterous companies, you were the chains of my ruin. O why was not the womb of my Mother, that ſerved for the firſt bed of my conception, the Sepulcher of my birth! O why the ſtars, which predominated at my coming into the world, in lieu of their benign aſpects, threw they not darts of poyſon againſt me? Why did not the earth ſwallow me in my Cradle? Muſt I live one ſole moment, to live an enemy of God eternally? O God, what an abyſs is thy judgement! Let us draw, let us draw aſide the curtain of ſilence, thy ſpirit can no longer endure me, nor my pen maintain the conceptions of my heart.

6. It ſeems enough is ſaid to ſhew the horrour of mortal ſin, which alone is the cauſe and procurer of hell. Think ſeriouſly on all I have ſaid, and all I have omitted, and if you deſire to eſchew the unhappineſs of a reaſonable creature, which I have expreſſed, obſerve I pray perpetually and inviolably theſe things, which I would, if I might, inſcribe on your hearts in unremoveable characters. The firſt is, that you muſt diligently ſeek to fore-arm your ſelves againſt a certain liberty of heart, which neither feareth ſin, hell, nor evils of the other life; liberty of heart, which ſwayeth now adays throughout the world, of which Sathan makes uſe to blunt the darts of heaven, and all the incitements to the fear of God, as being the true way of athieſm, and an undoubted note of damnation. But contrariwiſe frame unto your ſelf a conſcience termed timorous, a conſcience filially and lovingly fearfull, which layeth hold without ſcruple and diſturbance, even of the leaſt offences and imperfections. Fear is the mother of ſafety, and the means not to fear hell at all, is to fear it always. In the ſecond place you muſt effectually apprehend frequent relapſe into mortal ſins, which is the ſecond note of reprobation. For when a creature ſuddenly returneth into enormous ſins, and playeth as between Paradiſe and hell, it is a ſign he harboureth in this evil heart a plain contempt of God, and an eternal root of ſin, the ſprout whereof is an everlaſting puniſhment. In the third place you muſt ſtill live in the ſtate wherin you would die, and often to call your ſoul to an account of your actions. Ah my ſoul! If you were at this preſent inſtant to diſlodge out of this world, are you in a ſtate to be preſented before the inevitable throne of the Sovereign Judge? Have you not ſome touch of mortal ſin? Is there not ſome reſtitution to make? ſome ſatisfaction not accompliſhed? Reſts there not in your heart ſome blemiſh of evil company, and worldly love, which ſlackeneth your purpoſes? Let us break, let us break theſe chains: there is neither pleaſure, mony, nor honour can hold. You muſt ſeek ſalvation and ſay: O God of mercy; O moſt mild Saviour, I embrace thy Altars, and implore thy clemency, deliver my poor ſoul from the ſnares of Sathan, and eternal death at the great day, when heaven and earth ſhall flie before thy Juſtice. I am neither greater then *David*, nor more holy then S. *Paul*, not to think of hell. All my members quake, and bloud waxeth cold in my veins, when I reflect on it. O *Jeſus*, O love of eternal mountains, deliver not a ſoul over to this infernal beaſt, which will have no lips, but to praiſe and confeſs thee, eyes, but to behold thee, feet, but to run after thy commandments, nor hands, but eternally to ſerve thee.

Nemo ſapius opprimitur, quam qui nihil timet: frequentiſſimus calamitatis ineſſe ſecuritas. Velleius.

The eighteenth EXAMPLE, upon the eighteenth MAXIM.

Of Judgment, and of the pains of Hell.

ALl affairs of the world end in one great affair of the other life, which is that of the judgment God will give upon our ſoul, at its paſſage out of the body. A heart, which hath no apprehenſion thereof, unleſs it hath ſome extraordinary revelation of its glory, is faithleſs or ſtupid to extremity.

The ſimple idea's of this day make the moſt confident to quake: not ſo much as pictures but have given matter of fear, and if ſome ſparks of knowledge touching that, which paſſeth at the tribunal of God, come unto us, it ever produceth good effects in ſouls, which had ſome diſpoſition to piety.

Curopalates. *Curopalates* relateth, that whileſt *Theodora* poſſeſſed the Empire of *Conſtantinople* with her ſon, who was yet in minority, one named *Methodius*, an excellent Painter, an *Italian* by Nation, and religious by profeſſion, went to the Court of the *Bulgarian* King named *Bogoris*, where he was entertain'd with much favour. This Prince was yet a Pagan, and though trial had been made to convert him to faith, it ſucceeded not, becauſe his mind employed on pleaſures and worldly affairs, gave very little acceſs to reaſon. He was exceſſively pleaſed with hunting, and as ſome delight in pictures to behold what they love, ſo he appointed *Methodius* to paint an excellent piece of hunting in a Palace, which he newly had built, and not to forget to pencil forth ſome hideous monſters, and frightfull ſhapes.

The Painter, ſeeing he had a fair occaſion to take his opportunity for the converſion of this infidel, inſtead of painting an hunting piece for him, made an exquiſite table of the day of judgment. There upon one part was to be ſeen heaven in mourning, on the other the earth on fire, the Sea in bloud, the throne of God hanging in the clouds, environed with infinite ſtore of legions of Angels, with countleſs numbers of men raiſed again, fearfully expecting the decree of their happineſs, or lateſt miſery. Below were the devils in divers ſhapes of hideous monſters, all ready to execute ſtrange puniſhments upon ſouls abandoned to their fury. The abyſs of Hell was open, and threw forth many flames with vapours, able to cover heaven, and infect the earth. This draught being in hand, the Painter ſtill held the King in expectation, ſaying, he wrought an excellent picture for him, and which perhaps might be the laſt maſter-piece of his hand.

In the end the day aſſigned being come, he drew aſide the curtain, and ſhewed his work. It is ſaid the King at firſt ſtood ſome while penſive, not being able to wonder enough at this ſight. Then turning towards *Methodius*, what is this? ſaid he. The religious man took occaſion thereupon to tell him of the judgments of God, of puniſhments and rewards in the other life, wherewith he was ſo moved, that in a

ſhort time he yielded himſelf to God by a happy converſion.

If draughts and colours have this effect, what do not viſions, and undoubted revelations, which were communicated to many Saints concerning affairs of the other life? Every one knows the wiſdom and authority of S. *Boniface* the Martyr, who converted *Germany*, ſent thither by *Gregory* the ſecond, and who flouriſhed about nine hundred years ago. This great Apoſtle of the Northern parts left goodly writings to poſterity, being moſt learned, and we have to this day ſome Epiſtles of his taken out of good Libraries.

S. Bonifacius. ep. 31. In the one and twentieth of his letters written to *Aldeburgus*, he makes mention of a man who was raiſed again to life in his time, the miracle much known, and verified before all the world: for to prove he proceeded very far into knowledges of the other life, he advertiſed many men of note of moſt ſecret ſins, never opened to any living man, and exhorted them for God's ſake to true penance. He likewiſe foretold the death of *Ceolredus* King of *Mercia*, who reigned with much tyranny and rapine, whereof he received the reward.

This great Prelate S. *Boniface*, then in *Germany*, ſought to inform himſelf particularly of this wonder, and afterward couched in the fore-mentioned Epiſtle, the diſcourſe he had with this late raiſed man. How he asked many queſtions concerning events happened to him in this ſo dangerous paſſage: he tels the ſtory and relates it with tears in his eys.

Alas! how much other are our knowledges at the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body, then they are in this preſent life. We here only ſee through two little holes, which are our two eys, the bark of objects, a very little diſtance: but the inſtant of death diſcovers unto us much other truths. Repreſent unto your ſelf, ſaid he, a blind man, who never ſaw any thing, if ſome one come and take away the film, giving him ſight, he would then behold things ſpoken of in a much other manner then he imagined. The like happened to me; for my ſoul leaving my body about midnight, I inſtantly ſaw the whole world with the extenſion of its lands and ſeas that water it, as if it had been abbreviated in a table, although to ſay truth, it was not the univerſe which was abridged, but the ſight of the ſpirit dilated by diſengagement from the body.

The world was all encompaſſed with fire, which ſeemed to me of an exceſſive greatneſs, and ready to ſwallow all the elements, if its impetuous courſe had not been ſtaied by the meaſures of God's hand. At the ſame time I perceived our Saviour in the quality of a Judge, inviroined with an infinite number of Angels, indued with marvellous brightneſs and excellent beauty. On the other ſide Devils in dreadful ſhapes, which I cannot now well deſcribe, ſince my ſoul is returned to my body. At the ſame inſtant, ſouls newly unlooſened from bodies, came from all parts in ſo prodigious numbers, that I could never believe there had been ſo many creatures in the world. Then was a rigorous Examen made of crimes committed in the life paſt: and I ſaw very few ſouls who had holily lived, whileſt they were as yet in this mortal fleſh, to fly unto Heaven with Palms and Crowns. Others were reſerved to be purged, as gold in the Furnace, and to follow the ſteps of thoſe happy Warriours who had gone before them.

As for thoſe who went from this life out of the ſtate of grace, and were in mortal ſin, it was a horrible thing to ſee the tyranny with which the Devils uſed them. For I perceived, in places under the earth, pits which vomited fire and flames, on the brinks whereof I ſaw thoſe ſouls in ſuch manner, as we ſhall ſee ſome fatal birds, who bewailed and lamented their diſaſters with dreadful complaints, able to rent rocks and marbles aſunder. Then they were thrown into precipices of fire, bidding a long adieu to all pleaſures, without hope ever to behold the face of God, nor pleaſing light of the Sun, or to have fruition of any other reflection but the flames of their torments.

I who ſaw theſe ſtrange paſſages, leave you to think with what terrour I expected the laſt ſentence of my Judge. The evil ſpirits began to accuſe me with all violence: you would have ſaid, they had reckoned all the ſteps of my life, ſo rigorouſly they muſtred up all the ſlighteſt actions. But nothing at that time was ſo inſupportable to me as mine own conſcience. For the ſins which I heretofore imagined to be light, were preſented unto me in ſpirit as horrid phantaſms, which ſeemed to reproach me with mine ingratitude towards God, and to ſay: *I am the pleaſure thou haſt obeyed, I am the ambition whoſe ſlave thou waſt, I am the avarice which was the aim of all thy actions. Behold ſo many ſins which are thy children. Thou begatſt them: thou ſo much didſt love them, as to prefer them before thy Saviour.* It is an admirable thing that I likewiſe ſaw the ſpecter of a man whom I had heretofore wounded, though yet alive. He ſeemed to be preſent at this Judgment, and to require of me an account of his blood.

All theſe horrours had already ingulphed me into an inconſolable ſadneſs, expecting nought at all but the ſtroke of thunder and ſentence of my Judge, at which time my good Angel diſpoſed himſelf to produce ſome good works I had heretofore done.

One cannot ſay nor believe the comfort a ſoul then feels in the remembrance of virtues it exerciſed in the body. Happy a thouſand fold the hands which ſow alms on earth, to reap them in heaven. It ſeemed to me I ſaw ſo many ſtars of a favourable influence, when I beheld this little good I had done with God's grace.

Laſtly, ſentence was pronounced, that for inſtruction of many, I ſhould again return into life.

I muſt confeſs unto you, that among ſo many troubles of mind, ſo many fears and frights which I ſuffered before the deciſion of my affairs (except Devils and Hell) nothing ſo much ſtruck me with horrour as to ſee my body, for which a burial was prepared. Is it poſſible (ſaid I to my ſelf) that to ſerve this carrion I ſo often have forſaken my God! Is it poſſible that to fatten this dunghil, I deſpiſed my ſoul! That I ſo adored my priſon and fetters, as to ballance them with the Croſs and Nails of my Saviour *Jeſus*! for this cauſe I had ſome repugnance to re-enter into this body, which ſeemed to me a little Hell. But my ſoul coming back into it, I remained the ſpace of ſeven days quite ſtupid, and ſo laſtly ſtrove with my ſelf till blood guſhed from mine eys, as not having tears ſufficient to bemoan my ſins. Behold me ready to declare and witneſs to all mortals by an authentick example the words of the *Wiſeman*, who ſaith; MEMORARE NOVISSIMA TUA, ET IN ÆTERNUM NON PECCABIS: REMEMBER ALL VVILL PASS AT THE LAST HOUR, AND THOU SHALT NEVER OFFEND. Eccleſ. 7.

I beſeech the Reader who peruſeth theſe lines to put the affairs of his conſcience in order, and if he love any thing in the world, to love it for life eternal.

XIX. MAX-

XIX. MAXIM.

Of Sovereign Happineſs.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

It is a ſimplicity to forſake certain pleaſures for an uncertain beatitude.

Opinion concerning beatitude.

WE live here among the groans of creatures, every one well underſtands he is not in his right ſituation, and all the world turns from one ſide to another, like a ſick man in a bed, and if any one ly ſtill, it is rather through the impotency of motion, then the happineſs of repoſe. Our ſoul well knows, it is the daughter of a good houſe, that there is another place which expecteth it, another life which inviteth it: It ſeeth ſome glimmers of felicity in the maſs of this body, but hath much ado to follow them, ſo many illuſions deceive it upon one ſide, and ſo many obſtacles oppoſe it on the other.

Diſturbances of life. *Auguſt. l. 2. de Trinit. c. 12.* *Amor magis ſentitur eum prodit indigentia.*

The great flood and ebb of perpetual diſturbances, ſhew us we are made for ſome great matter, ſince among ſo many objects, there is none which either fully or long contenteth us. We underſtand our happineſs by the continual change of our miſeries, and our ſtrong appetite by diſtaſt of all things. Love, which according to *Plato* is the ſon of indigence, never is ſo ill as with its own mother, from whom it learns nothing but its poverty, which addeth a ſharp ſpur to direct it to riches.

Naz. de itineribus vitæ. The divers wayes of humane life, according to S. *Gregory.* That the choice of conditions of life is hazardous.

When I read S. *Gregory Nazianzen*, in the great work he compiled of ſundry courſes of life, it ſeems to me I behold a man in the entrance of a labyrinth, much diſtracted, who will and will not, who deſires, waxeth drouthy, is intranced, and become pale, yea, in the height of his delights. It ſeems to me nature leadeth him through all the corners of her Kingdom, and ſaies unto him: O man, what wouldeſt thou do to become happy? Behold, I conduct thee through all the parts of my juriſdiction, of purpoſe to afford thee felicity, which thou ſeekeſt. Wilt thou then marry? fie no, ſaith he, for there is too much hazard in the adventure: ſingle life? It is painful: would you have children? they cloy with too much care: barrenneſs? it hath no ſupport: riches? they are treacherous to their Maſter, and many have been in danger to looſe life for having too much wherewith to live: charges and honours? they coſt overmuch, and are indeed dead trees, whereinto Oſtriches fly as well as Eagles: would you have favour? it is a ſquib which cracks in the air, and leaves nothing behind it but burnt paper and ſmoak: but if the Courts of Great-ones afford good fruit, there is ſtore many times of evil birds, which devour it. Thou wouldeſt then live in ſubjection (ſaith nature) ſince thou canſt not command? He replieth, he could not obey. I will make thee poor, ſaith ſhe, to teach thee humility: you were as good, quoth he, to put me on the wheel. Thou ſhalt have beauty; it is the ſnare of luſt: youth, it is the bubbling of time: ſtrength, it ſhal be inferiour to bulls: nobility, it is too full of liberty: eloquence, it is too vain: skil in pleading, it is nought but wrangling. Wouldeſt thou wear a ſword by thy ſide? it is to live either an homicide, or to become a victime of death: retire into ſome wilderneſs? it is to languiſh. Will you have title? it is to become captive: traffick? it hath too much hazard and pains: travel? it hath too much toil: ſail on the ſea? there are too many ſtorms: ſtay on the land? it is repleat with miſeries: learn ſome trade? all is full of craft, and I find none good: manure the earth? I am not able: live idlely? that is to rot alive.

One knoweth not on what ſide to turn him in the world; poor ſtates are overwhelmed under their miſeries, great totter, born down with the weight of their own greatneſs. We find by experience, that we here lead a painful, bitter, and corruptible life, which is fruitful in miſeries, knowing in all whereof it ſhould be ignorant, and many times impotent but to do ill. A life over which elements predominate, which heats burn, cold congeals, humours ſwell, maladies torment, the very air and viands wherewith it lives ceaſe not to corrupt. A life which ſoves tyrannize, hopes flatter, cares devour, anxieties oppreſs, joys make profuſely diſſolute. A life which ignorance blindfolds, fleſh tempteth, the world deceives, ſin poiſoneth, the devil beguiles, inconſtancy turmoileth, time takes away, and death deſpoileth.

Oblectamur humilitate depreſſa, abſtant celſa faſtigia. S. *Eucherius.* Miſeries of this preſent life.

Now what ſpirit is ſo brutiſh and unnatural, which conſidering upon one ſide how God accommodateth all creatures, even the leaſt flies, to the full latitude of that felicity their nature admitteth, and on the other ſide ſeeing this great abyſs of miſeries, wherein we roſe in this life, doth not judge that God, who in his nature is moſt wiſe and benign, hath not ſo given the King of creatures over as prey to injuries and calamities, as not to have reſerved a life of ſpirits for him, ſince he is ſpirit, to pleaſe him by an intellectual felicity.

Neceſſary conſequence.

Bonum omnes conjectant, maximi vero principaliſſimum. *Ariſt. Politic. lib. 1. cap. 2.*

2. The Sages of Gentiliſm have looked this verity in the face by the ſole ray of natural light. For if we conſult with *Alpharabius* the *Arabian*, he will tell us, that the Sovereign felicity of man conſiſteth in a perfect diſpoſe of the functions of his ſoul, as wel thoſe which concern the underſtanding, as ſuch as depend on the will. If we aſk of the Philoſopher *Heraclitus*, what wiped his eyes ſo many times drenched in his tears? He will tell you, that it was the contemplation of a good not imaginable, which ſouls expected in the other life. If we deſire to underſtand the apprehenſions of *Metrodorus*, we ſhal learn the ſoul muſt aſcend until it behold time in its ſource, and the infinity of the firſt Being. If we covet to hear *Plato* upon it, doth not he diſcourſe in his *Phædon*, that the ſoul recollected within it ſelf, mounteth to the Divinity, whoſe image it carrieth, and that in the fruition thereof, it ſatisfieth all deſires? Is it not likewiſe the doctrine of *Triſmegiſtus* in his *Pymander*? Doth not he teach us, the ſoul after death of the body returns to its nature, as a troubled water which

Opinion of the wiſe. *Summum hominis bonum eſt perfectus per intellectum.*

Aſcende, donec facultatem & rerum videas infimarum. Plato in Phædone. Mercur. Triſmeg. Pymandr. cap. 1.

THE HOLY COURT.

That the glory of Paradiſe is moſt certain to good men.

which purifieth when it is ſetled. And doth not *Plotinus* triumph on this ſubject in publiſhing, that bleſſed ſouls at their paſſage out of bodies to the firſt beauty, which hath power to make all its ſpectators fair and amiable? There it is, (ſaith he) we ſhall live for ever in the palace of verity, which is the mother-nurſe, nouriſhment, and eſſence of our ſoul. There it is, that all is all, and where each part becometh a whole. There it is, where happineſs is indefatigable, and plenitude never gives a loathing to him who poſſeſſeth it. And who knoweth not the raptures of *Seneca*, when in the hundred and ſecond Epiſtle he ſpeaks of the ſoul, which goeth out of the body, as from a wretched veſſel, to enter into theſe vaſt Temples of Intelligences and lights, deriving its nouriſhment and increaſe from the ſame place, whence it took its beginning? May we not ſay, this truth ſo loudly profeſſed by men, who lived in a belief different from ours, is a publick voice of humane nature, touched by the ray of its felicity?

Plotinus Ennead. 1. l. 6. & Ennead. 5. l. 8.

Senec. ep. 102.

Divines teach us our appetite is finite in its eſſence, infinite in its productions. It is a miracle to ſee a heart ſo little, big with ſo many deſires, and perpetually to go like a wheel inflamed with its ardours, or rather a fire which makes a prey of its own way, and is nouriſhed with proper hunger. It is a cloud (ſaith S. *Gregory*) ſwoln with vapours, toſſed with winds, ſcattered by heat. It daily makes abortion of a thouſand productions, and when it thinks to have all, embraceth nothing.

Infinity of our appetites.

Nubes ad alta levatur, denſata ventis impellitur in ſuperna, calore diſſolvitur in evaneſcat. &c. Greg. in Job. l. 8. c. 10.

The wiſe man ſpeaking of death, ſaith, it is that *which ſhall break the pitcher at the fountain, and the wheel upon the ciſtern.* Some explicate this literally of the veins and brain. But I had rather at this preſent ſay, this pitcher is the heart of man, which ceaſeth not to go to the water of the *Samaritan*, whereof our Saviour ſpake, when he ſaid, *He who ſhall drink of this water, ſhall ever be thirſty.* It is a water which never quenched thirſt, and which ſometimes ſerves for an incentive to inſatiate deſires. And the pitcher ſo many times fruitleſly filled with this water, the heart ſo often drenched in theſe frail and momentary pleaſures, ſhall ſplit againſt the rock of death, remaining ſtill at the fountain of concupiſcence.

Eccl. 12. 7. A notable ænigma of a wiſe man.

Omnis qui biberit ex aqua hac, ſitiet iterum. Joan. 4.

Nay I will tell you, the heart is a wheel over the ciſtern of life, which ceaſeth not to draw up buckets filled with wind; one while running after one object, another time after another, not finding contentment, and at the laſt day the wheel ſhall be broken over the ciſtern, when man, if not warie, ſhall be ſurprized in the labyrinth of his deſigns, and confuſion of his hopes.

Providence of God in the limits of our appetites.

3. Now conſider the wiſdom of God, who having given us an infinite appetite, would not limit it but by himſelf: he would be our good, and being unable to be the end of himſelf, (becauſe he hath no end) he will be ours, to make us in ſome ſort infinite. He will not we put our felicities in commands and honours, becauſe they often reſemble the Idol *Moloch*, which was outwardly of gold, inwardly mortar; and becauſe honour is rather in him who honoureth, then in the honoured. He will not we ground our ſelves upon riches; for either they be gems which are the ſcum of elements; or metals which are the harbours of ruſt, and enkindlers of avarice; or garments the food of moths; or houſes, which are mountains compoſed of the bones of the earth; or fruits, beaſts, and ſo many other productions of nature, which cannot make us happy, ſeeing they, beſides their frailty, are of a ſervile nature, being made for the ſervice of men, and not for their glory. He will not we place our happineſs on pleaſures, becauſe all bleſſings of ſenſe go not beyond ſenſe, and for that their condition is either to ſtarve men by their barrenneſs, or ſtrangle them with their ſuperfluities. The beſt part of our ſelves being the ſpirit, he will repleniſh us with himſelf, who is the chief of ſpirits. It is he (ſaid the Prophet *Eſay*) who is the Crown of true glory, and the poſie of all comforts: the Crown, becauſe his felicity is wholly circular, and fully repleniſhed as the circle without any defect; the poſie, inſomuch as in his ſole eſſence he comprehendeth all the good of creatures, which are as petty flowers of this goodly garden.

God will repleniſh us with himſelf.

Greatneſs of God. Iſa. 28. 5. *Corona gloria & ſertum exultationis.*

It is neceſſary (ſaith *Tertullian*) that all greatneſs and beauties be extracted into one alone, which is the firſt greatneſs and prime beauty. He loves as charity, he knows as verity, he ſits as equity, he ruleth as majeſty, he governeth as chief, he defends as ſafety, he operateth as virtue, he revealeth as light, he aſſiſteth as piety, he doth all in all things, and ſuch as he is, he giveth himſelf unto us. I demand of you, whether he deſerveth not to be eternally diſpleaſed, who cannot content himſelf with God?

In unum neceſſe eſt ſummitas magnitudinis æquatur. Tertul. l. 1. *adverſus* Marcion. c. 3. Bernard. l. 5. de conſider. c. 5.

Nay, that which here maketh his communication the more perfect and admirable, is, that Divines obſerve there be two felicities in heaven: The one of object, the other formal. That of object, is the good by which we become happy, and formal, is the poſſeſſion of the ſame good. Felicity of object is that, which looketh towards God without any reflection upon us; formal felicity is that, which reſpecteth our proper good. We might ſee God as a diſtant mirrour, which were not ours, and which had not the power to make us lovely. We might love him with a love of good will, by the ſole conſideration of his perfections. We might rejoyce at his good, without relation to our own benefit: But the goodneſs of God would not only make us happy with the felicity of our object, but by formal beatitude. He will not we behold him with a lazie and barren eye, but with a viſion, which rendreth us like to himſelf.

S. Thom. 2. 2. q. 3.

Similes ei erimus quoniam videbimus eum ſicuti eſt. Joan. 1. 3.

He will not we love him only with a love of good will, but with a love of ardent deſire, as our good and repoſe. He will not we rejoyce onely becauſe he is God, but for that he is our God, our ſcope, and contentment.

4. The point of this beatitude conſiſteth in a perfect union of our ſoul with God, who is the fountain of ſpirits, the object of all regular loves, and the circle of felicity. So long as we are in the world (ſaith the Apoſtle) we are as pilgrims in a forraign Nation, ſeparated from the ſweetneſs of our deareſt Country, and lovely viſion of the ſovereign cauſe. We are (ſaith *Syneſius*) as little veins of water wandered from their fountains, which deſire nothing but to be re-united to their ſource: ſhould you afford them veſſels of amber or chryſtal to contain them, they are never ſo well as in their origin. We have a ſtrong inclination that diſpoſeth us to know, love, and admire this ſovereign Being, which makes the world bring forth his great idea's with more eaſe, then the Sun could produce a ray.

The eſſential point of beatitude is union with God.

Ἐκδημεῖν. Syneſius hymn. πατρὸς μὲ δίδυ ὅθεν ἐξέχυθην.

Now here we muſt obſerve, there are many ſorts of union: The one of dependence, which cauſeth the creature to depend on the Creatour, as light on his ſtar, and heat on the fire, which produced it: The other of preſence and moſt inward penetration, by which God penetrateth all creatures by his admirable infuſions, by reaſon of his immenſity and ſubtlety: The third of grace, by which we are ſanctified, and in a ſort made participant of Divine nature:

Diverſity of unions.

ture: The fourth of glory, properly that, which accompliſheth what grace had begun, and ſetteth a ſeal upon the plenitude of all our felicities. This being ſo divided, it is evident, that the union whereof we here ſpeak, is the glorified and ineffable union, which diſpoſeth the reaſonable creature to the higheſt point of the commerce it may have with the Divinity.

It is very hard to explicate how that is in our ſoul, becauſe of the weakneſs of our ſpirits, which are now ſo tied to fleſh. Some Divines refuted by Chancellour *Gerſon*, and among others, Doctour *Almaricus*, and *Henricus*, took this in a very high ſtrain, when they imagined that God comming to fall as a lightning-flaſh upon the ſoul of a bleſſed one, filled it with his preſence, force, and love, and ſo poſſeſſed it, that he wholly converted it into himſelf, in ſuch manner, that from created Being, it paſſed to increated Being, returning to Idea's of God, and into the eſtate it had before the World's creation.

Anima perdit eſſe ſuum, & accipit eſſe divinum.

This opinion hath been rejected, and condemned as a Chymæra; for God will not beautifie us by ruining and deſtroying us, but he will our felicity be ſo wholly of him, that it be notwithſtanding wholly to us; and there is no appearance our ſoul, which is immortal and incorruptible, ſhould be annihilated by the approach of God, from whom it muſt derive its being and conſervation.

5. We muſt then conceive this much otherwiſe, and believe the union of glory, that makes our beatitude, conſiſteth in the viſion, love, and joy of God, which is the fruition, termed by S. *Thomas* the ineffable kiſſes. Imagine you ſee a needle, which in preſence of a Diamond runs not to the Adamant, as being tied and fettered by the force of this obſtacle, but if you take away the Diamond which captived it, it goes ſtoutly and impetuouſly to its Adamant, which ſetteth it in the place of its repoſe by ordinary charms. I find ſomething like in the ſtate wherein we are: our poor ſpirit naturally tendeth to God, as to the firſt cauſe, and can take no contentment but in union with him; yet is it here arreſted by the poize of body, by the bait of concupiſcence, and tye of ſenſe: but ſo ſoon as theſe obſtacles are taken away, and that it feeleth the vigorous infuſions of this light of glory, which giveth it wings to raiſe it ſelf to the Sovereign good above all the ways of nature, it ſoareth as a feathered Arrow unto the Butt of its deſires: it ſinks and plungeth it ſelf into the boſom of God, and there abideth contented with three acts, which eſſentially compoſe its beatitude. The firſt is viſion, the root of this ſo Sovereign happineſs, which cauſeth us to ſee with the eys of a moſt purified underſtanding, through the rays of the light of glory, the great God face to face, with all the immenſity of his eſſence, the length of his eternity, the height of his majeſty, the extent of all his excellencies, and with the fecundity of his eternal emanations, the productions of total nature, and ſecrets of higheſt myſteries. We ſhall ſee him (ſaith S. *John*) as he is, and thereupon S. *Auguſtine* addeth, we ſhall neceſſarily derive a reſemblance of God, becauſe knowledge here principally rendreth him who knoweth, like to the thing known.

Union of glory, what it is.

The three acts of beatitude.

Joan. 1 3. Auguſt. l. 9 de Trin. c. 10. Omnis ſecundum ſpiritum notitia ſimilis eſt rei quam novit.

Of this viſion neceſſarily is formed a great fire of love divinized, when God like to a burning mirrour oppoſed to a glorified ſoul, repleniſheth it with his ardours, ever by us to be adored. And from this love proceedeth that exceſſive joy, which is called the joy of God. Viſion cauſeth in us an expreſſion of God, love an inclination delicately violent to the preſence of this Sovereign good: joy a profound repoſe, which ſeems to ſpread over our hearts a great river of peace, benedictions, and felicities. Then this beatified ſoul not being able to be what God is by nature, in ſome ſort becometh ſuch by favour. So that S. *Gregory* durſt boldly ſay, our ſoul makes it ſelf a little God, which eternally triumphs in the boſom of the great God. It is properly then, when man by an amorous conſumption wholly diſſolves into his beginning, and not loſing what he is, becometh one ſame ſpirit with him, not by nature, but by apprehenſion and affection. He not only will what God willeth, but he cannot will any thing but what God will. He takes part in all his intereſt, all his greatneſs, and all his joys, being ſo divinely incorporated into the family and boſom of this Father of eſſences. He rejoyceth at the beatitude of all the elect, as of his own; he is rapt with admiration, ſometimes at the beauty of the place, ſometimes at the delicious correſpondence of that great company, ſometimes at the unchangable continuance of his moſt bleſſed eternity, ſometimes at the garments of glory his body muſt put on, and he every where beholdeth ſources of comfort to ſpring, which can never dry.

Θεὸς ἐν Θεῷ χεῖται. *Naz. hymn.*

6. From this favour, beſides ſo many other wonders, I ſee three excellent effects ſucceed. The firſt is, impeccability. The ſecond, verity of our knowledges, which ſhall admit no errour. The third, tranquility of our love, which ſhall not know what wound, or interruption is. And firſt conſider what a good it is to be impeccable, ſince we not only ſhall be without ſin, but out of all danger of ſinning. All that which here afflicteth the moſt purified ſouls, is not to be expoſed to ſo many miſeries & perſecutions, for they know good men are here on earth like Flower-deluces, begotten by their own tears, and that in the ſame manner they are produced to beatitude by their proper afflictions: but it is to ſee themſelves in a ſtate of power to loſe the grace of God, and to be able to be ſeparated from the firſt of lives, by an action of death. That is it which made *Job*, being on the dunghil like to the dunghil it ſelf, as on the throne of patience, to deplore his condition, and ſay; *Why haſt thou made me, ſeeing I am contrary to thy Divine Majeſty? That is it which renders me inſupportable to my ſelf.*

Three great effects of beatitude.

The great happineſs to be impeccable.

Plin. 21. 5. Lilium lachryma ſua ſeritur.

Quare me poſuiſti contrarium tibi, & ſum mihimet-ipſi gravis?

Now there ſhall be in beatitude an impotency of ſin, becauſe in full ſight of Sovereign good it will be impoſſible to propend to the leaſt evil, or leaſt diſorder, without which there can be no ſin.

Moreover, as our knowledges are here wretched and ſtarven, there is not a man ſo knowing in the world, who for one drop of knowledge hath not a tun of ignorance, and who in the little he knoweth, hath not ever many errours, which ſtick to ſcience as the worm to the tree, or the moth to the cloath. Now there above, the ray of increated light, which ſhal appear in ful luſtre, wil diſſipate all the weakneſs of underſtanding, all inconſiderations, all faults, and ſhal fil us with a moſt reſplendent verity. So that our ſoul ſhal be like that *Egyptian* Pyramid, which perpendicularly reflected on by the Sun, caſt no ſhadow.

Excellency of beatifick ſcience.

In lumine tuo videbimus lumen.

Laſtly, we ſee our love is ill guided in this wayfaring life, it ſticks upon ſo many frivolous objects, which are fooliſh fires, that often lead it into precipices. It is taken by the eys with bleſſings which have nothing more certain in them then their loſs, bleſſings which we ever ſhal leave by death, if they forſake not us by misfortune. Being ſurprized it tumbleth therein, and perpetually bendeth to all which feedeth its dolours and drives away content. All it leaſt can do,

Beauty of beatifick love compared to the weakneſs of worldly love.

it

is that thing it moſt deſires, all it ſeeks, is many times the good it eſchewed: It looſeth labour to run after a flitting phantaſm, and if it ſtay, it is not but through deſpair not to overtake all which kils it. But if it come to poſſeſs what it loves, it is inſtantly turmoiled with its happineſs, and not having need to labour any more in deſires, it grows mouldy in proper fruition. It is willing to be reſiſted, to enkindle its flame, and reſiſtance thruſts it into rage, as poſſeſſion into diſtaſt. That is it which maketh me ſay, the earth being made for us, we are not made for the earth, and that we ſhould ſeek the place where love ſuffers neither offence nor interruption. I ſay offence, for it hath an object which contents all the world, and offendeth none. I ſay interruption, for if we ceaſe to love in Paradiſe, it muſt proceed from God, or from our ſelves: If it be by the commandment of God, we ceaſe to love, we ſhall ceaſe in loving, and in ceaſing we ſhall inceſſantly love, ſince we ſhall ceaſe through love. The ceſſation cannot come from us, for we ſhall love without obſtacle, and of neceſſity that Sovereign good, which for its infinities will not be beloved but in *infinitum*.

O what pleaſure, to have but one pleaſure, and what joy to derive all joys from their ſource! Why ſay we not with S. *Auguſtine*: O fountain of life, O vein of living waters, when ſhall I come to thy delights, and eternal ſweetneſs! I here on earth ſigh after thy beauties (O holy *Hieruſalem*) in a land ſcorched with ſervours of ſenſuality. O when will it be, that I ſhall come before the face of my God! Think you I ſhall ſee that fortunate day, that day of comfort and triumphs, that day which God hath made, and which takes its eaſtern riſe from his eys? O bright day, which hath no evening, nor knows what the ſetting Sun is! When do you think I ſhall hear that word, enter into the joys of thy Maſter, enter into a joy inacceſſible to ſorrow, wherein is al good, with an eternal baniſhment of all evil? There it is, where youth waxed not old, where life hath no limits, where beauty decays not, where love knoweth not what it is to be cold, nor health to impair.

O dear City! with weeping eyes we behold thee afar off, we thy poor exiles, but yet thy children, redeemed with his bloud, who makes thee happy by his aſpects. Stretch out thy arms unto us, O mild Saviour, caſt an eye on us from the haven in theſe ſtorms of life, and give us leave to walk in ſo undoubted paths, that we may come to the place where thou liveſt and reigneſt for ever.

The nineteenth EXAMPLE upon the nineteenth MAXIM.

Of the pleaſures of Beatitude.

THE joys of Paradiſe are without example, and as they are here above our experience, ſo they paſs beyond our Imagination. Yet well may we conceive, raiſed bodies ſhall have ſome manner of contentment, in the perfect uſe of their ſenſes and beauty of objects, which ſhall ſatiate them with everlaſting delights.

When after a long winter, which covered us in darkneſs, and buried us in ſnow, we behold a new world ariſe under the benign favour of the ſpring, and conſequently the golden days of ſummer, we feel our heart dilate, ſeaſonably taking in ſome antepaſt of the repoſe of the bleſſed. What ſweetneſs is it to enjoy delights in a body ſound, and a ſpirit well purified? What contentment to behold thoſe goodly Palaces, where is ſeen an admirable conſort of art and nature, ſo many Hals ſo well furniſhed within, ſuch rich hangings, ſuch moſt exquiſite pictures, ſuch marbles, ſuch gildings; and without mountains which make a natural Theater, tapiſtred without art to ſurpaſs all Workmanſhip, forreſts, which ſeem born with the world, hedges, and knots curiouſly cut, alleys and mazes, where both eys and feet are loſt, rivers which creep along with ſilver purlings about gardens enameled with moſt fragrant flowers, cavernes repleniſhed with a ſacred horrour, grots and fountains which gently gliding contend with the warble of birds: and ſo many other ſpectacles, which at firſt ſight aſtoniſh ſpirits and never ſatiate. All this is but a little atome, I do not ſay of the eſſential pleaſure of the bleſſed which is ineffable, but of the ſole content of the ſenſes of a glorious body, which may in ſome ſort be expreſſed.

S. *John* to accommodate himſelf to the weakneſs of our underſtanding, hath made a deſcription of it in the Apocalyps, where he depainteth this goodly City of the bleſſed with ſingular curioſity. It is a pretty thing to conſider how *Lucian*, an excellent wit, though a bad man, intruding into our myſteries hath ſet out in his idea's to the imitation of it the life of the fortunate Iſland, wherein he ſayes all he can to repreſent unto us unſpeakable delights: but it is ſo far from what we would but cannot ſay, as Heaven from earth. Apoc. 21. & 22.

"When you approach (*ſaith he*) to this place you diſcover the walls, extended in length, all built with emeralds, the luſtre whereof is extremely reſplendent and pleaſing. The gates are of a precious and odoriferous wood, which caſteth forth at the entrance moſt delicious ſavours. When you paſs in, you behold a pavement of all Ivory, and houſes all of gold, ſet out with coſtly workmanſhips. The Temples there are made of huge Berils, precious ſtones, of the colour of the ſea, and altars of Amethiſt. The whole City is environed with a goodly river, which ſtreameth all in balm, 300. cubits broad, and as deep as is neceſſary to bathe in. There are on either ſide ſtoves which are great houſes of glaſs, wherin are exquiſite baths: They never burn any other wood in them but cynnamon, and in ſtead of water, a certain dew is preſerved, ſovereign for bodily health. Lucian. I. 2. vera hiſt.

It is a pleaſant thing to ſee the inhabitants of this fortunate City, for you would ſay, their bodies are no bodies, but naked ſouls, ſeen by the help of ſome thin veil. Yet they ſtand upright, and ſit, walk, ſee hearken, talk and anſwer, but have nothing groſs or terreſtrial in them, as we. Their garments are of purple colour, and of a ſilk as tranſparent as ſpiders webs. No man complaineth there either of poverty, maladies, paſſions of the mind, or miſeries of the world: no man waxeth old, and all ſuch as have the favour to enter into it, remain there incorruptible. They never have either winter or night, but a temperate ſeaſon, & day which ſeems to go on with a perpetual morning. There is no asking, whether ther be orchards, gardens, flowers or fruits: for never were the like pleaſures ſeen. Their vines bare twelve times a year, and ſome fruit-trees to thirteen. Their corn is very fair, and hath on the top of the ear, little loaves of bread, ready made, very taſtfull.

I told in the City three hundred threeſcore and five fountains with chryſtalline water, as many with hony, five hundred with ſweet water, ſeven rivers of milk, and eight of moſt exquiſite wine. They make many feaſts out of the City, in a beautiful meadow, properly called *Elyſium*, wholy repleniſh'd with the choiceſt beauties of nature, and all round about it is crowned

crowned with a great wood which plentifully affordeth shadow. They sit upon couches all composed of flowers, which never wither, and when they are at table, the winds take care to bring them all the most precious viands, except wine, whereof they have no need; for there are trees of Chrystal which bear fruits made as glasses, and such cups as we use, and so often as they gather them, they find them filled with a pleasant liquour.

Mean while Nightingales, Linnets, Gold-finches and Buntings flie over their heads, and having wantonly thrown flowers on the table, which they had gathered in the next meadows, make them admirable musick. The clouds also swoln with vapours, drawn from those fragrant fountains, afford a little dew for them to bathe in and recreate themselves. Lastly, that which is very commendable among them, is, they have two fountains, one of joy, the other of laughter, which being once tasted, they become impenetrable to all sorrow.

Behold all a curious wit may do, to describe a life truly contented. We know there is nothing of all this in Paradise, but we are not likewise ignorant there is more then all this, and that whosoever might have the favour onely one hour to be with the sun and stars, should there find so brave sights, that all these dalliances of wit so gaily set out by this man, would seem to him no better then the slight verdure of cottage land-skips, hanged out of the windows, in comparison of the tuilleries.

The blessed shall have the pleasure of eyes in the aspect of the humanity of our Saviour, of the most holy Virgin, of so many bodies more lustrous then the sun, of so many beauties which shall never cease to be beauties. The recreation of ears in the mottets and canticles of triumph, which shall be sung to the praise of the ever to be adored Trinity. The contentment of smel in the good odour which shal proceed from glorified flesh. The exercise of tast, not in wine or viands, but in a subtle humour wherewith the palate shall be perpetually moistned, by reason of the noble temperature of body. The satisfaction of touch in conversation with celestial bodies. All this may in some sort be conceived by the figure we have here presented. But the joy of God, and the essential beatitude, whereof I speak in the discourse, cannot fal under our sense. Yet we may imagine the sense of joy a man hath, who unexpectedly goeth out of a tedious and painful imprisonment, or he who prevails in a great and desperate suit, or who enjoys a love infinitely affected, and sees himself tied by chast marriage to a wife a thousand times desired; or who is raised to some great office and eminent dignity, which may advance him to some high esteem, and bring him store of wealth; or who suddenly, and after many years, meeteth a dear friend whom he thought long since dead: The soul sometimes is so seized with joy, that the body is no longer able to bear it, and remains overwhelmed, as it were, under roses.

We know what happened to the good old man *Diagoras*, so famous in histories, which tell us, that in an assembly of Olympike games (the Theater of all *Greece*) he having seen three of his sons publickly crowned by the Magistrate, took at first great comfort therein, which multiplied in his heart, as light by the break of day. But so soon as these three young men came near to embrace him, and had all joyntly put their Crowns on his head, the good man sheading tears for joy, said: Gell. l. 3.

Children, I am not to flie to heaven, yet have concluded all my joys on earth, seeing you to day all three together crowned in the bosom of glory, and the full accomplishment of my wishes. It is time to die, since life can adde nothing to my happiness.

And saying these or the like words, he was so intranced with the consideration of good fortune, that he died in the place.

An honourable Lady of the Island of *Naxos*, named *Polycrite*, was touched with the like passion which took away her life, not bereaving her of glory. For the history saith, her City being besieged by the *Erythreens*, & menaced with all the calamities might be expected from a siege, she was intreated by the prime men thereof, to undertake an Embassage for the pacifying of troubles, which she willingly did, and being one of the most beautifull women of her time, and a very good Oratress, she had so much power upon the Prince *Diognetes*, the general in this siege, that she disposed his heart to what she pleased. In such sort, that going forth in the fear and confusion of all the people, she returned with peace and assurance of quiet, which made them all to come out to receive her at the City gates, with loud acclamations, some throwing flowers, other Crowns, and all rendring thanks to her as their Sovereign Preservereſs. She apprehended so much joy therewith, that in the very instant, she expired in her honours, at the City gate, and in stead of being carried to the throne, was brought to her tomb with the infinite sorrow of all her countrey. I leave you to think; if humane comforts have such force, what will the great joy of God be for these unheard-of spectacles, these continual triumphs and inexhaustible sources. Must we not say, we should there every moment leave our souls in the height of pleasure, were not the happiness of it conjoyned to immortality? Plutarch. de clar. mulieribus.

XX. MAXIM.

Of RESURRECTION.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That we must not deny our bodies the benefit of time, since they must perish.

THE HOLY COURT.

That we must use our bodies as the Temples of God, since they must rise again.

The resurrection proved more then any other mystery.

WE may truly say, there is not any mystery in all our faith, which God hath pleased to teach and prove unto us more effectually, then the resurrection. For, it being sufficiently averred, that our salvation consisteth in the knowledge of three principal Articles, which are, that of the Trinity, of the incarnation with its extension made to the Sacrament of the Altar, and of the Resurrection, although they be all of like necessity, yet it seems God disposing himself more to our ends then his own, hath more abundantly explained himself in this last mystery, which most concerneth our peculiar profit. It is very true, that for the doctrine of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the

Sacrament of the Altar, he was contented to give us some figures of them in old Testament, not fully shewing the effects: but for the Resurrection, he was pleased to establish it even before his coming into the world, really and actually, by raising many dead by the merits of *Elias* and *Elizeus*, as we learn in the history of Kings. It is well enough known, that having afforded to the Ancients very obscure knowledges of the Trinity and Incarnation; for the Resurrection alone he made the law of nature, the *Mosaical*, the order of the world, the form of Commonwealths, and the Evangelical law to speak so intelligibly, that he could speak nothing more perspicuously.

Scio quod Redemptor meus vivit, & in novissimo die de terra resurrecturus sum, &c. Job. 19.

In the law of nature I understand the chief Secretary of the world, *Job*, who crieth out on the dunghil *I know my Redeemer liveth, and that at the last day of the world I must rise again from the earth, and shall see God in mine own flesh; that I shall see my self in person, and that my eyes shall behold him, and no other; this hope I keep as a pledg in my bosom.* A man who lived about three thousand years ago before al books all Doctours, & all schools, to speak in so clear terms so presing, so peremptory, is it not a prodigy?

Ecce ego aperiam tumulos vestros, & educam vos de sepulchris vestris. Ezech 37. Macch. 2. Matth. 22. D. Tho. art. 1. ad 2. supplem. q. 75.

In the *Mosaical* law, besides formal passages in the prophet Ezechiel: *I will open your tombs, and will take you from your sepulchers*; besides the generous confession of the *Macchabees*, we have in the *Pentateuch* a passage alledged for proof of the resurrection by the Son of God himself, which for this purpose ought to be held, as an argument necessary and invincible. It is so many times said, *The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*: Now he is not the God of the dead, but of the living, and therefore needs must these Patriarchs be living, not only in the immortality of their souls, for the soul makes not a man entire, but to future Resurrection..

Tertul. l. de Resur. c. 12 and 13. *Greg. Mag.* 14. mor. c. 10. *Cyril.* Catech. 18. *Macar.* hom. 5. de Resur. Nil. Ora. 2. de Pasca. *Theod* serm de Provid.

In the order of the world, we have the new birth of stars, days, seasons, planets, of birds, who make a perpetual image of the resurrection in the world, on which the holy Fathers enlarge with much eloquence. In the form of Common-wealths and policy of the universe, we observe the great care all Nations, the most barbarous, have had of the burial of bodies, not to have been but through an instinct and estimation of the resurrection. Which the chief men in Gentilism have publickly and notably professed. And although they had very weak knowledge of other mysteries of our faith, and spake of it with much obscurity. in the point of Resurrection, they unfolded themselves most distinctly and expresly.

Mercurius Trismegistus; in the first chapter of *Pimander* assureth us of the Resurrection of bodies, as a thing infallible. The great *Athenagoras* sheweth, it was the doctrine of *Pythagoras* and *Plato*, the two first lights of *Philosophy*. And verily we have also the writings of *Plato*, which witness, the wicked shall be judged, and condemned to hell in body and soul; a passage alledged by S. *Justine* in the tenth of his Common-wealth, and which is more, this singular man to win us to this belief, hath couched a very notable axiom in his *Phædon*, where he saith, that all, which is living in the world, comes from something dead. *Democritus*, who was (as *Hippocrates* affirmeth) one of the wisest men in the world, wished the bodie of the dead should be honourably used in respect of resurrection, which *Pliny* could not dissemble. *Phocyllides* said the same in verses, written, as with the rays of the Sun. Nay, if we would consult with the tombs of the dead, we shall find, there hath not been any but some wicked and irregular spirits, who have renounced the blesings of the other life, as by publick profession, causing it to be engraven on their tombs. So did *Sardanapalus* the most infamous of men, whose epitaph *Aristotle* having read, said, It was more fit for a hog, then a King.

Vixi & ultra vitam nihil credidi.

So did that wretched woman of *Bresse*, whose monument is yet to be seen in antiquities, causing to be set over her ashes: *That after the death of her husband she had been neither Widdow nor wife: and that her house served only for a snare to loves, Otherwise that during life she never believed any thing but life.* So did one *Julia*, who caused also to be inscribed over her bones: *That she had lived 27 years without committing any sin, but by resigning her self to death.*

Nihil unquam peccavit, nisi quod mortua est. Brisson. formul.

But on the contrary, you observe some of the Gentiles, who professed the happiness of the soul in the other life, and the resurrection even on their tombs. We at this day read in *Rome* the Epitaph of *Lucius* and *Flavius*, two friends, who witnessed, *They would have but one grave on earth, since their souls make but one in Heaven.* And that of *Aulus Egnatius* who maketh mention, *That all his lifetime he learned nothing, but to live and dy, from whence he now deriveth the joys of beatitude.* And that of *Felicianus*, who having led a solitary life, saith, *He did so to rise again with the more facility, being freed from trouble at the day of Judgement.* Where the Interpreters under this word *Trouble*, understand his wife. What voice of nature is this? What touch of God? What impresion of verity?

In cœlo spiritus mihi adest. Ut in die censorio sine impedimento facilius resurgam. Brisson.

In the Evangelical law, besides the passages of S. *Matthew* 22. of S. *John* 5. of S. *Paul* 1. to the *Corinthians* 15. the Saviour of the world remained fourty days upon earth after his Resurrection, that he might be seen, reviewed, touched, handled, and manifested to more then five hundred people assembled together, as writeth S. *Paul* in the fore-alledged place, of purpose most deeply to ingraft the mystery of Resurrection in the hearts of the faithful.

2. And as for that which concerneth reason, this belief was acknowledged to be so plausible and conform to humane understanding, that never hath there been any who doubted it, were it not some hereticks, furious, infamous and devillish, as the *Gnosticks*, *Carpocratians*, *Priscillianists*, *Bardesanites*, *Albigenses*, & such like enemies of God and nature, or *Epicures* and Libertines who finding themselves guilty of many crimes have rather desired not to be perswaded of the end of souls and bodies, to bury their punishments with their life. For which cause they framed gross and sensual reasons touching this truth, unworthily blaspheming that which their carnal spirit could not comprehend.

Reason of possibility.

What impossibility should there be in resurrection to an omnipotent hand? We must necessarily say it comes either from matter or form, the final or efficient cause. It cannot come from matter since our bodies being consumed by death the first matter still remaineth, and after a thing is once created, never is it meerly reduced into nothing. Shall it be said that God who made thee of nothing cannot make thee again of the remanders of matter, and that he hath less power over dust then over nothing?

πᾶν τὸ ζῶν ἐκ τοῦ τεθνεῶτος, Plato in Phædon. *Plin.* l. 7. c. 55.

The Philosopher *Heraclitus* saith, birth is a river, which never dries up, because nature is in the world as a workman in his shop, who with soft clay makes and unmakes what he list. Think we the God of nature cannot have the like power over our flesh, that nature hath over the worlds?

Proceeds the impediment from form? It cannot, since the soul, which is the form of body, remaineth incorruptible, and hath a very strong inclinati-

tion

Levin. l. 2. de mirac. c. 52. tion to its re-union. Proceeds it from the end? No, since Resurrection is so the end of man, that without it he cannot obtain beatitude for which he is created, perfect felicity being not onely the good of the soul, but of the whole man.

Wonders of nature. Will then impediment arise from the efficient cause? And is it not an indignity to deny to the Sovereign power of God the reitauration of a body he made, being we daily see so many wonders in nature whereof we can yield no reason?

Why doth a liquor extracted from hearbs by a certain distillation never corrupt? Why is water seven times purged, not subject to corruption? Why doth amber draw a straw along, which other mettals repel? Why do the lees of wine powred to the root of vines make them fruitful? How with so base ingredients are so goodly and admirable glasses made? Why do men by the help of a fornace and a limbeck, daily make of dead and putrified things so wonderous essences? What prostitution of understanding, to think that the great Architect, having made our bodies to pass through this great fornace of the world, and through all the searces his divine providence ordaineth, cannot render them more beautiful and resplendent then ever? What should hinder him? Length of time? There is no prescription for him? Multitude of men? That no more troubles him then millions of waves do the Ocean, since all Nations before him are but one drop of dew.

The condition of glorious bodies.

CONsider, I pray, the state of glorified bodies, and observe, that there commonly are four things irksome to a mortal body; sorrow, weight, weakness, and deformity. These four scourges of our mortality shall cease in the Resurrection, being banished by gifts quite contrary to their defects. We may truly say, among the miseries of body, there is not almost any comparable to pains and maladies, which are in number so divers, in their continuance so tedious, in their impressions so sharp, that it is not without reason an Ancient said, health was the chief of Divinities, and an incomparable blessing. For what is a soul, inforced perpetually to inhabit a sickly body, but a Queen in a tottering & ruinous house, but a bird of Paradise in an evil cage, and an Intelligence tied to attend on a sick man? As the body very sound serves the soul for a house of pleasure, so that which is continually crazy, is a perpetual prison.

Now observe, that against the encounters of all sorts of pains and maladies, God communicateth to glorified bodies the chief gift, which is impassibility, wherewith they shall be exempt, not onely from death, but from hunger, thirst, infirmities, and all the diseases of this frail and momentary life. O God, what a favour is the banishment from so many stones, gravels, gouts, nephreticks, collicks, sciaticks, from so many pains of teeth, head, heart, so many plagues, and sundry symptoms of maladies, which afflict a humane body.

Apoc. 21. *Absterget Deus omnem lachrymam ab oculis eorum*, &c. Isai 40. *Non esurient, neque sitient, neque percutiet eos æstus.*

This good, if maturely weighed, will be thought very great, by such as have some experience of the incommodities of this life. Add also thereunto a singular Theological reason, that this gift shall not be in us by a simple privation, as the non-essence which the *Epicureans* imagined, but by a flourishing quality communicated by God to our bodies, and which shal have the force to exclude all whatsoever is contrary and painful, onely admitting the sweet impressions of light, colours, melodies, odours, and other things pleasing to sence. Note I say, quality, for I am not ignorant, Divines dispute concerning the true cause of the impassibility of a glorified body, and that some place it in a virtue and external protection which God will give them to stay the effect of hurtfull causes. In such wise, that according to the opinion of those Doctours, glorious bodies shall be impassible as were the three Children in the fornace of *Babylon*, not that their bodies were impenetrable to fire, but because God hindred the action of flames on their bodies. But I had rather say with S. *Thomas*, it is done by a quality internal and adherent to the bodies of the blessed. Because this manner, besides that it is sweet, easie, and suitable to the magnificence of God, is more noble, more natural, and nearer approaching to the condition of celestial bodies.

Durand. d. 15. 44 q. 4. num. 13.

1. part. q. 97. art. 1. and 5. q. 82. art. 1.

Against the second incommodity of mortal body, which is terrestrial weight, we shall have subtility, a gift much to be desired, and which also opposeth the beastlines and stupidity, that insensibly cause aversion in reasonable and intellectual nature. We cannot be ignorant, that many Divines place this subtility of glorious bodies in a vertue they shall have, to penetrate the most massy objects, not bruising or breaking them, like a spirit; and that it were an errour either to say it were impossible to the divine power, or was not done by our Saviour when he came out of his mothers womb, or when he entred into the chamber. Notwithstanding, I think this penetration of bodies should be judged as extraordinary to a blessed body, without having any necessary dependence of its condition. But I had rather believe with S. *Thomas*, Doctor *Durandus*, and the *Roman* Catechism, that this gift of subtility, whereof question is here made, consitteth in a great vigour of sence, proceeding from a perfect disposition of organs, and a tenderness of spirits, and besides in an entire subjection and admirable pliantness of the body to the soul, and of appetites to reason; a matter which I esteem more then the penetration of *Semiramis*'s wals.

Damascen. l. 4. de fide. c. ultim. and Ambros. l. 10. in Luc. cap. ultimo.

Durand. in 4. d. 44. q. 5. D. Thom. in 4. l. 4. q. 2 art. 2. and 3. q. 83. a. 2.

The third blemish of our bodies, which is weakness and infirmity, shall be excluded by the grace, force, and agility, which will bring to pass that the blessed may go from one place to another, not by a simple ability and equality of the motion of steps and going forward, but an impetuousness, as would be that of an eagle, who should fall upon her prey, or of an arrow shot by a strong hand, according to S. *Augustines* opinion. Doctor *Scotus* thinks this agility will proceed from the force of the soul, with substraction of weight, which shall at that time be taken away from the body in this state of immortality. Others think, this weight shall onely be suspended and interdicted in its effect, not for ever, but for the space the blessed shall desire, who besides this admirable lightness, shall have great and sprightly forces.

Aug. l. 22. de Civit. c. ultim. *Ubi volet spiritus, ibi protinus erit & citius.* Isaiah 40. *Qui sperant in Domino mutabunt fortitudinem.*

Lastly, the fourth accident of this mortal and corruptible state, is deformity, which hath sometimes been so troublesom to many souls little courageous, & greatly faithless, that there have been such found in Pagan antiquity, who voluntarily deprived themselves of life, to be delivered from the shame and grief they conceived to be born in a body notably deformed.

Of beauty. Beauty, although it be often decried, since it began to serve for a bait, and to be an instrument to sin, yet it must be confessed, when it contracteth good alliance with the spirit and virtue, namely, that of chastity, it hath qualities so lovely, & excellencies so noble, that without arms or guards it exerciseth power even over the hearts of Monarchs. *Zeno* said, grace of body was a *Voice of flower, and a flower of voice*; voice of flower, because it draweth amity to it, as the flower of a garden, not crying out nor tormenting it

Scot. in 4. distinct. 49. q. 13. Φωνὴ ἀνθοῦς, καὶ ἄνθος φωνῆς.

it self, a flower of voice, because it is one of the most flowery eloquences among the attractives of nature. Earthly sovereignties often employ the whole extent of their power, to make themselves beloved, yet never attain it, but this as the rays of the sun, not breaking either gate or window, gets entrance for it self in humane heart, and not alledging any other reason, nor affording patience of resolution, transporteth a soul, which lives more in that it loveth, then in that it animateth. And yet what is temporal beauty but a transitory charm, an illusion of senses, a voluntary imposture, a slave of pleasure, a flower which hath but a moment of life, a dyal on which we never look, but whilest the sun shines on it? What is humane beauty but a dunghil covered with snow, a glass painted with false colours, a prey pursued by many dogs, a dangerous Hostess in a frail house, a sugered fruit in a feast which some dare not touch for respect, and others gormandize through sensuality? Go, trust so fading a good: Go, betake you to so unhappy a snare: Go, ty your contentments to so slippery a knot. What else will happen unto you but to court a fantasie, which loosening your hold, will leave you nothing but the sorrow of your illusions?

If beauties must be loved, let us love them in the state wherein they shall never cease to be beauties: let us love them in the glory of their resurrection, where they shall be placed as Qs. in their thrones.

Durand. in 4. de 44. q. 3. The beauty of glorified bodies (saith *Durandus* the Divine) consisteth in three things. First, in a pure and resplendent colour, conjoyned to a most perfect and distinct proportion of all members, without the least blemish or defect, able to give the least aversion. Secondly, in a singular smoothness, as would be that of a mirrour, receiving the Sun beams directly. Thirdly, in an interiour light, which, as other Doctours with a general consent do add, will diffuse it self over the body with an incomparable lustre, if it happen not that the blessed to manifest themselves to feeble and mortal eyes stay the course of the rays of glory, as did our Saviour in the conference he had with the two pilgrims of *Emaus*.

Daniel 12. *Qui docti fuerint, fulgebunt tanquam splendor firmamenti &c.* Mat. 13. *Fulgebunt justi sicut sol in regno Patris eorum.*

O Beauties which never tarnish! O lights which know not what it is to be eclipsed! O house of God! O Temple of peace! When will the great day come, which shall devest us from all we have mortal, to put us into the bosom of immortality? But we must confess, that among all the considerations may be ad upon this subject, we have not any more pleasant or effectual, then the triumphant Resurrection of our Saviour, which is the root and hope of ours. If we desire to sweeten the acerbities of life, and to replenish our hearts with the antepast of our immortality, let us make a perpetual Pasch in our souls, and reflect on our *Jesus*, our Phenix, who goeth out of his sepulcher on the day of his triumphs.

That the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, *is the foundation of ours, and we must behold his sweetness and glories as the sources of our eternity*

Nature delighteth in contrarieties. Discordant accords of the world. NAture, which is an expression of Divine understanding, is never so great and admirable, as in contrarieties, & it seems she takes delight to derive the goodliest harmonies of the world from certain disagreeing accords. We admire contrary motions in the heavens, which compose an eternal peace: In the air, a bird which takes life from death, & the beauty of her plumage from a tomb of ashes: On earth, bees bred in the throat of a dead Lion, that find life in a savour able to kill them: In the sea, a fish named the *holy fish*, which as histories say, taking its original in the Kingdom of tempests, fails not to create a calm by its presence: And among fountains, we cannot sufficiently wonder at the water of *Dodone*, into wch a torch falling, is put out, and coming forth is lighted. *Jesus*, authour of nature, beareth all these miracles in his own person, to make a miracle in our hearts, and to draw them out of the dust and darkness from which he freed our bodies. He is the great heaven, which by motions of his life holily contrary, unanimously divers, and harmoniously disagreeing, hath made the accords of the Church militant and triumphant. He is the Bird of the East, whereof *Isaiah* speaketh, which glorifieth his tomb, and quickneth his death, to slay ours. He is the Bee of the celestial Father, which from all Eternity having his hive in the heart of his Father, soareth into the region of death, to sit upon dying flowers which took away his life, and put him into the throat of a lioness, of a death which devouring all, is devoured it self, as saith the Apostle: and from this gulf which yielded nothing, issueth a life to be the seed of all lives. It is the Divine fish of the *Sybills*, sacred by so many titles, to consecrate all intelligent nature, which after the rage of so turbulent a passion, makes a great calm in the world, which he establisheth by his fall, quickeneth by his death, washeth by his bloud, and glorifieth by his torments. He is the torch which entred dead into the river of *Cocytus*, whereof holy *Job* speaketh, and came out lighted and all environed with flames of a triumphant glory.

Æl. l. 8. de animal. S. *Isido.* de fonte Epyri and Solinus. Miracles of the person of Jesus. Isa. 46 11. 1 Cor. 15. Job 21. 33.

Let us then say that God, who by his providence and by a singular predestination, governeth the state of intellectual creatures in all perfect height and accomplishment of beatitude, hath so tied glory to merit, and merit to glory, that he would not glorify the Angels, without giving them some moment of a wayfaring life, & some exercise of meritorious actions, to obtain the crown and consummation of felicity. And consequently to the same purpose, it is very true the most holy humanity of the worlds Saviour from the first instant of his beginning, was inseparably united to the Divinity, but not to be the lights and actual splendours which were incessantly to spring from this ineffable union of the Word to the flesh. The Father ordained, and the son for our love received and freely accepted a suspension of the light of glory, for the space of three & thirty years. And although he had the foundation and root in himself, the exercise of it was staid, and proposed to him in the end of his race, as the recompence of his painful life, and unspeakable dolours of his death.

Jesus entreth into his glory by his merit. Suspension of actual glory in the body of our Saviour.

He naturally desired the glory of his body, as our soul sticking in flesh and bloud, vehemently covets a full liberty of its intellectual functions; and behold here in this mystery, his desire is accomplished, and this humanity darkened by the space of a long night of life, hidden and buried in the obscurity of an ignominious death, cometh from it as the Sun out of a cloud, and makes a transfusion of himself into the bosom of ineffable lights, which issue from the Sanctuary of the most holy Trinity. In such sort, that it is a second birth of the most sacred humanity, which being born to the communication of divine subsistence, is here born to glory.

Three proprieties of splendour in the resurrection of our Saviour. 5. Now observe, if you please, that as the lightning flash, which appeared in the face of the Angel, messenger of the resurrection, hath three properties; the first is, that it is a subtle part of inflamed elements, the second, that it is endowed with a splendour and sparkling, which dazleth humane eyes, the third, that it goes from one pole to another with an extream

extream vivacity, and a shril sound; So three things are observable in the glory, which our Saviour entertained in his Resurrection: first, that this body taken from the clay of *Adam* and matter of elements, became in an instant wholly invested in sweet and honourable flames of divinity; secondly, that he appeared with an admirable beauty, which made, that S. *Augustine* gave him this title: *The flower of pleasures, and the most purified pleasure of all delights, the root of holy loves*; the third, consisteth in the lustre of this great name, which went from the East to the West, from the South to the North, filling the world with his wonders.

Flos delectationum, amenitas deliciarum & veri amoris initium. August. Homil. in exurg. Mariæ.

A Remarkable Psalm.

Psalmus David quando ei terra restituta est. Alii, quando fundata est terra. Dominus regnavit, decorem indutus est, &c.

The triumphant glory of the Resurrection.

It seems, this was divinely propheſied in the 29. Psalm, which beareth a title very remarkable. It is a Psalm sung by *David* to the *Messias*, on the day when *his land was restored to him*, to wit, his body was rejoyned to his soul in the possession of glory, and therefore he saith according to the paraphrase: *It is verily on this day our Saviour beginneth an eternal Empire, and a supream Monarchy in his militant and triumphant Church: It is on this day he cloathed himself with a body, endowed with a flourishing beauty, with beauty he took, an invincible force which hath penetrated even into hell*, as divinely saith (*a*) *Eusebius Emissenus*. The eternal nights of hell have been visited by the rays of God, plants and clamours ceased, direfull chains fell off, executioners were amazed, and the whole habitation condemned to eternal pains, shook under the feet of this admirable Conquerour. The Prophet pursueth (*b*) *The seat of glory*, (O Saviour) *was prepared for thee from all eternity, and thereinto thou makest a victorious triumphant entry, after so great an inundation of sufferings. All the waves of persecutions have roared over thy head, and have buried thee in the acerbities of death. How much the more this sea of passions immeasurably swelled, so much the more thou appearedst resplendent in the supream eminency of thy glory and triumphs.*

Emiss. hom. 1. in diem Paschæ.

(a) *Æterna nox iustorum, Christo descendente resplenduit, si lucis stridor ille lugentium, & catenarum disrupta ceciderunt vincula damnatorum, &c.*

(b) *Parata sedes tua, &c. Elevaverunt flumina, &c. Mirabiles elationes maris.*

6. (*c*) Transfer your consideration from thence to the effect of our Saviours glorification, which consisteth in repose and stability, represented by the Angel, which appeared at the resurrection, sitting on a solid stone. This verily is the great day, which we may call the mystical Sabbath, and the eternal repose of *Jesus*. It is said in the mystery of the creation, (*d*) that God rested on the seventh day, and casting his eye on all these great works, which he drew out of nothing, he thereupon took satisfaction in his spirit, and impressed them all as with the seal of his approbation. To speak according to our understanding, it was an incomparable comfort to the heart of the Sovereign Creatour, to behold in six days so goodly a world, where before that time reigned an huge imaginary *vacuum*, accompanied with a sad horrour of darkness: and to consider how a Nothing in the hands of a great work-man was a mighty thing, having been as the ground of the greatness, and beauty of the universe.

(c) The sweetness of the repose of Jesus and all the elect in the state of the resurrection.

(d) *Complevitque Deus die septimo opus suum quod fecerat, & requievit die septimo ab universo opere quod patrarat, & benedixit diei septimo, & sanctificavit illum.* Genes. 2. 1.

The relation of the resurrection to the creation.

What contentment to see a heaven distended as a Pavillion over all creatures, which already circumvolved with so much impetuousness, and besides to see it enameled with so great a number of stars in the peaceable silence of the night, and in the day to see it enlightned with a sun, which is the visible Image of God invisible, the eye of the world, the light of nature, the treasury of heat, light, & influences, that animate, illustrate, and quicken all the parts of this great work. To see a Moon to serve for a sun by night, so constant in her inconstancy, so regular in her increasing & waynings, so measured in all her course, so effectual and fruitful in the impressions she maketh on nature. To see days and nights return into our hemisphere at a time prefixed, to agree as brothers & sisters, to afford time one to another, & to yield it, one in winter, another in summer, with so much integrity, that all therein goes in compass. To see the order of seasons, a delicious spring-tide strewed all over with flourishing beauties, a summer with harvests, an Autumn with its fruits, and a winter, which is as the depository of nature, dies to live again with the first rays of renovation. To see the Sea so spacious in its extents, so fertile in its productions, so concluded in its limits; to see the flood and ebb of the Ocean, the tomb of curiosity, the impetuous stream of rivers, the eternal veins of fountains, the height of mountains, the depth of valleys, the winding of hillocks, the wideness of fields: To see so prodigious a quantity of trees, herbs, flowers, so curious in beauty, so wholsom in their utility, & so divers in their multiplicity: To see so many speckled birds flying in the air, which they fill with their natural musick, so many fishes to swim in the chrystal of waters, so strange a variety of beasts, armed some with horns, some with teeth, some with spurs, other with saws, many with paws: And lastly man, who contracteth in himselfe all the draughts and works of the divine hand, and epitomizeth the whole world in his perfections, and beareth the most animated character of the living God. Is it not true that God, casting his eye on this, had a certain delight therein, as the Master of a family, when he sees a house, which he had long time designed to be raised in one night entirely perfect, throughly furnished, and in all kinds accommodated with whatsoever concerns necessity and beauty?

The joys of the heart of Jesus in the first instant of the resurrection.

Here raise your thoughts above all that is mortal and momentary: Imagine with your self the ineffable joy of the heart of *Jesus*, and the profound repose of his spirit, when at the first instant of his resurrection he represented unto himself not creatures, elements, plants, and a corruptible world, but a world of wisdom, understanding, love, beauty, force, and felicity. A Church which was to take birth from his blood, life from his death, and spirit from the most subtle spirits of his heart. He then saw this Church as a great Temple divided into two parts, whereof one made the Quire, another the body; In the Quire he beheld an infinite number of Angels, who chanted a song of triumph in honour of his victories. He saw in his idea the number of the elect, who should accompany the magnificent legions of Intelligences. He saw about him those sacred first-fruits of immortals, whom he very lately had taken out of Limbo, and himself he beheld in the front of so many clean and purified souls, rejoycing to busie the earth in the memory of his triumphs, and to make heaven happy by his sweet aspects.

The goodly world he beheld in his Idea's at the day of his resurrection.

He beheld himself as in a picture in that manner wherein S. *John* presenteth him in his Apocalyps, all laden with crowns, clad in a white garment imbroidred with precious drops of his blood, which gave him a lustre a thousand times more honourable, then that of diamonds and rubies; and after him an infinite number of celestial Courtiers who waited on the triumph of his resurrection. He heard acclamations which gave him the title of True and Faithful, voices of trumpets, of water, and thunder, which ceased not to resound Alleluiah. O what a source of joy did then over-flow the breast of God, that treasury of chast delights.

Ecce equus albus, & qui sedebat super eum vocabatur fidelis & verax. In capite ejus diademata multa, vestitus erat veste aspersa sanguine, &c. Apoc. 19.

From the Quire he cast his eyes on the body of his great Temple, and saw in magnificent idea's all the state of the Church militant, which is compared to the body of it, to wit to a ship, because it is still

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in the waves of this tempestuous sea. He beheld it with an eye of love & compassion, seeing by his example it increased by its losses, rose in its ruines, and was glorified by persecutions: and considered this little handful of Christians, which multiplying, Age after Age, peopled *Asia*, *Europe*, & *Africa*, and spred through the world known and unknown, taking for habitation the same limits the Sun hath in his course: he perceived Nations drenched in the darkness of ignorance, which having no more of man then shape, were transformed at the first light of the Gospel into a life wholy celestial: prophane Temples thrown down on their Gods, Idols broken in a thousand pieces, dens of theeves, full of horrour, bloud & darkness, purified by his doctrine, & the very instruments of his dolours honoured and advanced on the top of Capitols. He beheld Churches erected on al sides to his honour, Monarks and Queens who laid their Crowns and diadems at his feet, with praises, sacrifices, and eternal feasts.

On the other side he represented to himself so many Doctours, knowing as Oracles, & pure as Angels, who were to be the trumpets of his glory: so many innocent Virgins who should with an immortal character inscribe on their bodies the resemblance of his own most sacred purity: so many confessours who hasten to engrave on the most hideous rocks of the desart, the omnipotency of his name; the imitation of his fasts, watchings, abstinencies; the image of his deifying conversation. And lastly more then eleven millions of Martyrs who defyed all torments, affronted executioners, braved death, and scored out with their bloud the holy pathes of their glory.

Cruciate, damnate, atterite, patientia nostra probatis iniquitas vestra, crudelitas illecebra est secta; plures efficimur quoties metimur a vobis: sanguis Martyrum semen est Christianorum. Tertul. Apol. 50. Kingdom of Jesus.

7. I leave you to ponder that which never can enough be thought on, the repose and comfort of the soul of *Jesus*, when he beheld in his idea's the great Kingdom which was to be brought forth in his bloud & established in his resurrection. And moreover that his Kingdom should be an eternal Empire, never admitting end, death, nor darkness. Humane wisdom being desirous to be established in Empires by vice, policy, & tyranny, found every-where scepters of glass, crowns of vapours, and thrones of ice, which are broken, scattered, and dissolved into nothing under the progress of time and eye of the divine providence: But the Empire of *Jesus*, which taketh its beginning on earth & beareth its conquests into heaven, hath recommended his scepter to the bosom of eternity.

O what a torrent of pleasures flowed over the fair soul of our Saviour in these considerations. Painters naturally love their own workmanships, learned men their writings, Law-makers their politick Institutions, military men their victories and trophyes. All men in the world have a sensible joy to see their designs brought to perfection. *Solomon* even melted with comfort in consideration of the accomplishment of the Temple of *Hierusalem*. *Justinian* could not behold but with much transportation of joy the Church of S. *Sophy* he had built. *Constantine* had most pleasing dreams concerning the City of *Constantinople*, which was as his creature. And what is all this but Chymera's in comparison of the great work of the Church, performed by the resurrection of the worlds Saviour. Have not we cause to say, It is to thee, O *Jesus*, it is to thee, the joys of the holy Spirit do appertain: Joys pure, celestial, divine, distilled from the heart of God, who is the heart of eternal amities. Enter into repose after so great a tumult of wars and battels. It is time (saith the Spirit of God) thou rest thy Ark under the pavillion of the eternal Majesty, after so many travels and effusion both of sweat and bloud.

Luc. 10. 21. *In ipsa hora exultavit Jesus spiritu sancto. Ingredere in requiem tuam & arca sanctificationis tua. Amodo jam dicit spiritus ut requiescant à laboribus suis.* Apoc. 14. 13.

8. Let us more and more settle our selves in this noble belief, which charmeth al anxieties of this life, sweetneth all rigours, purifieth all intentions, animateth all virtues, and crowneth all merits. Courage (O Christians!) an immortality, a resurrection, an eternal life, a life of God, is gained for thee by the pains, sweats, and bloud of *Jesus*; and he now inviteth thee into the society and communion of this glory. What resolution wilt thou take (O man of mud and mortar? why dost thou still bow down to the earth, the back whereof thou hast bristled with so many thorns by thy sins? It is not now said unto thee: *Thou art dust, and shalt return into dust*; but thou art put in mind of immortality. The tombes of *Alexanders* and *Cesars*, all sprinckled over with lies and gildings, bear a HERE LYETH, but the glorious sepulcher of our Saviour, HE IS NOT HERE.

The comfort and fruit we should derive from the Resurrection to the imitation of our Saviour.

Tulvis es, & in pulverem reverteris.

Surrexit, non est hic.

9. O Christian, thou becomest the child of a good house, if thou canst understand thy nobility. How magnificent, how happy art thou to enter into a glory, which is common unto thee with God? Thy country is no longer on earth; forsake, forsake the love of these sleight cottages, these poor ant-hils, which enthral so many spirits devested of those divine seeds which bud under generous breasts. Behold the great globe all replenished with stars and lights, which incloseth within its extent all lands and seas; the great house of God where are so many brave Intelligences, part of which are busie in the praises of the Omnipotent, others circumvolve stars, remaining infatigably disposed to their imployments. This is the Palace which God hath conquered for thee. A goodly and flourishing company laden with Crowns stretch out arms to thee, thou still hast thine eye upon the petty trifles of this terrestrial abode thereon to settle thy affections. Enter, enter (O faithful soul) into the foulds and circuits of eternity, all years are for thee, all Ages are open to thee, all the greatness of heaven (if thou wilt be loyal to thy Master) is in thine own hand.

Si consurrexistis cum Christo, quæ sursum sunt sapite, non quæ super terram.

O when will that goodly day come, which shall restore thee thy body to render it to God, thy body no longer a mass of frail, ponderous and perishable earth, but an immortal, agile, and incorruptible body, priviledged with favours and gilded with bright splendours of the body of *Jesus*. Raise thy self, faithful soul, in the sufferings and travels of this life, yeild not to temptations and persecutions, which will snatch out of thy hand so advantageous a crown. All the pomp of this world, all this life, yea all which here pleaseth and distracteth hearts, is but a poor preludium of the great act of inexplicable contentment which passeth in eternity.

O man, thou hast heretofore been a little infant in thy mothers womb amongst bloud and ordure, involved in thin skins, swadled in clouts and swathbands which nature gave thee, thou wast held in thē to prepare thee for this world, for this life, where thou now breatheft air with all liberty; know this world is a second womb in comparison of heaven. Thou art yet in prison, in obscurity, in fetters, till the coming of the great day, wherein God shall give thee a new body, a glorious body, a spiritual body.

With these hopes the mother of the young *Machabees* saw the members of her children hewed and cut in pieces under the bloudy sword of persecution. With this hope holy Anchorets filled the desarts with

with their tears, walked on scorching sands, trampled dragons under foot, stifled the concupiscences of flesh in snows and thorns; with this hope Martyrs sacrificed themselves in as many torments as they had members. They preached on crosses, sang in flames, triumphed on wheels, and to merit this glory, thou wilt not resolve to forsake that company, which hath robbed thee of thy heart, and dishonoured the character of thy profession. Thou wilt not resolve to suffer a little injury, a slight persecution. Thou wilt not accomplish thy vows, discharge thy obligations, put thy self into some course of a regular piety. And what may we think of thee (O soul, so many times ungrateful and disloyal) if Heaven open in rewards cannot yet dilate thy heart to his love, who readily offers them?

The twentieth EXAMPLE upon the twentieth MAXIM

Divers observations upon the length of life, and desire of the state of Resurrection.

IT is not my purpose to enlarge hereupon narration of many Resurrections, whereof we have sundry notable examples both in the old and new Testament, and in the lives of Saints, in which kind, there is not an Age which doth not furnish us with store. I only rest upon some observations, which evidently shew the passionate desires humane nature hath to the most blessed state proposed us in the Resurrection.

August. l. 22 de Civitate Dei. c. 11. *Omne corpus fugiendum ex Platonicis. 2. Cor. 5. 4. Qui sumus in hoc tabernaculo, ingemiscimus gravati, eo quod nolumus exspoliari, sed supervestiri, ut absorbeatur quod mortale est, a vita.*

The *Platonists* said, The presence of felicity was the absence of body, and that we must fly from it as from a prison, to enter into the liberty of beatitude. But the Apostle hath much better said, *That we groan in this tabernacle, and are in great pain, not that we desire to be despoiled, but to be better cloathed, that all which is mortal in us, may be as swallowed up by life.* Verily we have a tender love of our bodies, and even those who do most torment them, do it for no other purpose but to place them one day in ease We live not without thinking on this Resurrection and immortality, the fruition whereof we shall never find but in Heaven. God hath given us this desire, to teach us we are created for it; but he doth not afford us the performance of it here, to tell us we must seek for it else where. We desire to live long and commodiously; shortness of life taketh away the one, and continual sicknesses bereaves us of the other. So many men have sought for their Resurrection here on earth, and have found nought but their destruction. Our body in the declining of age, is not like Vestal fires, to be everlastingly repaired. All in it is lost, all is dissolved; but if any thing therein be reestablished, it is not to the proportion of its primitive vigour. Spirits, without which we cannot live, cease not to alter our life, and the very air, we breath, drieth, and devoureth us.

2 Pet. 3. 8. Unus dies apud Dominum sicut mille anni, & mille anni, sicut dies unus.

There have been men in the world, who have in this life made boast of great age, as if they had already some scantling of the condition of Resurrection, but they have been very rare, & to speak truly, they have continued long in a happiness, whereof we find an end. It is a remarkable thing, that the eldest of all the Patriarchs in Genesis, who was *Methusalem*, arrived not to the time wch S. *Peter* calleth a day of God. *A thousand years* (saith the great Apostle) *are before God but one day*: And not any one of the first men of the world, with his so many years, mounted to the thousand year of his age. Yea, it is a thing very well to be observed, that in the account the Scripture maketh of the years of Patriarchs, the age of women is not considered. And *Baronius* findeth the Bible never reckoned the days and years of women, but of *Sara*, *Judith*, and *Anne* the daughter of *Phanuel*, to teach us our lives are short, since those of *Eve*, the mother of the living, and of so many other mothers from whom men issued, entred not into the line of account in Gods Chronicle. We know not how long the first woman of the world lived, but we understand she returned into dust, and that we must tread the like path.

Greece, the mother of fables, sought to use posterity as they do children: it hath pleased it self to scare us with strange tales of huge bodies and long lives, but we have more difficulty to believe them, then it facility to invent them. *Phlegon* a rare Authour sayes; he read in *Apollonius* the Gramarian, that the *Athenians* desirous to fortifie the *long Island*, which was near to their City, laying the foundation of their fortresses, found a sepulcher one hundred cubits long with this Epitaph, which said: Macrosiris *is here interred in the long Island, after he had lived five thousand years compleat.* These are impostures and *Rhodomontades*, which seek to brave Ages, and cannot affront worms, nor be defended from corruption. *Phlegon. de rebus mirab. c. 17*

All about us is sufficient to give us lesson of the shortness of our life. The corn, on which we live, dies every year to the root. The Vine feels as many deaths as winters, and although it renew every year, it cannot attain to the reasonable age of some drunkards: Fifty or threescore years make up its age as also of Apple-trees, Pear-trees, Plumb-trees, Chery-trees, and other such like, wherof eating the fruits, we should think the wood which bears them, liveth no longer then we. Tame creatures, which are perpetually among us, live but a while. The age of a horse ends at twenty years. It is a great chance if a dog arrive to that number. The ox will be well contented with sixteen, sheep with ten, cats are between ten and six, pigeons, and so many flying fowl live not long for we daily eat them soon enough; as if all this should say unto us: *What do we so long in the world, since all things that must serve our use last so little.* Gold & silver continue long, but last very little in our hands, & though one keep them as well as he can, they keep not ever one Master. If there be creatures which live much longer, they fly from us, as Harts, Crows, and Swans: you might say, they are ashamed to participate in our frailty.

Great-ones of the earth have in all times done what they could, with a purpose to prolong their days, so naturally are we desirous of the state of Resurrection; but they have many times bridged them, seeking to lengthen them. *Garcias* telleth us, that a King of *Zeilam* having learned the adamant had the virtue to preserve life, would neither eat nor drink, but in a dish wch he caused to be made of adamant, through a strange giddiness of spirit; but he failed not to find death in these imaginary vessels of immortality We make a great matter of it to see men very old; they are beheld with admiration: But if some desire to come to their age, there is not any would have the miseries and troubles of it. This *Phlegon*, of whom we now speak, who had been one of the most curious Authours of his Age, made a book of long liv'd men wherein he confesseth he hath exactly looked into the Registers of the *Roman* Empire, there to find old men and women of an hundred years, and scarcely could he meet with a sufficient number of them to fill up a whole leaf of paper. But if he would take the number of such as died before fifty, which the

Ancients

Ancients called *the exterminating death*, he had filled many huge volumes. *Pompey* took pleasure at the dedication of his Theater, to see a Comedianess act, named *Galeria Capiola*, who reckoned ninety nine years since her first entrance into a Theater. It was a goodly play of life in a woman, who danced on the brink of her grave: But how many such like have there been? people go into the tomb as drops of water into the sea, not thinking on it. Nay, do but observe al which is Sovereign, and you will find among all the Emperours, w^ch were through so many ages, there is not one to be found, who attained to the age of an hundred years; and four alone arrived to four-score, or much thereabouts. *Gordian* the elder came to this point, but scarcely had he tasted of Empire, but was overwhelmed with a violent death. *Valerian* at the age of seventy six years was taken by *Sapor* King of *Persia*, and lived seven years in a shameful captivity, his enemy making use of his back as a foot-stool, when he would mount on horse-back. He was at first much greater in the estimation of men then he deserved, and every one would have thought him worthy of Empire, had he not been Emperour. *Anastasius*, a man of little worth and less courage, who had more superstition then religion, arrived to the age of four-score and eight years, when he was blasted with lightning from heaven. *Justinian* reckoned four score & three, which made him wax white in a vehement desire of glory, although being somewhat contemptible in his person, he was fortunate in Captains. They speak of a King called *Arganthon*, who heretofore reigned in *Spain* the space of four-score years, and lived an hundred and fourty: But this is rather in fables then authentical histories. Of so many Popes as have been since S. *Peter*, not any one hath possessed the See twenty five years, & scarcely find you four or five four-score years of age. *John* the two & twentieth, an unquiet and treasure-heaping spirit, was about ninety years, when death took off his triple Crown. So many had *Gregory* the twelfth, who was created before the schism, but his papacy was as short, as his life was long. *Paul* the third attained to one above four-score, and was otherwise a man as peaceable of spirit as prudent in counsel. *Paul* the fourth, severe, imperious, and eloquent, came to four-score and three. *Gregory* the 13 lived as many; a Prelate wise, courteous, prudent, liberal, who lived too little a while for the Churches good, for which he could not end but too soon. If we speak of the blessed S. *John*, S. *Luke*, S. *Polycarp*, S. *Denys*, S. *Paul* the Hermit, S. *Anthony*, S. *Romuald*, and so many other religious men, they lived long: And it seems there are many things in religion, w^ch further long life, as contemplation of things divine, joys not sensual, noble hopes, wholesome fears, sweet sadness, repose, sobriety, and regularity in the order of all actions. But all this is little in comparison of the divine state wherein bodies shall not only never end but live eternally, impasible as Angels, subtle as rays of light, quick as thought, and bright as stars.

Tert. in historia vitæ & mortis.

Conclusion of the MAXIMS, by an advice against Libertinism, where all men are exhorted to zeal of true Religion, and the love of things eternal.

Of the obscurity and persecution of TRUTH.

INcredulity is an immortal disease, which hath reigned from the beginning of the world, and which will never end but with the worlds dissolution. Dreams and lies are many times believed, because they insinuate themselves into the heart by charms; but truth, which will never bely her self, hath much ado to make her self understood, and if she be once known, she is beloved when she smiles, and feared when she frowneth.

Four things much unknown.

There are four things have ever been much unknown in the world, time, wind, terrestrial Paradise, and truth. Time is a marvellous creature, which perpetually passeth over our heads, which numbreth all our steps, which measureth all our actions, which inseparably runs along with our life, & we have much business to know it as well in its nature as progressiō It is a very strange thing that there are such as promise themselves to reckon up the years of the world as of an old man of three-score, and yet we know by the experience of so many ages, it is a great labyrinth wherein we still begin, never to end

Hadrianus Junius.

It was for this cause the Ancients placed the figures of *Trytons* on high Towers with tails crookedly winding, to represent unto us the intrication of the foulds and compasses of time. And for this also in the Prophet *Esai*, the Seraphins covered the face and feet of God with their wings, to teach us (saith S. *Hierom*) that we are very ignorant in things done before the world, and in those which shal happen to the end of it.

Isa. 6. Hieron. in Isa. *Non est vestrum nosse tempora & momenta quæ Pater posuit in sua potestate.* Actor. 1.

If we on the other side consider the wind, we cannot but sufficiently understand the commodities and discommodities of it, which have made the wise to doubt, whether it were expedient there should be winds in nature, because if their influences be good in some things, their furies are extreamly dreadful in other. We see how upon one part the wind drench huge vessels laden with men and riches, on other, they tear up trees, they ruin and overthrow houses: We likewise find, they favourably carry the clouds to impart showers to all the world, they purg the air, they cause a good temperature in the elements, they are the occasion of commerce and navigations, to make the riches of the world common. We cannot be ignorant of their effects. But as for their causes some cōmix atoms, other attribute the production of it to the Sun which rarifieth the air, other to vapours & exhalations: Other say they are the sneezng of this vast creature called the world: others, think the element of the air is moved of it self. And indeed we can say nothing more certainly of it, then what the Prophet did, *That God produceth the Winds out of his treasures.*

Senec. nat. q. l. 5.

Qui producit ventos de thesauris suis. Psal. 134. 7.

As for terrestrial Paradise, it is a question among Divines never to be ended, & which ministreth perpetual business to all Interpreters upon Genesis. *Elias Thesbites* durst boldly say, that not only the garden of pleasure was still in being, but that doubtlesly many went thither, and the passage into it lay open to them, but that charmed with the beauties and contentments of this place they never returned. Which may be refuted with as much ease as it was invented. *Origen* and *Philo* following their allegories made a mystical Paradise and true idea's of *Plato*, wherein they were imitated by *Psellus*, who saith that *Chaldean* Paradise, so calleth he it, was nothing else but a Quire of celestial virtues, which environed the heavenly Father, and beauties of fire issuing from fountains of the first workman.

Elias Thesbites in Verbo. Ἐμπύριος κύκλος ἀστέρων ἀπλανῶν. Σημειωτέον γιγνώσκειν.

Some place it in *Indy*, others in *Mesopotamia*, where there would be much ado wel to accord these four

Rivers

Rivers, but that recourſe is had to the violence of the deluge. We muſt confeſs that there are many things unknown, wherein God will exerciſe our faith, but not ſatisfie our curioſity. But nothing through all Ages hath been ſo hidden and unknown, as truth. The Philoſopher *Heraclitus* ſaid, That its Altar was in a cloudy cavern, all covered with ſhades and darkneſs, wherinto ſeldom any came. And verily we ſee, that ſince ſciences were invented, for the ſpace of ſo many Ages, we have beheld nothing but wranglings and wars among Philoſophers, who ſeeking to make diſſection of the great body of this Univerſe, have all mutually contended for the defence of truth, as they ſay: but many defending it, have ſo ill handled it, that they almoſt have diſ-membred it, and for a ſolid body, have in the end retained nought in their hands but a fantaſm. It only appertaineth to God to produce it, and to make it known to mortals, which he out of his infinite goodneſs hath at ſundry times done. But men blinded, like unto Giants, have ever perſecuted poor truth out of a certain ſpirit of incredulity and contradiction, the plague and poyſon of wiſdom. After the Eternal Wiſdom took lips of fleſh, to reveal the ſecrets of Heaven unto us, four Squadrons have furiouſly aſſaulted it. The one of *Jews*, the other of *Gentiles*, the third of *Mahumetans*, the fourth of *Hereticks*. And now adays after Hereticks, we muſt add a fifth thereto, which is that of Libertines.

Non credent mihi, neque audient vocem meam.

The Definition of Libertiniſm, the Deſcription, Diviſion, and divers effects of Libertines.

2. LIbertiniſm is nothing elſe but a falſe liberty of belief and manners, which will have no other dependence, but on peculiar fancy and paſſion. It is verily a ſtrange monſter, whereof it ſeems *Job* made deſcription under the figure of *Behemoth*, as much to ſay, as a creature compoſed of all ſorts of beaſts, of which it beareth the name. Libertiniſm likewiſe is a ſin framed out of all manner of ſins, whoſe effects it hath, to poſſeſs the miſeries. *Behemoth* (ſaith he) *eateth hay as an Oxe*: and the Libertine from the table of Angels, is brought back to the ſtall of beaſts, having no other care but to ſtuff his guts with corruptible meats, having deſpiſed the immortal Manna. The one hath his ſtrength in his reins the parts dedicated to luſt, and the other is only vigorous for impurity. The one hath bones of braſs, and the other a heart of copper. The one makes ſhew of ſome griſtles framed of iron, the other of ſome falſe moral virtues, really nothing but iniquity. Mountains bear graſs to feed the one, and the tables of great men plenty to entertain the other. The one ſleepeth in moiſt places under the ſhadow of Reeds, and the other in Victual-houſes and idleneſs. The one threatneth to ſwallow *Jordan*, the river of the holy Land; and Libertiniſm will annihilate the moſt ſincere part of Chriſtianity.

Iob 40.

We may ſay of all theſe impious, what S. *Cyprian* did of Devils: *Theſe are impure and wandering ſpirits, which plunged in ſenſuality, and having loſt the happineſs of Heaven, through the contagion of earth, forlorn and corrupt, ceaſe not to ruine and corrupt.*

Spiritus inſinceri & vagi non deſinunt perditi perdere, & depravati erroribus pravitatis infundere. Cyprian. l. de Idol. vanit.

Now obſerve they are not equal in malice or quality: but when I ſomewhat nearer conſider their ſtate, I find they are divided into ſix orders. The firſt comprehendeth many ſpirits, who are not of the worſt, being ſomewhat reaſonably grounded upon the principal points of Religion; but as much as they fail in all concerneth ſubmiſſion of ſpirit, ſo much are they enamoured of their own wit, and become laviſh of tongue.

Diviſion.

This often proceedeth either from birth, education, too free converſation, ſome paſſion, or from opinion of proper ability, which is the cauſe they cut and mangle many things very confidently, concerning the honour of the Church, and œconomy of Religion. One while they ſtrike at the Pope's authority, another while they deſperately throw themſelves upon the multiplication of Religious Orders, ſometimes they cenſure all Eccleſiaſtical perſons, ſparing none: mean while they ſee not the ſubverſion of Religion, always began by the contempt of Prieſts. Sometimes they ſcoff at Confeſſions and frequent Communions, another time argue againſt the doctrine of Purgatory, then they ſlight indulgences, contemn Saints, Images, and Reliques, ſometimes declaim againſt other Ceremonies and Cuſtoms of the Church. They ordinarily ſay, *Jeſus Chriſt* ſufficeth them, and that beſides the bleſſed Sacrament, there is no need to take pains in other devotions.

Nay, that which more provokes and ſtrengthneth them in their beliefs, is, what they obſerve in others, who not inſiſting in the more perfect ways of the univerſal Church, create devotions to themſelves, which much incline to ſuperſtition; for neglecting the great and eſſential Maxims of our faith, they adhere to ſilly inventions of their own ſpirit: and you would almoſt ſay, the Father, the Holy Ghoſt, and the Word of God it ſelf, were nothing with them in compariſon of particular devotions of ſome Saints, or ſome ſlight obſervances, which they practiſe according to their own fancy. But if one happen to reprove them upon it, they are uncivilly offended therewith, and think ſuch as ſpeak with reaſon, are not within the compaſs of the upright judgment of faith. I affirm theſe kind of proceedings are not according to the order of the Church, the which honoureth all Saints, yea, and the bleſſed Virgin, in a degree infinitely beneath the Divine Majeſty, nor doth it honour them, but to honour God in them and by them.

But if ſome abuſe myſteries, muſt we therefore overthrow Altars? If ſome popular ſpirits ill inſtructed grow ſuperſtitious, muſt one therefore become a Libertine? Muſt innocency be forſaken the more to hate the guilty? It is a pittiful thing to ſee good ſpirits, who make profeſſion of Catholick Religion, and have in ſome things good apprehenſions of piety, to take ſuch liberty of words to themſelves, that we know not what to make of them. Ought they not to conſider, that a popular errour is one thing, and a poſition of the Church, another? If ſome particulars introduce exorbitant devotions, let them reject, blame, and condemn them. We neither undertake to defend nor juſtifie them. But when we ſpeak of the invocation of Saints, of their Reliques, Canonizations, Indulgences, of the authority of our Holy Father, of the Inſtitution of Religious Orders, and ſo many ſuch like, which are authorized by general Councils, and by the belief of all antiquity, doth not a good judgment ſee, that to go about to oppoſe theſe Maxims, is to do that which S. *Auguſtine* ſpeaketh, To ſuffer one's ſelf to run into a folly, which haſteneth to the height of inſolency? He, who admitteth a leak in a Ship drowns it, who divideth Religion hath none at all, who reſolves to believe this, and reject that, believes nothing. All that which cometh from one ſame authority, ought to be believed with like equality. Our faith is not grounded upon natural judgment, upon wit, and diſcourſe, but on the ſubmiſſion we ow to God and the Church, which is

the Interpretess of his counsels. He who abideth therein, abides in true wisdom, who goeth out of it, shal find nothing but an Ocean of disturbances, and the shipwrack of his faith.

The second order of Libertines is of Neuters, wavering and distrustful, who are almost upon the indifferency of Religions, and hold their faith as a hawk without leashes: It quickly flies away and leaveth them, to repleniſh more-setled brains and more capable souls. In this number you have many squeazy stomachs, who affect to be Masters in matter of Religion, and are extreme greedy of all sorts of innovations. And if there be some bold spirit, who with sensual reason censureth the mysteries of our Religion, that man is according to their taſt a brave fellow, and his books deserve to be bound up in gold and purple. The Bible is not wise enough for them, their spirit of rebellion findeth faults and contradictions therein. They are in search of hidden mysteries, as were the *Argonauts*, who went out to win the golden fleece: And could they lay hold on *Mahomets* Alcoran, they will not spare to read it, the more to confound themselves in the labyrinth of their errours. After they have run all over, sounded all, quoted all, they find themselves empty, and have nothing so assured as incertainty, nothing so undoubted as the loss of their faith, which they have almost wholly transformed into a cursed Neutrality, the head-long descent of a horrible precipice.

The third order comprehendeth idle loyterers, & people of the throat and kitchin, who bear in their ensign for devise, that which is said to have been inscribed on *Sardanapalus* his tomb: *Drink, eat, fill thy self in the ordures of flesh, and think thou hast nothing but that which thou affordest to thy sensuality.* They all say with *Epicurus*, As for my self, I cannot understand any felicity, unless it be in palates, in lips, in ears, in the belly, and all that which is common to us with beasts. These kind of men have not so much to do as other, they are not sollicitous concerning the secrets of nature, curious books, mystical Cabals, the Gospel, not *Turkish* Alcoran: they have found their God in themselves, and indeed will acknowledge no other but the belly. Their continual employment is to furnish out tables for it, which are its Altars, and to offer unto it dishes and sauces in sacrifice.

Ἐν τῇ γαστρὶ, ἀφροδισίοις, τὰ ἄλλα ὑπνῶν.

The fourth region containeth the malign, covert, and narrow observers, who yet still retain some fear of the smoke of the faggot: behold the cause, why they dare not declare themselves in open manner: They enter into the fold as wolves cloathed in a sheeps skin, and tell the sheep they are much affected to their conservation, but that the dogs must be taken away, which do nothing but deafen their ears with barking both day and night. These are such as sow propositions with a double meaning, and have ever a back-shop to hide themselves in; such as say, Catholick religion is good, if it were purged from so many superstitions, such as deceive young men under colour of doctrine, and when they have hit upon a curious spirit, whom they esteem retentive of a secret recommended, they draw the curtain aside, and reveal the mysteries of iniquity to him. They are such as make disguises and differences, which no man imagined, and make truth combat against Atheism with so feeble arms, that it were much better defended, to be left to its own nakedness, such as have a storehouse of evil books, more impure then the stable of *Augaus*, out of which they derive all their profanations, cloying the ears of the simple with a thousand objections, ever made in the name of a third person, who never dreamt of them: Lastly, such as silently build the *Babylon* of execrable confusions.

The fifth rank comprehendeth all those, who have sold their souls to ambition, and particular interest, and have nothing of religion, but seeming and ceremonies. They are such as would make no scruple to set a foot upon the throat of their best friends, to raise their own fortune higher: Such as live fattened up with the Altar, being many times enemies of the Altar: Such as lift their children aloft with an arm of silver, through all the ways of injustice, above the heads of men, and make the Church a prey to their ambition: Such as are present at Divine Service with postures of a puppet-player: Such as go to Gods word as to a Comedy, to see and to be seen, more for *Adonis* then *Jesus*; and who in conclusion turn all piety into scoffs, retaining nothing of it, but a fantasm to serve their own ends. The sixth manner is of such as are utterly impudent in words, and Libertines in actions, of whom the great S. *Jude* made a lively description: Certain men are crept in among us reprobate and impious spirits, who apply all talents of grace and nature to lust, and to deny him that made them, to wit, our Lord *Jesus Christ*, Master and sole Monarch of the whole world. Then he addeth, they are such as defile their flesh, and revolt against lawful powers, such as blaspheme the Divine Majesty. They are gluttonous, cruel, and arrogant, who only think to satiate themselves by others hunger, clouds without water, tossed with turbulent winds; autumn-trees, barren trees, trees twice dead, trees rooted out of the territory of the Church. They are waves of an enraged sea, which foam nothing but confusions; wandering Comets, to which God reserveth a tempest of darkness.

Ut introierunt quidam homines, &c. Et hi carnem quidem maculant, dominationem autem spernunt, majestatem autem blasphemant. Hi sunt in epulis suis maculæ, &c.

The Causes of Libertinism well observed by the Apostle. S. Jude.

3. NOte that this great Apostle doth here touch four sources of infidelity, which are in this very considerable. The chief and original of this corruption, is a brutish lust, which with much infamy overfloweth as well in pleasures of the throat as sensuality, which he was willing to express by these words, when he said: *The impious not only act impurities, but are the impurities themselves.* For the Libertines are true *Borborites*, (so were certain hereticks called) as one would say, bemired, because they naturally delighted in uncleanness; they are dissolute people, who have no other God but their belly, good cheer, and unbridled lust; from whence it cometh, that understandings clouded with bodily pleasures, thicken, and become wholly unable for things divine. *The people heretofore beloved, is puffed up with fat, hath kicked against, and forsaken its Creator*, said *Moses*.

Jud. Epist. Job. 20.

Hi sunt in epulis suis macula.

Incrassatus est dilectus & recalcitravit, dereliquit Deum factorem suum. Deut. 31.

Tertullian very wel termeth gourmandize the palsie of the understanding: for as a body is deprived of sense and motion by the corporal palsie, which obstructeth the nerves, so the spirit oppressed by sensuality, is wholly darkned, without any feeling of Religion, or any motion to works which concern salvation. *To live in fat, is to shut up the gate of wisdom. There is a palsie of corporal pleasures, which wasteth the spirit, and a ptisick which preserves it.*

Opimitas sapientiam impedit, exilitas expedit, paralysis autem cum prodigio prius servat. Tertul. de anima. c. 20

Nay *Oecumenius* discovereth somewhat more mysterious unto us, when interpreting the word *macula* according to the Greek σπιλάδες, he saith, They are certain rocks hidden under the waves, which surprize Saylours, and cause hideous shipwracks. This very well agreeth to Libertines, and one may call them, according to another translation; *rough rocks, hollow stones*, &

Confragosa in mari sunt cavernosus rupes, & scopulos.

stones, and shelves, which are the causes of so many falls. They are in feasts as gulphs in the Ocean, and overtake ere aware, spirits already possessed with the vapours of wine and meats, at which time they are most open to sottish mirth. Ah how many young men deceived by these impostures, after they have made ship-wrack of reason in a tavern, have thereunto added the ship-wrack of their faith! *He was led as an Oxe to the slaughter, or as a skipping Lamb, not foreseeing his captivity, before the mortal arrow had transfixed his entrails*, saith the *wise man*.

Bos ductus ad victimam, ignarus lasciviens & ignorans quòd ad vincula stultus trahatur, donec transfigat sagitta guttur ejus Prov. 7. 23.

The second cause of infidelity, is a certain barrenesse of wit, of judgment, discretion, of Christian virtues, and namely of humility, of good works, and worthy employments, and consequently a swelling of presumption, of imaginary ability, of vanity, of idleness, which is much supported by wicked nature, effeminate education, too free conversation, access of evil company, which render a man absolutely barren. A matter excellently well signified by these words: *They are clouds without water*, such kind of trees as we see in *Judea*, unfurnished of fruits in Autumn, and despoiled of leaves; twice dead that is to say, quite rotten. Faith will be manured by the exercises of piety, by presence at Divine Service, by keeping of fasts, by alms, and frequentation of Sacraments: Now these wicked ones, employed in sensual pleasures and evil company, forsake all the Characters of their Christianity, which maketh them by little and litle fall into a great forgetfulness of God, into disdainfull pride, insupportable neglects, and into the maledictions uttered by our Saviours lips against the unfruitfull tree. Of these is understood the decree of Heaven: *Earth, earth, earth, hearken to the Word of God. Our Lord hath said, Write down this man as a man barren, who shall never prosper during his life.*

Nubes sine aqua.

Jer. 22. 29. Terra, terra, terra, audi sermonem Domini. Hæc dicit Dominus: Scribe virum istum sterilem, virum qui in diebus suis non proseperabitur. Finitus fers maris despumantes confusiones suas. Tunc videbitur ignominia tua, & adulteria tua, & hinnitus, & alienatio fornicationis tuæ supra colles. Ambr. l. de Abra.

The third source is a tumult of enraged passions, *which are waves of the sea, that vomit up their confusions*; for these kind of spirits are in perpetual disturbances, nor hath the sea so many waves, as they anxieties, pride puffeth them, ambition precipiteth them, hatred gnaweth them, delights conquer them, choller burneth them, fury transporteth them, hardnesse of heart makes them untractable, and impudence insupportable. And being unable to restrain their passions within themselves, they throw them abroad as the the froth of waves, and scum of confusions. That is it which S. *Ambrose* said, interpreting a passage of Jeremie: *Then is it thy ignominy, thy adultery, thy neighing, and strangeness of thy fornication shall be seen to all the world on the mountains.*

Lastly, the fourth root which rendreth their evil very desperate, is a perpetual inconstancy, excellently compared in the passage of the Apostle to flying fires, formed in the air from exhalations of the earth. This sort of men perhaps may have qualities, which may give them some lustre according to the world, and make them appear as stars in the firmament of worldly honour, causing some to reflect on them with admiration of their wit, their eloquence, and behaviour. But they are (to speak properly) stars of earth and smoke, like unto that S. *John* calleth the star of worm-wood, which being not of the stars, enchased by the hand of God in celestial globes, but flying flames enkindled by some grosse exhalations, proceeding perhaps from a dunghill, fall back again on earth from whence they came. If they sometimes take certain semblances of virtue and penance, they have no solidity in their good purposes: If they be touched and raised by some good inspiration, they are not constant, but having sowed certain rays of hope, fall back again into their myre, and falling throw plague and poison among company.

Apoc. 8.

Crinemque volantia sydera ducunt.

Adde also to this discourse of the Apostle, two essential causes of our evils. One whereof is, that the disorder and impurity of manners being very ordinary among young men, who are children of the rich best qualified; parents, instead of repressing of exorbitancy, by the cutting off of excess and superfluity, which is the nurse of impiety, take no other care, but to put them into abundance over head and ears, and thrust them into dignities, in the weakness of ability, and greatest strength of passions. From thence proceedeth they behold one another like little Gods, and having shaken off the yoke of obedience to men, free themselves what they may, from the commands of the supreme Master, having no other guide but temerity, nor other law but the liberty of doing all. Blasphemies, which in the mouths of mean ones, would be esteemed monsters, passe from their lips for braveries, and such as come to adore their fortune, are constrained for worldly respect, to offer incense to their vices. Herein it is, parents make themselves guilty of high treason to the Divine Majesty, having so ill employed their travels and watchings, as day and night to have amassed riches, which serve for sinews to impiety, and scandal to the publick.

The other cause, which much fomenteth blasphemies & irreverencies against Religion, is, that as ears are supple to hear them, so laws are greatly unprovided to punish them. Every man is pleased to revenge his particular injuries, and to reserve unto God the revenge of his own. Prophane speeches, which heretofore made the faithfull tear their garments, such horrour they had to hear them, being now at this time uttered with some witty jests, flatter spirits, and being unable to gain the approbation of truth, they take it from the courtesies of men. It is to be feared, God permitteth this for vengeance of some sin, and wholly withdraws faith from these forlorn spirits, to place it among souls more purified.

Of the ignorance and Nullity of Libertinism.

4. I Find not any thing more intolerable, then to see impiety flatter it self with the pretext of ability, learning, and goodness of wit, since it is ever accompanied by two evil conditions, ignorance and brutishness. What light of understanding can there be in a Libertine, who makes profession to spit against the source of light? *God* (saith the Scripture) *is the Lord of sciences, and on him depends the good order of all our thoughts.* How much the more commerce one hath with the essence Divine, so much the more splendour he enjoyeth, as the Ancient Philosophers do assure us. We resemble those statutes, which spake in that proportion as the beams of the Sun reflected into their mouthes. We cannot so much as open our lips to speak worthily of God, unlesse God, who made them, unloose them for his greater glory.

Ignorance and brutishness of Libertines.

Reg. 1. 2. Unumquodque tantum habet de lucis, quantum retinet esse divini. In memor. rer. difficil.

I much esteem the sentence of S. *Diadocus*, who saith, There is nothing more miserable or more ignorant, then a spirit which will speak of God out of God, that is to say, who being out of the limits of faith and innocency, dares undertake to touch so high a point, as that of divinity. Now we know by experience, the wicked are alienated both in thoughts and manners from this sovereign sanctity, and therefore we may undoubtedly resolve, they are most uncapable of sciences, and especially those which are divine, being sworn enemies of the God of sciences.

Diadoc. de perfect. spirit. c. 7. Nihil egentius ea mente quæ de Deo extra Deum philosophatur.

A notable saying of *Avicen.* *Immaterialitas radix spiritualitatis.* Avicen. apud Capreol.

Moreover if that be true which *Avicen* the Philosopher said, that immateriality is the root of spirituality, and that by how much the more a thing is discharged of matter, so much the more it is capable of intelligence, what reasonable discourse of man can one derive from a spirit wch is perpetually clouded with vapours of lust? *Heraclitus* in the secrets of his doctrine, required a dry soul to render it capable of the most purified meditations of Philosophy: and can we thing a spirit which hath made a prison of its body by pampering the flesh with all possible tenderness, will declare us the mysteries of hidden sciences? Is it not to go about to gather grapes from thorns, figs from bushes, and golden grains out of straw? And say, there were some appearance of sobriety and modesty: know we not, pride is a formal obstacle to the purity of great and noble sciences, because it instantly blind-foldeth men with the presumption of their ability? Are we ignorant many would have become greatly knowing, had they not thought they were absolutely perfect? Now who is more haughty or more arrogant, then a Libertine, who, if peradventure he have some smattering of letters, is so puffed up with the opinion of his capacity, that he seems to himself to have slept in *Sybilla's* Cave, to pronounce Oracles, and judge all other men consist of superstitions, and ideots.

Great wits modest.

Great wits who have ravished the world with admiration, resemble those rivers, which glide along with a peaceful majesty, not troubling any body with their waves. But these petty shufflers murmure like unto brooks, and vex the whole world with their tattle. If it happen they arrive to some perfection in humane sciences (which is very seldom) they cannot command their spirit, which admits no other path then precipices. So that in the same things, wherein they take themselves to be wiser then other, they commit errours, and make most shameful lapses.

Arrogancy of Libertinism.

It is truly the disgrace and tomb of humane judgment, to see the barbarous censure, which reigneth among those who pretend acuteness; for they think so many worthy men, who have penetrated into the abyss of the most sublime sciences are ignorant of the *Latine* tongue: nay, if S. *Augustine* and S. *Thomas* might return into the world, they would be entertained in these quaint Academies as Grooms. But if there be some one can make an ode, a sonnet, a letter can play the gentile witty-one in company, and utter blasphemies with philosophy and affectation, he is the god of Learning, and the Monarch of Eloquence. But let a capable man sound these curious fellows, good God! what empty chambers in these great brain-pans? What darkness, and what confusions! It is soon found they understand not one sole principle of true science, and that all their learning is like a house, that hath gilded gates & chambers pestered with Spiders. Think then what a shame it is when men of quality, who affect the reputation of being judicious, prostitute their wits to these gods of straw and dung, and for the tuneable cadence of a rime, lose all harmonies of faith and conscience.

Their ignorance.

All Hereticks who make boast to assail the Church for so many Ages, have likewise made a shew to bring with them into this combat, some recommendable qualities. Some came with points of Logick, other with knowledge of things natural, other with eloquence; some vaunted profoundness in Scriptures, the rest to be versed in the reading of Councils and holy Fathers. They who have had no excellent thing in them, have brought an austere countenance, and semblance of mortal virtues. But such kind of men have nothing but ignorance with brutishness, but scoffing sycophancy, but language, and the wind of infamous words. How can it then become them to talk of the Bible, and to argue upon holy Scripture, and the mysteries of our Religion? Shut up your ears against these Questions, if you be unable to stop their mouths.

Is it handsom, think you, to see a wretched and infamous fellow to make himself the censurer of Divinity and corrector of Scripture? God should have done this and that, in such and such a fashion, (say they:) as if any one knew what is in God, but the spirit of God himself, who is never so great, as when he appeareth little to humane understanding.

Tertul. adverf. Marc. c. 2. *Censores divinitatis dicentes: sic non debuit Deus, & sic magis debuit, &c.*

There is but one word (saith *Tertullian*) to determine all disputations with such kind of men: do but ask them whether they be Christians, whether they renounce their Baptism and Christianity. If so, let them wear the Turbant, or go into the Country of god-makers and Gentiles. But if they make profession of one same Christ, and one same Religion with us, why do they belye their profession, by the impudence of their unbridled speeches.

Tertul. de præscript. contra hæres. l. 1.

S. Zeno serm. de fide. *Non est fides ubi quæritur fides.* Tertul. *Nobis curiositate opus non est post Christum, nec inquisitione post Evangelium.*

Faith (saith S. *Zeno*) is not Faith when it is sought. We stand not in need of curiosity after *Jesus Christ*, nor to search for the Gospel, said S. *Cyprian's* great Master. Should an Angel from Heaven speak unto us, we are to change nothing in our belief. We have betaken us to the side of truth, we have a law which the Word declared unto us, which ten millions of Martyrs have signed with their blood, which the best part of mankind professeth, the wisest heads of the world have illustrated by the light of their writings. To whom would we abandon it? To a caytive spirit, which hath nothing great in it but sin, nothing specious but illusion, nothing undoubted but the loss of salvation.

Effects of Libertinism, *and punishment of the Impious.*

5. THe neglect of God, is the root of all wickedness, nor can there be any thing entire in a soul despoiled of the fear of God. Impiety causeth most pernicious effects in States. First, for that it maketh havock of all good manners, leaving not one spark of virtue. Secondly, in that it draweth on the inevitable vengeance of God upon Kingdoms and Common-wealths, which suffer this monster to strengthen it self to their prejudice.

The Table of Philo. of the manners of Libertines.

Philo in the Book he made, that no salary of an unchast woman should be received in the Sanctuary, very wisely concluded, when he shewed, that he who is a Libertine and voluptuous, having no other aim in the world, but the contentments of nature, is unavoidably engaged to all manner of vice: *He becomes* (saith he) *bold, deceitful, irregular, unsociable, troublesom, cholerick, opinionative, disobedient, malicious, unjust, ungrateful, ignorant, treacherous, giddy, inconstant, scornful, dishonest, cruel, infamous, arrogant, insatiable, wise in his own judgment, lives for himself, and is unwilling to please any but himself; one while profuse, presently covetous, a calumniatour, an impostour, insensible, rebellious, guileful, pernicious, froward, unmannerly, uncivil, a great talker, lond, vaunter, insolent, disdainful, proud, quarrelsom, bitter, seditious, refractory, effeminate, and above all, a great lover of himself.*

Nay, he goes further upon the like Epithets very judiciously, and sheweth us the seeds of all evils spring from this cursed liberty.

Now I leave you to judge, if according to the saying of *Machiavel* himself, the means quickly to ruin an Estate, be to fill it with evil manners: who sees

not

not that Libertiniſm, drawing along with it all this great train of vices, of corruptions, tendeth directly unto the utter deſolation of Empires? But beſide, there have been obſerved in all Ages hideous puniſhments from God, cauſed by impiety over Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Common-wealths, which have bred theſe diſorders.

And that you may be the better ſatisfied upon this point, I have at this time only two conſiderations to preſent unto you, drawn from two models. In the firſt you ſhal ſee God's juſtice exerciſed before the Incarnation, upon the ſins of infidelity and irreverence towards ſacred things. In the ſecond, you ſhal behold the rough chaſtiſements of thoſe, who after the Incarnation, liſted themſelves up againſt the worlds Saviour. When God was pleaſed to correct the infamous *Balaam*, who was a Patriarch of atheiſts and wicked ones, he commanded not an Angel to ſpeak unto him, becauſe he was a Doctour, much unſuitable to a carnal ſpirit, but he raiſed a ſhe-aſs to inſtruct him, in ſo much as he was become worſe then a beaſt. It is likewiſe loſs of time to deal with Libertines by proofs derived from Schools, or from the invention of ſciences. Men as brutiſh as themſelves muſt be made to ſpeak to them, who will put them in mind of the way they have held, and the ſalary they have received of their impieties. Firſt, I eſtabliſh this Maxim for ſuch, either who are not yet hardned, or are too yielding and conſenting to evil company, that there are not any ſins which God hath ſo ſuddenly, and more exemplary puniſhed, then ſuch as were committed againſt Religion. The Prophet *Ezechiel*, a captive in *Babylon* under King *Nebuchadnezzar*, diſcovered amongſt tempeſts and flames, that marvellous chariot, which hath ſerved for matter of queſtion to all curious digladiation for the learned, and admiration for all Ages. I ſay, the great S. *Juſtine* Martyr, touched the ſenſe very near, when he ſaid, that in four figures, whereof the one was of an ox, the other of a man, the third of an Eagle, the fourth of a Lion, God ſignified the divers chaſtiſements he would exerciſe upon King *Nebuchadnezzar*, in that from a reaſonable man he ſhould become brutiſh, eating graſs as an ox, and that his hair ſhould grow as the ſhag of a Lion, and his body be hoary like the feathers of an Eagle, worn with old age. I add alſo to his conceit, that God by theſe repreſentations of four living creatures, ſeemed to ſay to him: O *Nebuchadnezzar*, whileſt thou didſt ſin only againſt men, I came with the ſlow pace of an ox, to puniſh thy offences, I ſuffered thee with much ſweetneſs, as a man: but when thou greweſt proud, impious, atheiſtical, and tottering in the knowledg of the Divinity, I fell upon thy crowned head as the Eagle upon her prey, reducing thee to a brutiſh life; and if thou goeſt forward, I will pull thee in pieces, as if thou hadſt paſſed through the teeth of a Lion.

S. Juſtin. in Epiſt. ad Orthodox. q. 44. An obſervation upon the chariot of Ezechiel.

This makes me ſay, that God tolerateth ſins for ſome time, which are of their own nature very enormous; but as for impieties, either he ſpeedily chaſtiſeth them in the heat of crime, or reſerveth them to unſpeakable avengements. See you not in the Hiſtory of Kings, how he tolerated *David* defiled with murder and adultery, nine whole months without taking notice of his fault: But ſo ſoon as *Ozias* took the incenſory to do an act of ſacriledg and impiety, behold him inſtantly ſtrucken with leproſie in the moſt eminent part of his body. Why ſo? Becauſe other ſins are many times committed through infirmity, incitement, or frailty; but this which ſtrikes at Gods juriſdiction, proceeds from an adviſed and deliberate malice. Behold the cauſe wherefore God maketh arrows of all wood, and vengeance of all creatures, to puniſh it according to its demerit. Add alſo hereunto a very remarkable proof, which is, that the Sovereign Judg, though oftentimes ſending his Prophets to ſtay the crimes of adultery, of oppreſſion, of injuſtice, and other like, ſuffered them to paſs on in an ordinary way; yet when he diſpatched meſſengers to confound idolatry and impiety, which was raiſed in *Bethel* by *Jeroboam*, he made them fly like Eagles and impetuous ſtorms. This is verified in *Jeroboam* King of *Iſrael*, who began to offer incenſe to Idols, when a Prophet came out of *Jeruſalem*, and arrived (as the Interpreters obſerve) in *Bethel* before the incenſing was finiſhed, which happened in a very ſhort time. If one ask how this man of God, in leſs then the ſpace of a ſacrifice, performed about ſix leagues, (for it was as far diſtant from *Bethel* to *Jeruſalem*) it is anſwered, God bare him on the wings of winds, becauſe he went of purpoſe to deſtroy atheiſm and impiety, which was hatched among the *Iſraelites*. And verily being come before this ſacrilegious Altar, he cried out aloud to *Jeroboam*'s face: O Altar, Altar, liſten, for much better is it to ſpeak to theſe ſtones, then to an Atheiſt: God hath ſaid, and it ſhal happen; an infant ſhal be born of the houſe of *David*, called *Joſias*, who ſhal ſacrifice the Prieſts, which now incenſe to Idols, on their own Altars, and there ſhal he turn their bones into duſt. Which was afterward performed.

Obſervation upon the chaſtiſement of impiety.

3. Reg. 13.

Altare, Altare, hæc dicit Dominus, &c.

I now demand, if the celeſtial Father proceeded with ſuch rigour againſt thoſe, who altered ſome ceremony of the antient Law, that he was not contented to fall ſpeedily upon them, more ſwift then eagles and tempeſts, but cauſed bones of the dead to be taken out of ſepulchers, whereunto the right of nature had confined them, to burn and conſume them on the Altar, which they had prophaned: what will become of theſe, who ſince the venerable myſtery of the Incarnation of the Son of God, run into horrible ſins of infidelity, and trample under foot the blood of the Teſtament? Perhaps you yet conceive not ſufficiently the greatneſs of this crime, but I will make it appear unto you by a powerful reaſon. S. *Denys* the *Areopagite* ſaith, that Being is the moſt intimate, moſt neceſſary, moſt univerſal, & moſt perfect of all things, becauſe it containeth in eminency all perfections, which are not but participation of Being. And if this eſſence be ſtrongly rooted in all creatures, ſo that there is none but God who can annihilate it, what ſhal we ſay of the eſſence of the Sovereign Creatour, which originally containeth all eſſences, God to ſpeak properly, being nothing but his own eſſence? There is no doubt, but it is an excellency wholly incomprehenſible. Now we muſt neceſſarily infer, that by how much the more a thing is excellent, ſo much the more the crimes which aſſail it, are puniſhable. Behold the cauſe why one cannot almoſt find pains ſuitable to Atheiſm and impiety, which reſiſt the eſſence of God.

Dionyſ. c. 1. de divin. nominib.

The horrible puniſhments of the wicked for the ſin of Impiety.

I Moreover affirm, if in a time when the Divinity was not yet fully publiſhed, it notwithſtanding inflicted fearful puniſhments, both on the living and dead, who had before-time offended, what will become of it after the publication of the Goſpel, and the coming of the Word Incarnate, who maketh ſpeak unto us, for the confirmation of his law and word, the blood of ſo many millions of Martyrs, who died for defence of the truth, who hath opened to us on earth ſo many mouths of Apoſtles, Evangeliſts,

b Par. 26. 19.

gelists, Doctours, singular in wisdom and sanctity, as there are stars in heaven; who likewise gave speech to stones and marbles of those ancient Churches, to instruct us in our Religion? *The stone shall cry out in the midst of walls*, saith the Prophet *Habacuc*.

Habac. 2. 11. *Lapis de pariete clamabit.*

Nay, I demand, which is the more tolerable, either to despise *Joseph* in the fetters of bondage, or to offer him an affront on *Pharaoh's* royal chariot? Every man of judgment will tell me there is no comparison, and that he who yeildeth not honour to *Joseph* being a captive, seemed not worthy punishment: but to deny him honour, when *Pharaoh* having placed him in a chariot of glory, caused to be proclaimed by a Herald of arms, *Abrec, Abrec, Let all the world bow the knee before* Joseph, was a crime of treason. We then infer, if the *Jews* for having neglected *Jesus Christ* in bonds, in opprobries, in torments, and the pains of the Cross, were chastised with hideous punishments to all posterity, what may we expect for such as revile heaven, and dishonour *Jesus Christ* in the chariot of his triumph, after they had seen and manifestly known, as by ways more then humane, that he put all the glory, power, wisdom and sanctity of the whole universe under his feet, and having now also after sixteen hundred years and more, through all the parts of the habitable world, both Altars and Sacrifices, where he hath received services and homages of so many Myters, Scepters, and Crowns, from wise and holy men, that it would easier to number the sands of the Sea, then to keep an account of them? But if you still doubt the punishment of the *Jews* for the sin of impiety, do but read Histories both divine and humane, to be therein sufficiently informed.

The *Jews* were heretofore the chosen people, and are become the reprobate. God for them drove back the waves of the red Sea, and suffered them to walk dry-foot between two waters, as between two chrystal vaults, and afterward, why did he drown them so many times in rivers of their bloud, with so horrible slaughters, that in the whole siege of *Jerusalem* under *Titus* and *Vespasian*, were reckoned according to *Josephus* his calculation, eleven hundred thousand dead? God opened to them the sides of rocks to quench their thirst, and afterward, why dried he up the dugs of women, who saw their little ones die between their arms, they unable to give them one drop of milk? God for them made Manna and clouds of Quails to showr, and why afterward did he so afflict them with such cruel and enraged a famine, that the hands of mercifull mothers slew and roasted on coals their own proper children, and eat them to satisfie their hunger? God carried them through desarts as upon eagles wings, and wherefore afterward did he abandon them to eagles and vultures, which so many times made carrion of the bodies of his children? God had given them a land so fat and fruitful, that it streamed altogether milk and honey, and wherefore afterward had it entrails of iron, denying food to the living, yea, burial to the dead? God gave them strength as a devouring fire, before which all Nations were but as straw, and why afterwards became it the shuttle-cock of the arms of Infidels? God gave them liberty for an inheritance, and why afterward obtained they not so much as an honourable servitude? Why at the siege of *Jerusalem* among so many thousand prisoners, did they so much disdain to make use of a *Jew*, that there being never a Cross to crucifie them, they were reserved for beasts to devour them, rather then derive any service from them? God gave them knowledge, and wherefore afterwards became they blockish, idle, and stupid in all learning? God ordained for them the assistance and protection of Angels, and why afterward forsook they their Temple, crying out aloud: *Let us depart, let us depart from hence*? God destined to them Royalty and Empire over neighbouring Nations, and why afterward had they not one inch of land at their own dispose, and especially of land, where formerly *Jerusalem* was built, unless they purchased it with mony, onely to enjoy it one hour or two in the year, and weep over it, and bedew it with the water of their eyes, after they had so often moistened it with their bloud? God established Priest-hood to them, and afterwards what became of *Jerusalem* the holy? What became of *Solomon's* Temple, the miracle of the world? Where is the Propitiatory? the Table of Proposition-bread? the Rational, which was before the peoples oracle? Where is the majesty of High-priests, the comelineſs of Prelates, the perpetuity of Sacrifices? From whence comes it, that it is above fifteen hundred years ago, since this miserable Nation goes wandering through the Regions of the earth, as abandoned into an eternal exile without Priests, without Temple, without Sacrifice, without Prince, King, or government? O eternal God, how hast thou thrown down thy foot-stool! O God of justice, how hast thou made desolate thy royal Priesthood! O God of vengeance, how hast thou suffered thy Sanctuary to be prophaned! Who hath ever heard speech of such a punishment? Have there been adulteries, rapines, concussions, gluttonies, yea, and idolatries, which God hath not revenged in this manner? A captivity of threescore and ten years expiated all these sins, but this after fifteen hundred years, to what sin may we attribute it, but to the neglect of the essence of the Word Incarnate? After the time that the Son of God shut his eys steeped in tears and bloud over the miserable *Jerusalem*, he never hath opened them to afford them mercy. A Lord so sweet, so mild, so clement, as that he raised thieves almost from bloud and robbery in an instant to thrones of glory, for having acknowledged and confessed his name, so roughly to chastise the neglect of his authority, for the space of so many Ages; what meaneth this, but to prove the opposing of the divine Essence of God, is a crime of all, the most hideous and unspeakable?

Vide *Josephum*, & *Hegesippum* & *Threnos.*

Run over the Histories of antiquity as long as you please, revolve in your memory all the experiences, which your Age may afford, and if you see the impious come to a good end, say, There is no cause of fear. *Cain*, their Patriarch, banished from the sight of God, lived long like a melancholy spirit among forrests, with a perpetual affrightment, until *Lamech* took away his life: The *Cainists* were all drenched in the waters of the deluge: *Pharaoh* drowned in the red sea: *Nebuchadnezzar* turned into a beast: *Holofernes* slain in his bed by the hand of a woman: *Senacherib* lost one hundred fourscore and five thousand men for a blasphemy: *Antiochus* strucken with a horrible maladie: Birds did eat the tongue of *Nicanor*, and his hand was hanged up over against the Temple: *Heliodorus* was visibly chastised by Angels: *Herodes Agrippa* borne from the Theater to the bed of death: The President *Saturnius* strucken blind: *Hermianus* eaten by worms in his Pretourship: *Ero* the fourth, all covered over with botches and carbuncles: *Bamba* crowned with a diadem of pitch after his eyes were pulled out: *Julian* the Apostate strucken with a dart from heaven: *Michael* the Emperour, who had in his train a heap of young scoffers, that in scorn counterfeited the Ceremonies of the Church,

Tragical events of the wicked.

was

was torn in pieces as a victim, by his own servants: *Olympius* strucken with thunder in a bath. And if we observe times more near: *Regero* dragged to a lay-stall: *Vanin* burnt at *Tholouse*: *Alsan Calefat* divided between fire and water, and slain by his own hand.

Great eye of God, which art ever open upon the sins of the earth, who can steal himself from thy lightning-flashes? Great hand of God, who thundrest and lightnest perpetually over rebellious heads, who is able to resist thy justice?

Advice to Youth, and such as too easily give way to impiety.

O Unfortunate youth, who having received the first tincture of good instruction, after thou wert with so much care and honour by those to whom thou owedst thy birth, betrayest the tears of thy Parents, the travels of thy teachers, and the whole hopes of the publick! How canst thou embarque thy self amongst these treacherous and ignominious associates? How canst thou walk among so many shelves and precipices, not so much as once opening thy eys, to behold the abyss thou hast under thy feet? So many heads crushed in pieces under the Divine vengeance, are as broken Masts and shivers of a shipwrack, advanced on the promontory of rocks, to give notice of the deplorable events they have found, whose example thou still pursuest, yet thou lookest on them with arms across, and dalliest in danger like a wanton victim, which leaps and skips between the Axe and the knife.

God is my witness, I write these lines with a spirit of compasion for so many who dissolutely abuse the gifts of Heaven, and if any one happen upon the reading of this, I beseech him by the love of his salvation, not to despise a pen, which tendereth so sincere affection for the good of his soul.

A man who hath never so little reason, should he not argue within himself, and say, Verily the harmonious consent of so many Ages, which have upheld and reverenced a Religion innocent, pure, and holy, it is not a matter of sport. The horrible punishments of such as sought to dis-engage themselves from the homage due to the Divinity of *Jesus Christ*, are no fables, since we still behold the foot-steps of their ruines. The lights and reflections of the Divinity, which beset me on every side, are speaking tongues, the consent of so many Ages and holy personages yet alive on the earth, are no small testimony. These kind of men, who seek to sow dangerous Maxims in our minds, are creatures of little authority, evil manners, and of a conversation either insolent, or covert. They are neither Apostles nor Prophets: It is not credible, truth should so long be hidden, to be discovered to them amidst their abomination. They have neither sanctity, miracles, nor reason: they are not rich but in libertinous words and blasphemies. All they can promise me, is nothing else but a slight contentment of nature in this life, yet cannot they give it me: For amidst these unlawful pleasures, I feel my conscience much disturbed and perplexed with remorse: If I feared God, I should find this fear would banish all other affrightments from my heart. Now have I that, both of men and laws, yea, even of beast. It seemeth at every accident which happeneth to me, each creature becomes a sword and an arrow of God to punish my evil thoughts and inordinate actions: if that be not true, which these men promise (as they make no clear proof of what they say) behold me then convinced of the most horrible crime which hath ever been, behold me the object of all the execrations that have fain on their heads, who bent themselves against God: Behold me fettered in eternal and inexplicable pains, which I shall escape neither alive, nor dead. Every understanding man always inclineth to the surest way: I see, that following the opinion my Ancestours had in matter of Religion, there can happen no other evil unto me, but to be an honest man, to replenish my heart with good desires, my thoughts with pleasing hopes, my hands with works of justice, and to wait my self like a Torch of Aromatick wood in a life, satisfied with it self, and laudable to posterity: whereas going along with these, I walk on thorns and ice in the depth of night, not knowing who pursues me behind. Avaunt novelties, avaunt cursed impieties, farwel infamous atheisms, adieu execrable liberty; you shall never be ought with me. O youth, if thou didst well tast these words, what repose, what contentment, what glory shouldst thou acquire? O unhappy youth, which adherest to these impious and licentious companies, what wilt thou say, when time shall have taken from thee the scarff which now veileth thine eys, and that thou shalt see the chastisement of God, which shall follow thee in all thy undertakings, misery by thy sides, torments and pains before thee, and peoples execration over thy head? But you meek ones, and you men to halves, who endure with soft and flexible ears, unworthy blasphemies against God, under the shadow of wit and pleasant entertainment, if you have yet any vein of Christianity in all your body, ought it not to bownd and leap against these criminals, who in the heat of wind and banquets, flout in your presences at the truth of a Religion, which your Ancestours left you with so much swear, such virtues, and so many good examples? If you, who be men of quality and authority, persecute even to the gates of Hell, such as once have offended you; when you do negligently suffer them to dishonour him, who hath imprinted the ray of majesty with his finger on your faces, do you not render your selves guilty of all the crimes committed through your coldness and neglects? God hath preserved since so many Ages, doth, and will preserve this Kingdom by the piety of our great King, by the zeal of his Clergy, by the prudence of his Council and good Officers, and by the devotion of people, which are as sincere in *France*, as in any place of the world, enlightned with the rays of faith. But it is for impiety that Crowns are broken, that Scepters fly in pieces, and Empires have in all times passed from Nation to Nation. *It is I* (saith the great God) *who make Counsellours fools, and Judges stupid; I who change the golden girdle of Kings into a cord; I who throw confusion on the brow of Priests; I who supplant the greatest, when they seek to overthrow true piety.*

Against toleration.

Adducet Consiliarios in stultum finem.

The Edict of *Darius* a Pagan King, which he made in favour of the *Hebrews* Temple, hath astonishing words, when he saith: *What man soever shall be so hardy, as to change and alter my Commandment for the building of the Temple of God, let a Gibbet be erected for him of the same wood, of which his house is built, let it be raised in the street, let him be affixed thereunto, and his house confiscated.* This teacheth you, it is a great unhappiness to build your house at the expence of God's houses: Rafters and Beams of such Edifices, have many times served for instruments of punishment to such as raised them. The favours of great men, fortunes of ice, inexhaustible riches, reputation, friends, companions, factours, lackeys, buffons, all have forsaken them as butter-flies, which escape the hand of a child:

Omnis homo qui hanc mutaverit jussionem, tollatur lignum de domo ipsius & erigatur, & configatur in eo, & domus ejus publicetur. Esdras.

child: they are faln through the sin of impiety, which hath made an eclipse of their fortune and life in the brightest lustre of their greatnes.

That the Remedy of our evil consisteth in the zeal of our Faith.

6. THe Remedy of evils which turmoyl us, is wholly in our own hands, and the cure of our wounds dependeth on our own wils. Good examples and strong laws may do all, on spirits which have not yet totally renounced their own good, nor is there any one so desperate, who is not taken either by the hands of virtue, wholly made of adamant, or feareth not to fall into the chains of justice. Let Ecclesiasticks, whom God hath entrusted with his bloud, his word, and his Sacraments, begin first of all to dart rays of sanctity in the firmament of honour, where God hath placed them: Let secular men in dignities and eminent fortunes, affect zeal in Religion: Let such as are stept far into age, bear the torch before youth: Let women endeavour to establish piety, which is the ornament of their sex: Let children be well bred, and trained within the laws of modesty: Let the doctrine of *Jesus Christ* be sealed with the seal of good manners: there is no Libertine, but will be daunted at the sight of a life led according to the laws of Christianity: For it is a mirrour, which killeth basilisks by reverberation of their proper poison. But if blasphemers continue still so impudent, as to vomit forth unclean and injurious words against the Religion we profess, have not laws, which are in the power of the Sovereign Princes on earth and of their Ministers of State, iron hands able to stay their most daring impudencies?

To the great-ones of all Christendom.

I call you hither, O holy Prelates, O Monarchs, Princes and Potentates, who are in the world as the great Intelligences, who make the Heavens move, and who by diversity of your aspects, cause calms and storms in this inferiour region wherein we live: I pray tell me, where do you think, hath glory which you naturally love, placed its throne and state, if not in the bosom of true piety? By what degrees are those immortal spirits of your Ancestours mounted up to the joys and delights of God, having repleniſhed the earth with the veneration of their memory, if it were not by making the honour of the Sovereign Master march in the front of all their designs, and thinking nought their own, but what was acquired for God?

Apoc. 18. Remember, you are not altogether like the Angel of the Apocalyps, which beareth the Sun, and Rainbow, and all the garnishments of glory on feet of brass: you enjoy dignities and supereminencies that draw the great ones into admiration, astonish inferiours, attract people, evict honour and wonder from all the world: But consider (if so you please) that all this is onely supported on feet of clay and mortar. Time changeth you, cares consume you, maladies assail you, death takes and despoileth you. They who adored you in thrones, may one day trample on you in sepulchers.

Alas! if it happen you carry all your own interests with violence of passion to the height of your pretensions, and that you hold Religion and the glory of *Jesus* in a perpetual contempt, what will your soul one day answer, when it leaves the body, unto the thundering voice of a living God, saying

Isaiah 45. to you, as he did to *Cyrus*, in Isaiah, *Assimilavite, & non cognovisti me*: I called thee by thy name, I created thee like unto my self, I made thee a little God on earth, and thou hast forgotten me. I so many times marched before thy standards, many times have I humbled the most glorious of the earth for thee. I brake brazen gates, pulled down iron bars to afford thee hidden treasures, and the wealth of Ages, which nature for thee preserved in her bosom. The Sun seemed not to shine in the world, but to enlighten thy greatnes, the seas surged for thee, and for thee the earth was wholly bent to honour and obedience.

Admirer of thy self, and ignorant of Gods works, thou hast so ill husbanded my goods, that thou hast changed them all into evils; I gave thee rays and thou hast made arrows of them to shoot against me. Did I seat thee on thrones, that there thy passions might sway? Did I imprint on thy forehead the character of my greatnes, that thou mightest authorize crimes? Thou hadst a feeble pretext of Religion, and hast neglected the effects: Thy interests reigned, and my honour suffered in thy house. At what aimed thy ambition so strong of wing, and so weak of brain, which onely thought how to envy what was above, the more to oppress any thing below it? What did that burning avarice, that profuse riot, that spirit of bloud and flesh, employed in the advancement of thine own house, to the contempt of mine? For an inch of land, a wretched matter of profit, the fantasie of an affront, jealousie onely subsisting in a body of smoake, all the elements must be troubled, men and swords drawn forth for revenge, and bloud of so many mortals shed: but for my Name, which is blasphemed, it is sufficient to wag the finger, to shew onely a cold countenance, a slight touch of that great authority, whilst I was neglected, having done no other fault, but to have paid ingratitudes with benefits.

O you great-ones, who sit at the stern of Churches and temporal Estates, how far will you become accountable to Gods justice, if you place not his honour in the first rank of all your intentions? Alas! Ought not you to entertain an ardent zeal towards the Religion which our Ancestours consigned unto us, with so many examples of piety, that Heaven hath not more stars, then we lights before our eyes? Can we well endure that the verities and maxims of God, which the Prophets foretold us, the Apostles pronounced, the Confessours professed, the Martyrs defended in the piece-meal mangling of their bodies, amidst combs and iron hooks, burning cauldrons, wheels armed with keen razours, should now adays be the sport of certain giddy spirits and the aim of prophane lips, who void of wit or shame, dare invade holy things? Is it not for this, O *France*, the beloved of God, and orient pearl of the world, thou hast seen in thy bosom so many hostilities, such contagions, famines, monsters, and devastations, that had not the arm of God supported thee, thou wouldst have been long since drenched in irrecoverable confusions? O you, who bear the sword of justice, and have authority in your hands, will you not one day say: *All they who have the zeal of the law, and the piety of our Ancestours, follow us courageously, for behold we are ready to revenge the quarrels of God, and to account his glory on earth, in the same degree the Angels hold it in Heaven.* This was the conceit of the valiant *Macchabee*, the Prince of Gods people, who having seen an Apostate of his Nation offer incense to an Idol, slew him with his own hand on the very same Altar, saying aloud: *He who hath the zeal of the law, let him follow me. Wo to me, since I am born to behold the desolation of my people! Holy things are in the hands of strangers: &c.*

Omnis qui zelum habet legis, statuens testamentum sibi, exeat post me.

Va mihi quia natus sum videre contritionem populi mei! Sancta in manus extraneorum facta sunt. &c.

Nunc ergo filii, æmulatores eſtote legis, & date animas veſtras pro teſtamento Patrum. Moriamur in virtute propter fratres noſtros, & non inferamus crimen gloriæ noſtræ.

ſtrangers: The Temple hath been handled as the moſt wicked man on earth; our myſteries, our beauties, our glories are deſolated. To what purpoſe do I ſtill lead a miſerable life? Fathers of Families, will you not ſay to your children what he did to his: *Children, be ye emulatours of the law, and yield your ſouls up for the teſtimony of your Anceſtours.* Children, will you not anſwer what the holy *Machabees* did, by the lips of their elder brother: *Let us dye in virtue for our brethren, and not defile our glory by any crime, which may be objected againſt us.*

Let War be proclaimed againſt Libertines and blaſphemers, who will ſtill perſevere with deliberate malice in their impiety. Let theſe infernal mouths be ſtopped and condemned to an eternal ſilence. Let the Standard of the Croſs be adored by all Nations, and the enemies of *Jeſus* diſſolved, as wax melted on the flames of burning coals, as ſmoak ſcattered in the air. Let a chaſt and ſincere worſhip of God flouriſh every where, and ſacrifices of praiſe mount to Heaven, to obtain benedictions on earth.

But you, SIR, who moſt near approach to the King's perſon, having given ſo many teſtimonies of your prudence, your courage and fidelity, ſeem to ſpeak unto him with the ſame tongue, which holdeth ears enchained by the charms of your eloquence, and ſay, what *France* pronounceth:

An Apoſtrophe of *France* to the King.

7. *GReat King, for whom our Altars daily ſmoke in Sacrifices, and for whom our lips ceaſe not to ſend forth thankſgivings of proſperity to Heaven. The monſters are not all as yet vanquiſhed. Behold the laſt head of* Hydra, *which God hath reſerved to this triumphant ſword, which the Croſs guideth, Valour animateth, Juſtice moderateth, and the Stars crown. Needs muſt impiety be cruſhed under thoſe feet, which have already trampled on ſo many Dragons, and be fettered with an hundred iron chains, under the Altars we daily charge with our vows.*

When Libra, *the conſtellation of your birth, ariſeth, the* Ram *falleth. It is not time (O Monarch of Flower-de-luces) that appearing on the throne of juſtice, with* Ballance *in hand, all ſparkling with the rays of glory, which environ you after ſo many battels concluded by your victories, you humble the horns of this* Ram *of inſolent impiety, which dars ſo confidently oppoſe, both by words and actions, the Religion which Crown you, the ſpirit which poſſeſſeth you, and the power which directeth you.*

Alas, Alas, SIR, To what purpoſe were it to have walked on the ſmoaking ruins of ſo many rebellious Cities? What would it avail to have thrown down in one Rochel, *ſo many ſurly Rocks with the help of ſo great, ſo faithful, and happy Counſel, and opening one gate there at your entrance, to have ſhut up a thouſand againſt factions and civil wars? What contentment could your Majeſtie have by wiping away the ſweats on the* Alps, *you had gotten on the Ocean, and to have gathered Palms perpetually verdant for you, as well in the frozen Ice of winter, as the ſcorching heats of Summer, if you muſt again behold at your return, that Religion you ſo often defended, trodden under the feet of impiety, wounded by ſlanderous tongues, outraged by blaſphemie, and contaminated by inſolent ſpirits, who know not God, but to diſhonour him? It now at this time preſenteth it ſelf to you with ſighs in the heart, and tears in the eys: It ſheweth unto you the robe, which* Clodovæus, Charlemaigne, *and S.* Lewis, *your Predeceſſours, gave you with ſo much ſplendour, now torn in pieces with ſuch violence; it imploreth your aſſiſtance, it expecteth your power, it breaths an air much the more ſweet in the confidence conceived of your zeal and courage.*

I call to witneſs that great Angel, which hath led you by the hand to ſo many conqueſts and triumphs, making you dreadful to your Enemies, helpful to your Allies, awful to your Subjects, and amiable to all the World; it is not here where he will limit your actions, and fix the columns of your memory. We ſtill hope quickly to ſee the day which ſhall dry up the tears of the poor, ſhall eaſe their burthens, ſhall ſweeten their pains, ſhall power oyl on their ſoakes: And from whom ſhould we expect all this, but from a Prince ſo pious, ſo benign? We promiſe our ſelves to ſee a Clergie, which ſhall ſpeedily put it ſelf into ſo good a way under your favour, entirely purified from the dregs of ſimony, ignorance, and the liberty of evil actions. Who can give us this happineſs, but a King, who hath under his heart a Temple for true piety? We ſigh for that great day, that day, which ſhall for ever waſh away the ſtains of blood, impreſſed on the foreheads of French *Nobility, which ſhall diſſipate diſorders, ſhall ſtop the current of ſo many diſſolutions; and what can aſſure us of it, but the certainty of your Edicts? We moſt earneſtly deſire to behold an abſolute regularity in juſtice, and in all Officers, that a golden Age may ſhine again, which hath ſo often been vaniſhed through the corruption of ſouls ſet at ſale. And who ſhall do it but a King, that from his moſt innocent years ſo much hath cheriſhed the title of Juſt, that he for it contemned the name of a* Conqueror, *which his valour preſented him, and of* Moſt Sacred, *which the veneration of his vertues afforded him. Impiety vanquiſhed, beareth thee keys of all theſe hopes, nor ſhall we have any thing more to fear or deſire, when that ſhall be throughly ſuppreſſed through out all the parts of the Kingdom.*

Dear delight of Heaven, is it not for this God drew you the laſt year from the gates of a Sepulcher, and reſtored you to life, to render us all to our ſelves? Alas! Great God, what a ſtroke of thunder was the news of this maladie! What a terrour to all Cities! What aſtoniſhment in all Orders! What a wound in the heart of the whole Kingdom! Your poor France *remember the 27. day of* September, *made ſacred by your royal birth: It conſidered this nativity had don to your ſtate, what the infuſion of the ſoul into a body; and ſaw you almoſt taken hence at the ſame time that your Majeſtie entred. It beheld all that greatneſs, and thoſe comforts ready to be ſhut up within your Tomb; The queens drenched in their deep ſorrow, could not ſpeak but by their tears and ſobs: Your good Officers diſſolved in lamentations at the foot of your bed, which was becom as the Altars of grief. All humane hopes were cut off by the violence of the maladie. Nothing was expected but the fatal blow, which all the world deplored, and which no man could divert.*

But who knoweth not, SIR, God permitted it to let us ſee your virtues by their bright reflection. The luſtre of beautiful paintings muſt be ſuffered a little to mortify, before we can judg of them. We could not ſufficiently know your Majeſtie in the bright ſplendours of fortune, and ſuch good ſucceſs of arms: Needs muſt we have a character from God of men afflicted, and a mark of the Croſs of Jeſus *to conſummate ſo excellent qualities. And what heart was not then ſeized with admiration, when we ſaw a young King, ſo great, ſo flouriſhing, ſo awful, to look death in the face with a confident eie, to expect it with a ſtable foot, to receive it willingly with a ſpirit infinitely peaceful: afterward to be fortified by Sacraments of the Church, with moſt exemplar devotion, and having given the laſt adieus to his Subjects, to go out of the world and all glorious honours, as joyful as from a priſon? But God withdrew this ſtroke, when life held but by a ſlender threed, and heard the many prayers, made throughout all* France: *He reſtored you to life at the ſame time he had given it you: He ſettled the pillars of this State, which then tottered over our heads: He raiſed our joys again, which were faded, and gave us that we would not looſe to gain the whole world. It is, SIR, to tell you, you muſt perform all God required at your ſacred hands, and ſo to profit in ſanctity, that the earth may one day give you in reward of piety, the Altars you have raiſed to Heaven, by the valour of your arms.*

To the King of all Ages Immortal and Inviſible, to GOD alone be given honour and glory, for ever and ever.

THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

THE AUTHOURS DESIGN.

OF the practice of Virtues I have already spoken in my Book of the HOLY-COURT. *This is a small Pattern thereof in every dayes action. It should employ your heart, rather then your eyes or hand. It is short to read, but if you practice it, you will in one day find years and ages of felicity.*

Indeed we have at this present many spiritual Books, which eccho one another. This Age is as fruitful in words, as barren in works; Inclining to speak much, to do nothing; evapourating the best part of wit, by pen or tongue.

Nevertheless, in matters of Devotion, it is apparent, that a man cannot say too much; that, which he can never do enough; and that in so great a penury of worthy acts, we should not be sparing of good words.

I present you with this short Treatise: carry it in your hand, as the clock, which a great Prince wore in a Ring: it striketh every hour of the day, and agreeth with Reason, as true Dials with the Sun. If you read it with attention, you will find it great in its littleness, rich in its poverty, and large in its brevity. Great Books make men sometimes more learned, seldome more innocent. This reduceth wisdom to practice, and prosperity to devotion. By often reading it, and doing what it directeth, you shall know what it is; for it hath no other character of its worth, then that of your virtues.

THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The First PART.

The first SECTION.

The Importance of well ordering every Action of the day.

A Wise Hermit (as *Pelagius* a Greek Authour relates) being demanded, if the way to perfection were very long, said: *That the Virtues accompany one another, and if a man would himself, he might in one day attain to a proportionable measure of Divinity.* Indeed our Virtues are all conjoyned in our Actions, our Actions in the Hours, the Hours in the Day, the Days in the Moneth, the Moneths in the Year, and the Years in the Ages. Every day is a little map of our life; and the way to be soon perfect, is to use much consideration and perfection in the performance of every days action. See here a draught thereof, the lineaments of which I have taken in part from one endued with much wisdom, religion and integrity, whom I would willingly name, did I not fear to offend his humility, which can suffer all things but his own praises.

The second SECTION.

At Waking.

THE Sun hath long since, for your benefit, chased away the shades of night, to delight you with the sight of the wonderful works of God, and your curtains are yet undrawn, to entertain you with a shadow of death. Arise out of bed, and consider, that this great star, which makes you begin the course of this day, must this day run about ten or twelve millions of leagues; and you, how many steps will you proceed towards virtue? This unwearied Harbinger is gone to take you up a lodging in the grave; Each minute is so much deducted from your life. Will you not follow the counsel of the Son of God, and *work while it is day?* A long night will shortly cover you with its wings, in which you will not have the power to work.

Suppose every day a day in Harvest, suppose it a Market day; suppose it a day, wherein you are to work in a golden Mine; suppose it a ring, which you are to engrave and enamel with your actions, to be at night presented on Gods Altar.

Set before you the excellent consideration of S. *Bernard*, *That your actions in passing, pass not away*; for every good work is a grain of seed for eternal life. Say with the famous Painter *Xeuxes*, *Æternitati pingo, I paint for eternity.*

Follow the counsel of *Thomas Aquinas*, Do every action in the name of Jesus Christ, desiring to have the approbation and good affections of all the Church, Militant and Triumphant. Do it as if the glory of God, the welfare of all the world, and your whole salvation depended on it, and as if that were to set the seal to all your works.

Contrive *over night* the good works you are to do the next day; on what points you are to meditate, what sin you are to vanquish, what virtue you are to practice, what business you are to do: that with a well-digested foresight, you may give birth to every thing in its own time. This is *Ariadnes* clew, which guides our actions in the great labyrinth of Time, without which all would go to confusion.

Be curious sometimes to know of what colour the dawning of the day is, prevent the light (as the *Wiseman* adviseth) to praise God. Take heed of imitating

ting that Epicurean ſwine, who boaſted, that he had grown old, without ſeeing the Sun either riſe or ſet. It is a good cuſtom to riſe betimes, but hardly perſwaded to Ladies, and thoſe *Antipodes* to Nature, who change the night into day, and the day into night. The famous *Apollonius* being very early at *Veſpaſian's* gate, & finding him ſtirring, from thence conjectured, that he was worthy to govern an Empire, and ſaid to his companion, Ἀνὴρ ἄξιος, *This man ſurely will be Emperour, he is ſo early.*

That unto which you are to diſpoſe the day, may be divided into four parts. *Devotion, Practice of Virtues, Buſineſs*, and *Recreation. Devotion* ſhould bear the light, and open the door to all our actions.

As ſoon as you *awake*, make an account you are to give the firſt fruits of your *reaſon*, your *ſenſe*, and *faculties*, to the Divine Majeſty. Let the *Memory* immediately call to mind, that the works of God muſt be done. Let the *Underſtanding* caſt an ejaculation upon its Creatour, like a flaſh of lightning. Let the *Will* inflame it ſelf with love of him. Let the *Heart* let flie the burning ſhafts of deſires and celeſtial affections. Let the *Mouth* & *Tongue* labour to pronounce ſome vocal prayer to the moſt bleſſed Trinity. Let the *Hands* lift themſelves up to Heaven. Let the *Arms* and *Feet* ſhake off the numbneſs of ſleep, as S. *Peter* did his chains at the voice of the Angel. This were a beginning as it were of ſacrificing our ſelves to God. They uſed to pluck the hair off the beaſt, and caſt it into the fire, before they ſacrificed it; ſo ſhould we take theſe little actions from our upriſing, as the beginning of our ſacrifice.

The third SECTION.

Five good actions to begin the day.

THat Action ſhould be as a preparative to another more long and ſerious devotion, which you ſhould perform in your Cloſet, as you come out of bed. If your attire be ſo curious, that it would require much time to dreſs you, it is a miſerable ſlavery: Stay not till that be done, to give God your tribute; but cloath your ſelf indifferently, ſo much as is neceſſary for decency and health: Then on bended knees do five things, *Adoration, Thankſgiving, Oblation, Contrition*, and *Petition.*

I will here ſhew you the way to frame theſe actions which you may read at times: and I will add examples and forms, taken partly out of Scripture, ſuch as are fit to be repeated daily.

The fourth SECTION.

Of Adoration.

The firſt Act of Devotion.

YOu are to obſerve, that *Praiſe* is one thing, *Honour* another, *Reverence* another, *Adoration* another. *Praiſe* conſiſts properly in words, *Honour* in outward ſigns, *Reverence* in inward reſpect, but *Adoration* (conſidered at large) comprehends all theſe acts with much eminence. For, *Adoration is an act of Religion, whereby we do homage to the ſovereignty of God with a lowly ſubmiſſion, which is not communicable to any creature.*

This act is formed and compoſed of four things, which are, as it were, its four Elements. The firſt is a ſtrong apprehenſion of the greatneſs and excellency of God. The ſecond, a conſideration of our own meanneſs, in compariſon of that great Majeſty. The third, a fervent act of the will, which at the thought hereof melts it ſelf into reſpect. And the fourth, an outward expreſſion both of the mouth and geſtures of the body, teſtifying the reſentment of our heart.

To diſcharge her ſelf in this act of *Adoration*, the ſoul firſt conceives God, great, dreadfull, majeſtick; ſhe conceives him as a ſea, infinite in eſſence, goodneſs, beatitude, comprehending within himſelf all Being, all Good, all Truth, and not onely comprehending, but anticipating it to all eternity with an incomparable eminence.

She beholds the whole univerſe in the immenſity of God, like a ſponge in the midſt of the Ocean, an atome in the air, and a little diamond ſet in the higheſt Heaven. She acknowledgeth God to be the Foundation of all things poſſible, the Super-eſſential being of all things that are and that are not, without whom nothing can ſubſiſt, neither actually nor potentially, and that he hath no hold which the underſtanding may take, to have knowledge of him. She repreſents God to her ſelf, as the beginning and end of all things, the Creatour, the Founder, the Baſis, the Support, the Place, the Continuation, the Bound, the Order, the Tie, the Concord, the Conſummation of all creatures; who hath within himſelf all the good of Angels, of men, and univerſal Nature; who hath all glory, all dignities, all riches, all treaſures, all pleaſures, all comforts, all delights, all joys, all Beatitudes, as *Leſſius* very well explains in his Treatiſe *of Infinitie.*

This ſoul unſatisfied, walks leiſurely into theſe fourteen depths of greatneſs, which are in God, that is, *Infinity, Immenſity, Immutability, Eternity, Omnipotence, Wiſdome, Perfection, Holineſs, Bounty, Dominion, Providence, Mercy, Juſtice, and the End to which all things tend.*

She conſiders every perfection, firſt abſolutely, then by compariſon and application, making return upon her ſelf, and comparing this *Infinity* of God with her *nothing*, this *Immenſity* with her *ſmalneſs*, this *Immutability* with her *inconſtancy*, this *Eternity* with the *ſhortneſs of this temporal life*, this *Omnipotence* with her *weakneſs*, this *Wiſdom* with her *ignorance*, this *Perfection* with her *defects*, this *Holineſs* with her *vice*, this *Bounty* with her *ingratitude*, this *Dominion* with her *poverty*, this *Providence* with her *ſtupidity*, this *Mercy* with her *obdurateneſs*, this *Juſtice* with her *iniquity*, this *End to which all things tend*, with the *neceſſary dependances which ariſe from her infirmities.*

Here ſhe is raviſhed in God, as a little piſmire in the Sun; and like *Ariſtotle*, who (as it is ſaid) being not able to comprehend the ebbe and flow of an arm of the Sea, threw himſelf into it: ſo ſhe drowneth her in ſuch a multitude of wonders, not willing any longer to meaſure her love by the ell of her knowledge.

She is tranſported in this great labyrinth of miracles, otherwiſe then the Queen of *Sheba* at ſight of the Palace of *Solomon*: and cannot at the laſt but break forth into an outward act, and ſay: *my God, and my All, the God of my heart, my portion and my inheritance to all Eternity!*

The fifth SECTION.

Example of Adoration.

IN purſuit hereof you ſhal worſhip God, proſtrate on the earth, ſounding like a ſmall ſtring of that great Harp, the world: offering to the Creatour the whole Univerſe, as a picture to hang up at his Altar, and reſigning your ſelf totally to his will: *The Hymn of the 3 children in the fiery furnace*, ſuiteth very well with this Act; who call all creatures (as by a catalogue) to praiſe God: or elſe take that form,

which the Angels and Saints use in adoring this Sovereign Majesty.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come; Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created. Thou hast made Heaven and earth, with all the ornaments thereof. Thou hast compassed the Sea with bounds by thy Almighty word. Thou hast shut up the Deep, and sealed it by thy terrible and glorious Name. Thou makest the pillars of Heaven to tremble under thy feet. Thou strikest terrour into all creatures, by the insupportable brightness of thy Majestie. Thou art in the Temple of thy holy glory; Thou beholdest the depths, and sittest upon the Cherubims; I adore thee my God from the centre of my nothing, with all the creatures of the Universe; making an entire resignation of all that I am, into thy hands, and desiring now and to all eternity, to depend on thy blessed will.

The sixth SECTION.

Of Thanksgiving.

The second Act of Devotion.

THis is an Act very necessary, considering the benefits that we receive continually from the hand of God: We should not be like the clouds which obscure the Sun that raised them; but let us rather imitate the Looking-glass, which returns the image so soon as the face is presented to it.

We must not let slip any benefit proceeding from this sovereign hand, without representing to our selves the lively image of it in our acknowledgment. And if the ancient *Hebrews* (as *Josephus* relateth) set marks & tokens, sometimes on their arms, sometimes at their gates, to publish to all the world the benefits that God hath conferred upon their families, is it not most fitting, that we endeavour to acknowledge in some manner the liberality of the Divine Majesty.

This Act consisteth in three things. First, In the *Memory*, which represents to the Understanding, the benefit received: and this *Understanding* considers the hand that gives them, and to whom, and how, and wherefore, and by what ways, and in what measure. Thereupon an affectionate acknowledgment is framed in the *will*, which not able to continue idle, spreads it self into outward acts, to witness the fervour of its affection.

To practise this well, it is requisite to make a Catalogue of the benefits of God, which are contained in three kinds of *Goodness* and *Mercy*.

The first is, that whereby he drew this great Universe, out of the *Chaos* and darkness of nothing to the light of being and life, for our sakes creating a world of such greatness, beauty, profit, measure, order, vicissitude, continuance; and preserving it, as it were, by the continual breathing of his spirit, affording to every thing its rank, form, propriety, appetite, inclination, scituation, limits, and accomplishment. But above all, making man as a little miracle of Nature, with the adornments of so many pieces, so well set, to bear in his aspect the beams of his own Majesty.

The second bounty is, that whereby he hath decreed to raise in man all that is natural, to a supernatural estate.

The third, that whereby he hath raised the nature of man, being fallen into sin, into misery, into the shadow of death, to innocence, bliss, light, and eternal life.

This is the incomprehensible mystery of the Incarnation of the Word, which comprehends six other benefits, that is, the benefit of the doctrine and wisdom of Heaven conferred on us, the benefit of our Saviours good examples, the benefit of Redemption, the benefit of Adoption into the number of God's children, the benefit of the treasure of the merits of *Jesus Christ*, the benefit of the blessed Eucharist.

Besides those benefits, which are in the generality of Christianity, we are to represent in all humility often to our selves, the *particular* favours received from God, in our birth, nourishment, education, instruction; in gifts of soul and body; in means, and conveniences; in friends, allies, kindred; in vocation, estate, and profession of life; in continued protection; in deliverance out of so many dangers, in vicissitude of adversities and prosperity, in guidance through the degrees of age, wherein every one in his own particular, may acknowledge infinite passages of the Divine Providence.

All this pouring it self upon the soul, with consideration of the circumstances of each benefit, at last draws from the Will this act of acknowledgment, which maketh it to say with the Prophet *David*: *Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?* 2 Sam. 7. 18.

The seventh SECTION.

A pattern of Thanksgiving.

HEreupon you shal give thanks for all benefits in general, and particularly for those you have received at present, which at that time you are to set before you, that may season this action with some new relish. The Church furnisheth us with an excellent form of Thanksgiving to God in the Hymn *Te Deum*: or else say with the blessed spirits;

O God, power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and blessing, be unto thee for ever and ever.

O God, glory be to thee on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men: I bless thee, I worship thee, I give thanks to thee for thy great glory and thy benefits, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the father Almighty; and thou also O Lord Jesus Christ my Saviour, onely Son of the Heavenly Father; perfect God and perfect man; Thou that takest away the sins of the world, and sittest at the right hand of God the Father; And thou, O Holy Ghost, consubstantial with the Father and the Son, most blessed Trinity, receive my prayers in giving thanks.

The eighth SECTION.

Of Offering, or Oblation.

The third Act of Devotion.

REligion and Sacrifice had their beginning in the world's infancy, and ever since have been linked together by an indissoluble tye. God, who giveth all, will have us give to him, meaning we should take out of his store, that which our Nothing cannot afford. Observe here a thing remarkable, That, as in the law of *Moses* there were three kinds of Sacrifice; that is, *Immolations*, *Libations*, and *Victims*. *Immolations*, which were made of the fruits of the earth: *Libations*, of liquors, as Oyl and Wine; *Victims*, of living creatures. So likewise God requires that we give him our *actions* for fruits, our *affections* for liquors, and our *selves* for victims. This is done by the act of *Oblation*, or *Offering*, which is a way of Sacrifice, by which we offer our selves and all that belongeth to us, at the Altar of the Divine Majesty.

To perform this act well we must have first, a pure apprehension of the power and dominion, which God hath over us. Secondly, an intimate knowledge of our own dependence upon him; considering, that we not only have received being, and all things annexed to being, from his goodness; but that we are also sustained perpetually by his hand, as a stone in the air: and that if he should let go never so little, we should be dissolved into that Nothing, out of which we are extracted. From thence will arise an act of Justice in the will, ready to give to God that which is his: and as the Holocaust (where the Host was

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quite consumed in honour to the Divine Majesty) was heretofore the noblest of all sacrifices; so will we imitate this excellent act of Religion, by consecrating not only our actions and affections, but all that we are, unto God, wishing to be dissolved and annihilated for his sake, if it migh: be for the glory of his Divine Majesty. But if this annihilation cannot be real, we must at the least form it to our mind, in an extraordinary manner, acquiring to our selves (as much as is possible) twelve disengagements, wherein the perfection of the Holocaust consisteth.

The first, is a devesting our selves of all affection to temporal things, so that we no longer love any thing but for God, of God, and to God. The second, a disentangling from our own interest in all our actions. The third, an absolute mortifying of sensuality. The fourth, a separation from friendships sensual, natural, and acquired, that they have no longer hold on our heart, to the prejudice of virtue. The fifth, a banishing of worldly imaginations, in such a manner, that the meer representation of them, may beget aversion & horrour in us. The sixth, a discharge from worldly cares not necessary to salvatiō. The seventh, a deliverance from bitterness of heart & discontents which ordinarily arise from excessive love to creatures. The eighth, a valiant flight from all kind of vanity of spirit. The ninth, a contempt of sensible consolations, when God would have us to be weaned from them. The tenth, a renouncing of scruples of mind, and of our own fantasies, to follow the counsel and will of those that are superiour unto us. The eleventh, an insensibility of the troubles that happen in adversity. The twelfth, an entire mortification of judgment and will, that we follow all the inspirations of God as true dyals the Sun.

He who hath proceeded therein thus far, maketh a true annihilation of himself, & an excellent oblation of all that he is: But if you cannot give the whole tree with such perfection, yet give at least the fruits; desiring in conclusion, to offer up all your faculties, senses, functions, words, works, and all that you are; remembring that saying of S. *Chrysostom, That it is the most wicked avarice, to defraud God of the oblation of our selves.* Offer to the Father your *memory* to *fill* it as a choice vessel with profitable things; to the Son your *understanding* to *enlighten* it with eternal truth; to the Holy Ghost your *will* to *enkindle* it with his holy flame; Say particularly to the Incarnate Word with the devout virgin *Gertrude.*

The ninth SECTION:

The manner of offering our selves to God

O My sweet Saviour, illuminate my intentions with thy light, and support my weakness by thy mercy: I recommend the small services which I shall do this day, to the unspeakable sweetness of thy heart; and set it from hence forward before thine eys, to direct, correct, and perfect it. I offer it and all that I am to thee, with my whole affection, both for my self and all the faithful; and I offer it unto thee, in the union of that most perfect intention which thou hadst, when thou prayedst upon earth to thy Father in Heaven.

The tenth SECTION.

Of Contrition.

The fourth Act of Devotion.

THis is an Act exceeding necessary in so dangerous an estate and so great frailty as we continually live in. *Theodoret* in his *Questions upon the Scripture*, saith, That there are three kinds of life, intimated by the three sorts of creatures mentioned in *Abraham's* sacrifice, *Gen.* 15. 9. There is a *Natural* life, represented by the four-footed beasts; a *Mourning* life, figured in the Turtle; a *pure* and *innocent* life, signified by the young Pigeon. Natural lives are very frequent in the world; Dove-like, very rare, but there is no Dove so pure, but always needs the mourning of the Turtle.

This is the reason why we should not pray almost at no time, without stirring up some acts of Contrition. Every one knows, contrition is a detestation of sin beyond all things most detestable, taking beginning from the love of God, and hope of his mercy, and ought always to be accompanied with a firm resolution of amendment. Its first foundation is the belief of a *living* God, of a God *clear-sighted*, of a God *dreadful in all his judgments*, from whence a servile fear of the pains due to sin is begot, even in the most stupid hearts. Thunder causeth Doves to fawn, and raiseth tempests and earthquakes in the soul. Then Hope ariseth above the horizon, scattering amorous beams, through the assured confidence we have to obtain pardon for our sins, by undergoing the yoke of Repentance. Then beginneth the love of God in the soul, to free and discharge it self of the dew of heaven. Oh blessed a thousand fold are they, that wash themselves with that *snow water* which holy *Job* mentioneth, *Joh.* 9. 30. and cleanse themselves in the wholsom pool of repentance!

Stir up acts of *contrition* often for all sins in general, and especially for those defects and imperfections, whereunto you are most subject, with a firm purpose to oppose them strongly, and by Gods help to root them out. Say to that end, as followeth;

The eleventh SECTION.

A form of Contrition

FAther, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, having paid so great bounty with contempt, and so many benefits with ingratitude. I grieve not at the pains I suffer for my rebellion, but I grieve for having offended a God, who ought to be loved and honoured above all things. Where can I finde punishment enough to be avenged on my self, and tears enough to wash away my offences? Father, from hence forward the face of sin shall be more hideous to me then hell: Make me as one of thy hired servants. My God, thou art our Father, and we are nothing, but earth and dust in comparison of Thee! Thou art our Maker, and we are all but clay in thy hands. My God, be not incensed against so weak, so wicked an object. My God, have not the sins of my life past in remembrance.

The twelfth SECTION.

Of Petition or Request.

The fifth Act of Devotion.

A Certain great Emperour coming into *Egypt*, to shew the zeal he had to the publick good, said to the Egyptians, *Draw from me as from your river* Nilus; but what can be drawn from a man, but hopes, which swell like bubbles of water till they burst. It is from God that we must draw, for he is a fountain which perpetually distilleth, who quenching the thirst of all the world, hath himself but one, which is (saith *Gregory Nazianzen*) *that all men should thirst his bounty.*

We must necessarily beg of God, seeing our necessities constrain us and his bounty invites us, we must beg of him, according as he himself hath taught us in the *Lords Prayer*, which is the sum of all Divinity; we must ask in his Sons name, and with confidence to obtain. We must pray for the Church, for the Pastours, for our King, for publick necessities, for

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our selves, for our neighbours: we must pray for spiritual and temporal blessings according to occasion, as far as is lawfull. For which purpose it is good to have a collection of prayers for all occasions, like a little Fort, furnished with all pieces of battery, to force even heaven it self, with a religious fortitude and a pious violence.

Desire of God every morning at least, *That* you may not offend him; *That* you may not want Grace, Light and Courage, to resist those sins wherunto you are most inclined; *That* you may practise those virtues that are most necessary for you: *That* you may be guided and goverhed this day by Gods providence, in all that concerns your soul, body, and outward things: *That* you may obtain new graces and assistance for the necessities of your neighbours, which you may then set before him. Say for your self and for all those that concern you, this form of prayer used by *Thomas Aquinas*.

The thirteenth SECTION.

A Form of Petition.

O God, give unto me, and to all those whom I commend in my prayers, an understanding to know thee, an affectionate Devotion to seek thee; a wisdom to finde thee; a Conversation to please thee; a Perseverance boldly to wait on thee; a Faith happily to embrace thee. My God, so order it, that I may be wounded with thy sufferings in repentance, that in this life, I may use thy blessings in grace, and enjoy in the other, thy eternal joys in the bosom of Glory. So be it.

The fourteenth SECTION.

Of the time proper for spiritual reading.

BElieve me, you shall do well at this time of the morning, when your mind is freest from earthly thoughts, to use some *spiritual reading*; sometimes of the precepts, sometimes of the lives of the Apostles and Saints, calling to mind that saying of *Isidore* in his Book of *Sentences*: *He that will live in the exercise of God's presence, must pray and read frequently.* When you pray, you speak to God; and when you read, God speaks to you; good sermons and good books are the sinews of virtue.

Observe you not how colours (as Philosophy teacheth) have a certain light, which in the night time is obscured and buried (as it were) in matter: But as soon as the Sun riseth, & displayeth his beams on so many beauties that languished in darkness, he awakes them, and makes them appear in their true lustre? So may we (truly) say, that we have all, some seeds of knowledge which would be quite choaked (as it were) with the vapours arising from our passions, did not the wisdom of God (which speaketh in the holy Scripture, and in good spiritual books) stir them up, and give them light and vigour to inflame the course of our actions to virtue. Always before you take a book in hand, invoke the Father of light to direct your reading. Read little if you have but little leisure, but with attention; and make a pause at some sentence, which all that day may come into your memory. You will find, that good books teach nothing but *truth*, command nothing but *virtue*, and promise nothing but *happinesse*.

The fifteenth SECTION.

An Abstract of the doctrine of *Jesus Christ*, to be used at the Communion.

JOhn 14. 6. *I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by me.*

Mark 1. 15. *The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.*

Matth. 11. 28. *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;*

29. *Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall finde rest unto your souls.*

30. *For my yoke is easie, and my burthen is light.*

Matth. 7. 12. *All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the Law and the Prophets.*

John 15. 12. *This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.*

13. *Greater love hath no man then this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.*

14. *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.*

Matth. 5. 44. *Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.*

45. *That you may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven: For he maketh his Sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.*

Luke 5. 35. *Be ye merciful, as your Father also is merciful.*

23. *Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and it shall be forgiven.*

30. *Give, and it shall be given unto you.*

Luke 12. 15. *Take heed and beware of covetousnes: for a mans life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.*

Matth. 7. 13. *Enter ye in at the strait-gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.*

14. *Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that finde it.*

Matth. 10, 38. *He that taketh not his Cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.*

John 16. 33. *In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*

Matth. 28. 20. *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*

Matth. 26. 41. *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.*

Luke 12. 36. *Let your loyns be girded about, and your lights burning.*

37. *And ye your selves like unto men that wait for the Lord, when he will return from the wedding, that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.*

Luke 21. 34. *Take heed to your selves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfetting and drunkennes and cares of this life.*

John 5. 28. *The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave, shall hear his voice.*

29. *And shall come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.*

The sixteenth SECTION.

What is to be done at the Celebration of the Sacrament.

AT the *Celebration of the Sacrament*, you shall endeauour to stir up in your self a great reverence of this incomparable Majesty, who cometh to fill the Sacrifice with his presence, and say:

O God, dispose me to offer unto Thee the merits of the life and passion of thy well-beloved Son. At this present I offer up to thee, in the union thereof, my understanding, my will, my memory, my thoughts, my words, my works, my sufferings, and consolations, my good, my life, all that I have, and all that I can ever pretend unto.

Afterwards, at the *Preface* when the Priest inuiteth all to *lift up their hearts to God*, or when the Angelical Hymn, called by the Ancients *Trisagion*, is pronounced, may be said as followeth, being taken out of the Liturgies of S. *James* and S. *Chrysostom*.

TO thee the Creatour of all things visible and invisible: To thee the Treasurer of eternal blessings: To thee the Fountain of life and immortality. To thee the absolute Lord of the whole world, be given, as is due, all praise, honour and worship. Let the Sun, Moon, and Quires of Stars; the Air, Earth, Sea, and all that is in the Celestial Elementary world, bless thee. Let thy Jerusalem, thy Church, from the first-born thereof already enrolled in Heaven, glorifie thee. Let the elect souls of Apostles, Martyrs, and Prophets; Let Angels, Arch-Angels, Tirones, Dominations, Principalities, Powers and Virtues. Let the dreadful Cherubims and Seraphins perpetually sing the the Hymn of thy triumphs. Holy,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and Earth are full of thy glory; Save us, O thou that dwellest in Heaven, the palace of thy Majesty.

O Lord Jesus, thou art the everlasting Son of the Father. When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou clothedst thy self with flesh in the Virgins womb. When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open unto us the Kingdom of Heaven. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father, and shalt judge both the quick and the dead. O Lord, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

As soon as you have received the Sacrament, say this prayer of S. *Bernard* in his *Meditations upon the Passion.*

O Heavenly Father; look down from thy Sanctuary; from the Throne of thy glory, upon the blessed sacrifice, which our High Priest Jesus, thy most innocent and sacred Son, doth offer unto thee for the sins of his Brethren. Pardon the multitude of our offences, and have compassion upon our miseries. Hearken to the voice of the blood of that immaculate Lamb, which crieth out to thee, and he himself standeth before thee at the right hand of thy Majestie, crowned with honour and glory. Behold, O Lord, the face of thy Messias, who hath been obedient to thee, even unto death; and put not his blessed wounds out of thy sight, nor the satisfaction he made for our sins, out of thy remembrance. O let every tongue praise and bless thee in commemoration of thy infinite goodness, who didst deliver thy onely Son over to death upon Earth, to make him our most prevalent Advocate in Heaven.

For Petition. Immediately after you have recited the Lords Prayer, say these words of the aforesaid Liturgie.

O God, be mindful of all Pastours and faithful people, dwelling in all parts of the habitable world, in the union of the Catholick Faith, and preserve them in thy holy peace.

O God, bless our most gracious King, and his whole Kingdom; hear the prayers which we offer up at thy Altar.

O God, remember all those that travel by sea or land, and are exposed to so many dreadful dangers. Remember the many poor prisoners, and Exiles who groan under the miseries of the world.

O God, remember the sick, and all such as are in any discomfort of mind: Remember the many poor souls oppress with bitterness, who implore thy succour. Remember also the conversion of so many Hereticks, Infidels, and sinners, whom thou hast created after thine own image.

O God, remember our Friends and Benefactours: Accept this sacrifice for us sinners, and let us all feel the effects of thy Mercy; drive away scandal, war, and heresie; and grant us thy peace and love.

And at the end of the Communion;

O God, power down thy graces upon us; direct our steps in thy ways, strengthen us in thy fear, confirm us in thy love, and give us at last the inheritance of thy children.

It is very expedient also to have our devotions ordered for every day of the week.

The seventeenth SECTION.

Devotion ordered for the days of the Week.

WE may derive an excellent practise of *Devotion for every day of the Week*, from the Hymn of S. *Ambrose*, used by the Church. For therein we learn to give God thanks for every work of the Creation, and to make the greater world correspond with the lesser.

Sunday, which is the day wherin the *light* was created, *we should render thanks* to God, for having produced this *temporal light*, which is the smile of Heaven and joy of the world, spreading it like cloth of gold, over the face of the air and earth, & lighting it as a torch, by which we might behold his works. Then penetrating further, *we will give him thanks* for having afforded us his Son, called by the Fathers, *the Day-bringer*, to communicate unto us the great *light of faith*, which is (as saith S. *Bernard*) *a Copy of Eternity*; *we will humbly beseech him*, that this light may never be eclipsed in our understandings, but may repleniſh us every day more & more, with the knowledge of his blessed will. And for this purpose we must hear the word of God, & be present at *Divine Service*, with all fervour and purity. Take great heed that you stain not this day (which God hath set apart for himself) with any disorder, nor give the first fruits of the week to *Dagon* which you should offer up at the feet of the Ark of the Covenant.

Munday, which is the day wherein the *Firmament* was created, to separate the celestial waters from the inferiour and terrestrial; *we will represent unto our selves*, that God hath given us *Reason*, as a *Firmament* to separate divine cogitations from animal; and *we will pray unto him*, to mortifie anger and concupiscence in us, and to grant us absolute sway over all passions, which resist the eternal Law.

Tuesday, the day wherein the *waters* (which before covered the whole element of Earth) were ranked in their place, and the *earth* appeared, to become the dwelling, nurse, and grave of man; *we will figure unto our selves* the great work of the *justification* of the world, done by the Incarnate Word, who took away a great heap of *obstacles* (as well of ignorance as of sin) that covered the face of the whole world, and made a *Church*, which like a holy Land, appears laden with fruit and beauties, to raise us up in faith, & to bury us in the hope of the Resurrection. *We will beseech him*, to take away all *hinderances* to our soul; (so many ignorances, sins, imperfections, fears, sorrows, cares, which detain it as in an abyss,) and to repleniſh us with the *fruits* of justice.

Wednesday, wherein the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars* were created; *we will propose unto our selves for object*, the *Beauty and Excellency* of the Church of God, adorned with the presence of the Saviour of the world as with a *Sun*, and with so many Saints, as with *Stars* of the Firmament; and *we will humbly beseech God* to embelliſh our soul with *light* and *virtue*, suitable to its condition. Especially, to give us the six qualities of the Sun, *Greatness*, *Beauty*, *Measure*, *Fervour*, *Readiness*, and *Fruitfulness*. *Greatness*, in the elevation of our mind above all created things, and in a capacity of heart, which can never be filled with any thing, but God: *Beauty*, in gifts of grace; *Measure*, to limit our passions; *Fervour*, in the exercise of charity; *Readiness*, in the obedience we ow to his Law: *Fruitfulness*, in bringing forth good works.

Thursday, the day wherein God (as S. *Ambrose* saith) drew the *birds* and *fishes* out of the waters, the *birds* to flie in the air, and the *fishes* to dwell in this lower Element. *We will imagine* the great *separation* which shall be made at the day of Gods judgment; when so vast a number of men, extracted from one and the same mass, some shal be raised on high to people Heaven, and enjoy the sight of God; others shal be made a prey to hel and everlasting torments. And in this great abyss and horrour of thought, *we will beseech God* to hold us in the number of his elect, and to be pleased to mark out our predestination, in our good and commendable actions.

Friday, wherein the other *creatures* were brought forth, and *man* created, who was then appointed to them for a King and Governour; *we will set before us* the greatness, excellency, and beauty of this *Man*, in the Talents which God hath given him, as well of grace, as of nature. How much it cost to make him, the hands of the Creatour being imployed in his production: *Hands* (saith S. *Basil*) *which were to him as a womb*, but how much more it cost to make him anew, drawing forth so much labour, sweat, & bloud from the Son of God, *who annihilated himself for him, cherishing and fostering him* (saith *Thomas Aquinas* in his Treatise of *Beatitude*) *in such sort, that one not well instructed by faith, would say, Man were the god*

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of God himself: Hereupon *we will beg*, that we may not frustrate the merit of the life of God, given to eternize ours, and we will practise some kind of mortification, *to bear God in our flesh* (as saith S. *Paul*) and to conform our selves to the sufferings of the King of the afflicted.

Saturday, which is the day wherein God *rested* from the Creation of the world; *we will meditate* upon the *rest*, the blessed enjoy in Heaven. There is no more poverty, no more sickness, no grief, no care, no calumny, no persecution, no heat, no cold, no night, no alteration, no confusion, no noise. The body *resteth* five or six foot under ground, freed from the relapsing imployments of a frail and dying life. It is in the grave, as in an impregnable Fortress, where it no longer fears debts, Serjeants, prisoners, nor fetters. And the soul, when it is glorified, leadeth the life of God himself: a vital life, an amiable life, an inexhaustible life, for which we must sigh and labour, and *beg it often of God, with the tears of our eys, and the groans of our heart*; as saith S. *Augustine*.

It is requisite, the same day, to make a review of the whole week, to examine the state of your soul, your passions, affections, intentions, aims, proceedings, and progressions.

And especially at the months end, to consider diligently what God would have of us, what we of him, and what course we take to please both him and our selves: what desire we have of perfection, what obstacles, what defects, what resistance, what means; and to manage all our endeavours under the protection of our great Captain *Jesus Christ*.

The eighteenth SECTION.

Devotion for the hours of the day.

THE Church likewise assigneth us *a practice of devotion for every hour of the day*, if we will apply it right. For as if she meant of a Christian Champion, to make a true Bird of the Sun, which saluteth that bright Star almost every hour, seeming to applaud by its songs, and the clapping of its wings. So she requireth, that in imitation thereof, we lose not God out of sight all the day long, but keep perpetual Centinel, to worship and pray to him.

At the break of day.

(Not to say any thing of our nightly exercise) The Church inviteth us, in the Hymn of S. *Ambrose*, to ask five things: the protection of God for all that day, peace, government of the sence, guard of the heart, and mortification of the flesh.

At the third

Hour, from the rising of the Sun; the hour wherein the *Holy Ghost* descended in the likeness of fiery tongues upon the Apostles; we pray to the *Holy Ghost* so to replenish our understandings, our wills, our senses, our hearts, our tongues, our mouths, with vigour and flame, that we may by our good example enkindle our neighbours.

At the sixth,

Which is noon; we look up to our son of Justice, to entreat of him four things; that is, alienation from the heat of concupiscence, mortification of anger, health of body, and peace of mind.

At the ninth.

Which is about three a clock, when the Sun is now declining towards the West, we cast our eie upon our great Star, and desire him (as he is the immovable Center, about which the world is turned; and holdeth the beginning and continuance of light, in his hand:) first, to grant us a happy evening: secondly, a constancy in virtue: thirdly, a good end.

At Evening.

When darkness draweth near, we beseech the Divine Majesty to gather unto him our hearts, oppressed with sin, and distracted by so great diversity of actions; to cleanse them, and to direct them in the way of Eternity: that when we shall be deprived of this *temporal light*, we may make a sweet retreat into the bosom of God, who is the Fountain of *Intellectual light*: and that having finished our life, as we have ended this present day, we may receive the prize of Beatitude.

At going to bed.

Now that darkness covereth the face of the earth, we will shelter our selves (like little birds) under God's wing, beseeching him to keep us (according to his accustomed goodness) in his protection; to drive away evil dreams, and the illusions of night from our sleep; hindering the crafty surprizals of our adversary, who goeth up and down like a roaring Lion, besetting the sheep-fold.

These devotions are grave, authentick, and sufficient, throughly to instruct a soul that will practise them.

The nineteenth SECTION.

Of Confession, a very necessary act of Devotion; and advice thereupon.

I Place *Confession* and *Communion*, amongst the weekly devotions; because for such as desire to lead a pure life, there is no excess, if at the weeks end, they acquit themselves of this duty. And although I have lately spoken enough, according to my scope, of the practise of these exercises, in Treatises upon this subject: and that to write more concerning them after so many books, were but to bring a drop of water to the river: yet am I obliged by the necessity of my design, to tell you in few words, that to make your *Confession* good, it ought to have the properties of a Looking-glass. *Solidity*, *lively representation*, and *clearness*.

Solidity; 1. In going to it with much consideration of your own misery, sins, and imperfections.

2. Much reverence towards the Majesty of God.

3. A reasonable examination of your conscience.

4. A dislike of your offences, more for God's sake, then out of any other consideration.

Lively representation: 1. In avoiding confessions made by rote, which have always one and the same tune: or such as are over dry, and not sufficiently explained: or such as are too historical, and full of superfluity.

2. In representing perspicuously the state of your soul, and succinctly discovering how you have behaved your self.

First, in those acts of devotion, which concern more particularly the *Divine Service*: accusing your self of impure intentions, negligences, irreverences, voluntary distractions, contempt of holy things, coldness in Faith, and evil thoughts.

Secondly, towards *your self*, in the direction both of your interiour and exteriour, namely, in sins of vanity, pride, sensuality, intemperance, curiosity, impurity, idleness, pusillanimity, anger, envy, jealousie, quarrels, aversion, impatience, murmuring, lies, detraction, injuries, swearing, breach of promise, impertinent, and idle discourse, flattery, scoffing, and mockery.

Thirdly, towards *your neighbours*, as well superiours and equals, as inferiours; unfolding the defects that may have happened in the duties, which Charity or Justice oblige you to render to every one according to his degree.

Here examine every word, and you shall find matter for accusation.

Clear-

Clearneſs of Confeſſion, conſiſteth in explaining your ſelves in *ſimple, honeſt*, and *ſignificant* terms.

S *Bernard* in his book of the *Interiour houſe* (which is the Conſcience) hath compoſed a brief form of Confeſſion, making the penitent ſay thus:

Father, I accuſe my ſelf, That I have been diſquieted with anger, exaſperated with envy, puffed up with pride, and have thereupon fallen into an inconſtancy of mind, ſcoffings, ſlanders, and exceſſes of ſpeech.

I accuſe my ſelf, That I have been more ready to judge my ſuperiours, then to obey them: That being reprehended for my faults, I have murmured, and ſhewed my ſelf refractory in matters of duty

I accuſe my ſelf, That I have preferred my ſelf before my betters; vaunting and boaſting, with much vanity and preſumption, of all that belonged to me, and deſpiſing others with mockery and deriſion.

I accuſe my ſelf, That I have neglected the duty of my own charge, and ambitiouſly aimed at others.

I have neither had reſpect to obedience, nor modeſty in my words, nor government in my carriage; but much ſelf-opinion in my intentions, hardneſs in my heart, and vain-glory in my words.

I accuſe my ſelf, That I have been a Hypocrite, ſtiff in hatred and averſion from my neighbour, biting in ſpeech; impatient of ſubjection, ambitious of honour, covetous of wealth, ſlothful in works of charity and Devotion, in converſation unſociable, and many times uncivil.

I accuſe my ſelf, That I have been ready to ſpeak of the actions of others, raſh in cenſuring, contentious in arguing, diſdainful in hearing, preſumptuous in informing others, diſſolute in laughter, exceſſive in pleaſures of taſt, and in gaming, coſtly in apparel, burthenſom to my friends, troubleſom to the peaceful, ungrateful to thoſe who have done me any good, harſh and imperious to ſuch as were under my charge.

I have boaſted to have done that which I did not, to have ſeen what I ſaw not, to have ſaid what I ſaid not, and on the contrary, have diſſembled and denied to have ſeen what I have ſeen, to have ſaid what I did ſay, and to have don what I did do.

I accuſe my ſelf of carnal thoughts, impure remembrances, diſhoneſt motions, which I have not ſoon enough reſiſted.

They who live more diſſolutely, ſhall find (as *Hamartolus*, a *Greek* Authour ſaith) that they have great accounts to caſt up, at the audit of concupiſcence: wherefore they may examine themſelves concerning kiſſes, touchings, ſoftneſs, pollutions, fornications, adulteries, abuſe of marriage, and other ſins called monſtrous: adding alſo impieties, ſorceries, divinations, falſe oaths, perjuries, blaſphemies, calumnies, contentions, diſobediences, injuſtices, oppreſſions, falſhoods, theſts, uſuries, ſacriledges, and the like.

You muſt not think that there can be made a Form of Confeſſion like a Boot fit for all legs: conſciences are as faces, every one hath its diverſity. What S. *Bernard* hath ſaid in general, may ſerve for a direction; yet muſt it be particularized with the circumſtances, expreſſing the intention, quality, manner, and continuance of the vice.

The twentieth SECTION.

An excellent Prayer of S. Auguſtine *for this exerciſe, taken out of a Manuſcript of Cardinal* Seripandus.

O God, behold the ſtains and wounds of my ſin, which I never can, nor will hide from the eys of thy Majeſtie: I feel the ſmart of them already, in remorſe of my conſcience, and other ſufferings ordained by thy providence for my correction; but all that I ſuffer, cannot equal my demerit. I onely wonder, that feeling the pain of ſin ſo often, I ſtill retain the malice and obſtinacy of it. My weakneſs boweth under the burthen; yet my iniquity remaineth immoveable. My life groaneth in languiſhments; yet is not reformed in its works. If thou deferre the puniſhment, I deferre my amendment; and if thou chaſtiſe me, I can no longer endure. Whileſt thou correcteſt, I confeſs my offence, but after thy viſitation I remember my ſorrows no more. As long as thou haſt the rod in hand to ſcourge me, I promiſe all; But if thou withdraw it, I performe nothing. If thou touch me, I crie out for mercy: and if thou pardon, I again provoke thee to ſtrike: O Lord God, I confeſs my miſeries, and implore thy clemency, without which there is no ſalvation for me. O God, give me what I ask of thee, though without any merit of mine, ſince without any merit of mine thou haſt taken me out of nothing, to ask it of thee.

The one and twentieth SECTION.

Of Communion, the chiefeſt of all acts of Devotion; with a brief Advice concerning the practice of it.

AS for *Receiving*, remember the ſix leaves of the Lilly, which it ought to have; I mean, *deſire* and *purity*, before you preſent your ſelf at it: *Humility* and *Charity* in preſenting your ſelf; *thankſgiving* and *newneſs of ſpirit*, after you have preſented your ſelf. And if you deſire to know the qualities, whereby you may diſcern a luke-warm Communion from a fervent. I ſay, that a good Communion ought to be *lightſom, ſavoury, nouriſhing*, and *effectual*. *Lightſom*, in illuminating you ever more and more with the light and truth of faith, which begets in you an eſteem of divine things, and a contempt of the worldly, fading, and temporal. *Savoury*, in making you to reliſh in will and ſenſe, what you know by the light of underſtanding. Yet if you have not this laſt, in a tender and ſenſible devotion, be not diſcomforted at it: for *ſenſible devotion will often happen to thoſe that have leaſt charity*; as *Richardus* obſerves upon the Canticles: *Affectuoſa dilectio interdum officit minus diligentem.* It is ſufficient that you have good habits of virtue in the upper Region of your ſoul. *Nouriſhing*, in keeping your ſelf in a good ſpiritual eſtate, in good reſentments of heavenly things, in good affections towards the ſervice of God, free from drineſs, leanneſs, and voluntary barrenneſs. *Effectual*, in applying your ſelf immediatly to the exerciſe of ſolid virtues, humility, patience, charity, and the works of mercy: for that is the moſt undoubted mark of a good Communion.

It is good to preſent your ſelf with ſincere intentions, pondered and fitted to occurrences, communicating (as *Bonaventure* obſerves) ſometimes for remiſſion of ſins, ſometimes for remedy of infirmities, ſometimes for deliverance out of ſome affliction, ſometimes to obtain a benefit, ſometimes for thankſgiving; ſometimes alſo for the help of our neighbour. And laſtly, to offer up a perfect praiſe to the moſt bleſſed Trinity, to commemorate the paſſion of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and to grow daily in love toward him. To this end, before you communicate, you may ſay this prayer of *Thomas Aquinas*.

O Moſt ſweet JESUS, *My Lord and Maſter, O that the force of thy love, ſubtler then fire, and ſweeter then honey, would engulf my ſoul in an Abyſs, drawing it from all inordinate affections to things beneath Heaven; that I might die with love of thee, ſince out of love thou didſt vouchſafe to die on the Croſs for me!*

And after Communion, make theſe Petitions of S. *Auguſtine*.

O God, let me know thee; and let me alſo know my ſelf; Let the end of my deſires be ever where thou art: O God, let me bear no hatred, but to my ſelf; nor love, but to thee: and be thou the beginning, progreſs, and the end of all my actions. O God, let me humble my ſelf even to the deep, and exalt thee above the heavens; having my minde employed onely in thy praiſe. O God, let me die in my ſelf, and live in thy heart; and let me receive all that comes from thy providence, as gifts from Heaven. O God, let me perſecute my ſelf as an enemie, and follow thee as an onely friend. O God, let me have no aſſurance, but the fear of thy holy Name; nor confidence, but the diffidence of my ſelf. O God, when will the day come, when thou ſhalt take away the evil of the Temple, that I may behold thee face to face, to enjoy thee eternally?

THE SECOND PART OF THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The first SECTION.

Twelve fundamental Considerations of Virtue.

YOu must firmly believe, that the chiefest Devotion consisteth in practice of virtues, without which, there is neither solid piety, nor hope of salvation.

Paradise holds none but blessed souls, and hell the wretched; but the world, wherein we live, hath many kinds of merchants; some traffick with *Babylon*, others with *Sion*; some, through their ill trading and disorderly carriage, go on insensibly to the last misery, which is a banishment from the life of God, into an eternity of punishment: Others, go on in a streight line, to the first and sovereign happiness, which is the vision, fruition, and possession of God, in an eternity of inexplicable joys. If you desire to take this latter course, I would advise you, to set often before you these twelve Considerations, (which I have inserted in my Book of the *Holy Court*) for in my opinion they are twelve great motives to all actions of virtue.

The first, is the nature and dignity of man, that is to say, the first and continual study of man ought to be man himself; to behold what he was, what he is, and what he shal be. What he was, nothing; what he is, a reasonable creature; what he shal be, a guest either of Paradise, or of hell; of eternal happiness, or of everlasting misery. What he is by *Nature*; a Masterpiece, in which there are a thousand several motions; a Body framed with admirable Architecture; a Soul endowed with understanding, Reason, Wit, Judgment, Will, Memory, Imagination, and Opinion: a Soul, which in an instant flieth from one Pole to the other; descends to the centre, and mounts up to the top of the world; which in one instant is in a thousand several places; which fathoms the Universe, without touching it; which goes, glisters, sparkles, which ransacks all the treasures and magazines of Nature; which finds out all sorts of inventions, which frameth Arts, which governeth States, which ordereth worlds. This soul in the mean time seeth her *passions* about her, like an infinite company of dogs, barking at her happiness, and offering on every side to seize upon her with their teeth.

Love fools her, Ambition racks her, Covetousness rusts her, Lust inflames her, Hope tickles her, Pleasure melts her, Despair depresses her, Anger burns her, Hatred sowers her, Envy gnaws her, Jealousies prick her, Revenge exasperates her, Cruelty hardens her, Fears freeze her, and Sorrow consumes her.

This poor soul (shut up in the body, like a bird of Paradise in a cage) is quite amazed to see her self assailed by all this mutinous multitude: and although she holds in her hand the scepter of government, yet she often suffers her self to be deceived, ravished, and dragged into a miserable slavery.

Consider also what man is by *sin*, vanity, weakness, inconstancy, misery, and curse. What he is made by *Grace*; a child of light, an earthly Angel, son by adoption to the heavenly Father, brother and coheir with *Jesus Christ*, a vessel of election, the temple of the Holy Ghost. What he may be by *Glory*; an inhabitant of Heaven, beholding then those stars under his feet, which are now over his head; feasted with the sight of God, his beginning, his end, his true, only, and original happiness.

The second, the benefits received from God, considered in general as those of Creation, Conservation, Redemption, Vocation; & in particular, the gifts of the body, of the soul, of nature, of capacity, ability, industry, discretion, nobility, offices, authority, means, credit, reputation, good success in business, & the like; which are given us from Heaven as instruments to work out our salvation. And sometimes one of the greatest benefits, is that, which few account a benefit, to have none of all those helps which lead a presumptuous, weak, and worldly soul to ruin; but on the contrary, their better wants in the esteem of the world, beget in him an esteem of heavenly things; Man (seeing what he was, what he is, & what he must be, whence he cometh, whither he goeth, and that union with God, his beginning, is his scope, mark, and aim;) if he follow the dictates of his reason, presently resolveth, that no sinew nor vein he hath, but shal tend to this end, to subdue his passions, and to serve creatures no farther then he knows them available to attain to the Creatour. *Serva commissum, expecta promissum, cave prohibitum.* Every creature saith these three things to man: *O man, preserve that which is committed to thee, expect that which is promised thee, and eschew that which is forbidden thee.*

The third consideration, is the Passion of the Son of God; an Abyss of grief, reproaches, annihilations, love, mercy, wisdom, humility, patience, charity; the book of books, the science of sciences, the secret of secrets; the shop where all good resolutions are forg'd, where all virtues are refin'd, where all knots of holy obligations are tied; the school of all Martyrs, Confessours, and Saints. Our weakness and faintness proceeds only from want of contemplating this infinite tablet. Who would once open his mouth to complain of doing too much, of suffering too much, of being thrown too low, too much despised, too much disquieted, if he considered the life of God delivered over and resigned for his sake to so painful labour, so horrible confusions, so insupportable torments? *Nolo vivere sine vulnere, cùm te video vulneratum: Oh my God! as long as I see thy wounds, I will never live without wound*; saith *Bonaventure*.

The fourth: the examples of all the Saints who have followed the King in the high way of the Cross. When we look upon the progress of Christianity, and

and the ſucceſſion of ſo many Ages, wherſoever our conſideration ſetteth foot, it finds nothing but bloud of Martyrs, combats of Virgins, Prayers, Tears, Faſtings, Sack-cloth, Hair-cloth, Afflictions, Perſecutions of ſo many Saints, who have taken Heaven, as it were by violence: Some there have been, who having filled graves with their limbs (torn off with engines and ſwords of perſecution) yet remained alive to endure and ſuffer in their bodies, which had more wounds then parts: *Demorabantur in luce detenti, quorum membris pleni erant tumuli,* ſaith *Zeno.* Is it not a ſhame to have the ſame name, the ſame Baptiſm, the ſame Profeſſion, and to deſire ever to tread on Roſes? to be embarqued in this great ſhip of Chriſtianity, with ſo many brave ſpirits, and to go under hatches, to ſleep, like the out-caſts and ſcorns of humane Nature?

The fifth: the peace of a good conſcience, the inſeparable companion of honeſt men, which ſugereth all their tears, which ſweetneth all their ſharpneſs, which melteth all their bitterneſs; a continual feaſt, a portable theater, a delicious torrent of unſpeakable content, which beginneth in this world, and is often felt in this life, even in chains, priſons, perſecutions; what then will it be, when conſummated in the other life? When the curtain of the great Tabernacle ſhall be withdrawn; when we ſhall ſee God face to face; in a body *impaſſible* as an Angel, *ſubtle* as a beam of light, *ſwift* as the wings of *thunder*, *bright* as the Sun; and when we ſhall dwell among ſo goodly and flouriſhing a company, in a palace of ineſtimable glory; where we ſhall enjoy no life but the life of God, the knowledge of God, the love of God, as long as God ſhall be God. *Neſcio quid erit, quod iſta vita non erit, ubi lucet quod non capiat locus, ubi ſonat quod non rapit tempus, ubi olet quod non ſpargit flatus, ubi ſapit quod non minuit edacitas, ubi heret quod non divellit æternitas,* ſaid S. *Auguſtine. What will that life be, or rather, what will not that life be? Since all good, either is not at all, or is in ſuch a life: Light, which place cannot comprehend: Voices and muſick, which time cannot raviſh away: Odours, which are never diſſipated: a Feaſt, which is never conſumed: a Bleſſing, which Eternity beſtoweth, but Eternity ſhall never ſee at an end.*

The ſixth, is on the other ſide to conſider the ſtate of this preſent life: A true dream which hath onely the diſturbances, but never the reſt of ſleep; a childiſh ſport, a toil of burthenſom and ever-relapſing actions; where for one roſe we meet with a thouſand thorns; for an ounce of hony a tun of gall, for apparent good, real evil: The happieſt here may number their years, but not their cares; the paths here to the higheſt honours, are all of ice, and often bordered only by precipices. Its felicities are floating Iſlands, which always retire, when we but offer to touch them; they are the feaſt of *Heliogabalus*, where are many invitations, many ceremonies, many complements, many ſervices, and at the end of all this, we find a table and banquet of wax, which melts at the fire, whence we return more hungry then we came. It is the inchanted egg of *Oromazes*, in which that Impoſtour boaſted, that *he* had encloſed all the happineſs of the world: but broken, there was found nothing but wind. *Omnia hæc conſpectui noſtro inſidioſis coloribus lenocinantur: vis illa oculorum attributa lumini, non applicetur errori,* ſaith *Eucherius. All theſe proſperities flatter our ſenſes with an impoſture of falſe colours: why do we ſuffer thoſe eyes to be taken in the ſnares of errours, which are given us by Heaven to behold the light, and not to miniſter unto lying?* Beſides, another thing which ſhould put us into an infinite diſlike of this preſent life, is, that we live in a time as full of diſeaſes as old age of indiſpoſitions; we live in a world extremely corrupt, of which may be ſaid, it is a monſter, whoſe underſtanding is a pit of darkneſs; his reaſon, a ſhop of malice; his will, a hell, where thouſands of paſſions outrageouſly infeſt him; his eyes are two Conduit-pipes of fire, out of which flie ſparkles of concupiſcence; his tongue, an inſtrument of curſing; his face, a painted hypocriſie; his body, a ſponge full of filth; his hands, harpies talons, and to conclude, he owns no faith, but infidelity; no Lord, but his paſſion; no God, but his belly; what content can there be in living with ſuch a monſter?

The ſeventh: If there are any pleaſures in this life, they do nothing but overflow the heart ſlightly with a little ſuperficial delectation. Sadneſs dives into the bottom of my ſoul, and when it is there, you would think it hath leaden feet, never to go thence; but pleaſure doth only tickle us in the outſide of the skin, and then all thoſe ſweet waters run downwith haſte, to diſcharge themſelves into the ſea of bitterneſs. For this reaſon, Saint *Auguſtine* ſaid, when any proſperity preſented it ſelf before his eys, he durſt not touch it; he beheld pleaſure as a wandering bird, that would deceive him, and flie away as ſoon as he ſhould offer to lay hold of it.

The eighth: Pleaſures are begot in the ſenſe, and like abortives die in their birth: their deſires are full of diſquiet; their acceſs, of violent, forced and turbulent commotions: their ſatiety is ſeaſoned with ſhame and repentance; they paſs away as ſoon as they have wearied out the body, and leave it like a bunch of grapes, whoſe juice hath been preſſed out, as ſaith S. *Bernard.* They ſtretch themſelves out at full length, to much purpoſe, when they muſt end with this life; and it is a great chance, if even during life, they prove not executioner to him that entertains them. *I ſee no greater pleaſure in this world, then the contempt of pleaſure: Nulla major voluptas, quàm voluptatis faſtidium,* ſaith *Tertullian.*

The ninth: He that conſumeth his time in pleaſures, when they ſlide away (like waters occaſioned by a ſtorm) findeth himſelf deſtitute and aſhamed, like a Pilgrim deſpoiled by a Thief; ſo many golden harveſts, which time preſented to him, are paſſed away, and the ruſt of a heavy age furniſhed him with nothing but ſorrow for having done ill, and impotence to do well; what then remains, but to ſay with that miſerable King, who gave away his Scepter for a glaſs of water, *Alas! Muſt I for ſo ſhort a pleaſure, looſe ſo great a Kingdom?*

The tenth: Sin always carrieth ſorrow behind it, but not always true repentance: It is an extraordinary favour from God, to have time to bewail the offences of our life paſt, and to take that time by the foretop. Many are ſent into the other world without once thinking of their departure and ſome think of it at their death with many tears, but not one good act of repentance: they weep for the ſins which forſake them, and not for God whom they have loſt. True contrition is a hard work, how can he obtain it who hath ever falſified it? *Facilius inveni, qui innocentiam ſervarent, quàm qui congruè pœnitentiam agerent,* ſaith S. *Ambroſe.*

The eleventh: Death all this while is coming on a great pace, he waits for you at all hours, in all places, and yet you cannot wait for him ſo much as one minute, ſo diſpleaſing is this thought unto you; his ſentence is more clear and perſpicuous, then if it were written with the Suns beams, and yet cannot we read it; his trumpet ſoundeth perpetually, more audibly then thunder, and yet we hear it not.

No wonder, that *David*, *Pſal.* 49. 4. calleth it (according to the *Hebrew*) *a Riddle*, every one beholds the Tablet, but few know the meaning: yet it is a granted truth, that we muſt bid a long farewel to all ſuch things of life, as can extend no further then life it ſelf; a granted truth, that we muſt inherit ſerpents and worms in a houſe of darkneſs: How excellent a leſſon might be learned from hence! to know it once well, we muſt ſtudy it every day: Every where we ſee Watches and Clocks, ſome of gold, ſome of ſilver, others beſet with pretious ſtones: they give us notice of all hours, except that which muſt be our laſt? and ſince they cannot ſtrike that hour, we muſt make it ſound in our conſcience. The very inſtant that you are reading this, a thouſand and perhaps a thouſand ſouls, loos'd from their bodies, are preſented before God's Tribunal: what would you do, if you were now to bear them company? *Omnia iſta contemnito quibus ſolutus corpore non indigebis*, ſaid *Diodore*: *In a word, deſpiſe timely, whileſt you are in the body, thoſe things whereof you ſhall have no need, when you are out of the body.*

The twelfth: your ſoul ſhall go forth, and of all her followers in life, ſhall only be attended by good and evil. If ſhe be ſurprized in ſin, Hell ſhall be her ſhare; Hell, the great Lake of God's wrath: Hell, the common-ſhore of all the filth of the world: Hell, the ſtore-houſe of eternal fire: Hell, a bottomleſs depth, where there is no evil but muſt be expected, nor good that can be hoped.

Theſe twelve conſiderations are very fit to be meditated upon monthly, at leiſure.

The ſecond SECTION.

Seven paths of Eternity, which lead the ſoul to great Virtues.

THeſe twelve Conſiderations well weighed, make us take a ſerious reſolution to proceed directly to good, whereof, if you deſire further demonſtration, *Bonaventure* points us out ſeven fair paths, and ſeven great gates, which lead us in a ſtrait line to this bleſſed Eternity: and I wiſh we had as much courage to follow them, as he grace to unfold them.

Firſt, ſeeing the beginning of your virtue and felicity conſiſteth in the knowledge of God, and in the ſtate of the next life, (of which we cannot, without ſome crime, be ignorant, and which we can never know, but with profit.) You muſt underſtand, that the firſt gate of Eternity, is, *To* have good and ſincere intentions in the performance of eternal things. *To* take a ſtrong reſolution to work out your ſalvation, at what rate ſoever. *To* account all temporal things as wandering birds, which look upon us from a bough of ſome tree, make us a little chirping muſick, and then fly away. *To* think, that to bear a vicious mind in a fair ornament of fortune, is to keep a leaden blade in an ivory ſheath. *To* baniſh evil, hypocritical, impure, and mercenary intentions, throughout all the courſe of your life, and exerciſe of your charge. *To* go towards God. *To* do for God. *To* aim at the honour and glory of God above all things.

You are no little way on your journey, when you have gone this path. Thence you come to the ſecond, which is, *the Meditation of eternal things*; wherein the Kingly Prophet exerciſed himſelf, like a ſtout Champion, when he ſaid: *I have conſidered the days of old, the years of ancient times*, Pſal. 77. 5. This good intention which you take to advance to Eternity, will imprint daily in your thoughts an eternal God, an eternal Paradiſe, an everlaſting Hel, an everlaſting life: and as *Jacob*'s flocks, by looking upon the ſtreaked rods, brought forth ring-ſtreaked and ſpotted Cattel, ſo all you do, in contemplating this Eternity, will be coloured with eternity. And if any temporal pleaſure, or opportunity to commit a ſin, were offered, you would ſay as *Demoſthenes* the Oratour, did of the beautiful *Lais*, when he was asked an exceſsiue ſum of mony to behold her, *I will not buy repentance ſo dear*: I am not ſo ill a Merchant, as to ſell the Eternal for the temporal.

Having paſſed through this gate, you will come to the third, which is the gate of *Light*, called *Contemplation of eternal things*. Here is it that we ſee the divine things, not only by form of argument and diſcourſe, as if we caſt up ſome account, but with the light of our illuminated underſtanding, as if we ſhould behold with a glance of the eye, an excellent piece of ſome eminent Maſter, almoſt with an extaſie of admiration. So *Tiburtius* ſaw a Paradiſe, when he walked upon burning coals. So all the Saints beheld Beatitude, when amidſt ſo many afflictions they remained immovable, drowning the pain of their bodies, in the over-flowing content of the minds.

From this ſtep we neceſſarily light upon the fourth gate, which is, *moſt fervent love of Eternal things*; *for as* (ſaith S. *Thomas Aquinas* very well) *the ſight of temporal beauty begetteth temporal love, oftentimes filling the ſoul with fire and flame; ſo the contemplation of eternity, begetteth eternal love, Which is an ardent affection towards God, and all that appertaineth to his glory*: as was that of S. *Mary Magdalen*, who ſaith in *Origen*; *That Heaven and the Angels are a burthen to her, and that ſhe could live no longer, exceept ſhe beheld him who made both Heaven and the Angels.* She had croſſed Seas armed with monſters and tempeſts, without any ſails, but thoſe of her deſires, to reach her Beloved: ſhe had paſt through flames, and grappled a thouſand times with Lances and Swords, to caſt her ſelf at his feet. The perfect love of God is a wonderful Alchimy, when we have attained it, it changeth iron to gold, ignominies to Crowns, and all ſufferings to delights.

At the fifth gate, which is called *the Revelation of Eternal things*, God ſpeaketh in the ear of the heart, and repleniſheth the ſoul with extraordinary light and knowledge, *darting even here upon it* (as ſaith *Gerſon*) *ſome lightning flaſhes of Paradiſe*, as when a torch caſteth ſome beams through the chinks of a door or window.

And as the knowledge of the underſtanding is nothing without the fervour of the wil, from this gate we go on to the ſixth, called *the Taſt of Experience*, by which we begin to reliſh the joys of Paradiſe in this life, and contentments which cannot be expreſſed. A hundred thouſand tongues may diſcourſe to you the ſweetneſs of hony, but you can never have ſuch knowledge of it, as by taſt. So a world full of books may tell you wonders of the Science of God, but you can never underſtand it exactly, but by the taſt of Experience. *True ſcience* (as *Thomas Aquinas* ſaith upon the *Canticles*) *conſiſteth more in reliſh, then in knowledge: In ſapore, non in ſapere.* I had rather have the feeling which a ſimple ſoul hath with God, then all the definition of Philoſophers.

Laſtly, the ſeventh gate of Eternity, is called *The deifying*, or *divinized operation*, which S. *Dionyſius* termeth θεοῦσθαι, is, when a ſoul worketh all its actions by eternal principles, in imitation of the Incarnate Word, and a perfect union with God. *Clemens Alexandrinus*

andrinus called him that hath arrived at this degree, Θεὸν ἐν ἀνθρωπείῳ σώματι, *a little Deity converſing in mortal fleſh*: and addeth, *That as all good Oratours endeavour to be like* Demoſthenes, *ſo our whole employment in this life muſt be to beget in our ſelves a reſemblance to God*; it is that wherein lies all our perfection.

The third SECTION.

Perfection, and wherein it conſiſteth.

NOw leſt this Doctrine (which is ſomething too ſublime) ſhould dazle your ſight, and not inflame your courage, I will lay before you a more familiar Divinity, which is, that there are two kinds of perfection; the one, of *Glory*; the other, of *Pilgrimage*. That of *Glory* is reſerved for the next life, that of *Pilgrimage* is our chiefeſt affair in this: It is divided ordinarily into perfection of *ſtate*, and perfection of *operation*; Perfection of *ſtate* is as that of Eccleſiaſtical degrees and Magiſtrates, who are obliged by the duty of their profeſſion, not only to the common virtues, but alſo to others more eminent. Perfection of *operation* is that, which conſiſteth in good habits. Never trouble your ſelf with the perfection of *ſtate*, but live contented with that condition wherein Gods Providence hath placed you, aſſuring your ſelf, that the beſt Philoſophy is to diſcharge your office well. It imports not upon what ſtuff you work, ſo you work well; for it is the manner, and not the matter which ſhall bear the prize. Great dignities are oftentimes great vizards, behind which lies no brain; and ſmall fortunes may with little noiſe do ſuch things, as are of no ſmall value with God.

Apply your ſelf earneſtly to the perfection of *operation*, which conſiſteth in guiding the Heart, Tongue, and hands in perfect charity. Addict your ſelf to the practiſe of good and ſolid virtues, which produce all wonders on earth, and receive all Crowns in Heaven.

The fourth SECTION.

Virtues, and their degrees.

IF you deſire to know their names, qualities, and degrees, I will tell you a wiſe ſaying of *Plato*: There are four kinds of *Virtues*, the firſt *Purgative*, the ſecond *Illuminative*, the third *Civil*, the fourth *Exemplary*. The *Purgative* ſerve to cleanſe our hearts of vices and imperfections, to which our depraved nature is ſubject. The *Illuminative* ſettle the ſoul in a calm, reſulting from the victory we have gained over paſſions. The *Civil* incline a man to the duty he oweth his neighbour, every one according to his degree, and to a good converſation amongſt men. The *Exemplary* are thoſe which make the furtheſt progreſs into perfection, and may be looked upon as models, whereof the beholders are to take copy.

So order it, that your virtues may arrive at ſuch a height, as that they may not only purg your heart, enlighten your ſoul, and diſpoſe you to good converſation, but may be as a light alſo to others to manifeſt you in them, by imitation of your good example.

I add here in few words, the definitions and acts of virtue, by which you may direct your practiſe.

Prudence.

Prudence (according to *Ariſtotle*) is a virtue, which ordereth and prepareth all things that concern the ordering of our life.

Richardus de Sancto Victore aſſigneth to it five parts, that is, *Judgment*, *Deliberation*, *Diſpoſition*, *Diſcretion*, and *Moderation*. *Judgment* diſcerneth the good from the bad; *Deliberation* teacheth how to do all things adviſedly; *Diſpoſition* ſheweth what order we muſt obſerve; *Diſcretion* inſtructeth how to give way ſometimes to occaſions, and yield to humain infirmities; not adhering obſtinately to our own opinions; *Moderation* holdeth the ſcales and meaſure of every affair.

The effects hereof (according to *Albertus Magnus*) are theſe; To proceed to the knowledg of God, by the knowledg of your ſelf; to ſee in every thing what is beſt, & to embrace that; to weigh the beginnings, proceedings, and events of affairs; to take care your thoughts go not out of God; your affections be not too much emploied upon creatures; your intentions be without mixture; your judgment diverted from evil, and applied to good; your words poliſhed, your actions meaſured, all the motions of your body well ordered: To avoid the four Rocks that moleſt all good affairs, which are Paſſion, Precipitation, Vanity, and Self-opinion; To keep ſecrets carefully, to know, to chooſe, to execute.

Devotion.

Devotion, is a readineſs of mind to thoſe things which concern the ſervice of God: the parts of it are, Adoration, Thanksgiving, Oblation, Repentance, prayer, Mortification, Union with God by contemplation, Frequentation of the Sacrament, Conformity of will to the Divine Providence, and the zeal of ſouls.

Humility.

Humility, (according to S. *Bernard*) is a virtue which maketh a man diſeſteem himſelf, out of a deep knowledg of himſelf; the chief points thereof are, to know our ſelves well, to prize our ſelves little, to flie humane applauſe, to preſerve our ſenſes free from itch of honour, to deſpiſe bravely all worldly things, to affect a retired life, to acknowledg and confeſs freely our faults, to hearken willingly to advice, to yield to others, to ſubmit your will and judgment to obedience, to ſhun ſplendour and pomp in ſuch things as concern our ſelves, to converſe freely with the poor.

Poverty.

Poverty, is the moderation of covetouſneſs, reſpecting temporal things, the parts whereof are, *To* cut off ſuperfluities, to have no inordinate care of worldly things, to bear the want of neceſſities patiently, to enter into an abſolute nakedneſs of ſpirit.

Obedience.

Obedience, according to *Bonaventure*, is a reaſonable ſacrifice of our own will; and according to *Climachus*, a life without curioſity, a voluntary death, a ſecure danger. The points thereof are, to perform what you are commanded readily, ſtoutly, humbly, indefatigably, though it be contrary to your own inclination; to make an entire reſignation of your own judgment, opinion and will; to be ſent imperiouſly upon hard and troubleſom emploiments, and to undergo them chearfully, without delay, excuſe, or reply; to be indifferent in all things; to covet nothing, nor refuſe any thing; to do nothing of your ſelf, nor to preſume; to have a greater inclination to ſuch things as are mean and laborious, then to ſuch as are more ſplendid, and leſs burdenſom.

Chaſtity.

Chaſtity, is an abſtinence from impure pleaſures: Its parts are, purity of mind and body, vigilant guard of the ſenſes, ſhunning of occaſions, honeſty of ſpeech, mortification of Curioſity, exact decency, care of our ſelf.

Modeſty.

Modesty.

Modesty, is a composure of your self, consisting in government of the whole body, gesture, attire, play, recreation, but especially of the tongue, which is to be restrained from detraction, contention, boasting, disclosing of secrets, idleness, imprudence, importunity, irreverence, affected silence.

Abstinence.

Abstinence, is a virtue which moderates the concupiscence that relateth to delectation of sense: The parts thereof are, To have no rule but necessity in all which concerneth the pleasures of the body, to fear the very least stains of all those things, which reason counteth dishonest, and to preserve your self in a holy bashfulness; to observe the Fasts commanded, and to add some out of private devotion; to put far from you all curiosity of diet, apparel, and sensual pleasures.

Fortitude.

Fortitude, is a virtue which confirms us against the pusillanimity that may hinder good actions. It hath two arms, one to undertake, the other to suffer: *Aristotle* assigneth it four parts, that is, confidence, patience, love of labour, and valour.

Patience.

Patience, is an honest suffering of evils incident to nature: The points thereof are, To bear the loss of goods, sickness, sorrows, injuries, and other accidents with courage; neither to complain, nor to groan, but discreetly to conceal your grief; to be afflicted in innocency for justice sake, and sometimes even by those that are good, to covet and imbrace persecutions, out of a generous desire to be conformable to the patience of the Saviour of the world.

Justice.

Justice, is a virtue which giveth to every one that which is his due; and all the acts of it are included in this sentence, *You must measure others by the same measure, wherwith you desire to be measured your self.*

Magnanimity.

Magnanimity, according to *Thomas Aquinas*, is a virtue which aimeth at great things, by the direct means of reason: The acts thereof are, To frame your self to an honest confidence, by purity of heart and manners, to expose your self reasonably to difficult and dreadfull exploits for Gods honour; neither to be bewitched with prosperity, nor dejected at adversity; not to yeild to opposition; not to make a stay at mean virtues; to despise complacence and threats for love of virtue; to have regard only to God, and for his sake to disesteem all frail and perishable things: to keep your self from presumption, which often ruins high spirits, under colour of Magnanimity.

Gratitude.

Gratitude, is the acknowledgment and recompence (as far as lies in our power) of benefits received. The acts thereof are, To preserve the benefit in our memory, to profess and publish it, to return the like without any hope of requital.

Amity.

Amity, is a mutual good will, grounded upon virtue and community of goods: The acts thereof are, to choose friends by reason for virtues sake, communicating of secrets, bearing with imperfections, consent of wills, a life serviceable and officious, protections in adversities, observance of honesty in every thing, care of spiritual profit, accompanied with necessary advice, in all love and respect.

Simplicity.

Simplicity, is nothing but union of the outward man with the inward: The acts thereof are, to be free from all false colour, never to lie, never to dissemble, or counterfeit, never to presume, to shun equivocation and double speech, to interpret all things to the best, to perform business sincerely, to forgo multiplicity of employments and enterprizes.

Perseverance.

Perseverance, is a constancy in good works to the end, through an affection to pursue goodness and virtue. The acts thereof are, firmness in good, quietness in services, offices, and ordinary imployments, constancy in good undertakings, slight from innovations, to walk with God, to fix your thoughts and desires upon him; neither to give way to bitterness, nor to sweetness, that may divert us from our good purposes.

Charity toward God and our neighbour.

Charity, the true Queen of virtues, consisteth in love of God and our Neighbour; the love of God appeareth much, in the zeal we have of his Glory; the acts thereof are, to embrace mean and painfull things, so they conduce to our Neighbours benefit; To offer the cares of your mind, and the prayers of your heart unto God for him; to make no exceptions against any in exercise of your charge; to make your virtues a pattern for others; to give what you have, and what you are, for the good of souls, and the glory of God; to bear incommodities and disturbances, which happen in the execution of your duty, with patience: Not to be discouraged in successlesse labours; to pray fervently for the salvation of souls; to assist them to your power both in spiritual and temporal things, to root out vice, and to plant virtue and good manners in all who have dependence on you.

Charity in Conversation.

Charity in the ordinary course of life, consisteth in taking the opinions, words and actions of our equals in good part; to speak ill of no man, to despise none, to honour every one according to his degree, to be affable to all, to be helpfull, to compassionate the afflicted, to share in the good success of the prosperous, to bear the hearts of others in your own breast; to glory in good deeds rather then specious complements, to addict your self diligently to works of mercy.

Degrees of Virtues.

Bonaventure deciphers unto us certain degrees of Virtue, very considerable for practise; his words are these:

It is a high degree in the virtue of *Religion*, continually to extirpate some imperfection, a higher then that, to encrease always in Faith; and highest of all, to be insatiable for matter of good works, and to think you have never done any thing.

In the virtue of *Truth*, it is a high degree to be true in all your words; a higher, to defend *Truth* stoutly; and highest, to defend it to the prejudice of those things which are dearest to you in the world.

In the virtue of *Prudence*, it is a high degree to know God by his creatures; a higher, to know him by the Scriptures; but highest of all, to behold him with the eye of Faith.

It is a high degree to know your self well; a higher, to govern your self well, and be able to make good choice in all enterprizes; and the highest, to order readily the salvation of your soul.

In the virtue of *Humility*, it is a high degree to acknowledge your faults freely; a higher, to bow with the weight, like a tree laden with fruit: the highest, to seek out courageously humiliations and abasements, thereby to conform your self to our Saviours life.

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It is a high degree (according to the old Axiom) to deſpiſe the world: a higher, to deſpiſe no man: yet a higher, to deſpiſe our ſelves: but higheſt of all, to deſpiſe deſpiſal. In theſe four words you have the full extent of Humility.

In *Poverty*, it is a high degree to forſake temporal goods: a higher, to forſake ſenſual amities: and higheſt to be divorced from your ſelf.

In *Chaſtity*, reſtraint of the tongue, is a high degree: guard of all the ſenſes, a higher: undefiledneſs of body, a higher then that: purity of heart, yet a higher: and baniſhment of pride and anger, which have ſome affinity with uncleanneſs, the higheſt.

In *Obedience*, it is a high degree to obey the Law of God: a higher, to ſubject your ſelf to the commands of a man, for the honour you bear your Sovereign Lord: yet a higher, to ſubmit your ſelf, with an entire reſignation of your opinion, judgment, affection, will; but higheſt of all, to obey in difficult matters, gladly, courageouſly, and conſtantly even to death.

In *Patience*, it is a high degree to ſuffer willingly, in your goods, in your friends, in your good name, in your perſon: a higher, to bear, being innocent, the exaſperations of an enemy, or an ungrateful man: a higher yet, to ſuffer much and repine at nothing: but higheſt of all, to go to meet croſſes and afflictions, and to embrace them as liveries of *Jeſus Chriſt*.

In *Mercy*, it is a high degree, to give away temporal things: a higher, to forgive injuries: the higheſt, to oblige them who perſecute us.

It is a high degree to pity all bodily afflictions: a higher, to be zealous for ſouls: and higheſt, to compaſſionate the torments of our Saviour, in remembring his Paſſion.

In the virtue of *Fortitude*, it is a high degree, to overcome the world: a higher, to ſubdue the fleſh: the higheſt, to vanquiſh your ſelf.

In *Temperance*, it is a high degree to moderate your eating, drinking, ſleeping, watching, gaming, recreation, your tongue, words, and all geſtures of your body: a higher to regulate your affections; and higheſt, to purifie throughly your thoughts and imaginations.

In *Juſtice*, it is a high degree to give unto your Neighbour that which belongeth to him: a higher, to exact an account of your ſelf: and higheſt, to offer up to God all ſatisfaction, which is his due.

In the virtue of *Faith*, it is a high degree to be wel inſtructed in all that you are to believe: a higher, to make profeſſion of it in your good works: and higheſt, to ratifie (when there is neceſſity) with the loſs of goods and life.

In the virtue of *Hope*, it is a high degree to have good apprehenſions of Gods power: a higher, to repoſe all your affairs upon his holy providence: a higher then that, to pray to him and ſerve him inceſſantly, with fervour and purity: but higheſt of all, to truſt in him, in our moſt deſperate affairs.

Laſtly, for the virtue of *Charity*, which is the accompliſhment of all the other; you muſt know, there are three kinds of it: The firſt, the *beginning* Charity. The ſecond, the *proficient*. The third, the *perfect*.

Beginning Charity, hath five degrees. 1. Diſlike of offences paſt. 2. Good reſolution of amendment. 3. Reliſh of Gods Word. 4. Readineſs to good works. 5. Compaſſion of the ill, and joy at the proſperity of others.

Proficient Charity, hath five degrees more. 1. An extraordinary purity of Conſcience, which is cleanſed by very frequent examination. 2. Weakneſs of concupiſcence. 3. Vigorous exerciſe of the faculties of the inward man. For, as good operations of the exteriour ſenſes are ſigns of bodily health; ſo holy occupations of the underſtanding, memory, and wil, are ſigns of a ſpiritual life. 4. Ready obſervance of Gods law. 5. Reliſhing knowledge of Heavenly Truth, and Maxims.

Perfect Charity reckoneth alſo five other degrees. 1. To love your enemies. 2. To receive contentedly, and to ſuffer all adverſities courageouſly. 3. Not to have any worldly ends, but to meaſure all things by the fear of God. 4. To be diſ-entangled from all love to creatures. 5. To reſign your own life, to ſave your neighbours.

The fifth SECTION.

Of four Orders of thoſe who aſpire to Perfection.

NOw conſider what virtues, and in what degree you would practiſe, for there are four ſorts of thoſe who aſpire to perfection.

The firſt are very *innocent*, but little valiant in exerciſe of virtues. The ſecond have beſides innocency, *courage* enough to employ themſelves in worldly actions, but they are very ſparing towards God, and do meaſure their perfections by a certain Ell, which they will upon no terms exceed; like the oxe of *Suſis*, that drew his uſual number of buckets of water out of the Well very willingly, but could by no means be brought to go beyond his ordinary proportion. The third order is of the *Fervent*, who are innocent, courageous, and virtuous, without reſtriction, but they will not take charge of others, ſuppoſing they are troubled enough with their own bodies; wherein they may be often deceived. The fourth rank comprehends thoſe, who having with much care profited themſelves, do charitably refreſh the neceſſities of their neighbour, when they are called to his aid; thinking, that to be good onely to ones ſelf, is to be in ſome ſort evil.

Obſerve what God requires of you, and emulate the moſt abundant graces. But if the multiplicity of theſe degrees of virtue perplex your mind, I will ſhew you a ſhorter and eaſier way to perfection.

The ſixth SECTION.

A ſhort way to perfection, uſed by the Ancients.

THE Ancients were accuſtomed to reduce all virtue to certain heads, and ſome addicted themſelves with ſo much fervour and perfection, to the exerciſe of one ſingle virtue, as poſſeſſing that in a ſupreme degree, by one link onely they drew inſenſibly the whole chain of great actions. One dedicated all his lifes ſtudy to government of the tongue, another to abſtinence, another to meekneſs, another to obedience. So that at the death of a holy man named *Orus* (as *Pelagius* relates) it was found, he had never lied, never ſworn, never ſlandered, never (but upon neceſſity) ſpoken. So *Phaſius* (in *Caſſian*) ſaid upon his death-bed, that the Sun had never ſeen him take his refection; for he faſted every day until ſun ſet. So *John* the Abbot profeſſeth, that the Sun had never ſeen him angry, that he had never done his own will, nor ever had taught others any thing, which he had not firſt practiſed himſelf. To arrive at this, requires much fortitude of ſpirit. If you deſire things more imitable, be aſſured you ſhall lead a good life, if you endeavour continually to practiſe theſe three words, *To abſtain, To ſuffer, To go forward in well doing*, as S. *Luke* ſaith, in the Acts of the Apoſtles of the Son

of

of God. *To abſtain.* 1. By refraining from all unlawful things, and ſomtimes even from lawful pleaſures, through virtue. 2. By mortifying concupiſcence, anger, deſire of eſteem and wealth. 3. By wel ordering your ſenſes, your will, your judgment, and obtaining always ſome victory over your ſelf, by the maſtery of your paſſions. *To ſuffer,* 1. By enduring the burthens of life with patience, eſteeming your ſelf happy to partake of our Saviours ſufferings, which are the nobleſt marks of your Chriſtianity. 2. By endeavouring to uſe a ſingular meekneſs in bearing with the oppreſſions and imperfections of others. 3. By undergoing (with advice) ſome bodily auſterities. 4. By keeping your foot firm in the good you have already begun. For (as old *Mareus* the Hermit ſaid) *The wolf and ſheep never couple together; nor did change and diſlike ever make up a good virtue. To go forward in well-doing.* By becoming ſerviceable and obliging to all the world, every one according to his degree: but above all, having a catalogue of the works of mercy, as well ſpiritual as temporal, continually before your eye; as a leſſon, wherein you muſt be ſeriouſly examined, either for life or death eternal. And for this purpoſe ſome Saints had theſe words (in ſtead of all books) in their Libraries.

Viſito, Poto, Cibo, Redimo, Tego, Colligo, Condo, Conſule, Caſtiga, Solare, Remitte, Fer, Ora.

To { *Viſit, Quench thirſt, Feed, Redeem, Cloath, Lodge, Bury.* } To { *Teach, Counſel, Correct, Comfort, Pardon, Suffer, Pray,* }

Man's beſt knowledge is how to oblige man; the time will come when death ſhall ſtrip us to the very bones, and leave us nothing but that, which we have given for God.

The ſeventh SECTION.

The way to become perfect.

TO this end you muſt keep a perpetual watch over your actions, and *be like a Seraphim, beſet all over with eys, and lights*, as *Beſſarion* ſaid: you ſhall perceive your progreſſion in virtue, when you begin, purged from greater ſins, to be fearful of the leaſt: when you feel your ſelf looſed from ardent deſires of intereſt and honour; when your tongue is reſtrained from ſlander and vanity, when your heart is more purified in its affections, and that you draw near to indifferency.

The means to make your ſelf thus perfect, is, firſt to be inflamed with a fervent deſire of perfection. Secondly, not to neglect the extirpation, even of the ſlighteſt imperfections. Thirdly, to have a good directour, who may be to you as the Angel *Raphael* was to young *Tobias*; and withal, to confer very often with ſpiritual men, and to be warned by their good example. Fourthly, to make, as it were, a noſegay of flowers out of the lives of Saints, to take from it, odour and imitation. Fifthly, to become conſtant in good purpoſes, and to offer them up to God, as by the hands of our Saviour *Jeſus Chriſt.*

The eighth SECTION.

How we muſt govern our ſelves againſt Temptations, Tribulations, and Obſtacles occurring in the way of virtue.

FInally, ſeeing in the practice of virtue, we muſt ever be ready armed to over-throw the power of our adverſary, and to further our own affairs of ſalvation, call to mind theſe twelve Maxims, which I propoſe againſt ſuch obſtacles as may happen.

The way to reſiſt temptation, is, not to frame your ſelf to a ſpiritual inſenſibility, unmoved with any thing; that is hard to attain, ſo ſenſible is ſelf-love, and to have it, were to be ſtone, not man: it is not to expel one temptation by another, and to do one evil, to be delivered from another; for to take that courſe were to waſh your ſelf in ink. It is not, to hide your ſelf upon all occaſions, and never to do good, for fear of fighting with evil, but to reſiſt ſtoutly, as I ſhall ſhew you. The great Scholar *Joannes Picus Mirandula*, hath collected twelve remarkable *Maximi*, the practice whereof is exceeding profitable, when we addreſs our ſelves to ſpiritual combat againſt weakneſs.

The firſt Maxim; That you muſt be tempted on what ſide ſoever it happen: *In hoc poſiti ſumus.* It is our profeſſion, our trade and continual exerciſe. The Eagle complaineth not of her wings, neither the Nightingale of her voice, nor the Peacock of his train, becauſe theſe are natural to them; and it is as natural to a man to be tempted, as to a bird to fly, to ſing, to prune her feathers. If you deſert the courſe of ſpiritual life through fear of being tempted, and turn about to worldly delights, aſſure your ſelf you will be much more engaged; and which is worſe, without comfort, honour, or recompence: you forſake a croſs of paper, which if you knew well how to carry, would be no heavier burthen, then feathers to a bird: you forſake it, I ſay, to take up another which is hard, toilſom, and bloody, and will make you of one confraternity with the bad thief. *Sidonius Apollinaris* relateth, how a certain man named *Maximus*, arriving by unlawful and indirect means at the top of honour, was the very firſt day much wearied, and fetching a deep ſigh, ſaid thus; *Fœlicem*, te Damocle, *qui non longius uno prandio regni neceſſitatem toleraſti. O* Damocles, *how happy do I eſteem thee for having been a King but the ſpace of a dinner! I have been one a whole day, and can bear it no longer.*

The ſecond; Remember, that in the affairs of the world, we fight longeſt, we work hardeſt, and reap leaſt; the end of one labour is the beginning of another. In pains taking, the only hope is ever to take pains; and temporal labour doth many times pull after it eternal puniſhment.

The third; Is it not direct folly to believe there is a Paradiſe, an eternal life, and a *Jeſus Chriſt*, who, of the Croſs, made a Ladder to get up to his throne of glory, and yet to deſire to live here with folded arms? To ſee the maſter open the way to heaven through ſo many thorns, and the ſervant unwilling to tread on any thing but flowers? to ſee a freſh and tender limb, to a head worn away with ſufferings, like a brazen *Coloſſus* with feet of flax?

The fourth; Were there no other fruit in tribulation but conformity with *Jeſus Chriſt*, who is the Sovereign Wiſdom, yet were it a high recompence. A famous Captain ſaid to a Souldier dying with him; *Hadſt thou been obſcure all thy life, yet art thou not a little honoured to day, in dying with thy Maſter*: And who would not glory, to have the Son of God for his Leader, his Companion, his Spectatour, his Theater, his reward in all afflictions and tribulations? Who would not account it a great honour, to be crucified daily with him? to ſtretch his hands and arms upon the Croſs, by reſtraining them from violence, rapine, and ruine, whereunto we are carried away by the ſpirit

ſpirit of lying? to fetter his feet, by hindering them from running after the unbridled deſires of his heart? to embitter his tongue, by overcoming the pleaſures of the taſte? to annihilate himſelf, by deſpiſing honour after his example, who when he might have walked upon the wings of the *Cherubims*, would rather creep amongſt us like a little worm of the earth? what a glory were it, to ſay with S. *Paul*, *I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jeſus*, Gal. 6. 16.

The fifth. Not to put any truſt in human means, when you undertake to ſubdue a temptation; It is not a thing depending wholly upon us; God muſt go before, and we contribute our will; for if he watch not over us, to much purpoſe is it for us to keep centinel. None is ſo weak as he that thinks himſelf ſtrong. *Multa in homine bona fiunt, quæ non facit homo. Nulla verò facit homo bona quæ non Deus præſtet, ut faciat homo*, ſaith the Councel of *Orange*. *Many good things are done in man, which man doth not; But man doth not any good which God doth not.* He that thinks to reſiſt temptations without his aid, is like one that would go to the wars, and ſtumbles at his own threſhold. And therefore an effectual means in this combat, is, to inſiſt much on prayer, eſpecially at the firſt aſſault of a temptation.

The ſixth. When you have overcome a temptation, take heed of unbending and ſoftning your courage, as if you had no more enemies to encounter. As diſtruſt is the mother of ſafety, ſo ſecurity is the gate of danger. If the enemy goeth up and down continually like a roaring Lion, be you on the other ſide a watchful Lion in the centinels of the Lord of hoſts; and take for your word, *ſuper ſpeculam Domini ego ſto*; *I ſtand upon the watch-tower of the Lord.*

The ſeventh. Reſt not ſatisfied onely with not being beaten your ſelf, but beat your enemy: when Satan layes a ſnare to entrap you, make it an inſtrument of virtue; if he preſent a good work, which gliſters in the ſight of the world, thereby to tempt you to pride, do the work, and let alone the vanity; referring all to the greater honour of God.

The eighth. When you are in combat, fight chearfully, as if you were already aſſured of the victory. Turn away the eye of your conſideration from what you ſuffer, and keep it continually fixt upon the reward. One great misfortune, which cauſeth many to fall when they are tempted, is, that their mind is ſet and bent ſo wholly upon the pain, that no room in it is left to contemplate the reward which waits for them. When the fourty Martyrs were in the frozen lake, 39. looked upon their future Crowns, but one of them thought of nothing but his pain; all were victorious, except this wretch, who ſullying the glory of patience, came out of the pool, to die preſently after, in infidelity; Do you not think, the glorious mirrour, wherein he beheld all his ſufferings Crowned, was that which comforted our Saviour on the Croſs in that Abyſs of reproach and torment. This is the courſe you muſt take; to inſiſt little on the preſent, & to have a lively imagination of the future, bearing theſe words of S. *Paul* always in mind, *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding & eternal weight of glory*, 2 *Cor.* 4. 17. Fight then valiantly, as if this were the laſt temptation which ſhould aſſail you; and perſwade your ſelf, that herein conſiſteth the evidence of your predeſtination. When you have overcome it, behave your ſelf like one always ready to re-enter the liſt, & to make one victory the ſtep to another.

The ninth. Though you are never ſo valiant, do not provoke danger; tempt not temptation, by thruſting your ſelf into occaſions, through preſumption of heart: he that loveth danger, ſhall in ſtead of finding glory, mark out his grave in it.

The tenth. A Sovereign means to overcome temptation, is to diſcover the Mine betimes; to open your heart freely to your ſpiritual counſellour, to diſcloſe your thoughts, to know them well, to conſider their nature, and to ſeek what power they have upon your ſoul. It happens commonly, as *Epictetus* ſaith; *It is not the things themſelves, that trouble us, but our own fancies.* How many temptations might be vanquiſhed by ſlighting them, if we took but a little leiſure to laugh at them? We make elephants of flies; and of little pigmies, which pinch us by ſtealth, frame giants. We are like young children, who frighted with a vizard, hide their heads in their nurſes boſom, crying: but take off the vizard, and give it them in their hand, they will make ſport with it. How many things ſeem terrible and impoſſible, which we find ridiculous, and eaſie to be overcome, if we touch them never ſo little with our finger? In temptations of *puſillanimity*, it is good to conceive theſe counterfeit giants, as pigmies; but in thoſe of *concupiſcence*, we muſt not deſpiſe any thing, but rather lay hold of ſmall threads, as if they might grow to huge cables. In the one and the other, there is nothing like daſhing theſe children of Babylon againſt the ſtones; to withſtand beginnings, and not to ſuffer our enemies to fortifie themſelves to our diſadvantage. The eleventh. A ſtumbling block to many is, that they repreſent the ſweetneſs of ſin to the like in their imagination, and never conſider the pleaſure which follows victory over ſin. A man is no ſooner plunged in the puddle, but his aſhamed ſoul is immerſed in penſiveneſs, melancholly, and deſpair by a loathſom pleaſure, which paſſeth away like the dream of a dream, furniſhed with a huge heap of ſcorn, ſorrow, and confuſion. Whereas on the contrary, the ſoul which hath held out, remains contented, ſprightly, elevated, and fed with divine comforts, coming from Gods paradiſe. On this thought (which S. *Cyprian* highly commendeth) few reflect, which is the reaſon why the number of the reprobates is ſo great: And do you not yet think it very fitting, that one who hath fallen a thouſand times under temptation, ſhould once in his life taſte the ſweetneſs which is in victory over temptation, to rejoyce at it for ever? Many have been put by from ſteep and evident precipices, by pondering theſe words; *Well then, to covenant with ſin, what will be the event? To purchaſe repentance ſo dear? To give up the credit of ſo many years, a prey to one unhappy minute of pleaſure? Where is the Faith thou haſt promiſed to God? Let us at leaſt ſeek out ſome place where he is not: and where is he not? So many ſtars, ſo many intelligences, wherewith the world is repleniſhed, are ſo many eyes of God which beholdthee: He himſelf ſeeth into thee, even to the bottom of thy conſcience, if thou wilt ſin, get leave of him; but how wilt thou beg it of him? & how obtain? Patience a while: This temptation is a cloud w^th will paſs away. Thou art going to cõmit a ſin, whoſe pardon is very uncertain; but it is certain that when thou haſt done it, God himſelf cannot in all eternity make it not to have been done.*

The twelfth. Think not you are the leſs in Gods favour becauſe he ſuffers you to be tempted, though with diſhoneſt thoughts, which are extreamly odious to chaſt ſouls; why ſo? If S. *Paul*, that Cherubim, ſcorched with celeſtial heat, who ſet his foot upon the ſtars, (according to the opinion of S. *Ambroſe*, *Theophylact*, and *Oecumenius*) felt the ſtings of concupiſcence in a body that had been taken up to the third heaven; do you think, that becauſe you have

ſome good diſpoſitions to do well, you muſt be freed from the wars of nature, which preſerve your mind, being too indulgent to its ſelf always in humility?

To conclude, follow the counſel of *Caſſian*, conſider daily the paſſions which are bred in your heart as a fiſherman beholds the fiſhes ſwimming in the water, on purpoſe to catch them: Look on that wch is moſt predominant within you, from what root it ſpringeth, when it began, what progreſs it hath made, what rule it uſurpeth ordinarily over your ſoul, what effects it produceth, whether it be more ſpiritual or temporal, what things uſe to foment it, what remedies have you taken to divert it; provide counſel and means to root it out; proceed to this with courage and fervour, as to the acquiſition of an incomparable good.

The ninth SECTION.

Remedies againſt paſſions, and temptations proceeding from every vice.

FIrſt, to conſider, That paſion is a motion of the ſenſual appetite, ariſing from the imagination of good or ill, with ſome commotion of the body

2. That there are eleven paſions; ſix in the *concupiſcible* appetite, which are *Love, Hatred, Deſire, Loathing, Joy, Sadneſs*: five in the *iraſcible*, that is, *Hope, Deſpair, Confidence, Fear, and Anger.*

3. That there are two ways to overcome all paſſions; the firſt is a precaution of mind againſt the occaſions, and vain appearances of all worldly things. The ſecond, a ſerious diverſion to better things, as prayer, ſtudy, labour, and buſineſs; But above all, you muſt pray to God for the light and ſtrength of his holy grace, which infinitely tranſcends all humane remedies.

Againſt Gluttony.

1. REpreſent unto your ſelf the miſerable ſtate of a ſoul polluted and plunged in the fleſh. 2. The hardneſs of heart. 3. The dulneſs of underſtanding. 4. The infirmities of body. 5. The loſs of good. 6. The diſparagement of Reputation. 7. The horrour of the members of Jeſus Chriſt, to make members of an unclean creature. 8. The indignity to worſhip and ſerve the belly, as a brutiſh and vile God. 9. The great inundation of ſins flowing from this ſpring. 10. The puniſhments of God upon the voluptuous.

Againſt Sloth.

1. The ceaſeleſs travel of all creatures in the world, natural and civil. 2. The eaſineſs of good works, after grace given by Jeſus Chriſt. 3. The anxiety of a wavering and uncertain mind. 4. The ſhame and contempt. 5. The confuſion at the day of judgement. 6. The irreparable loſs of time.

Againſt Covetouſneſs.

1. The diſquiet of a greedy mind. 2. The inſatiability of deſire. 3. The many wars and battels which we muſt run through, to ſatisfie one ſingle deſire. 4. The diſhonour of denial, inſupportable to a generous ſoul. 5. The dependance and ſervitude we muſt undergo, to comply with thoſe from whom we expect the accompliſhment of our wiſhes. 6. The eaſineſs of offending God, through exceſſive greedineſs of temporal things. 7. The tranſitory and fleeting pleaſure of thoſe things which we moſt ardently deſire. 8. That God many times allows us the fulfilling of our deſires, as a puniſhment for our faults.

Againſt Carnal love.

1. To conſider the barrenneſs of worldly loves, which are true gardens of *Adonis*, where we can gather nothing but trivial flowers, ſurrounded with many bryars. 2. To ſet a value on things, and not to be deceived with ſhows. 3. To guard your ſenſes, to ſhun accidents and occaſions of ſinning; and above all, to have a particular recourſe to God upon the firſt impreſſion of thoughts. 4. To pul your ſelf away by main force from preſented objects, and to direct your ſelf by ſerious deſigns, and good employments. 5. To ſet often before you the imperfection, the ingratitude, the levity, the inconſtancy, the perfidiouſneſs of thoſe creatures we moſt ſervilely affect.

Againſt Sadneſs.

THere is a *holy* ſadneſs: as when we are moved at our Saviours paſſion, or for our own ſins: which is the gift of God, not a puniſhment.

There is one *furious*, which hath no ears, and is rather cured by miracle then precept.

There is another *natural*, ariſing from our diſpoſition: and another *vicious*, which is nouriſhed by ill habits, and neglect of our own ſalvation.

1. Againſt this laſt we muſt conſider, That our deſires and love, cauſe for the moſt part our ſadneſs: and that the true way to diminiſh the cares that conſume us, is, to ſweeten the ſharp and ardent Affection we bear to worldly things.

2. The little eſteem we have of God, is the cauſe that we are often troubled at frivolous things, whether they threaten or happen. He that would truly love this great God, wch deſerveth to poſſeſs all love of heaven & earth, ſhould not entertain fear or ſadneſs for any thing, but for the loſs of God; & no man can looſe him, but he that purpoſely forſakes him.

3. There is nothing beyond remedy, but the tears of the damned: A man who may perſiſt in the way to paradiſe, ſhould not place himſelf in the condition of a little hell: and he, who can hope for that great All, ought not to be ſad for any thing.

Againſt Envy.

1. THe way not to envy any thing, is to account nothing in this life great. 2. To covet onely the inheritance of the land of the living, which is never leſſened by the multitude or ſhares of the poſſeſſours. 3. To conſider ſeriouſly the motives which induce us to love our neighbour, as participation of the ſame nature.

The Third Part of the CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The firſt SECTION.

BUSINESS, *Of what importance.*

THe third employment of the day is buſineſs; whether *Publick* or *Private*; the government of your *Family*, or diſcharge of ſome Office. Good Devotion is a good Employment, and nothing is more to be avoided then idleneſſe, which is the very ſource of ſin. *He that labours* (ſaid the old Hermit) *is tempted but by one devil; he that is idle is aſſaulted by*

by all. No man is too Noble to have an occupation; If iron had reason, it would choose rather to be used in labour, then to grow rusty in a corner.

The second SECTION.

Two Heads, to which all business is reduced.

IN Business we must consider the *Substance*, and the *Form*. The *Substance*; for it is great wisdom to make good choice herein, to take in hand good employments, and to leave the bad, the dangerous, and burthensome, which do nothing but stop up the mind, and choke all feeling of devotion; especially, when there is no obligation to undertake them. They are truly sick even in health, who interpose out of curiosity, to know, to do, and solicite the business of others. *It is sufficient* (said the Emperour *Antonius*) *that every one in this life do that well which belongs to his calling.* The Sun doth not the office of the rain, nor the rain that of the Sun. Is it not absolute madness of some in the world, whose onely employment is to attempt all things, but perform none?

As for the *Form*, in the exercise of charge, offices, and business, there is required *knowledge, conscience, industry*, and *diligence. Knowledge*, 1. In learning that which is requisite to be known for the discharge of your duty. 2. In informing your self of that which of your self you cannot apprehend. 3. In hearkning very willingly to advice, examining and weighing it with prudence, and governing your self altogether by counsel. *Conscience*, in performing every thing with good intention and great integrity, according to the Divine and Humane laws. *Industry*, in doing all discreetly and peaceably, with more fruit then noise: so that we express no anxiety in business, like that Prince of whom it was said, That he seemed always vacant in his most serious employments. *Diligence*, in spying out occasions, & doing every thing in due time and place, without *disorder, confusion, passion, haste, irresolution, precipitation:* For these are the faults which commonly destroy good government. He that hath never so little wit & good inclination, shal ever find wherein to busie himself, especially in works of mercy, amongst so many objects of the miseries of his neighbour.

The third SECTION.

Of the government of a Family.

THat man hath no little business, who hath a Family to govern; a good Father who breedeth his Children well, that they may one day serve the Common-wealth, is employed in an important affair for the publick. A Mother, who bringeth up a little *Samuel* for the service of the tabernacle, (as S. *Monica* did her son *Augustine*) obliged all posterity. A Master and Mistriss, who keep their servants in good order, please both God and men. Four things very considerable are here required, *Choice, Discretion, Example. Entertainment. Choice*, in considering the *Quantity, Quality, Capacity, Faithfulness*, of those you take into your service. For the *Quantity*, it is evident that it ought to be proportionable to your estate and revenues. It is a great folly to make ostentation of many servants meerly through vanity. As *Herod* the sophist did, according to the relation of *Philostratus*, who allowed his son 24. Pages, every one of them bearing the name of some letter in the Alphabet; for so blockish was the child, that he could not any way else learn the first rudiments. Stars which have least circuit are nearest the Pole, and men who are least perplexed with business, are commonly nearest to God. A great retinue is a mark of a great want. Were there such a beast as the Hebrew fables have feigned, that must have the grass of a thousand mountains for his daily allowance, would you account him happier then a Nightingale, which is satisfied with a few seeds, or a Bee, which liveth on dew? The rich need many pounds, the poor a little bread; both are indigent, but the one not so much as the other, for his want is the lesser. A great number of servants make not a man happy; for none is a greater Master, or better obeyed, then he that serves himself.

For *Quality*, take heed of resembling witches, who care not to give the devil wages, so they may make use of his service for their own ends: you must either take good servants, or make them such; in the one, there is good luck, and in the other, for the most part, difficulty. For many are like the ass of *Vincent Ferrarius*, that did more for a Carter, who swore by the devil, then for his Master who led him in the name of God; which the holy man seeing, turned him off, not able to endure such brutishness in a beast; and can you think, that for the necessities of your business, it may be lawfull for you to maintain one, who hath neither God nor conscience; that your children may at the very first be corrupted by his poisonous conversation?

For *Capacity*, it is necessary, that besides honesty, there must be an ability to discharge his office: and though we say the saints are good at all things, yet God doth not ever give them either desire or means to undergo all kinds of business. Our abilities are limited, as well as our minds; and every one hath his particular talent, which must be known by those that will make use of him.

For *Faithfulness*, it is one of the qualities, which the Gospel gives a good servant; you have reason to require it, and discreetly to make trial of it, not by suspicions and jealousies, which onely serve to provoke such as have a disposition to do well: A man is oftentimes made faithful, by being thought faithfull; and many through continual fear to be cozened, have taught others to cozen, *justifying their deceit by their own distrust*, as the Roman Philosopher saith: you must allow your officers, what command and freedom their charges require, not quarrelling with them every minute for trifles; notwithstanding you must carefully reserve the state of your affairs for your own private knowledge: For it is an equal fault indifferently to trust all, or to distrust all.

The fourth SECTION.

Of Government in spiritual things.

WHen you have met with a good choice, the government is not hard: For S. *Augustine* saith, *nothing is so easie as to perswade those to good, who have a great desire to put it in practice.* Govern your family proportionably as the good *Eleazar* did his, which *Binet* hath so lively designed. First banish vice and scandal from your house; let wanton love and impurity never come near it, no more then the serpent to the flower of the vine; Let not surfetting, drunkenness, or excess, know so much as the gate; let neither unclean speech nor blasphemy be heard in it. For, as *Nebuchadnezzar* made the pages that attend on him learn his language, so the devil teacheth those of his acquaintance, his Dialect.

Haveth exiled vice, accustom your Family to some devotion, causing them to hear diligently the word of God, especially on Sundays and Holydays; inviting them to frequent the Sacrament according to their condition, assembling them as *Charles Borromeus* did, at evening or some time of the day, to say certain pray-

ers together, if convenience of place permit, and to see how they are instructed in the Articles of Faith.

Your example will do more then all your words: For the life of a Good Master and Mistriss is a perpetual monitour in a house. Those that seek to gain their good opinion, study to be like them, and in endeavouring to be beloved, become good. We live in an age, where we have more need of patterns then precepts, servants adhere to the pillars of a house, as Ivie to great trees, and in a word, to the commands of great-ones, all affections are of wax, they become so pliable.

It is fitting likewise that to preserve this opinion you be liberal, according to your means, in ordering your Family, honourable in such expences, as are requisite both for necessity and decorum. For we make use of nets, to take fishes, and of liberality, as a golden hook to take men.

Remember besides, in managing your business, more peculiarly to invoke Gods assistance; saying often unto him these words of *Solomon*. Wisd. 9. *O God, give me Wisdom that sitteth by thy Throne; O send her out of thy holy Heavens, and from the Throne of thy glory; that being present she may labour with me, that I may know what is pleasing unto thee*, to put it in execution.

Take heed of indiscreet precipitation in the beginning of an enterprise, of anxiety in the progression, & of despair in the conclusion. If your project have good issue, give the praise to God, & an example of modesty to your neighbour, but if business keep not time to your will, learn you to keep time to the Divine providence, which maketh all harmony in the world; you have power over your own designs, but not over their events; you are not to pray, that things may prove as you desire, but to desire them as they prove. Accustom your self not to be grieved at worldly accidents, no more then for an ill dream; For all things here below, pass away like a dream, & we do much, if in losing all, we retain that belief. But by long soothing our own wills, we have forsaken (as *Cassian* saith) the very shadow of patience.

The fifth SECTION.

Advice for such as are in office and government.

Bonaventure hath made an excellent Treatise, which he calleth *The wings of the Seraphin*; wherein he giveth very wise instructions to those that are in office and government; whereof in part I present you here with the quintessence and marrow desiring you to tast of it. He gives his *Seraphin* six wings. The first is *Zeal of Gods honour*; which you shall exercise in observing four things; that is,

1. Neither to do, or shew to those under you, the least shadow of evil or sin.

2. Nor to give way to it in any kind, notwithstanding allurements on one side, and importunities on the other.

3. Never to be pleased that an evil act be done, though without your knowledg; for that were to betray your own conscience.

4. To correct, and take away disorders, as much as possibly you can.

The second wing, which you must have is, *The spirit of compassion*, to help the sick, the aged, the weak, the faint-hearted, the afflicted; for these are poor Porcupines laden with prickles and acerbities, to whom you must be a Sanctuary and Rock of refuge: *Petra refugium Herinaceis.*

The third, *Patience* in the many labours and cares, as are (in a manner) inseparable from offices and governments. Patience, in ill success of business, which doth not always answer our endeavours and wishes. Patience, in bearing with the ungrateful, who often throw stones at those that give them honey; like the *Atlantes*, who shot arrows at the Sun. Patience, in occasions of speech and dealing with such as easily take distast, and are galled with their own harness. It is a great virtue, to soften them with a peaceful, still, and charitable sweetness, as if we cast oyl into the raging sea. It was said long since, *He that can bear an injury is worthy an Empire*. His very silence will disarm the passionate man, & lay him prostrate at his feet, who seemed to thunder over his head.

The fourth wing is *Example*; which is observed in three things. 1. In putting in practise the good counsel and precepts which we give others. 2. In managing your dignity in such a way, as is neither harsh, imperious, nor arrogant; but mild, affable, and communicative. 3 In retaining withall a decent and moderate gravity, that the stamp which God sets on those he calleth to offices and commands, may not be debased.

The fifth and principal Wing, is called *Discretion*, without which all virtues become vices: For the honour of great actions, lies not so much in doing good, as in doing well.

This discretion consisteth in four things. To govern the good with good judgement; To correct the bad; To administer well the temporal affairs of your charge; To uphold & preserve your self amidst these encumbrances, like fresh water in the salt sea.

The ordering of good is maintained in three principal Acts. The first, to cause those under us to observe strictly such things as are necessary, and cannot be omitted without disorder or scandal. The second, To invite, and sweetly attract every one according to his condition, capacity and judgment, to works of most perfection; whereunto they have no formal obligation. The third, to dispose charges and burthens with a good Oeconomy, according to their inclinations and strength of mind, whom you are to govern.

For correction; Either they are sleight faults of well conditioned persons, which you are to correct, and such are to be handled very gently; or they are hidden vices of some evil conscience, which you neither must nor can make known; and there you must use much industry, patience, and wisdom to dislodge vice, and to draw the crooked serpent out of his cave *obstricante manu*, as the Scripture speaketh, *Job* 26.23. Or they are known sins of desperate people, who offend without hope of amendment infecting a multitude; and here you must set your self with all your strength, to take away both the fault and the faulty.

For temporal affairs, manage them as we have already shewed, and take heed of entangling your mind in them, like a fish in a net, depriving your self of the liberty of Gods children, to serve the earth.

But above all, continually look into your self, as the first piece of your government. Let your conscience be pure, firm & peaceable; speaking and doing every thing with much consideration; and never despising the counsel of those who are able to advise you.

Lastly, your sixth wing is *Devotion*; which is divided into three kinds, the *common*, the *singular*, the *continual*. The *common* consisteth in performing exactly those duties of piety, which are within the bounds of your profession; and to do them by way of *imitation* of that celestial *Militia*, which is always employed in praising God, and by way of *edification* of those, to whom you ow this good example. *Singular*

gular devotion obligeth you to ſeek your principal refuge, in the tabernacle (following *Moſes* ſteps) for the neceſſities of your charge. *Continual* devotion ties you to a moſt fervent exerciſe of Gods preſence, which you teſtifie by a deſire to pleaſe him in all places, occaſions and actions, by dedicating all your works to him, before you begin them; and when you end them, always to ſet upon them the ſeal of thanks-giving due to his Divine Majeſty.

Engrave deeply in your heart this ſaying of S. *Bernard*, in his firſt book of *Conſideration*, Chap. 5. *Cum omnes te habeant, eſto etiam tu ex habentibus unus. Quid ſolus fraudaris munere tuo? Uſquequò vadens ſpiritus, & non rediens? If you are one full of buſineſs, and that all the world ſhare in you; take a part as well as others in your ſelf. Deprive not your ſelf of a good ſo juſtly your's, and be not one of thoſe that are ever travelling, yet never return home.*

THE FOURTH PART OF THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The firſt SECTION.

RECREATION, how neceſſary.

AS concerning Recreation uſed in company, at meals, in lawful games, in taking the air, in good converſation, it is neceſſary to divert the mind, and refreſh the ſtrength. *Caſſian* in his 24. *Collation* chap. 21. relates, how an Archer finding S. *John the Evangeliſt* playing with a Partridge, wondred that ſo renowned a man could paſs the time with ſo ſlight a recreation: The Saint looking towards the bow in his hand, asked him why he did not always carry it bent, who anſwering, it would ſpoil it; the Apoſtle replied, ſo it is with the mind of man, which muſt ſometimes be unbent, that it may ſhoot the better.

The ſecond SECTION.

Of the Pleaſures of the Taſte.

MArk, that our minds muſt onely be *unbent*, not *unſtrung*: Avoid thoſe exceſſes which make men now adays as gluttonous in the eye, as the belly. It is a ſtrange vanity to affect the repute of a good taſte; to ſet the whole mind to ſerve that part of the body, which hath leaſt of the mind, and to nouriſh an eſteem which is fed onely with the ſteam of the kitchin.

Treat not your belly as *Caligula* did his horſe, for he allow'd a Beaſt (for whom nature intended nothing but oats and hay) Princely delicacies and attendance. And you do the like, if you beſtow ſo much coſt and pains to feed your moſt ſenſual part, which the Divine Providence wills, ſhould be nouriſhed ſparingly. Great feaſts, which begin in vanity, and continue in riot, end always in folly, and often in repentance. Nothing is got by pleaſures in the Taſte, but a more crazy body, a more cloſe priſon of fleſh, and a more ſtinking ſepulchre. Unhappy are thoſe feaſts, which the hunger of the poor accuſeth before God. Above theſe ſixteen ages the tongue of the Rich Glutton hath burned in hell, all his tuns of delicious wine, not having left him ſo much as one drop to refreſh himſelf.

If you deſire to know what were the banquets of the Primitive Chriſtians, which ought to be models for ours) *Tertullian* gives you a diſcourſe thereon in his *Apology*, *Our feaſts* (ſaith he) *expreſs what they are, in their names. They are called* Ἀγάπαι (Charities) *becauſe they are inſtituted for relief of the poor: Our Table reſembleth an Altar, and our Supper a Sacrifice: We mind not the expence; to ſpend in the name of Piety, is gain. Our Table hath nothing ſavouring of baſeneſs, ſenſuality, or immodeſty; We feed by meaſure: we drink the rules of temperance; we ſatiate our ſelves as much as is neceſſary for thoſe, who muſt riſe at midnight, to offer up their prayers unto God; We ſpeak and converſe as in the preſence of God, our hands waſhed, and candles lighted, every one repeateth what he knoweth out of the holy Scriptures, and his own invention to the praiſe of God. Prayer, as it began the banquet, concludes it: From the table we go unto the exerciſe of modeſty and decency: you would ſay, if you behold us, that we were not at ſupper, but at a lecture of holyneſs*

Alaſs! Conſer the feaſts of moſt Chriſtians with theſe, and you compare the table of the *Centaurs* to that of the Angels.

The third SECTION.

Of Gaming.

BE not over-violent likewiſe at thoſe games of chance, which have in them ſo much covetouſneſs, heat, and flame: Did a man commit no other ſin, but converſing the third part, or half of his life with Kings and knaves of cards, being invited to the converſation of Angels; yet were he guilty of no ſmall offence: But beſides, gaming was the invention of that devil *Zabulon*, as S. *Cyprian* obſerves, in a Treatiſe upon this ſubject. It is the altar of Fortune, deteſted by the Prophet; It is the ſhop of deceit, the ſchool of covetouſneſs, the apprentiſhip of blaſphemy, the academy of anger; where are begot mad amities, unpuniſhed theſts, pleaſing murthers, and whence nothing for the moſt part is brought away, but a tempeſt in the mind, gall in the heart, and air in the purſe: What excuſe at the laſt day can he have, who gameth with a ful hand, and detains (in the mean while) the wages of a ſervant, or the relief of ſome beggar that pineth and quaketh at his gate?

Pilat's Souldiers caſt lots on the garments of the Son of God, whileſt the blood diſtilled from his body; but they were executioners and infidels, who would not be ſtruck with horrour to ſeea Chriſtian, amidſt ſo many images of the Son of God, without regard either of time, of God, or of man, play away the blood of his family, whom he neglecteth, or of the poor, whom he deſpoileth? Away with theſe delights, which are bred (like the Salamander) in the tears of heaven.

Elemen

Clemens Alexandrinus in his *Padagogus*, sheweth plainly, that these games of cards, dice, and the like, were not allowed in the Primitive Church; for he teacheth us, that such pastimes are often as an ebullition of ungovern'd delights, and an indigestion of evil idleness.

If we must of necessity play in complacence to others, we ought at least to have a care, that it be for some good end; that it be with our equals, without passion, little, moderate, & to the profit of the poor.

The fourth SECTION

Dancing

AS for *Dancing*, *Balls*, and *Mask*, it is true what the pious Bishop and excellent Authour hath said in his *Introduction*; *they resemble mushrooms, the best which are worth nothing.* Luxury, vanity, foolish expence, masking, good chear, night, youth, love, liberty, are as dangerous counsellours of wisedom, as ill teachers of modesty: some may be sanctified in them by miracle, but every day more are lost in them, through weakness: since our force is weak, not miraculous, we ought, by flying from occasions, to seek that safety which we cannot find in our own strength.

The fable saith, that the butterfly asked the owl how she should deal with the fire, which had singed her wings; who counselled her, not to behold so much as its smoak. With what conscience can a faithful soul frequent those worldly recreations, which have stain'd her purity with so many blemishes? Must we stay till we are burned, ere we retire from the flame? I wonder at those who would spiritualize dancing, and make it agree with frequent communion; such in effect, with the Emperour *Adrian*, Lay *Adonis* in the manger of *Jesus*. There must be so many circumstances, of the intention, time, place, persons, and manner, to season such pleasures, that it were easier to abstain from them, then to use them well.

The fifth SECTION.

Of wanton songs, and plays.

IF you speak of wanton *songs*, of reading il books, of unchast comedies and plays, your conscience (which is the School-mistriss of the soul) will perhaps tell you more then you are willing to believe. Such recreations are fore-runners of disorder, instruments of sensuality, tinder to sin, and scandal to virtue; evil, at that time entreth into you, by every gate of the sence, and goeth out only at the gate of repentance, which is not always open to our indispositions. A young soul is surprized in these, as in a golden snare; to whom the description of sin, is invitation. For we live now in an age, where to know ill, and to do it, have scarce any *Medium* to sever them; and if at any time we are good, it is rather through ignorance of vice, then principles of virtue, saith *Salvian*.

The sixth SECTION.

Of walking, and running.

REcreations, the most innocent, are ever the most commendable; as those in the countrey, for exercise of the body; *for the Country life* (saith *Columella*) *is the cousin germane to wisdom.*

Setting aside the comfort of Churches, Justice, Learning, Arts and Traffick, what are great Cities but great prisons? Men live there, like birds in a cage, they crowd, defile one onother, and by frequent and infectious conversation, the trouble of business, the importunity of visits, the foolish tyranny of complements steal from them half their life. In the Country, the heaven, air, earth and waters, (which Cities snatch from us) are restored with greatest liberty. There, all the creatures of God speak to us face to face, to tell us the wonders of the Creatour. The Christians of the primitive Church made hermitages of their farms, to found a retreat from worldly business, and to prepare for their time of rest: but many now make gardens temples of *Baal-peor*, where no God is worshipped, but the belly, luxury, gaming, and uncleanness.

Many make walks and races, wherein none can run far without stumbling; for they resemble the list of *Atalanta* & *Hippomenes*, rather then the race wherein S. *Paul* exhorted Christians to run; there the senses flattered with a thousand delightful objects, many times put themselves in array; there the blond is inflamed; the tongue untied; concupiscence enkindled there, licentiousness often rendeth the vail, which until then was over the face of modesty; and impudently becomes portress to love; These are the sacrileges, which dry up years, breed disorder amongst seasons, barrenness in the bowels of the earth and despair in our miseries.

The seventh SECTION.

The four conditions of recreation.

YOur recreation must have four especial things; *choice of persons, good intention, innocency, moderation.*

Choice of persons, in avoiding evil company as the most dangerous shelf of life; for the friendship of wicked men is like a bundle of thorns, tied together to burn and crackle in the fire. Your friendship must be virtuous, faithful, disinteressed, if you mean to have any fruits of it.

Good intention, as to cherish health and strength, that they may serve the soul; for a good man should seek good even in play and at meals; like the saint who rose in the night, and fed with a poor hungry brother, that he might not be ashamed of eating at a disorderly hour.

Innocency, for much consideration must be used therein, lest nature should dissolve into brutish life unworthy a generous heart. Behind, comes gluttony intemperate gaming, foolish jesting, and detraction in this age hard to be avoided.

The book most ordinary in companies of men, is man himself: Nowvery few take delight to discourse of the Old and New Testament; nay not so much as of the old *Roman* Councils, Ægyptian Pyramids, or ancient wars of *Cæsars*. Men study books of the time, talk of garbs, clothes, looks, conditions, business, customs, alliances; and though we have no intent to wrong any, yet is it very easie, in such variety of discourse to let fall many words of far less value then silence; it is an excellent quality to still good matter into company; either upon occasion, by question, consequence, narration or proposition, as the reverend *Jaquinot* observes in his *Address*.

Moderation. For as the wise man saith, *Prov.* 25. 16. We glut our selves with honey: so ought we to have a care, that recreations (made to refresh the mind) tend not by excess to dissoluteness. You must observe what the time, place, and persons require; and to pass the time, must not exceed your self by prosuseness.

The

The eighth SECTION.

Of vicious converſation; and firſt of impertinent.

THe Hebrews ſay, *play, anger, the cup, and converſation, are the windows of the ſoul; through which ſhe is many times ſeen more then ſhe would be*; he is wiſe, who makes uſe of meetings and company, as of a file to poliſh his mind, and to make it continually more apt for its functions.

Vicious converſation, may be reduced almoſt to three heads, that is, *impertinent, vain, evil. Impertinent*, as the clowniſh, fooliſh, troubleſome, which many have through want of diſcretion, faſhion and civility.

Theophraſtus, one of the quainteſt wits of antiquity, relateth ſome paſſages, which he ſaith he obſerved in his time, arguing a great weakneſs of judgment; ſome (ſaith he) lay hold on one that is going about buſineſs of concernment, to tell him ſomething (as they pretend) of great importance, which when told, is nothing but foolery. Others invite a traveller, newly come out of the countrey very weary, to walk up and down; others pull a man out of a ſhip ready to weigh anchor, to entertain him with follies on the ſhore; others come to bear witneſs, after the cauſe is judged, and bring with much ſweat, a Phyſitian to the dead: others pretend to know the way, and undertake to lead the reſt, but go wrong at the very firſt, and proteſt, they have forgot it. Others make rude inquiry into buſineſs, and ask a General of an Army, whether he goes, and what is his deſign. Some alſo there are (ſaith he) ſo ruſtick, that (not admitting any thing worth admiration in civil life) they ſtand ſtill to look upon an ox, as men in rapture; and in company, have no better behaviour, then to take their dog by the muzzle, and ſay, *what a fine dog this is, well he keeps the houſe!* Such converſation is able greatly to vilifie a man, and to take from him all eſtimation he can gain in his profeſſion.

The ninth SECTION.

Of vain converſation.

VAin converſation, is that of *talkers, flatterers, vain-glorious*, and the like; poor *Theophraſtus* (in my opinion) was much tormented with a *talker*; ſince he ſo well deſcribeth one, who, with much paſſion, praiſed his wife; told what he dreamed the laſt night; what he had to dinner; that he had a weakneſs of ſtomack: From thence taking flight, he diſcourſed of times; and aſſured him, the men of ours came not near the ancients in any thing: Then he told him, that corn was cheap: that there were many ſtrangers in the city: that if it would rain, the year would be fruitfull; that he had a field to be ploughed; that *Damippus* gave the greateſt wax light at an offering: that there were ſo many ſtairs in ſuch a building, and that he had counted them, with a thouſand of the like. *Such people* (adds the Author) *are more to be feared then a feaver. He that would live in quiet, muſt ſeldom keep them company. Horace* mentions one very like, who put him into a great ſweat, and when he ſaw he was ſo tired, that he knew not which way to turn himſelf. *I ſee Sir*, ſaith he, *that I am troubleſome, but there is no remedy: ſince I have met with you, I muſt needs wait on you; for* (*God be thanked*) *I have nothing elſe to do.*

Flatterers, are much more acceptable, though many times more dangerous, for they will tell you, that all the world caſt their eyes upon you: that you are much eſteemed; that the whole town talks of ſuch a fortunate action of yours: that you have an excellent wit, a handſom body, a good grace, winning behaviour: that every thing becomes you, and that it ſeems *Nature*, when ſhe had made you, broke her mold, becauſe ſhe never ſince framed the like: If you ſpeak, they bid ſilence to all the world: then extol your words as oracles: and if you jeſt at any, they burſt with laughter to pleaſe you; and deifie your imperfections: This is that which poyſons friendſhip, and blinds humane life.

The Vain-glorious, will for the moſt part entertain you with commendations of themſelves; and have a thouſand petty ſingularities in their carriage, their attire, their ſpeech, their houſes, their attendants, to ſhew, that they have ſomething more then others. The aforeſaid Authour ſaith, he hath obſerved ſome, that held it a great honour to have a Blackamore lackey, that they might be the more noted: and if they ſacrificed an ox, they nailed the horns at their gates, to give the world notice of their offering: and to conclude, they were ſo great ſelf-lovers, that they made Epitaphs, even upon their dogs, ſpecifying their age, qualities and conditions: Theſe are teſtimonies of a ſoul very frivolous, and deſtitute of all Humility.

The tenth SECTION.

Of evil Converſation.

EVil *Converſation*, is the worſt of all; as is that of the *Harſh*, who make themſelves unſociable in company: that of the *Opinionated*, who bear for their motto, *It is ſo*, and, *It is not ſo*: ever contradicting, even the cleareſt truths: that of the *Craſty* and *Deceitfull*, who endeavour to diſcover all the ſecrets of others, whileſt they diſguiſe themſelves with a mask of diſſimulation and intricate ſpeech, feigning ignorance of what they know, knowledge of what they are ignorant, forgetfulneſs of promiſe, good will to thoſe they would circumvent, and many ſuch like. That of the *Proud*, who ſcorn and deſpiſe all but themſelves. That of the *Choleriek*, who are diſpleaſed upon every accident: That of *Scoffers*, *Buffons*, and *Slanderers*, who are obſcene, biting, and offenſive in all occaſions.

It were a long buſineſs to examine all theſe particularly: and I had freely unfolded them, in a Treatiſe of *Manners and Paſſion*, wherein I hoped to give the Reader ſatisfaction, but that the deſign of this little book diverted me. It were to ſmall purpoſe, to make ſo long a work of it; and it is always better to conclude well, then to enlarge ill.

The eleventh SECTION.

The Conditions of good Converſations.

I Tell you in brief, S. *Bernard*, *Thomas Aquinas* and other learned men are of opinion, that in Converſation we ought to be affable and pleaſing, yet not too familiar, nor inquiſitive into other mens buſineſs, not ſuſpicious, not light, not riotous, not diſcontented, not affected, not imperious, not croſs, not exceptious, not jeering, not fretfull, not trivial, not churliſh, not too ceremonious, not too talkative, not too ſoft and compliant, not cholerick, not too reſerved, not proud, not vain, all thoſe through vanity (which is onely rich in fooleries) diſcourſe perpetually of themſelves, as if they were deities. But we muſt govern our ſelves with great diſcretion and modeſty: we muſt play, but not debaſe

baſe our ſelves, laugh, but not to exceſs: take recreation, but not to effeminacy; be conſtant but not obſtinate; prudent, but not crafty; ſimple, but not ſtupid; concealing ill, furthering good; correcting our own faults by thoſe we diſlike in others, always bringing home ſome fruit from this garden of Graces; and if acquainted with any ſecret fit to be concealed, we muſt make our breaſt its tomb.

You will find, there are ordinarily five qualities, which make converſation pleaſant; The firſt is, *an obliging way*, which ſweetly ſcatter eth benefits, from which (in their due time and place) ſpring up recompences: This deſire of doing good to all the world, is a bait we muſt keep ever in the water; for by it men are taken more eaſily then fiſhes; And ſuch there have been, who by giving a glaſs of water opportunely, have obtained a Kingdom; as we ſee in the ſtory of *Thaumaſius*, and King *Agrippa*.

The ſecond, *Affability*, joyned with a grace and ſweet behaviour, which hath a moſt powerful charm over ſouls naturally inclined to honeſty. To do good, and not to do it handſomely, is nothing. A benefit given with grudging, is a ſtony loaf, onely taken for neceſſity.

The third, a quick and wary *prudence*, to diſcern the diſpoſitions, capacities, manners, humours, affections, and aims of thoſe with whom we converſe; and to ſuit our carriage to every mans temper.

The fourth, *Humility*, without ſottiſhneſs or ſervile baſeneſs, which teacheth to yield to reaſon, and not to preſume upon our own ſtrength.

The fifth, (whereof we have already ſpoken) is a diſcreet *Patience*, to bear with men and buſineſs unmoved, ſo that you may keep your heart always in a good poſture, even in unexſpected, and thorny accidents. He that underſtands this myſtery well, deſerves to cōmand men, being here placed by virtue in a degree next the Angels.

A good rule for converſing well, is to propoſe unto your ſelf for pattern, one of a perfect converſation: So S. *Auguſtine* referred thoſe that deſired to profit in virtue, to the converſation of S. *Paulinus*. *Vade in Campaniam, diſce Paulinum.*

But the moſt effectual precept is, to think how the Incarnate Word would converſe, if he were in our room; by his example, we ſhall do as *Joſeph* in *Ægypt*, of whom the Scripture Pſal. 105. (according to the Hebrew phraſe) ſaith, *he tied the Princes of Pharaoh's Court about his heart.*

The reverend *Gontery*, a man of great Judgement, and no leſs virtue, hath written a little Treatiſe of *Converſation*, wherein he deſcendeth very far to particulars. He that will read it, ſhall find wiſe inſtructions in it.

The twelfth SECTION.

Concluſion of the Diary.

AT night before you go to bed, you are to make the examen of Conſcience (which is the little Conſiſtory of the ſoul, as *Philo* terms it) where having given thanks to God, and invoked his holy grace, you muſt recal your thoughts, your words, your actions, your faults, and neglects, to account, that you may ſee thegain, the loſs, & reckonings of that day; to further good, to correct evil; remitting the one to your own diſcretion, and the other to Gods mercy.

Eſteem this ſaying of S. *Bernard*; (in his book of the *Interiour houſe.*) as an oracle, that *one of the chiefeſt mirrours to behold God in, is a reaſonable ſoul, which finds it ſelf out.*

There we muſt ſeat the Conſcience in a Throne with a ſcepter in one hand; and all paſsions, and imperfections at her feet.

There ſhe muſt take the liberty to ſay to you, *Wicked ſervant, thou haſt loſt a day: what ſluggiſhneſs at thy riſing? what negligence in labour? how great words? how little works? Why this curious queſtioning? this raſh judgement? theſe wanderings eyes? theſe ſtraying thoughts? Should you have been angry for ſo ſlight a cauſe, upon ſuch an occaſion? ſhould you ſo freely have cenſured and murmured at the actions of another? ſhould you have taken your refection ſo ſenſually? and ſought your eaſe in, and by all things, ſo greedily? and ſo of the reſt.* If by the grace of God, you ſhall find ſome kind of virtues, yet muſt you well pick and ſift them (as the perfume, which was to be ſet before the Tabernacle) to preſent them before the face of God; and ſay in concluſion with all humility, as the devout *Southwell*, *Quod fui, Domine, ignoſce; quod ſum, corrige; quod ero, dirige. O Lord, forgive what I have been; correct what I am; direct, what I ſhall be.*

This done, ſay ſome vocal prayer, to ſhut the day up happily with ſome acts of contrition of faith, of hope, of ſupplication, for your ſelf & friends.

Say here.

O Light of the Children of light! bright day which haſt no evening! The world is buried in the darkneſs of night, and this day quite finiſhed, wherein I ſee, as in a little Map, how my life ſhall end. O God, what benefits do I ſee in it on thy part; what ingratitudes on mine? Preſerve me in what is thine; and waſh away with the precious blood of thy Son, what is mine. Shelter me under the wings of thy protection, from ſo many ſhadows, apparitions, and ſnares of the father of darkneſs; and grant, that though ſleep cloſe my eyes, yet my heart may never be ſhut to thy love.

Laſtly, fall aſleep upon ſome good thought that your night (as the Prophet ſaith) may be enlightned with the delights of God; and if you chance to have any interruption of ſleep, ſupply it with ejaculatory prayers, and elevations of heart; as the juſt did of old, called for this reaſon, *The crickets of the night.*

Thus ſhall you lead a life full of honour, quiet, and ſatisfaction to your ſelf, and ſhall make every day a ſtep to Eternity. The marks, which may amongſt others give you good hope of your predeſtination, are eleven principal.

1. Faith, lively, ſimple, and firm. 2. Purity of life exempt ordinarily from grievous ſins. 3. Tribulation. 4. Clemency and mercy. 5. Poverty of ſpirit diſengaged from the earth. 6. Humility. 7. Charity to your neighbour. 8. Frequentation of the bleſſed Sacrament. 9. Affection to the word of God. 10 Reſignation of your own mind to the will of your Sovereign Lord. 11. Some remarkable act of virtue, which you have upon occaſion exerciſed.

You will find this Diary little in volume, but great in virtue, if reliſhing it well, you begin to put it in practiſe. It contains many things, worthy to be meditated at leiſure; for they are grave and wiſe precepts, choicely extracted out of the moral doctrin of the Fathers. Though they ſeem ſhort, they coſt not the leſs pains. Remember, that famous Artiſt *Myrmecides*, employed more time to make a Bee, then an unskilful workman to build a houſe.

EJA-

EJACULATIONS FOR THE DIARY.

In the Morning.

MY voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up, *Psal.* 5. 3.

Thou shalt make thy face to shine upon me, and all the beasts of the forrest shall gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens, *Psal.* 184. 22.

My days are like the days of an hireling. Until the day break, and the shadows fly away, *Job* 7. 1. *Cant.* 4. 6.

Beginning a good work.

In the volume of the book it is written of me. I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy Law is within my heart, *Psal.* 40. 7. 8.

In good Inspirations.

The Lord God hath opened my ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back, *Isa.* 50. 5.

At Church.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles! O Lord of Hosts, *Psal.* 84. 5.

Before reading.

Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth, 1 *Sam.* 3. 9.

Speaking.

My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King, *Psal.* 45. 1.

Eating.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing, *Psal.* 145.

In Prosperity.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: If I prefer not thee above my chief joy, *Psal.* 137. 6.

Adversity.

The Lord killeth, and maketh alive, 1 *Sam.* 2. 6. Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? *Job* 2. 10. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? *Luke* 24. 26.

Troubles.

Surely man walketh in a vain shew; surely they are disquieted in vain, *Psal.* 39. 6.

Calumnies.

If I pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ, *Gal.* 1. 10.

Praises.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, *Psal.* 115. 1.

Against vain hope.

As a dream when one awaketh, so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image, *Psal* 73. 20.

Pride.

Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, *Luke* 14. 11.

Covetousness.

It is more blessed to give, then to receive, *Acts* 20. 35.

Luxury.

Know ye not, that your bodies are the members of Christ? 1 *Cor.* 6. 15.

Envy.

He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death, 1 *John* 3. 14.

Gluttony.

The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, *Rom.* 14. 17.

Anger.

Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart *Matth.* 11. 29.

Sloath.

Cursed be he that doth the work of the Lord negligently, *Jer.* 48. 10.

Rules of Faith.

God cannot be known but by himself. What is to be understood of God, is to be learned by God, *Hilar. lib.* 5. *de Trin.*

God doth not call us to the blessed life by hard questions. In simplicity must we seek him, in piety profess him. *Idem lib.* 10.

Remove not the ancient bounds which thy Fathers have set, *Prov.* 22. 28.

Many are the reasons which justly hold me in the bosom of the Catholick Church, Consent of people and Nations: Authority, begun by miracles, nourished by hope, encreased by charity, confirmed by antiquity. *August. lib. De utilitate credendi.*

To dispute against that which the Universal Church doth maintenance, is insolent madness, *Idem Epist.* 118.

Let us follow Universality, Antiquity, Consent: Let us hold that which is believed every where, always, by all. *Vincentius Lyrinensis De profanis vocum novitatibus.*

Acts of Faith.

Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief, *Marc.* 9. 24.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, *&c. Job* 19. 25.

Hope.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, *Psal.* 24. 4.

I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him, and honour him, *Psal.* 90. 15.

Charity.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever, *Psalm* 73. 25, 26.

Feed me, O Lord, thy Suppliant, with the continual influence of thy Divinity: This I request, this I desire; that vehement love may throughly pierce me, fill me, and change me into it self *Blosius.*

PRAYERS

for all Persons and occasions.

For the Church.

WE beseech thee, O Lord, graciously to accept the prayers of thy Church, that she being delivered from all adversity and errour, may serve thee in safety and freedome, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For the King.

WE beseech thee, O Lord, that thy servant CHARLES by thy gracious appointment our King and Governour, may be enriched with all encrease of virtue; whereby he may be able to eschew evil, and to follow Thee, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For a Friend.

ALmighty and ever-living Lord God, have mercy upon thy servant N. and direct him by thy goodness into the way of eternal salvation; that through thy grace, he may desire those things which please thee, and with his whole endeavour perform the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For Peace.

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, give unto us thy servants that peace which the world cannot give, that both our hearts may be set to obey thy Commandments, and also that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

In the time of Plague.

LEt thy anger cease, O Lord, and be appeased for the iniquity of thy people, as thou hast sworn by thy self. O holy God, holy and strong, holy and immortal, have mercy upon us.

For the Clergy.

ALmighty and everlasting God, who by thy Spirit dost sanctifie and govern the whole body of the Church, graciously hear our prayers for all those whom thou hast ordained, and called to the publick service of thy Sanctuary; that by the help of thy grace they may faithfully serve thee in their several degrees, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For a City.

COmpass this City, O Lord, with thy protection, and let thy holy Angels guard the walls thereof; O Lord, mercifully hear thy people.

For the sick.

O God the only refuge of our infirmities, by thy mighty power relieve thy sick servants, that they with thy gracious assistance, may be able to give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ.

For Grace.

LOrd, from whom all good things do come; grant us thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by thy merciful guiding, may perform the same through our Lord Jesus Christ.

For the afflicted.

OAlmighty God, the afflicted soul, the troubled spirit crieth unto thee: Hear O Lord, and have mercy; for thou art a merciful God.

For Friends.

IBeseech thee, O Lord, for all those to whom I am indebted for my birth, education, instruction, promotion; their necessities are known unto thee; thou art rich in all things; reward them for these benefit, with blessings both temporal and eternal.

For Enemies.

O God the lover & preserver of peace and charity, give unto all our enemies thy true peace & love, and remission of sins: and mightily deliver us from their snares, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For Travellers.

ASsist us mercifully, O Lord, in our supplications and praiers; and dispose the way of thy servants towards the attainment of everlasting salvation, that among all the changes and chances of this mortal life, they may ever be defended by thy most gracious and ready help, through Christ our Lord.

For a Family.

ALmighty and everlasting God, send down thy holy Angel from heaven, to visit, protect and defend all that dwell in this house, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

For the dying.

FAther of spirits and God of all flesh, receive the souls which thou hast redeemed with thy blood, returning unto thee.

For the Fruits of the Earth.

O God in whom we live, and move, and have our being, open thy treasure in the due season, and give a blessing to the works of thy hands.

For Women in travel.

O Lord, of thy goodness help thy servants, who are in pains of child-birth; that being delivered out of their present danger, they may glorifie thy holy name, blessed for ever.

Against Temptation.

ALmighty God, which dost see that we have no power of our selves to help our selves, keep thou us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities, which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts, which may assault and hurt the soul through Jesus Christ.

For misbelievers and sinners.

ALmighty and everliving God, who desirest not the death of a sinner, mercifully look upon all that are deceived by the subtlety of Satan, that all evil prejudice laid aside, they may return to the unity of thy truth and love.

For Prisoners.

O God, who didst deliver S. *Peter* from his chains, and restoredst him to liberty, have pity upon thy servants in captivitie, release their bonds, and grant them freedom and safetie; for his merits who liveth and reigneth with thee and the holie Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

For temporal necessaries.

REplenish those, O Lord, we beseech thee, with temporal nourishment, whom thou hast refreshed with thy blessed Sacraments.

Against tempests.

DRive spiritual wickedness from thy house, O Lord, and preserve it from the malignitie of tempestuous weather.

A Prayer of Thomas Aquinas *before study.*

OUnspeakable Creatour, who out of the treasure of thy wisdom, hast ordained Hierarchies of Angels, and hast placed them above the highest heaven, in a wonderful order, and disposed them sweetlie for all parts of the world; Thou, the true fountain, and incomprehensible principle of light and wisdom, vouchsafe to illuminate the darkness of my understanding with a beam of thy light; remove the darkness wherein I was born, sin and ignorance,

Thou

Thou who makeſt the tongues of infants eloquent, looſen my tongue, and pour forth the grace of thy ſpirit upon my lips; give me acuteneſs to apprehend, capacity to retain, ſubtlety to interpret, aptnes to learn, readineſs to ſpeak, direct my beginning, further my progreſſion, and perfect my concluſion.

THE PENITENT, OR, ENTERTAINMENTS for LENT:

And for the firſt day upon the Conſideration of Aſhes.

THou art Duſt, and to Duſt thou ſhalt return, Geneſ. 3.

1. It is an excellent way to begin Lent with the conſideration of Duſt, whereby Nature gives us beginning, and by the ſame, Death ſhall put an end to all our worldly vanities. There is no better way to abate and humble the proudeſt of all Creatures, then to repreſent his begining & his end. The middle part of our life (like a kind of *Proteus*) takes upon it ſeveral ſhapes not underſtood by others; but the firſt and laſt part of it deceive no man; for they do both begin and end in Duſt. It is a ſtrange thing, that Man knowing well what he hath been, and what he muſt be, is not confounded in himſelf, by obſerving the pride of his own life, and the great diſorder of his paſsions. The end of all other creatures is leſs deformed then that of man: Plants in their death retain ſome pleaſing ſmell of their bodies: The little roſe buries it ſelf in her natural ſweetneſs, and carnation colour. Many Creatures at their death leave us their teeth, horns, feathers, skins, of which we make great uſe. Others after death are ſerved up in ſilver and golden diſhes, to feed the greateſt perſons of the world. Onely mans dead carcaſe is good for nothing but to feed worms: and yet he often retains the preſumptuous pride of a Giant, by the exorbitancy of his heart, and the cruel nature of a murderer, by the furious rage of his revenge. Surely that man muſt either be ſtupid by nature, or moſt wicked by his own election, who will not correct and amend himſelf, having ſtill before his eyes Aſhes for his Glaſs, and Death for his Miſtriſs.

2. This conſideration of Duſt is an excellent remedy to cure vices, and an aſſured Rampire againſt all temptations. S. *Paulinus* ſaith excellently well; That holy *Job* was free from all temptations, when he was placed upon the ſmoke and duſt of his humility. He that lies upon the ground can fall no lower, but may contemplate all above him, and meditate how to raiſe himſelf by the hand of God, which pulls down the proud, and exalts the humble. Is a man tempted with pride? The conſideration of Aſhes will humble him. Is he burned with wanton love, (which is a direct fire?) But fire cannot conſume Aſhes. Is he perſecuted with covetouſneſs? Aſhes do make the greateſt Leeches and Bloud-ſuckers caſt their Gorges. Every thing gives way to this unvalued thing, becauſe God is pleaſed to draw the inſtruments of his power out of the objects of our infirmities.

3. If we knew how to uſe rightly the meditation of death, we ſhould there find the ſtreams of life: All the world together, is of no eſtimation to him, that rightly knows the true value of a juſt mans death. It would be neceſſary, that they who are taken with the curioſity of Tulips, ſhould ſet in their Gardens a Plant called Napel, which carries a flower that moſt perfectly reſembles a Deaths head. And if the other Tulips do pleaſe their ſenſes, that will inſtruct their reaſon. Before our laſt death, we ſhould die many other deaths, by forſaking all thoſe creatures and affections which lead us to ſin. We ſhould reſemble thoſe creatures (ſacred to the Egyptians) called *Cynocephales*, which died piece-meal, and were buried long before their death: So ſhould we bury all our concupiſcences before we go to the grave, and ſtrive to live ſo, that when death comes, he ſhould find very little buſineſs with us.

Aſpiration.

O Father of all Eſſences, who giveſt beginning to all things, and art without end; This day I take Aſhes upon my head, thereby profeſſing (before thee) my being nothing; and to do thee homage for that which I am, and for that I ought to be by thy great bounties. Alas, O Lord, my poor ſoul is confounded to ſee ſo many ſparkles of pride and covetouſneſs, ariſe from this caitiff duſt which I am: ſo little do I yet learn how to live, and ſo late do I know how to die, O God, of my life and death, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, ſo to govern the firſt in me, and ſo to ſweeten the laſt for me, that if I live, I may live onely for thee; and if I muſt die, that I may enter into everlaſting bliſs, by dying in thy bleſſed love and favour.

The Goſpel for Aſhwedneſday.

S. *Matthew* 6.

Of Hypocritical Faſting.

WHen you faſt, be not as the hypocrites, ſad; for they diſfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to faſt. Amen, I ſay to you that they have received their reward. But thou when thou doeſt faſt, anoint thy head, and waſh thy face; that thou appear not to men to faſt, but to thy Father which is in ſecret: and thy Father which ſeeth in ſecret, will repay thee.

Heap not up to your ſelves treaſures on the earth: where the ruſt and moth do corrupt, and where thieves dig through and ſteal. But heap up to your ſelves treaſures in heaven: where neither the ruſt nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not dig through nor ſteal. For where thy treaſure is, there is thy heart alſo.

Moralities.

1. THat man goes to Hell by the way of Paradiſe, who faſts and afflicts his body, to draw the praiſe of Men. Sorrow and vanity together, are unable to make one Chriſtian Act. He deſerves everlaſting hunger, who ſtarves himſelf, that

he may ſwell and burſt with vain glory. He ſtands for a ſpectacle to others, being the murtherer of himſelf, and by ſowing vanity, reaps nothing but wind. Our intentions muſt be wholly directed to God, and our examples for our neighbour. The Father of all virtues is not to be ſerved with counterfeit devotions; ſuch lies are abominations in his ſight, and *Tertullian* ſaith, they are, as many adulteries.

2. It imports us much to begin Lent well, entering into thoſe liſts, in which ſo many holy ſouls have run their courſe with ſo great ſtrictneſs, have been glorious before God, and honourable before men. The difficulty of it, is apprehended only by thoſe who have their underſtandings obſtructed by a violent affection to kitchin-ſtuff. It is no more burthenſom to a courageous ſpirit, then feathers are to a bird. The chearfulneſs which a man brings to a good action in the beginning, does half the work. Let us waſh our faces by confeſſion: let us perfume our head (who is Jeſus Chriſt) by alms-deeds. Faſting is a moſt delicious feaſt to the conſcience, when it is accompanied with pureneſs and charity: but it breeds great thirſt, when it is not nouriſhed with devotion, and watered with mercy.

3. What great pain is taken to get treaſure, what care to preſerve it; what fear to loſe it; and what ſorrow when it is loſt? Alas, is there need of ſo great covetouſneſs in life, to encounter with ſuch extreme nakedneſs in death? We have not the ſouls of Giants, nor the body of a Whale. If God will have me poor, muſt I endeavour to reverſe the decrees of Heaven and earth, that I may become rich? To whom do we truſt the ſafety of our treaſures? To ruſt, to moths, and thieves: were it not better we ſhould in our infirmities depend only on God Almighty, and comfort our poverty in him who is only rich, and ſo carry our ſouls to heaven, where Jeſus on the day of his Aſcention did place our Sovereign good. Only Serpents and covetous men deſire to ſleep among treaſures, as Saint *Clement* ſaith. But the greateſt riches of the world is poverty, free from Covetouſneſs.

Aſpiration.

I Seek thee (O inviſible God) within the abyſs of thy brightneſs, and I ſee thee through the veil of thy creatures. Wilt thou always be hidden from me? Shall I never ſee thy face, which with a glimpſe of thy ſplendour canſt make Paradiſe? I work in ſecret, but I know thou art able to reward me in the light. A man can loſe nothing by ſerving thee, and yet nothing is valuable to thy ſervice, for the pain it ſelf is a ſufficient recompence. Thou art the food of my faſtings, and the cure of my infirmities. What have I to do with Moles, to dig the earth like them, and there to hide treaſures? Is it not time to cloſe the earth, when thou doſt open heaven? and to carry my heart where thou art, ſince all my riches is in thee? Doth not he deſerve to be everlaſtingly poor, who cannot be content with a God ſo rich as thou art?

The Goſpel for the firſt Thurſday in Lent, S. *Matthew* 18. of the Centurions words.

O Lord I am not worthy.

AND when he was entred into Capernaum, there came to him a Centurion, beſeeching him, and ſaying, Lord my boy lieth at home ſick of the palſie, and is ſore tormented.

And Jeſus ſaith to him, I will come and cure him.

And the Centurion making anſwer, ſaid, Lord, I am not worthy that thou ſhouldeſt enter under my roof: but onely ſay the word, and my boy ſhall be healed. For I alſo am a man ſubject to Authority, having under me ſouldiers; and I ſay to this, go, and he goeth: and to another, come; and he cometh: and to my ſervant, do this, and he doth it: And Jeſus hearing this, marvelled, and ſaid to them that followed him, Amen, I ſay to you, I have not found ſo great faith in Iſrael.

And I ſay to you, that many ſhall come from the Eaſt and Weſt, and ſhall ſit down with Abraham, Iſaac, *and* Jacob *in the Kingdom of Heaven: but the children of the Kingdom ſhall be caſt out into exteriour darkneſs, there ſhall be weeping and gnaſhing of teeth. And* Jeſus *ſaid to the Centurion, Go, and as thou haſt believed, be it done to thee. And the boy was healed in the ſame hour.*

Moralities.

1. OUr whole Salvation conſiſts in two principles; The one is, in our being ſenſible of God: and the other, in moving toward him. The firſt, proceeds from faith, the other, comes of charity and other virtues. O what a happy thing it is to follow the examples of this good Centurion, by having ſuch elevated thoughts of the Divinity, and to know nothing of God, but what he is: To behold our heavenly Father within this great Family of the world, who effects all things by his ſingle word: Creates by his power, governs by his counſel, and orders by his goodneſs this great univerſality of all things. The moſt inſenſible creatures have ears to hear him. Feavers and tempeſts are part of that running camp, which marcheth under his Standard. They advance and retire themſelves under the ſhadow of his command: he only hath power to give meaſures to the Heaven, bounds to the Sea, to joyn the Eaſt and Weſt together in an inſtant, and to be in all places where his pleaſure is underſtood.

2. O, how goodly a thing it is to go unto him, like this great Captain. To go ſaid I? Nay, rather to fly as he doth, by the two wings of Charity and Humility. His Charity made him have a tender care of his poor ſervant, and to eſteem his health more dear, then great men do the rareſt pieces in their Cabinets. He doth not truſt his ſervants, but takes the charge upon himſelf: making himſelf (by the power of love) a ſervant to him, who by birth was made ſubject to his command. What can be ſaid of ſo many Maſters and Miſtriſſes now adays, who live always ſlaves to their paſſions? having no care at all of the ſalvation, health, or neceſſities of their ſervants, as if they were nothing elſe but the very ſcum of the world. They make great uſe of their labours and ſervice, (which is juſt) but neglect their bodies, and kill their ſouls by the infection of their wicked examples. Mark the humility of this Souldier, who doth not think his houſe worthy to be enlightned by one ſole glimpſe of our bleſſed Saviour's preſence. By the words of S. *Auguſtine* we may ſay, he made himſelf worthy by believing and declaring himſelf ſo unworthy: yea, worthy that our Saviour ſhould enter, not only into his houſe, but into his very ſoul. And upon the matter he could not have ſpoken with ſuch faith and humility, if he had not firſt incloſed (in his heart) him, whom he durſt not receive into his houſe.

3. The Gentiles come near unto God, and the Jews go from him: to teach us, that ordinarily the moſt obliged perſons are moſt ungrateful; and diſeſteem their benefactours for no other reaſon, but becauſe they receive benefits daily from them. If you ſpeak courteouſly to them, they anſwer churliſhly; and in the ſame proportion wherein you are good, you make them wicked: therefore we muſt be careful that we be not ſo toward God. Many are diſtaſted with devotion, as the *Iſraelites* were with Manna. All which is good, doth diſpleaſe them, becauſe

cauſe it is ordinary: And you ſhall find ſome, who (like naughty grounds) caſt up thornswhere roſes are planted. But we have great reaſon to fear, that nothing but hell fire is capable to puniſh thoſe, who deſpiſe the graces of God, and eſteem that which comes from him as a thing of no value.

Aſpirations.

O Almighty Lord, who doeſt govern all things in the family of this world, and doeſt bind all inſenſible creatures (by the bare ſound of the voice) in a chain of everlaſting obedience: Muſt I only be ſtill rebellious againſt thy will? Feavers and Palſies have their ears for thee, and yet my unruly ſpirit is not obedient. Alas, alas, this family of my heart is ill governed; It hath violent paſſions; my thoughts are wandering, and my reaſon is ill obeyed. Shall it never be like the houſe of this good Centurion, where every thing went by meaſure, becauſe he meaſured himſelf by thy commandments? O Lord, I will come reſolutely by a profound humility, and an inward feeling of my ſelf, ſince I am ſo contemptible before thine eyes. I will come with Charity toward theſe of my houſehold, and toward all that ſhall need me. O God of my heart, I beſeech thee, let nothing from henceforth move in me, but only to advance my coming toward thee, who art the beginning of all motions, and the only repoſe of all things which move.

The Goſpel for the firſt Friday in Lent, S. *Matth.* 5. Wherein we are directed to pray for our Enemies.

YOu have heard that it was ſaid, thou ſhalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemie. But I ſay to you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that perſecute and abuſe you: that you may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven, who maketh his Sun to riſe upon good and bad, and raineth upon juſt and unjuſt. For if you love them that love you, what reward ſhall you have? Do not alſo the Publicans this? And if you ſalute your brethren onely, what do you more? Do not alſo the heathen this? Be you perfect therefore, as alſo your heavenly Father is perfect.

Moralities.

1. A Man that loves nothing but according to his natural inclination, loves only like a beaſt or an infidel. The beſt ſort of love is that which is commanded by God, and is derived from judgment, conducted by reaſon, and perfected by Charity. Me thinks it ſhould be harder for a good Chriſtian to hate, then love his enemy. Hate makes him our equal, whereas love placeth us quite above him. By hating a mans enemy, he breaks the laws of God; he fights againſt the Incarnation of Chriſt, which was acted to unite all things in the bands of love: he gives the lie to the moſt bleſſed Euchariſt, whoſe nature is to make the hearts of all Chriſtians the ſame: he lives (like another *Cain* in the world) always diſquieted by ſeeking revenge, and it is a very death to him to hear another mans proſperity. Whereas to love an enemy, doth not bind us to love the injury he hath done us; for we muſt not conſider him as a malefactour, but as a man of our own nature, as he is the Image of God, and as he is a Chriſtian. God doth only command perfect things, not impoſſible. That which is very hard to fleſh and blood, become eaſie by the help of grace and reaſon. Our bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, being the Father of all harmony, can, and doth reconcile all contrarieties at his will and pleaſure.

2. If revenge ſeem ſweet, the gaining of it is moſt bitter: But there is nothing in the world more profitable, then to pardon an enemy by imitation of our Saviour. For it is then that our conſcience can aſſure us to be the children of God, and inheritours of his glory. We muſt not fear to be deſpiſed for eſteeming virtue, for ſuch contempt can only proceed from thoſe, who know not the true value of that glory which belongs to the juſt. There is no better way to revenge, the leave it to God, who always doth his own buſineſs. When *David* wept for *Saul*, who was his enemy, his Clemency did inſenſibly make degrees, by which he mounted up to the throne of *Judah*. A good work which comes from the ſpirit of vanity, is like an emptied Mine, good for nothing. God, who is inviſible, would have our aſpects turned always towards him, & blind toward the world. Alms given by the ſound of a Trumpet, makes a great noiſe on earth, but reaps little fruit in Heaven. The ſtie of vanity is a miſchievous thing, which deſtroys all the perfumes of Charity. What need we any ſpectatours of our good works, every place is full where God is, and where he is not, there only is Solitude.

Aſpirations.

O God of all holy affections, when ſhall I love all which thou loveſt, and have in horrour all that diſpleaſeth thy divine Majeſty: If I cannot love in ſome perſon his defects and ſins, I will love in him thine Image, and in that will I acknowledg thy mercies. If he be a piece of broken glaſs, in that little piece there will ſhine ſome lines of a God-Creatour, and of a God-Redeemer. If thou haſt choſen him to exerciſe my patience, why ſhould I make him the object of my revenge, ſince he gives me trouble to gain me a Crown. He is a hammer to poliſh and make me bright, I will not hurt him, but reverence the arm that ſtrikes me. I reſign all vengeance into thy hands, ſince it is a Right reſerved for thy Almighty power. And certainly, the beſt revenge I can take, is to gratifie my enemy. Give unto me (O moſt merciful Prince) the grace to ſuffer, and let the ſacrifice of my ſufferings mount up to thy propitiatory Throne.

The Goſpel for the firſt Saturday in Lent, S *Matth.* 6.

Of the Apoſtles danger at Sea, and relief by our SAVIOUR.

ANd when he had diſmiſſed them, he went into the mountain to pray, and when it was late, the boat was in the midſt of the Sea, and himſelf alone on the land. And ſeeing them labouring in rowing (for the wind was againſt them) and about the fourth watch of the night, he cometh to them, walking upon the Sea: and he would have paſſed by them. But they ſeeing him walking upon the Sea, thought it was a ghoſt, and cried out, for all ſaw him, and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them; and ſaid to them, Have confidence, it is I, fear yte not. And he went up to them into the ſhip, and the wind ceaſed; and they were far more aſtonied within themſelves: for they underſtood not concerning the loaves, for their heart was blinded.

And when they had paſſed over, they came into the land of Geneſareth, and ſet to the ſhore. And when they were gone out of the boat, incontinent they knew him, and running through that whole Country, they began to carry about in couches, thoſe that were ill at eaſe, where they heard he was. And whitherſoever he entred into townes, or into villages, or cities, they laid the ſick in the ſtreets, and beſought him, that they might touch but the hem of his garment, and as many as touched him, were made whole.

Moralities.

1. WHat a painful thing it is to row, when *Jeſus* is not in the boat; all our travel is juſt nothing without Gods favour: A little blaſt of wind is worth more then an hundred ſtrokes of oars. What troubleſome buſineſſes there are: how many intricate families do labour much, and yet advance nothing, becauſe God withdraws himſelf from

from their iniquities; if he do not build, the workman destroyes what he is building. But all falls out right to those, that embark themselves with *Jesus*. They may pass to the Indies in a basket, when others shall miscarry in a good ship, well furnished.

2. But how comes it about, that the ship of the poor Apostles is beaten so furiously by the winds and tempests? There are many ships with silver beaks, with fine linnen sails, and silken tackles, upon which the sea seems to smile. Do the waters reserve their choller, only to vent it upon that ship which carries just persons? This is the course of mans life: The brave and happy men of this world enjoy their wishes, but their ship doth perish in the harbour, as it is sporting; whereas God by his infinite providence, gives tempests to his elect, that he may work a miraculous calm by his Almighty power. Dangers are witnesses of their floting, and Combats are causes of their merit. Never think any man happy in his wickedness, for he is just like a fish that playes with the bait, when the hook sticks fast in his throat. We must wait and attend for help from Heaven patiently (without being tired) even till the fourth, which is the last watch of the night. All which proceeds from the hand of God, comes ever in fit time, and that man is a great gainer by his patient attendance, who thereby gets nothing but perseverance.

3. They know *Jesus* very ill, that take him for a Phantome or an illusion, and cry out for fear of his presence, which should make them most rejoyce: so do those souls which are little acquainted with God, who live in blindness, and make much of their own darkness. Let us learn to discern God from the illusions of the world: The tempest ceaseth when he doth approach; & the quietness of our heart is a sure mark of his presence, which fills the soul with splendour, and makes it a delicious garden. He makes all good whereso ever he comes, and the steps which his feet leave, are the bounties of his heart. To touch the Hem of his Garment, cures all that are sick; to teach us, that the forms which cover the blessed Sacrament, are the fringes of his holy humanity, which cures our sins.

Aspiration.

O Lord, my soul is in night and darkness, and I feel that thou art far from me. What billows of disquiet rise within my heart; what idle thoughts which have been too much considered? Alas (most redoubted Lord and Father of mercy) canst thou behold from firm land this poor vessel, which labours so extreamly, being deprived of thy most amiable presence? I row strongly, but can advance nothing, except thou come into my soul. Come (O my adored Master) walk upon this tempestuous Sea of my heart; ascend into this poor vessel, say unto me, Take courage, It is I. Be not conceited that I will take thee for an illusion, for I know thee too well by thy powers and bounties, to be so mistaken. The least thought of my heart will quiet it self to adore thy steps. Thou shalt reign within me; thou shalt disperse my cares; thou shalt recover my decayed senses; thou shalt lighten my understanding; thou shalt inflame my will; thou shalt cure all my infirmities: And to conclude, thou onely shalt work in me, and I will be wholly thine.

The Gospel for the first Sunday in Lent, S. *Matthew* 4.

Of our SAVIOUR'S being tempted in the Desart.

Then Jesus was led of the Spirit into the Desart, to be tempted of the Devil, and when he had fasted fourty days and fourty nights, after ward he was hungry? And the Tempter approached, and said to him, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread: Who answered and said, It is written, not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.

Then the Devil took him up into the holy City, and set him upon the pinacle of the Temple, and said to him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thy self down, for it is written, That he will give his Angels charge of thee, and in their hands shall they hold thee up, lest perhaps thou knock thy foot against a stone. Jesus said to him again, It is written, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

Again the Devil took him up into a very high mountain, and he shewed him all the Kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and said to him, all these will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me. Then Jesus said to him, Avant Satan; for it is written, the Lord thy God thalt thou adore, and him onely shalt thou serve. Then the Devil left him, and behold Angels came, and ministred to him.

Moralities.

1. JESUS suffered himself to be tempted (saith Saint *Augustine*) to the end he might serve for a Mediatour, for an example, and for a remedy to work our victory over all temptations. We must fight on his side: Our life is a continual warfare, and our dayes are Champions which enter into the lists. There is no greater temptation, then to have none at all; Sleeping water doth nourish poison. Motion is the worlds soul; fighting against temptations, is the soul of virtues, and glory doth spring and bud out of tribulations. Virtue hinders not temptation, but surmounts it. Jesus fasted (saith the ordinary glos) that he might be tempted, and is tempted because he did fast. He fasted forty days, and then was hungry; he did eat with his Disciples the space of forty days after his resurrection, without any more necessity of meat, then the Sun hath of the earth's vapours: to make us thereby know, that it onely appertained to him, to teach that great secret how to manage want and abundance, by which S. *Paul* was glorified.

2. The first victory over a Temptation, is, to know that which tempts us: Some temptations are gay and smiling at their beginning, as those of love and pleasure, which end in terrible and bitter storms: Others are troublesom and irksom: Others doubtfull and intricate: Others rapid and sudden, which seize upon their prey like an Eagle: Others are close and catching. These are the snares of Satan, who comes like a Bore, roars like a Lion, and hisseth like a Serpent. We should always have an eye ready, to mark from whence the Temptation comes, whither it tends, what is the root of it, what the course, what the progress, and what power it may have over our spirit.

3. Solitude of heart, fasting, prayer, the word of God, are weapons of an excellent temper, which the word Incarnate teacheth us to use in this conflict. These things are to be used with discretion, by the counsel of a good director, to whom a man must declare all his most secret thoughts, and bear a breast of chrystal toward him, with a firm purpose to let him see all the inward motions of his heart. It is also good to note here, that our Lord would expressly be tempted in that Desart, which is between *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*, where the Samaritane (mentioned in the Parable) did pour wine and oyl into the sores of the poor wounded man; to teach us, that by his combat, he came to cure the wounds of *Adam* and all his race, in the very place where they were received.

4. Sin is killed by flying the occasions of it. Absence, resistance, coldness, silence, labour, diversion, have overcome many assaults of the enemy. Sometimes a Spiders web is strong enough to preserve chastity,

ſtity, and at other times the thick walls of *Semiramis* are not ſufficient. God governs all; and a good will to concur with him, is a ſtrong aſſurance in all perils, and it will keep us untouch'd amidſt the flames of luſt.

5. Since it imports us ſo much to fight valiantly, let us bring the hearts of Lions. Where is our Chriſtianity, if we do not give teſtimony of it to God, both by our fidelity and courage? How many Martyrs have been roaſted and broiled, becauſe they would not ſpeak an ill word? What honour can you expect, by yielding at the firſt entrance, to a temptation? Look not upon the violence of it, but contemplate the Crown, which you ſhould gain by conquering it: think at your entrance how you will come off; and know for certain, that he who truly conſiders the conſequence of a wicked action, will never begin it.

6. Lent is the Spring-time for ſanctified reſolutions, it mortifies the body, that the ſpirit may triumph, it is a time of grace which tends to ſalvation and mercy. It imports extremely to commend all to God at the beginning, to ſanctifie this faſting, which is part of our devotion: we muſt abſtain from fleſh and be content with one meal at ſeaſonable hours, without making over-large collations; except age, infirmity, or weakneſs, labour, or neceſſity of other functions, ſhall diſpence with our diet: for thoſe who are unable to faſt, ſuffer more by their diſability, then others do by faſting. It is good to follow the counſel of *Athanaſius*, who adviſeth to eate late, and little, and at a table where there is but one ſort of meat. We muſt alſo faſt by abſtinence from vice. For to weaken our body, and yet nouriſh our naughty paſſions, is to faſt as the devils do, who eat nothing, and yet devour the world by the rage of their malice. Sobriety is a ſtream which waters all virtues. Our ſoul and body are as the ſcales of a ballance; if you pull down the one, you raiſe up the other: and if you tame your fleſh, it makes the ſpirit reign and govern.

Aſpirations.

O Moſt merciful Lord, Father, and Protectour of all my life, how great are the temptations and ſnares, whereunto I am ſubject, when I eat, drink, ſleep, when I do buſineſs, when I am both in converſation and ſolitude? Whither ſhall this poor ſoul go, which thou haſt thrown into a body ſo frail, in a world ſo corrupt, and amongſt the aſſaults of ſo many pernicious enemies? Open, O Lord, thine eys for my guidance, and compaſſionate my infirmities: without thee I can do nothing, and in thee I can do all that I ought. Give me, O Lord, a piercing eye, to ſee my danger, and the wings of an Eagle, to fly from it, or the heart of a Lion, to fight valiantly, that I may never be wanting in my duty and fidelity to thee. I ow all that I am, or have, to thy gracious favour, and I will hope for my ſalvation, not by any proportion of my own virtues (which are weak and ſlender) but by the boundleſs liberalities, which only do crown all our good works.

The Goſpel upon Munday, the firſt week of Lent, out of Saint *Matthew* 25.

Of the Judgment-Day.

And when the Son of man ſhall come in his Majeſty, and all the Angels with him, then ſhall he ſit upon the ſeat of his Majeſty. And all Nations ſhall be gathered together before him, and he ſhall ſeparate them one from another, as the Paſtour ſeparateth the ſheep from the goats: And ſhall ſet the ſheep at his right hand, but the goats at his left.

Then ſhall the King ſay to them that ſhall be at his right hand, Come ye bleſſed of my Father, poſſeſs you the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungred, and you gave me to eat: I was athirſt, and you gave me to drink: I was a ſtranger and you took me in: naked, and you covered me: ſick, and you viſited me: I was in priſon, and you came to me. Then ſhall the juſt anſwer him, ſaying, Lord, when did we ſee thee an hungred, and fed thee: athirſt, and gave thee drink? And when did we ſee thee a ſtranger, and took thee in? Or naked, and covered thee? Or when did we ſee thee ſick, or in priſon, and came to thee? And the King anſwering, ſhall ſay to them, Amen I ſay to you, as long as you did it to one of theſe my leaſt brethren, you did it to me.

Then ſhall he ſay to them alſo that ſhall be at his left hand, Get you away from me you curſed into fire everlaſting, which was prepared for the Devil and his Angels. For I was an hungred, and you gave me not to eat: I was athirſt, and you gave me not to drink: I was a ſtranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and you covered me not: ſick and in priſon, and you did not viſit me. Then they alſo ſhall anſwer him, ſaying, Lord, when did we ſee thee an hungred, or athirſt, or a ſtranger, or naked, or ſick, or in priſon, and did not miniſter to thee? Then ſhall he anſwer them, ſaying, Amen I ſay to you, as long as you did it not to one of theſe leſſer, neither did you it to me. And theſe ſhall go into puniſhment everlaſting: but the juſt, into life everlaſting.

Moralities.

1. BEhold here a Goſpel of great terrour, where our ſpirit, like the Dove of *Noah*, is placed upon the great deluge of God's wrath, and knows not where to find footing. Every thing is moſt dreadful: But what can be more terrible then the certainty of God's judgment, joyned with the great uncertainty of the hour of our death? It is an unchangeable decree, that we muſt all be preſented before the high Tribunal of the living God, to render a juſt account of all which our ſoul hath done, while it was joyned with our body, as we are taught by S. *Paul*. We muſt make an account of our time ſpent, of our thoughts, words, actions, of that we have done, and that we have omitted, of life, death, and of the blood of Jeſus Chriſt; and thereupon receive a judgment of everlaſting life, or death. All men know that this muſt certainly be done, but no man knows the hour or moment when it ſhall be. So many clocks ſtrike about us every day, and yet none can let us know the hour of our death.

2. O how great is the ſolitude of a ſoul in her ſeparation! from ſo many great enticements of the world (wherein many men live) and in an inſtant to ſee nothing but the good or ill we have done on either ſide us, what an aſtoniſhment will it be for a man ſuddenly to ſee all the actions of his life (as upon a piece of Tapiſtre) ſpred before his eys; where his ſins will appear like ſo many thorns, ſo many ſerpents, ſo many venomous beaſts. Where wil then be that cozening vail of reputation, and reaſon of ſtate, which as yet cover ſo many wicked actions? The ſoul ſhall (in that day of God) be ſhewed naked to all the world, and her own eys will moſt vex her, by witneſſing ſo plainly what ſhe hath done.

3. O what a parting water is God's judgment, which in a moment ſhal ſeparate the mettals ſo different? O what a diviſion will then be made of ſome men which now live upon earth? Some ſhall be made clear and bright like the ſtars of Heaven, and others like coals burning in Hell. O what a dreadful change will it be to a damned ſoul at her ſeparation from this life, to live only in the company of Devils, in that piercing ſenſe of torments and eternal puniſhment? It is a very troubleſom thing, to be tied with ſilken ſtrings in a bed of Roſes, for the ſpace of eight days together. What may we think of a damned ſoul, which muſt dwell in a bed of flames, ſo long as there ſhall be a God.

4. Make uſe of the time given you to work your ſalvation, and live ſuch a life as may end with a happy

py death, and so obtain that favourable judgment, which shal say; Come, O thou soul blessed of God my Father, possess the kingdom which is prepared for thee from the beginning of the world. There is no better means to avoid the rigour of Gods judgments, then to fear them continually. Imitate the tree (mentioned in an Emblem) which being designed to make a ship, and finding it self wind-shaken as it grew upon the land, said, What will become of me in the sea? If we be already moved in this world, by the bare consideration of the punishment due to sin, think what it will be in that vast sea, and dreadful Abyss of Gods judgments.

Aspirations.

O King of dreaful Majesty, who dost justly damn and undeservedly save souls; save me, O Fountain of Mercie. Remember thy self (sweet Jesus) that I was the cause of that great journie which thou tookest from God to man; and do not destroy me in that dreadful day, which must decide the Question of my life or death for all eternitie. Take care of my last end, since thou art the cause of my beginning, and the onlie cause of all that I am. O Father of bounties, wouldest thou stop a mouth which desires so earnestlie to praise and confess thee everlastinglie? Alas (O eternal Sweetnes) wouldest thou damn a soul which hath cost thee so much sweat and blood, giving it for ever to those cruel and accursed powers of darknes? Rather, O Lord, pierce my heart with such a fear of thy judgment, that I may always dread, and never feel them. If I forget, awake my memorie, if I flie from thee, recal me again: If I defer my amendment, stay for me; If I return, do not despise my soul, but open those arms of mercie, which thou didst spread upon the Cross, with such rigorous justice against thy self, for satisfaction of my sins

The Gospel upon Tuesday, the first week in Lent, out of Saint *Matthew* 21.

JESUS drove the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple.

AND when he was entred Jerusalem, *the whole City was moved, saying, Who is this? And the people said, This is* Jesus *the Prophet, of Nazareth in Galilee. And* Jesus *entred into the Temple of God, and cast out all that sold and bought in the Temple, and the tables of the bankers, and the chairs of them that sold Pigeons he overthrew: and he said to them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of theeves. And there came to him the blinde and the lame in the Temple: and he healed them. And the chief Priests and Scribes seeing the marvellous things that he did, and the children crying in the Temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of* David: *they had indignation, and said to him, Heares thou what these say? And* Jesus *said to them, Very well; have you never read, that out of the mouthes of infants and sucklings thou hast perfected praise? And leaving them, he went forth out of the City into* Bethania, *and remained there.*

Moralities.

1. JEsus entring in *Jerusalem*, went streight to the Temple, as a good Son goes to his Fathers house; as a High-Priest to the Sanctuary; and as a sacrifice to the Altar. He doth verie livelie interest himself in the goods of his Heavenlie Father, and chaseth out every prophane thing out of that sacred place, to give thereby glorie to the living God, and to put all things in order. It is a wicked stain to Religion, when Ecclesiastical persons are vicious, and when Churches are prophaned. Saint *John Chrysostom* saith, That Priests are the heart of the Church, but when they are wicked, they turn all into sin. A decaying tree hath alwaies some ill qualitie about the root, so when any people are without discipline, the Pastours are without virtue. The want of reverence in Churches, begets the contempt of God, they cannot have Jesus in their hearts, when they give him affronts even in his own Temple.

2. His house (saith he) is a house of Praier, but your heart should be the Sanctuarie, and your lips the door. So long as you are without the exercise of Praier, you shal be like a Bee without a sting, which can make neither honie nor wax. Praier is the chiefest and most effectual means of that Angelical conversation, to which God calls us by the merits of his passion, and by the effects of his triumphant resurrection. It is the sacred business which man hath with God, and (to speak with S. *Gregory Nazianzen*) it is the art, to make our souls divine. Before all things you must put into an order, the number, the time, the place, the manner of your praiers; and be sure that you pay unto God this tribute, with respect, fervour, and perseverance. But if you desire to make a verie good praier, learn betimes to make a praier of all your life. Incense hath no smell without fire, and praier is of no force without charitie. A man must converse innocentlie and purelie with men, that desire to treat worthily with God.

3. Keep your person and your house clean from ill managing all holy things, and from those irreverences, which are sometimes committed in Churches. It is a happie thing for a man to be ignorant of the trade of buying and selling benefices, and to have no intercourse with the tribunals of iniquitie. Manie other sins are written in sand, and blown away with a small breath of Gods mercie; But the faults of so great impietie, are carved upon a corner of the Altar, with a graver of steel, or with a diamond point, as the Prophet saith. He deserves to be made eternallie culpable, who dries up the fountain, which should waste himself, or poisons the stream, which he himself must drink; or contaminates the Sacraments, which are given him to purifie his soul.

Aspirations.

SPirit of God, which by reason of thy eminent height, canst pray to no body, and yet by thy divine wisdom, makest all the world pray to thee; Give me the gift of praier, since it is the mother of wisdom, the seal of virginitie, the sanctuarie for our evils, and fountain of all our goods. Grant that I may adore thee in Spirit with reverence, stedfastnes, and perseverance: and if it be thy divine pleasure that I pray unto thee as I ought; inspire into me (by thy virtue) such praiers as thou wilt hear by thy bountie.

The Gospel for Wednesday the first week of Lent, Saint *Matthew* 12.

The Pharisees demand a Sign of JESUS.

THEN answered him certain of the Scribes and Pharisees, saying, Master, we would see a sign from thee, who answered, and said to them.

The wicked and adulterous generation seeketh a sign: and a sign shall not be given it, but the sign of Jonas *the Prophet: For as* Jonas *was in the whales belly three days, and three nights: so shal the son of man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights. The men of* Nineveh *shall rise in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it, because they did penance at the preaching of* Jonas, *and behold more then* Jonas *here. The Queen of the south shall rise in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; because she came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of* Solomon, *and behold more then* Solomon *here. And when an unclean spirit shall go out of a man, he walketh through drie places, seeking rest and findeth not. Then he saith, I will return into my house whence I came out. And coming, he findeth it vacant, swept with besoms, and trimmed, then goeth he, and taketh with him seven other spirits, more wicked then himself, and they enter in, and dwell there; and the last of that man be made*

made worse then the first. So shall it be also to this wicked generation.

As he was yet speaking to the multitudes, behold his mother and his brethren stood without, seeking to speak to him. And one said to him, Behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without seeking thee. But he answering him that told him, said, who is my mother, and who are my brethren? And stretching forth his hand upon his Disciples, he said, Behold my mother and my brethren: for whosoever shall do the will of my Father that is in Heaven, he is my brother, sister and mother.

Moralities.

IT is a very ill sign, when we desire signs to make us believe in God. The signs which we demand to fortifie our faith, are oft-times marks of our infidelity. There is not a more dangerous plague in the events of worldly affairs, then to deal with the Devil, or to cast Nativities. All these things fill men with more faults then knowledge. For divine Oracles have more need to be reverenced, then interpreted. He that will find God, must seek him with simplicity, and profess him with piety.

2. Some require a sign, and yet between Heaven and earth, all is full of signs. How many creatures soever they are, they are all steps and characters of the Divinity. What a happy thing it is to study what God is, by the volume of time, and by that great book of the world. There is not so small a flower of the Meadows, not so little a creature upon earth, which doth not tell us some news of him. He speaks in our ears by all creatures, which are so many Organ-pipes to convey his spirit and voice to us. But he hath no sign so great as the Word Incarnate, which carries all the types of his glory and power. About him only should be all our curiosity, our knowledg, our admiration, and our love, because in him we can be sure to find all our repose and consolation.

3. Are we not very miserable, since we know not our own good, but by the loss of it, which makes us esteem so little of those things we have in our hands? The Ninivites did hear old *Jonas* the Prophet. The Queen of *Sheba* came from far to hear the wisdom of *Solomon*. Jesus speaks to us usually from the Pulpits, from the Altars: in our conversations, in our affairs and recreations; and yet we do not sufficiently esteem his words nor inspirations. A surfeited spirit mislikes honey, and is distasted with Manna, raving after the rotten pots of *Egypt*. But it is the last and worst of all ills, to despise our own good. Too much confidence is mother of an approaching danger: a man must keep himself from relapses, which are worse then sins, which are the greatest evils of the world; he that loves danger, shall perish in it. The first sin brings with it one Devil but the second brings seven. There are some who vomit up their sins, as the Sea doth cockles, to swallow them again. Their life is nothing but an ebbing and flowing of sins, and their most innocent retreats, are a disposition to iniquity. For as boiled water doth soonest freeze, because the cold works upon it with the greater force: so those little fervours of Devotion, which an unfaithful soul feels in confessions, and receiving, (if it be not resolute quite to forsake wickedness) serve for nothing else but to provoke the wicked spirit, to make a new impression upon her. It is then we have most reason to fear God's justice, when we despise his mercy. We become nearest of kin to him, when his Ordinances are followed by our manners, and our life by his precepts.

Aspirations.

O Word Incarnate, the great sign of thy heavenly Father, who carriest all the marks of his glory, and all the characters of his powers. It is thou alone whom I seek, whom I esteem and honour: All that I see, all I understand, all that I feel, is nothing to me, if it do not carry thy name, and take colour from thy beauties, nor be animated by thy Spirit. Thy conversation hath no trouble, and thy presence no distast. O let me never lose by my negligence, what I possess by thy bounty. Keep me from relapses, keep me from the second gulf, and second hell of sin. He is too blind, that profits nothing by experience of his own wickedness, and by a full knowledge of thy bounties.

The Gospel for Thursday, the first week in Lent, out of Saint *Matthew* 5.

Of the woman of *Canaan*.

AND Jesus went forth from thence, and retired into the quarters of Tyre *and* Sidon. *And behold a woman of* Canaan *came forth out of those coasts, and crying out, sayd to him, Have mercy upon me, O Lord, the Son of* David, *my Daughter is sore vexed of a Devil, who answered her not a word. And his Disciples came and besought him, saying, Dismisse her, because she crieth out after us: And he answering, said; I was not sent but to the sheep that are lost of the house of* Israel. *But she came and adored him, saying, Lord help me; who answering, said: It is not good to take the bread from Children, and to cast it to the dogs: but she said, Yea Lord, for the dogs also eat of the crums that fall from the tables of their masters. Then Jesus answering, said to her, O woman, great is thy faith, be it done to thee as thou wilt: and her daughter was made whole from that hour.*

Moralities.

1. OUr Saviour *Jesus Christ*, after his great and wondrous descent from heaven to earth; from being infinite to be finite; from being God to be man; used many several means for salvation of the world. And behold entring upon the frontiers of *Tyre* and *Sidon*, he was pleased to conceal himself. But it is very hard to avoid the curiosity of a woman, who seeking his presence, was thereby certain to find the full point of her felicity. A very small beam of illumination reflecting upon her, carried her out of her Country, and a little spark of light brought her to find out the clear streams of truth. We must not be tired with seeking God, and when we have found him, his presence should not diminish, but encrease our desire to keep him still. We are to make entrance into our happiness, by taking fast hold of the first means offered for our salvation; and we must not refuse or lose a good fortune which knocks at our door.

2. Great is the power of a woman, when she applies her self to virtue: behold at one instant, how one of that Sex assails God and the Devil, prevailing with the one by submission, and conquering the other by command. And he which gave the wild Sea, arms to contain all the world, finds his own arms tied by the chains of a prayer, which himself did inspire. She draws unto her (by a pious violence) the God of all strength, such was the fervency of her prayer, such the wisdom of her answers, and such the faith of her words. As he passed away without speaking, she hath the boldness to call him to her: whilest he is silent, she prays; when he excuseth himself, she adores him; when he refuseth her suit, she draws him to her. To be short, she is stronger then the Patriarch *Jacob*, for when he did wrastle with the Angel, he returned lame from the conflict: but this woman, after she had been so powerful with God, returns strait to her house, there to see her victories, and possess her conquests.

3. Mark with what weapons she over-came the greatest of all Conquerours. Charity drew her from home to seek health for her daughter, because like a good mother she loved her not with a luxurious love, but in her affliction, feeling all her dolours, by

their passionate reflection upon her heart. Her faith was planted upon so firm a rock, that amongst all the appearances of despair, her hope remained constant. Humility did effect, that the name of Dog was given her for a title of glory, the making profit of injuries, and converting into honour the greatest contempt of her person. Her words were low and humble, but her faith was wondrous high, since in a moment she chased away the devil, saved her daughter, and changed the word Dog, into the name of a Sheep of Christs flock, as *Sedulius* writes. Perseverance was the last of her virtues in the Combat, but it was the first which gained her Crown. If you will imitate her in these four virtues, Love, Faith, Humility, and Perseverance: they are the principal materials of which the body of your perfection must be compounded.

Aspirations.

O *Jesus Christ*, Son of *David*, I remember well that thy forefather did by his Harp chase away the devil from *Saul*. And wilt not thou, who art the Father of all blessed harmonies, drive away from me so many little spirits, of Affections, of Appetites and Passions, which trouble and discompose my heart? This poor soul, which is the breath of thy mouth, & daughter of thine infinite bounties, is (like the Sun under a cloud) possessed with many wicked spirits, but it hath none worse then that of self love. Look upon me (O Lord) with thine eies of mercy, and send me not away with silence, since thou art the Word. Rather cal me Dog, so that I may be suffered to gather up the crums which fall from thy table: Whatsoever proceeds from thy mouth is sacred, and must be taken by me as a relique. If thou say I shal obtain my desire, I say I wil have no other then what thou inspirest, and I can be contented with nothing, but what shal be thy blessed will and pleasure.

The Gospel upon Friday, the first week in Lent, Saint *John* 5.

Of the Probatick Pond.

After th ſe things, there was a festival day of the Jews, *and* Jesus *went up to* Jerusalem: *and there is at* Jerusalem *upon Probatica, a Pond, which in Hebrew is named* Bethsaida, *having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of sick persons, of blind, lame, withered, expecting the stirring of the water.*

And an Angel of our Lord descended at a certain time into the Pond; and the water was stirred. And he that had gone down first into the Pond, after the stirring of the water, was made whole, of whatsoever infirmity he was holden. And there was a certain man there, that had been eight and thirty years in his infirmity. Him, when Jesus *had seen lying, and knew that he had now a long time, he saith to him, Wilt thou be made whole? The sick man answered him, Lord, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the Pond: for whiles I come, another goeth down before me.* Jesus *saith to him, Arise, take up thy bed, and walk. And forthwith he was made whole: and he took up his bed, and walked. And it was the Sabbath that day. The* Jews *therefore said to him that was healed, It is the Sabbath, thou mayest not take up thy bed. He answered them, He that made me whole, he said to me, take up thy bed, and walk. They asked him therefore, What is that man that said to thee, Take up thy bed, and walk? But he that was made whole, knew not who it was. For* Jesus *shrunk aside from the multitude standing in the place. Afterward* Jesus *findeth him in the Temple, and said to him. Behold thou art made whole, sin no more, lest some worse thing chance to thee. That man went his way, and told the* Jews *that it was* Jesus *that made him whole.*

Moralities.

1. ALL the world is but one great Hospital wherein so many persons languish, expecting the moving of the water, and the time of their good fortune. The Angels of earth which govern our fortunes, go not so fast as our desires. But *Jesus*, who is the great Angel of Counsel, is alwaies ready to cure our maladies, to support our weaknesses, and make perfect our virtues. We need only to follow his motions and inspirations, to meet with everlasting rest. It is a lamentable thing, that some can patiently expect the barren favours of men twenty or thirty years together, and yet will not continue three daies in prayer to seek the inestimable graces of God.

2. The first step we must make toward our salvation, is to desire it. That man is worthy to be eternally sick, who fears nothing else but the loss of his bodily health. Men generally do all what they can possibly, to cure their corporal infirmities, they abide a thousand vexations (which are but too certain) to recover a health, which is most uncertain. And as for the passions of the mind, some love the Feavers of their own love, and their worldly ambition above their own life. They suck the head of a venomous aspick, and are killed by the tongue of a viper. They will not part with that which kills them, and if you take from them the worm which makes them itch, or the executioner who doth indeed torment them, they believe you take away the chiefest of their felicity. Happy is that soul which holds nothing so dear in this world, but will forsake it willingly to find God, and will spare nothing, to gain Paradise.

3. There is nothing more common, nor so rare as man. The world is full of vicious and unprofitable men. But to find one very compleat in all good things, is to find a direct Phœnix. There are more businesses without men, then men without businesses. For how many charitable employments might many lazy and idle persons find out? So many poor mens affairs continue at a stand: so many miserable creatures languish: so many desolate persons long to find some man, who (with little trouble to himself) would take some small care of their affairs, and make up some little piece of their fortunes. *Jesus* is the man of God desired of all Ages, to him we must apply our selves, since he is both life and truth. By him we may come to all happiness, by him we may live in the fountains and streams of life, and in him we may contemplate the chiefest of all truths.

Aspirations.

WHat patience have I in committing sins, and how impatient am I in my sufferings for them? I am ever most ready to execute vice, and unwilling to abide the punishment. O good God, there are many years in which I have retained an inclination to this disorder, to that sin. My soul is bound, as it were, with iron chains in this unhappy bed: will there be no Angel to move the water for me? But art not thou the Lord and Prince of Angels? Then I must humbly beseech thee (O blessed Saviour) do thou command, and by thy only word my affairs will go well, and receive a happy dispatch, my body will become sound, my soul innocent, my heart at rest, and my life an eternal glory.

The Gospel upon Saturday the first week in Lent, and the Sunday following, out of Saint *Matthew* 17.

Of the Transfiguration of our Lord.

And after six days, Jesus *taketh unto him* Peter *and* James, *and* John *his brother, and bringeth them into a high mountain apart: and he was transfigured before them. And his face did shine as the sun: and his garments became white as snow. And behold there appeared to them,* Moses *and* Elias *talking with him. And* Peter *answering, said to* Jesus,

Lord

Lord, it is good for us to be here, if thou wilt, let us make here three Tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, *and one for* Elias. *And as he was yet speaking, behold a bright cloud overshadowed them. And lo, a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my well-beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him. And the Disciples hearing it, fell upon their face, and were sore afraid. And* Jesus *came and touched them: and he said to them, Arise, and fear not. And they lifting up their eys, saw no body but only* Jesus. *And as they descended from the Mount,* Jesus *commanded them, saying, Tell the vision to no body, till the Son of man be risen from the dead.*

Moralities.

1. THe words of the Prophet *Osee* are accomplished, the nets and toils planted upon mount *Tabor*, not to catch birds, but hearts. The mountain which before was a den for Tigers and Panthers (according to the story) is now beautified by our Saviour, and becomes a place full of sweetness and ravishments. *Jesus* appears transfigured in the high robes of his glory. The cloud made him a pavillion of gold, and the Sun made his face shine like it self. The heavenly Father doth acknowledge his Son as a true Prince of glory; *Moses* and *Elias* both appear in brightness, the one bearing the Tables of the Law, and the other carried in a burning Chariot (as *Origen* saith) which made the Apostles know him. For the Hebrews had certain figures of the most famous men of their Nation in Books. They both (as S. *Luke* saith) were seen in glory and majesty, which fell upon them by reflection of the beams which came from the body of *Jesus*, who is the true fountain of brightness. The Apostles lose themselves in the deliciousness of this great spectacle; and by seeing more then they ever did, desired to lose their eyes. O that the world is most contemptible to him, that knows how to value God as he ought. So many fine powders, so many pendents and favours of glass, so many Towers and Columns of dirt plaistred over with gold, are followed by a million of Idolaters. To conclude, so many worldly jewels are like the empty imaginations of a sick spirit, not enlightned by the beams of truth. Let us rely upon the word (saith S. *Augustine*) which remains for ever, while men passe like the water of a fountain, which hides it self in the Spring, shews it self in the stream, and loseth it self at last in the Sea. But God is always himself, there needs no Tabernacle made by the hands of man, to remain with him; for in Paradise, he is both the God and the Temple.

2. *Tabor* is yet but a small pattern, we must get all the piece; we must go to the Palace of Angels and brightness, where the Tabernacles are not made by the hands of men. There we shall see the face of the living God clearly and at full: There the beauties shall have no vails to hide them from us: Our Being shall haue no end: Our knowledges will not be subject to errour, nor our loves and affections to displeasure. O what a joy will it be to enjoy all, and desire nothing; to be a Magistrate without a successour, to be a King without an enemy, to be rich without covetousness, to negotiate without mony, and to be ever living without fear of death.

3. But who can get up to this mountain, except he of whom the Prophet speaks? who hath innocent hands and a clean heart, who hath not received his soul of God in vain, to bury it in worldly pelf. To follow *Jesus*, we must transform our selves into him, by hearing and following his doctrine, since God the Father proposeth him for the Teacher of mankind, and commands us to hearken unto him. We must follow his examples, since those are the Originals of all Virtues. The best trade we can practise in this world, is that of transfiguration: and we may do it by reducing our form to the form of our Lord, and walking upon earth like men in Heaven. Then will the Sun make us have shining faces, when purity shall accompany all our actions and intentions. Our cloaths shall be as white as snow, when we shall once become innocent in our conversations, we shall then be ravished like the Apostles, and after we have been at Mount *Tabor*, we shall be blind to the rest of the world, and see nothing but *Jesus*. It is moreover to be noted, that our Saviour did at that time entertain himself with discourse of his great future sufferings, and of his death; to teach us, that his Cross was the step by which he mounted up to beatitude.

Aspirations.

O Blessed Palace! O magnificent *Tabor*! which this day didst hold upon thee the Prince of glory; I love and admire thee, but I admire somewhat else above thee: It is the Heavenly Jerusalem, that triumphant company, that face of God, where all those beauties are, which shall never cease to be beauties. It is for that I live, for that I die, for that I languish with a holy impatience. O my Jesus, my most benign Lord, transform me then into thee, that I may thereby be transformed into God. If I have carried the earthly Image of *Adam*, why should I not also carry the form of *Jesus*? Catch me, O Lord, within those tissued nets, and golden toils of brightness, which thou didst plant upon this sacred mountain. It is there I would leave mine eyes, it is there I resolve to breath out my soul. I ask no Tabernacles to be there built for me, I have long since contemplated thy heart, (O Father of essences and all bounties) as the most faithfull abode of my eternity.

The Gospel upon Munday, the second week in Lent, Saint *John* 8.

Jesus said to the Jews, where I go, ye cannot come,

AGain therefore Jesus *said to them, I go, and you shall seek me, and shall die in your sin. Whither I go you cannot come. The* Jews *therefore said, Why, will he kill himself, because he saith, whither I go, you cannot come? And he said to them, You are from beneath, I am from above: you are of this world, I am not of this world. Therefore I say to you, That you shall die in your sins. For if you believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins. They said therefore to him, Who art thou?* Jesus *said to them, The Beginning, who also speak to you: Many things I have to speak and judg of you: but he that sent me, is true: and what I have heard of him, these things I speak in the world. And they knew not that he said to them, that his Father was God.* Jesus *therefore said to them, When you shall have exalted the Son of man, then you shall know that I am he, and of my self I do nothing, but as the Father hath taught me, these thing I speak: and he that sent me, is with me: and he hath not left me alone, because the things that please him, I do always.*

Moralities.

1. ONe of the greatest misfortunes of our life, is, that we never sufficiently know our own good, till we lose it. We flie from that we should seek: we seek that we should avoid, and never begin to bewail our losses, but when they are not to be recovered. Those Jews possessed an inestimable treasure, by the presence and conversation of the Son of God. But they set light by it, and so at last they lamented amongst eternal flames, what they would not see in so clear a light. Let us take heed of despising holy things, and avoid hardness of heart, which is a gulf of unavoidable mischiefs.

2. It is a strange thing that God is so near us, and yet we so far from him. That which hinders us from finding him is, because he is above, and we below.

We are too much for the world; too fast nailed to the earth, too much bound to our superfluous businesses and cares of this life: and too much subject to our own appetites. He must not be slave to his body, that pretends to receive good from God, who is a Spirit. He must not embarque himself deeply into worldly matters, who desires the society of Angels. He must pass from his sense to his reason, from reason to grace, from grace to glory. If you desire to find God, search for him as the three Kings did in the Manger, in his humility. Look for him as the blessed Virgin did, in the Temple, in his piety: Seek him as the *Maries* did, in his Sepulchre, by the meditation of death: but stay not there, save only to make a passage to life.

3. When you have lifted me up to the Cross, (saith our Saviour) you shall know that I am the true Son of God. And indeed it is a great wonder, that the infinite power of that Divinity, would manifest it self in the infirmity of the Cross. It was only for God to perform this great design, and ascend up to his throne of glory, by the basest disgraces of the world. The good thief saw no other title or sign of his Kingdom, but only his body covered over with blood, and oppressed with dolours. He learned by that book of the Cross, all the glory of Paradise: and he apprehended that none but God could endure with such patience, so great torments. If you will be children of God, you must make it appear by participation of his Cross, and by suffering tribulation. By that Sun, our Eagle tries his young ones; he who cannot abide that shining ray sprinkled with blood, shall never attain to beatitude. It is not comely to see a head crowned with thorns, sit in a rotten chair of delicacies.

Aspirations.

1 O Blessed Saviour, who dost lift up all the earth with three fingers of thy power, raise up a little this painful mass of my body, which weighs down it self so heavily. Give me the wings of an Eagle to flie after thee, for I am constantly resolved to follow thee, whithersoever thou goest: for though it should be within the shadow of death, what can I fear being in the arms of life? I am not of my self, nor of the world, which is so great a deceiver. Since I am thine by so many titles, (which bind me to adoration) I will be so in life, in death, in time, and for all Eternitie. I will take part of thy sufferings, since they are the scarffs of our Christian warfare. Tribulation is a most excellent engine; the more a man is kept under, the higher he mounts: He descends by perfect humility, that he may ascend to thee by the steps of glory.

The Gospel for Tuesday, the second week in Lent, Saint *Matthew* 23.

Jesus said, The Pharisees sit in *Moses* chair, believe therefore what they say.

Then Jesus spake to the multitudes, and to his Disciples, saying, Upon the chair of Moses *have sitten the Scribes and Pharisees. All things therefore whatsoever they shall say to you, observe ye, and do ye: but according to their works do ye not for they say and do not: for they binde heavy burthens and importable, and put them upon mens shoulders, but with a finger of their own they will not move them. But they do all their works for to be seen of men, for they make broad their Phylacteries, and enlarge their Fringes. And they love the first places at Suppers, and the first chairs in the Synagogues, and salutations in the market-place. and to be called of men, Rabbi: But be not you called Rabbi; for one is your Master, and all you are brethren. And call none father to your self upon earth, for one is your Father, he that is in Heaven; neither be ye called Masters, for one is your Master, Christ: he that is the greater of you, shall be your servitour. And he that exalteth himself shall be humbled: and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.*

Moralities.

1. IT is a very dangerous errour, to think that our Saviour in this Gospel, had a purpose to introduce an Anarchy, and to make all men equal. He sheweth in many places, that he would have Kings, Princes, Magistrates, Fathers, and Doctours. But he would not have men to come to honours by a vain ambition, nor others to honour them, but only as they have dependency upon the power of God Almighty. Let every soul (saith the Apostle) be subject to higher Powers, for there is no power, but it cometh from God. He gives us Superiours, not for us to judge, but to obey them. If a man cannot approve their manners, he must at least reverence the character of their authority. They should be good Christians for themselves, but they are Superiours for us. He that resisteth their power, doth resist God, who ordained them. And all the great evils happening by heresies and rebellions, proceed from no other fountain, but from contempt of powers established by the decree of heaven. A man may pretend zeal, but there is no better sacrifice then that of obedience. If great persons abuse their offices, God will find it out; and as their dignities are great, so their punishment shall be answerable.

2. One of the greatest disorders of this life is, that we go for the most part outwardly, to please the world, and are little careful of a good inward application of our selves to please God. In stead of taking the way of God's image (from whence we all come) we are content to have virtues only by imagination, and vices in their true essence. *Nembroth* professed himself a servant of the true God, and yet adored the fire in secret. Jesus hath many worshippers in words, but few in truth. Some stand upon formalities, others upon disguised habits, others amuse themselves about ceremonies, others go as upon certain springs, to make themselves counted wise. Most men would seem what they are not, and much troubled to be seen what they are. All their time doth pass in fashions and countenances; but death and God's judgments take off all those masks.

3. To say, that we have seen a man exteriourly devout and spiritual (except he be so inwardly) is to say, we have seen a house without a foundation, a tree without a root, a vessel move upon the Sea without a bottom, and an excellent clock without a spring. For the same which the foundation is to a house, the root to a tree, the bottom to a ship, and the spring to a clock, the same is a man's interiour life to all virtue. What is a man the better, who resembles window-cushions, which are covered with velvet, and stuft with hay: or to be like the Picture of *Diana*, in *Homer*'s Iland, which wept to some, and laught to others. A little spark of a good conscience is better then all the lights of the world. Why do we crucifie our selves with so many dissimulations, so many ceremonies, so many enforcements upon our natures, to serve and please men only to get smoak? He that sows wind (saith the Prophet) shall reap a storm. Let us live to our selves in the purity of a good conscience, and of a perfect humility, if we desire to live for ever with God. Those shadows of false devotion proceed from the leaves of that fig-tree, wherewith *Adam* and *Eve* covered their nakedness: do not we know that hypocrisy is the same thing to virtue, which painting is to faces? and that it is the very moth which devours sanctity, and will at the day of judgment make all those appear naked, which to the world seem well apparelled.

Aspiration.

Aspiration.

O God of all truth, wherefore are there so many fictions, and counterfeit behaviours? Must we alwaies live to please the eies of others, and run after the shadow of vanity, which leaves nothing but illusion within our eies, and corruption in our manners. I will live unto thee (O fountain of lives) within whom all creatures have life. I will retire my self into my own heart, and negotiate with it by the secret feeling of a good conscience, that I may treat with thee. What need I the eies of men, if I have the eies of God? They alone are sufficient to do me good, since by their aspect they give happiness to all the Saints. I will seek for thee (O my beloved Lord) from the break of day, till the dead time of the night. All places are solitarie where thou art not, and where thou art, there only is the fullness of all pleasures.

The Gospel for Wednesday, the second week in *Lent*, S. *Matth.* 20.

The Request of the Wife of *Zebedee*, for her sons *James* and *John*.

And Jesus going up to Jerusalem, took the twelve Disciples secretly, and said to them, Behold we go up to Jerusalem, and the Son of man shal be delivered to the chief Priests, and to the Scribes, and they shal condemn him to death, and shal deliver him to the Gentiles, to be mocked, and scourged, and crucified, and the third day he shal rise again.

Then came to him the mother of the Sons of Zebedee, *with her sons, adoring and desiring something of him: who said to her, What wilt thou? She saith to him, Say that these my two sons may sit one at thy right hand, and one at thy left hand in thy Kingdom. And Jesus answering, said, You know not what you desire. Can ye drink of the cup that I shal drink of? They say to him, We can. He saith to them, My cup indeed you shal drink of: but to sit at my right hand and left, is not mine to give to you, but to whom it is prepared of my Father.*

Moralities.

1. WHat a short life have we, and yet such large and vast ambitions? We fear everie thing like mortal men, and yet desire all, as if we should be immortal upon earth. It is a strang thing to observe how the desire of honour slides even amongst the most refined devotions. Some one is counted an Angel of Heaven amongst men, who hath not forsaken his pretence upon earth. Ambition sleeps in the bosoms of persons consecrated for the Altars. It overthrows some whom luxurie could not stir; and moves those whom avarice could not touch. We desire all to be known, and to seem what we are not: but this seeming is that which doth bewitch us. All passions grow old and weaker by age; only the desire of worldly riches and honours, is a shirt which we never put off, till we come to the grave. Why do we so extreamly torment our poor life, by running after this shadow of honour, which we cannot follow without trouble, nor possess without fear, nor lose without sorrow? Is it not a strange folly, that men love such vanities, till the very last instant of their own ruins, and fear nothing, so they may tumble into precipices of gold and silver?

2. What great pains you take for these children, as if they did not more belong to God then you: you cast day and night where to place them, when the Providence of God (which is the great Harbinger of the world) hath already markt their lodgings. One is setled in a good Religious course, another in the grave, another perhaps shal have more then is necessary to make him a good man. *Eve* imagined that her son *Cain* (having all the world) would have become some great god, when ambition made him a devil incarnate. You shal rarely make your children great Saints, by getting them great honours. You desire they should possess all that which overthrows them; and pretending to make a building with one hand, you destroy it with the other. By all your earnest wishes; and all your laborious endeavours (for advancement of your children) you effect nothing, but thereby give them enticements to pleasure, and weapons for iniquity.

3. Whereupon should we build our ambitions, if not upon the bloud of the holy Lamb? At the foot of the Cross we behold a God covered with bloud, crowned with thorns and reproaches, who warns us to be humble; and at the same time we eagerly pursue worldly glory and ambition: We resemble that unhappy daughter of *Miltiades*, who did prostitute her self under her fathers Tropheys. By our unmeasurable hunting after honours, amongst the ignominies of Jesus Christ, we abandon our selves to dishonour, and make no other use of the Cross, but only to be a witness of our infidelity.

Aspirations.

AVoid, be gone you importunate cares of worldly goods and honours! you little tyrants, which burn the bloud within our veins, and fill the most innocent pleasures of our life, with bitter sorrows, what have I more to do with you? My children shal be what God will. They shal be but too rich, when they have virtue for their portion, and but too high, when they shal see a true contempt of the world under their feet. God forbid that I should go about any worldly thron upon the holy Lambs bloud, or that I should talk of honours, when there is mention made of the holy Cross, O Jesus, thou father of all true glories, thou shalt from henceforth be my only crown. All greatness where thou art not, shal to me be only baseness, I will mount up to thee by the stairs of humility, since by those thou camest down to me. I will kiss the paths of Mount *Calvary*, which thou hast sprinkled with thy precious bloud, and esteem the Cross above all worldly things, since thou hast consecrated it by thy cruel pains; and brought us forth upon that dolorous bed, to the day of thy eternity.

The Gospel upon Thursday, the second week in Lent, out of Saint *Luke* 16.

Of the rich Glutton, and poor *Lazarus*.

THere was a certain rich man, and he was clothed with purple and silk, and he fared every day magnifically. And there was a certain beggar called Lazarus, *that lay at his gate full of sores, desiring to be filled of the crums that fell from the rich mans table, but the dogs also came, and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried of the Angel into* Abraham's *bosom. And the rich man also died, and he was buried in hell, and lifting up his eys, when he was in torments, he saw* Abraham *afar off, and* Lazarus *in his bosom. And he crying, said, Father* Abraham, *have mercy on me, and send* Lazarus, *that he may dip the tip of his finger into water, to cool my tongue, because I am tormented in this flame. And* Abraham, *said to him, Son, remember that thou didst receive good things in thy life time, and* Lazarus, *likewise evil: but now he is comforted, and thou tormented. And And besides all these things, between us and you there is fixed a great Chaos: that they which will pass from hence to you, may not, neither go from thence hither. And he said, Then father, I beseech thee that thou wouldest send him unto my fathers house, for I have five brethren, for to testifie unto them, lest they also come into this place of torments. And* Abraham *said to them, They have* Moses *and the prophets: let them hear them. But he said, No, father* Abraham, *but if some man shall go from the dead to them, they will do penance. And he said to him, If they hear not* Moses *and the Prophets, neither if one shall rise again from the dead, will they believe.*

Morali-

Moralities.

1. A Rich man and a poor meet in this world, the one loaden with treasures, the other with ulcers. They both meet in the other world, the one in a gulf of fire, the other in Abyss of delights: Their ends are as different, as their lives were contrary: to teach us, that he which shall consider rightly, the end of all worldly sins and vanities, will have in horrour the desire of them. And as there is nothing, for which goodly poor men may not hope, so is there nothing, which wicked rich men should not fear. He that is proud of riches, is proud of his burdens and chains, but if he unload them upon the poor, he will be eased of his pain, and secured in his way.

2. The life of man is a marvellous Comedy wherein the greatest part of our actions are plaid under a curtain, which the Divine Providence draws over them, to cover us. It concealed poor *Lazarus*, and kept him in obscurity, like the fish, which we never see till it be dead. But *Jesus* draws the curtain, and makes himself the historian of this good poor man, shewing us the state of his soul, of his body, of his life and death. He makes him appear in *Abraham's* bosom, as within the temple of rest and happiness, and makes him known to the rich man, as to the treasurer of hells riches. Are we not unworthy the name which we carry, when we despise the poor, and hate poverty, as the greatest misery? since the Son of God having once consecrated it upon the throne of his manger, made it serve for his spouse during life, and his bride-maid at the time of his death.

3. This rich glutton dreamed, and at the end of his dream found himself buried in hell. All those pomps of his life, were scattered in an instant, as so many nocturnal illusions, and his heart filled with eternal grief and torment. His first misery is a sudden, unexpected, and hideous change, from a huge sea of delicacies, into an insufferable gulf of fire: where he doth acknowledge, that one of the greatest vexations in misery, is to have been happy. Another disaster which afflicts him, is to see *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* bosom; to teach us, that the damned are tormented by Paradise, even to the very lowest part of hell; and that the most grievous of their torments, is, they can never forget their loss of God. So saith *Theophylact*, that *Adam* was placed over against the terrestrial Paradise, from whence he was banished, that in his very punishment, he might see the happiness he had lost by his foul fault. Now you must add to the rest of his sufferings, the great Chaos which (like a diamond wall) is between hell and Paradise, together with the privation of all comfort; those losses without remedy; that wheel of eternity; where death lasteth for ever, and the end begins again without ceasing, and the torments can never fail or diminish.

4. Do good with those goods which God hath given you, and suffer them not to make you wicked; but employ your riches by the hands of virtue: If gold be a child of the Sun, why do you hide him from his father? God chose the bosom of rich *Abraham*, to be the Paradise of poor *Lazarus*. So may you make the needy feel happiness by your bounty; your riches shall raise you up, when they are trodden under feet. The Prophet saith, you must sow in the field of Alms, if you desire to reap in the mouth of Mercy.

Aspirations.

O God of Justice, I tremble at the terrour of thy judgments. Great fortunes of the world (full of honour and riches) are fair trees, oft-times the more ready for the axe: Their weight makes them apt to fal, and prove the more unhappy fuel for eternal flames. O Jesus, father of the poor, and King of the rich, I most humbly beseech thee, never give my heart in prey to covetousness, which (by loading me with land) may make me forget Heaven. I know that death must consume me to the very bones, and I shal then possess nothing, but what I have given for thee. Must I then live in this world (like a Griffin) to board up much gold, and silver whereof I shall never have use, and still be vexed with care how to preserve it? O most merciful Lord, suffer me not to be taught by hell fire, that which I may have neglected to learn out of thy Gospel. I most heartily renounce all luxury and pomp of the world, and this carnal life, which would always busie it self about my body. If thou be pleased to make me rich, I will be so for the poor; and if thou make me poor, I will make my self rich in thee, who art the true riches of all thine elect.

The Gospel upon Friday, the second week in Lent, Saint *Matthew* 21.

Of the Master of a Vineyard, whose son was killed by his Farmers.

Another Parable hear ye: A man there was, an housholder, who planted a Vineyard, and made an hedge round about it, and digged in it a press, and builded a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went forth into a strange Country. And when the time of fruits drew nigh, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, to receive the fruits thereof. And the husbandmen apprehending his servants, one they beat, another they they killed, and another they stoned. Again, he sent other servants, more then the former; and they did to them likewise. And last of all, he sent to them his Son, saying, They will reverence my Son. But the husbandmen seeing the Son, said within themselves, This is the heir, come, let us kill him, and we shall have his inheritance. And apprehending him, they cast him forth out of the Vineyard, and killed him. When therefore the Lord of the Vineyard shall come, what will he do to those husbandmen? They say to him, The naughty men he will bring to naught: and his Vineyard he will let out to other husbandmen, that shall render him the fruit of their seasons.

Jesus saith to them, Have you never read in the scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is made into the head of the corner? By our Lord was this done, and it is marvellous in our eys. Therefore I say to you, That the Kingdom of God shall be taken away from you, and shall be given to a Nation, yielding the fruits thereof. And he that falleth upon this stone, shall be broken: and on whom it falleth, it shall all to bruise him. And when the chief Priests and Pharisees had heard his Parables, they knew that he spake of them. And seeking to lay hands upon him, they feared the multitudes: because they held him as a Prophet.

Moralities.

WE have reason to fear all that is in us, yea, even the gifts of God: All his favours are so many chains; if they bind us not to do our duty, they will bind us to the punishment due for that neglect. Our soul is given us by God, as a thing borrowed from Heaven, we must not be too prodigal of it. We must dig up ill roots, as we do in land cultivated: The time will come, that we must render up the fruits; and shall we then present thorns? Examine every day how you profit, and what you do: draw every day a line, but draw it toward eternity. What can you hide from God who knows all? What can you repay to God who gives all? and how can you requite *Jesus* who hath given himself?

2. How many messengers doth God send to our hearts without intermission, and how many inspirations which we reject? So many Sermons which we do not observe, & so many examples which we neglect. Jesus comes in person by the Sacrament of the Altar, and we drive him from us, to crucify him, when

when we place the Devil and mortal sin in his room. What other thing can we expect for reward of all these violences, but a most fearful destruction, if ye do not prevent the sword of justice, by walking in the paths of mercy? Our vanities, which at first are like small threads, by the contempt of God's grace come to be great cables of sin. He that defers his repentance is in danger to lose it, and will be kept out of the Ark, with the croaking Raven, since he hath neglected the mourning of the sorrowful Dove.

3. It is a most horrible thing, to see a soul left to it self, after it hath so many times forsaken the inspirations of God. It becomes a desolate Vineyard, without inclosure. The wild Boar enters into it, and all unclean and ravenous creatures do there sport and leap without controle. God hangs clouds over it, but will let no drop of water fall upon it. The Sun never looks upon it with a loving eye: all there is barren, venomous, and near to Hell. Therefore above all things we must fear to be forsaken of God. Mercy provoked, changes it self into severe Justice. All creatures will serve (as God's instruments) to punish a fugitive soul, which flies from him by her ingratitude, when he draws her to him by the sweetness of his benefits.

Aspirations.

Alas, O great Father of the world's family, I am confounded to see thy Vineyard so ill ordered, made so barren, and spoiled. My passions domineer like wild beasts, and devours the fruits due to thy bounty. I am heartily sorry I have so little esteemed thy graces, and to have preferred all that, which makes me contemptible before thee. I do this day renounce all the abuses of my soul. I will grow and prosper under thy blessings: I will flourish under thy aspect, and fructifie under thy protection. Command only thy graces and sweet dews of Heaven (which are as paps of thy favours) to rain upon me, and water this rotten trunk of my heart. Speak to that eye of love that beautiful eye of Jesus, that it will shine upon me but once with that ray, which doth make souls happy for ever.

The Gospel upon Saturday, the second week in *Lent*, S *Luke* 15.

Of the prodigal Child.

And he said, A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of substance that belongeth to me; and he divided unto them the substance. And not many days after, the youngest son gathering all his things together, went from home into a far Country, and there he wasted his substance, living riotously. And after he had spent all, there fell a sore famine in that Country, and he began to be in need: and he went and cleaved to one of the Citizens of that Country, and he sent him into his Farm to feed Swine. And he would fain have filled his belly of the husks that the Swine did eat, and no body gave unto him. And returning to himself, he said; How many of my father's hirelings have abundance of bread, and I here perish for famine? I will arise, and will go to my father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, I am not now worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hirelings. And rising up, he came to his father, and when he was yet far off, his father saw him, and was moved with mercy, and running to him, fell upon his neck and kissed him. And his son said to him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, I am not now worthy to be called thy son. And the father said to his servants, Quickly bring forth the first stole, and do it on him, and put a Ring upon his hand, and Shoes upon his feet, and bring the fatted Calf, and kill it, and let us eat and make merry, because this my son was dead, and is revived, was lost, and is found. And they began to make merry. But his elder son was in the field, and when he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard musick and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things should be? And he said to him, Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted Calf, because he hath received him safe. But he had indignation, and would not go in. His father therefore going forth, began to desire him. But he answering, said to his father, Behold, so many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed thy commandment, and thou didst never give me a Kid to make merry with my friends. But after that thy son, this, that hath devoured his substance with whores, is come, thou hast killed for him the fatted Calf. But he said to him, Son, thou art always with me, and all my things are thine. But it behoved us to make merry and be glad, because this thy brother was dead, and is revived; was lost, and is found.

Moralities.

1. THis parable is a true table, expressing the excursions of a prodigal soul, and her return to the mercy of God, by the way of repentance. Note, that the first step which she trode toward her own destruction (as *Cain* did) was her departing from God, not by changing of place, but of heart. It departed from the chiefest light, which made it fall into an eclipse of reason, and so into profound darkness. She diverted her self from the greatest bounty, which made her incline toward all wickedness, (being straied from her Sovereign being) which made her become just nothing.

2. She continued in sin, as in a Country which was just nothing, where she was vexed on all sides with disquiet, with cares, with fears and discontents. All sins toss their followers, as the ball is tossed at Baloon. Vanity sends them to pride: pride to violence: violence to avarice: avarice to ambition: ambition to pomp and riot: pomp to gluttony: gluttony to luxury: luxury to idleness: idleness to contempt and poverty: and that poverty brings them to all worldly misery. For all mischiefs follow a wicked soul, which departing from God, thinks to find a better condition.

3. Affliction opens the eys of man, and makes him come to himself, that he may the better return to God. There is no journey so far, as when a man departs from himself, not by place but my manners. A Sea of licentiousness interposeth it self between his soul and innocence, to divorce her from the way of goodness. But God's grace is a burning wind, which dries it up; and having brought man to himself, takes him by the hand, and leads him even to God.

4. O what a happy thing it is, to consider the effects of God's mercy in the entertainment of the good father, to his prodigal son. The one had lost all which he had of a good son: but the other had not lost what belonged to a good father. The son had yet said nothing, when fatherly affection pleaded for him in the heart of his father, who felt the dolours of a spiritual labour, and his entrails were moved to give a second birth to his son. Though he were old, yet he went the pace of a young man. Charity gives him wings to fly to the embracements of his lost child. He is most joyful of that comes with him, even of his very poverty. This without doubt, should give us a marvellous confidence in Gods mercy, when we seek it with hearty repentance. It is a Sea of bounty, which washeth away all that is amiss. Since he hath changed the name of master, into that of father, he will rather command by love, then reign by a predominant power. No man ought to despair of pardon, except he, who can be as fully wicked, as God is good: none is so merciful as God, none is so good a father as he: for when you may have lost your part of all his virtues, you can never (while you live) lose the possibility of his mercy. He will receive you between his arms without any other reason, but your return by repentance.

5. The same Parable is also a true glass, shewing the

the life of those young unthrifts, who think they are born onely for sport, for their bellies, and for pleasure. They imagine their Fathers keep for them the golden mines of Peru, and their life being without government, their expences are without measure. Some of them run through the world, they wander into all places, but never enter into consideration of themselves. They return from forrain parts loaden with debts, and bring home nothing but some new fantastical fashions, cringes, and corantoes. There are many of them in whom pride and misery continue inseparable, after they have lost their mony and their brains. Their Fathers are causes of their faults, by gathering so much wealth for those, who know not how to use it. Yet if they have the true repentance of the prodigal child, he must not deny them pardon: But mercy must not be had of those who ask it by strong hand, or seek it by a counterfeit sorrow.

Aspirations.

IT is an accursed wandring to travel into the country of nothing, where pleasure drops down as water from a storm; the miserable consequences whereof have leaden feet, which never remove from the heart. Good God what a country is that, where the earth is made of quick-silver, which steals it self from under our feet, when we think to tread upon it. What a country is that, where if a man gather one bud of roses, he must be forced to eat a thousand thorns, and be companion with the most nasty, filthy beasts in their stinking ordures, and be glad to eat of their loathsom draffe for want of other meat. Alas, I have surfeited, and such a misery as this, is necessary to make me remember the happinesse which I possessed in thy house: O mercifull Father, behold my prodigal soul which returns to thee and will have no other advocate but thy goodnes; which as yet pleads for me within thy heart. I have consumed all which I had, but I could not consume thy mercy. For that is as an Abyss which surpasseth that of my sins and miseries. Receive me as a mercenary servant, if I may not obtain the name of a son. Why shouldest not thou receive that which is thine, since the wicked spirits have taken that which was not theirs? Either shew me mercy, or else shew me a heart more fatherly then thine, and if neither earth nor heaven can find the like, to whom wouldst thou have me go but to thy self, who doest not yet cease to call me?

The Gospel upon the third Sunday in *Lent*, S. *Luke* 11.

Jesus cast out the Devil which was dumb.

AND he was casting out a devil, and that was dumb. And when he had cast out the devil, the dumb spake, and the multudes marvelled. And certain of them said, in Belzebub the Prince of Devils he casteth out Devils. And others tempting, asked him a sign from Heaven. But he seeing their cogitations, said to them: Every Kingdom divided against it self, shall be made desolate, and house upon house shall fall. And if Satan also be divided against himself, how shall his Kingdom stand? because you say, that in Belzebub I do cast out Devils. And if I in Belzebub cast out Devils; your children, in whom do they cast out? Therefore they shall be your judges. But if I in the finger of God do cast out Devils, surely the Kingdom of God is come upon you. When the strong armed keepeth his court, those things are in peace that he possesseth; but if a stronger then he come upon him, and overcome him, he will take away his whole armour, wherein he trusted, and will distribute his spoils. He that is not with me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth. When the unclean spirit shall depart out of a man, he wandreth through places without water, seeking rest; and not finding, he saith, I will return into my house whence I departed. And when he is come, he findeth it swept with a besom, and trimmed. Then he goeth and taketh seven other spirits worse then himselfs, and entring in, they dwell there. And the last of that man be made worse then the first.

And it came to passe, when he said these things, a certain woman lifting up her voice out of the multitude, said to him, Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that thou didst suck. But he said, yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

Moralities.

1. THe Almond-tree is the first which begins to flourish, and it is often first nipt with frost. The tongue is the first thing which moves in a mans body, and is soonest caught with the [illegible] of Satan. That man deserves to be [illegible] all his life, who never speaks a word bet[illegible] silence.

2. Jesus, the eternal word of God, came upon earth to reform the words of man: his life was a lightning, and his word a thunder, which was powerfull in effect, but always measured within his bounds. He did fight against ill tongues in his life, and conquered them all in his death. The gall and vinegar which he took to expiate the sins of this unhappy tongue, do shew how great the evil was, since it did need so sharp a remedy. He hath cured by suffering his dolours, what it deserved by our committing sins. Other vices are determined by one act, the tongue goes to all: it is a servant to all malicious actions, and is generally confederate with the heart in all crimes.

3. We have just so much Religion as we have government of our tongues: A little thing serves to tame wild beasts, and a small stern will serve to govern a ship? Why then cannot a man rule so small a part of his body? It is not sufficient to avoid lying, perjuries, quarrels, injuries, slanders and blasphemies, such as the Scribes and Pharisees did vomit out in this Gospel against the purity of the Son of God: We must also repress idle talk, and other frivolous and unprofitable discourses. There are some persons who have their hearts so loose, that they cannot keep them within their brests, but they will quickly swim upon their lips, without thinking what they say, and so make a shift to wound their souls.

4. I mitate a holy Father called *Sisus*, who prayed God thirty years together every day to deliver him from his tongue, as from a capitall enemy. You shall never be very chaste of your body, except you do very well bridle your tongue. For looseness of the flesh proceeds sometimes from liberty of the tongue: Remember your self that your heart should go like a clock, with all the just and equal motions of his springs; and that your tongue is the finger, which shews how all the hours of the day passe. When the heart goes of one side, and the tongue of another, it is a sure desolation of your spirits Kingdom. If Jesus set it once at peace and quiet, you must be very careful to keep it so, and be very fearfull of relapses. For the multiplying of long continued sins, brings at last hell it self upon a mans shoulders.

Aspirations.

O Word incarnate, to whom all just tongues speak, and after whom all hearts do thirst and languish; chase from us all prating devils, and also those which are dumb: the first provoke and loose the tongue to speak wickedly, and the other bind it when it should confesse the truth. O peace-making *Solomon*, appease the divisions of my heart, and unite all my powers to the love of thy service. Destroy in me all the marks of Satans Empire, and plant there

there thy Tropheys and Standards, that my ſpirit be never like thoſe devils which ſeek for reſt, but ſhall never find it. Make me preſerve inviolable the houſe of my conſcience, which thou haſt cleanſed by repentance, and cloathed with thy graces: that I may have perſeverance to the end without relapſes, and ſo obtain happineſs without more need of repentance

The Goſpel upon Munday, the third week in Lent, Saint *Luke* 4.

Jeſus is required to do Miracles in his own Countrey.

AND he ſaid to them Certes, you will ſay to me this ſimilitude, Phyſitian cure thy ſelf: as great things as we have heard done in Capernaum, do alſo here in thy Countrey. And he ſaid, Amen, I ſay to you, that no Prophet is accepted in his own Countrey. In truth I ſay to you, there were many widows in the days of Elias in Iſrael, when the heaven was ſhut three years and ſix months, when there was a great famine made in the whole earth; and to none of them was Elias ſent, but into Sarepta of Sidon, to a widow woman. And there were many Lepers in Iſrael under Eliæus the Prophet, and none of them made clean but Naaman the Syrian. And all in the Synagogue were filled with anger, hearing theſe things. And they roſe, and caſt him out of the City: and they brought him to the edge of the hill whereupon their City was built, that they might throw him down head long. But he paſſing through the midſt of them, went his way.

Moralities.

1. THE malignity of mans nature undervalueth all that which it hath in hand, and little eſteems many neceſſary things, becauſe they are common. The Sun is not counted rare, becauſe it ſhines every day, and the elements are held contemptible, ſince they are common to the poor as wel as the rich. Jeſus was deſpiſed in his own Countrey, becauſe he was there known to all the world, and the diſdain of that ungrateful Nation cloſed the hands of his great bounty. Is it not a great unhappineſs to be weary and tired with often communicating? to be wicked becauſe God is good? and to ſhut up our ſelves cloſe, when he would impart himſelf to us? Men make little account of great benefits and ſpiritual helps, for that they have them preſent. They muſt loſe thoſe favours to know them well, and ſeek outrageouſly without effect, what they have kickt away with contempt, becauſe it was eaſily poſſeſt.

2. The choices and elections of God are not to be comprehended within our thoughts, but they ſhould be adored by our hearts. He is Maſter of his own favours, and doth what he will in the Kingdoms of Nature, Grace, and Glory. He makes veſſels of Potters earth, of gold and ſilver. He makes Holy-dayes and working-days (ſaith the Wiſeman) his liberalities are as free to him, as his thoughts. We muſt not examine the reaſon why he doth elevate ſome, and abaſe others. Our eye muſt not be wicked, becauſe his heart is good. Let us content our ſelves that he loves the humble, and to know that the loweſt place of all, is moſt ſecure. No man is made reprobate without juſtice, no man is ſaved without mercy. God creates men to repair in many, that which he hath made; and alſo to puniſh in the perſons of many, that which he hath not made.

3. Jeſus doth not cure his brethren; and yet cures ſtrangers; to ſhew, that his powers are not tied to any nation, but his own will. So likewiſe the graces of God are not to be meaſured according to the nature of him who receives them, but by the pure bounty of him who gives them. The humility of ſome doth call him, when the preſumption of others doth eſtrange him. The weak grounds of a dying law, did no good to the Jews, who diſdained the grace of Jeſus Chriſt. And that diſdain deprived them of their adoption, of the glory of the New Teſtament, of all the promiſes, and of all Magiſtracy. They loſt all, becauſe they would keep their own wills. Let us learn by the grace of God to deſire earneſtly that good, which we would obtain effectually. Perſons diſtaſted and ſurfetted, cannot advance much in a ſpiritual life. And he that ſeeks after perfection coldly, ſhall never find it.

Aſpirations.

THy beauties (moſt ſweet Jeſus) are without ſtain, thy goodneſs without reproach, and thy converſation without importunity. God forbid I ſhould be of the number of thoſe ſouls which are diſtaſted with Manna, and languiſh after the onions of Egypt. The more I taſte thee, the more I incline to do thee honour. Familiarity with an infinite thing, begets no contempt but onely from thoſe whom thou doeſt deſpiſe for their own faults. O what high ſecrets are thy favours. O what Abyſſes are thy graces. We may wiſh and run: But except thou cooperate, nothing is done. If thou ceaſe to work, all is undone. I put all my happineſs into thy hands: It is thou alone which knoweſt how to chuſe what we moſt need by thy Sovereign wiſdom, and thou giveſt it by thy extream bounty.

The Goſpel upon Tueſday, the third week in *Lent*, S. *Matth.* 18.

If thy brother offend thee, tell him of it alone.

BUT if thy Brother ſhall offend againſt thee, go and rebuke him between thee and him alone: if he ſhall hear thee, thou ſhalt gain thy brother, and if he will not hear thee, joyn with thee beſides, one or two, that in the mouth of two or three witneſſes every word may ſtand. And if he will not hear them, tell the Church; and if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the Heathen and the Publican. Amen, I ſay to you, whatſoever ye ſhall bind upon earth, ſhall be bound alſo in heaven: and whatſoever ye ſhall looſe upon earth, ſhall be looſed alſo in heaven. Again I ſay to you, that if two of you ſhall conſent upon earth, concerning every thing whatſoever they aſk, it ſhall be done to them of my Father which is in heaven: for where there be two or three gathered in my name, there am I in the midſt of them. Then came Peter unto him, and ſaid, Lord, how often ſhall my brother offend againſt me and I forgive him? until ſeven times? Jeſus ſaid to him, I ſay not to thee until ſeven times but until ſeventy times ſeven times.

Moralities.

1. THE heavens are happy that they go always in one meaſure, and in ſo great a revolution of ages do not make one falſe ſtep: but man is naturally ſubject to fail: He is full of imperfections, and if he have any virtues, he carries them like duſt againſt the wind, or ſnow againſt the ſun. This is the reaſon which teaches him that he needs good advice.

2. It is ſomewhat hard to give right correction, but much harder to receive it profitably. Some are ſo very fair ſpoken, that they praiſe all which they ſee, and becauſe they will find nothing amiſs, they are ordinarily good to no body. They ſhew to thoſe whom they flatter, their virtues in great, and their faults in little; they will ſay to thoſe who are plunged in great diſorders, they have no other fault, but that they are not ſufficiently careful of their own health. Others do correct with ſuch ſharpneſs and violence, that they wound their own hearts to cure other mens, and ſeem to have a greater minde to pleaſe their own paſſions, then to amend thoſe whom they would inſtruct. Correction ſhould be accompanied with ſweetneſs, but it muſt carry withall a little vigour to make a right temper, and to keep a mean between ſoftneſs and auſterity. Jeſus in the Prophet *Iſaiah* is called both a rod and a flower: to ſhew us (according to *Origen*) that he carries ſe-

verity mingled with sweetness; to use either of them according to the diversity of persons.

3. It is not a very easie thing to receive brotherly correction patiently, we are so far in love with being well thought of. And after we have lost the tree of life, (which is virtue it self) we would keep the bark of it, which is onely reputation. All shadows proceed from those bodies upon which somewhat shines; honour is the child of a known virtue: and many, when they cannot get one lawfull, are willing to have a Bastard. This is the cause, why so many resemble those serpents, which requite them with poison, who sing to them pleasant songs. Whatsoever is spoken to instruct them, makes them passionate, and dart out angry speeches against those, who speak to them mild and gentle words of truth, and tending to their salvation. Rest assured, you can never get perfection, except you count it a glory to learn, and discover your own imperfections.

4. There is nothing of more force then the prayers of just men: which are animated by the same spirit, and cemented together with perfect concord. They are most powerful both in heaven and earth. When they desire what God will, they are always heard; if not according to the wishes of their own nature, yet according to the greater profits of his grace. He is always happy, who hath that which he would; because he knows how to wish what is fitting, and finds means to obtain what he desires by reason of his abstinence from coveting that which cannot be had.

5. We must not offer to limit our goodness, but as it comes from an infinite God, we should make it as near, being infinite, as we can. He gives the lie to virtues, who will reduce them to a certain number. We must never be weary of well doing, but imitate the nature of celestial things, which never make any end but to begin again.

Aspiration.

O God, what spots are in my soul, and how little do I look into my own imperfections? Wilt thou never shew me to my self, (for some good time) that I may cure my self by horrour of seeing what I am, since I do so often wound my self, by being too indulgent to my own naughty affections. It is a great offence to break the glass which representeth me to my self by brotherly correction, & to think, I shall commit no more sins when no body will take liberty to reprove me. I will humble my self to the very dust, and mount up to thy glory by contempt of my own baseness: Alas, must my soul be always so far in love with it self, that it cannot suffer the remonstrance of a friend? how will it then endure the tooth of an enemy? what can she love being so partial to her self, if she do not love most ugly darkness, O my redoubted Master, I fear thine eyes which see those obscurities, which the foolish world takes to be brightness. If I cannot be always innocent, make me at least acknowledg my self faulty, that I may know my self as I am, to the end thou mayest know me for an object capable of thy mercy.

The Gospel upon Wednesday the third week in Lent, S. *Matthew* 15.

The Pharisees asked Jesus, Why do thy Disciples contradict ancient Traditions

THen came to him from Jerusalem, Scribes, and Pharisees saying, Why do thy Disciples transgress the tradition of the ancients? For they wash not their hands when they eat bread. But he answering, said to them, Why do you also transgress the commandment of God for your tradition? For God said, Honour Father and Mother: and he that shall curse father or mother, dying let him dy. But you say, Whosoever shall say to father or mother, The gift whatsoever proceedeth from me, shall profit thee, and shall not honour his father or his mother: and you have made frustrate the Commandment of God for your own tradition. Hypocrites, well hath Esaiah prophesied of you, saying, This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. And in vain do they worship me, teaching doctrins and commandments of men.

And having called together the multitudes unto him, he said to them, Hear ye and understand, Not that which entreth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which proceedeth out of the mouth, that defileth a man. Then came his Disciples and said to him, Dost thou know, that the Pharisees when they heard this word, were scandalized? But he answering, said, All planting which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up. Let them alone; blind they are, guides of the blind: and if the blind be guide to the blind, both fall into the ditch. And Peter answering, said to him, Expound us this Parable But he said, Are you also as yet without understanding? Do you not understand, that all that entreth into the mouth, goeth into the belly, and is cast forth into the privy? But the things that proceed out of the mouth, come forth from the heart, and those things defile a man. For from the heart come forth evil cogitations, murders, adulteries, fornications, theefts, false testimonies, blasphemy: These are the things that defile: but to eat with unwashen hands, doth not defile a man.

Moralities.

1. THe spirit of man is wretched, and makes it self businesse by being disquieted with petty little things: and tormenting it self with formalities, whiles it lives in a deep neglect of all that, which is most essential to her salvation. The Pharisees did place their perfections in washing themselves every hour of the day in bearing writs of the Law upon their foreheads, and thorns upon their heels, but made no scruple to take away the honour due to fathers and mothers from their children: to make spoil of the world by a ravenous avarice (which took upon it the appearance of piety) and to give up innocent blood under the shew of justice. The world doth now furnish it self with such like devotions. Some make it a sin to look upon a fair flower with delight: to eat with a good appetite: to drink cool wine in hot weather: to burn a paper, upon which the name of Jesus is written: to tread upon two straws that lie a cross. But to set money to usury, to remember injuries for ever, to keep a poor workmans wages, to oppress the weak, to accuse the innocent, to spoil miserable persons: These are the little sins which pass for virtues in this world. Assure your self that such proceedings are abominable before God; and there can be no better devotion in the world, then to have a true and right feeling of God, and to live in honesty, not sophisticated, but such as is produced out of the pure lights of nature. The conscience of hypocrites is a spiders web, whereof no garment can ever be made. Hypocrisie is a very subtil fault, and a secret poison, which kils other virtues with their own swords.

2. Jesus is our great master, who hath abridged six hundred and thirteen Precepts of the old Testament within the Law of love. Do but love (saith Saint *Augustine*) and do what you will: but then your love must go to the right fountain, which is the heart of God. It is in him you must cherish and honour your neerest friends; and for him also you are bound to love even your greatest enemies. Be not afraid to shew him your heart stark naked, that he may pierce it with his arrows; for the wounds of such an archer are much more precious then rubies. You shall gain all by loving him; and death it self, which comes from this love, is the gate of life. If you love him truly, you will have the three conditi-

tions of love, which are, to serve him, to imitate him, and to suffer for him. You must serve him with all fidelity in your prayers, and all your actions: you must imitate him (what possibly you can) in all the passages of his life; And you must hold it for a glory to participate (with a valiant patience) all the fruits of his Cross.

Aspirations.

O Great God, who judgest all hearts, and doest penetrate the most secret retirements of our consciences, drive away from me all counterfeit Pharisaical devotions, which are nothing but shews, and cannot subsist but by false apparencies. O my God, my Jesus, make me keep the Law of thy love, and nothing else. It is a yoke which brings with it more honour then burden; It is a yoke which hath wings, but no heavines: Make me serve thee, (O my Master) since thou beholdest the services of all the Angels under thy feet: Make me imitate thee, (O my Redeemer) since thou art the original of all perfections: make me suffer for thee, (O King of the afflicted) and that I may not know what it is to suffer, by knowing what it is to love.

The Gospel upon Thursday the third week in Lent, S. *Luke* 4.

Jesus cured the Feaver of *Simon's* Mother in Law.

AND Jesus rising up out of the Synagogue, entred into Simon's house, and Simon's wives mother was holden with a great Feaver, and they besought him for her. And standing over her, he commanded the Feaver, and it left her: And incontinent rising, she ministred to them. And when the Sun was down, all that had diseased of sundry maladies, brought them to him: But he imposing hands upon every one, cured them. And Devils went out from many, crying and saying, that thou art the Son of God. And rebuking them, he suffered them not to speak that they knew he was Christ. And when it was day, going forth, he went into a desart place, and the multitudes sought him, and came even unto him: and they held him, that he should not depart from them. To whom he said, That to other Cities also must I Evangelize the Kingdom of God: because therefore I was sent. And he was preaching in the Synagogues of Galilee.

Moralities.

1. A Soul within a sick body, is a Princess that dwels in a ruinous house: Health is the best of all temporal goods; without which, all honours are as the beams of an eclipsed sun: Riches are unpleasing, and all pleasures are languishing. All joy of the heart subsists naturally in the health of the body. But yet it is true, that the most healthfull persons are not always the most holy. What profit is there in that health, which serves for a provocation to sin, for an enticement to worldly pleasure, and a gate to death? The best souls are never better nor stronger, then when their bodies are sick: their diseases are too hard for their mortal bodies, but their courage is invincible. It is a great knowledge to understand our own infirmities. Prosperity keeps us from the view of them, but adversity shews them to us. We should hardly know what death is, if so many diseases did not teach us every day that we are mortal. *Semiramis* the proudest of all Queens had made a law, whereby she was to be adored in stead of all the gods, but being humbled by a great sickness, she acknowledged her self to be but a woman.

2. All the Apostles pray for this holy woman which was sick, but she her self asked nothing, nor did complain of any thing. She leaves all to God, who is onely Master of life and death. She knew that he which gives his benefits with such bounty, hath the wisdom to chuse those which are most fit for us: How do we know, whether we desiring to be delivered from a sickness, do not ask of God to take away a gift which is very necessary to our salvation? That malady or affliction which makes us distaste worldly pleasures, gives us a disposition to taste the joys of heaven.

3. How many sick persons in the heat of a Feaver promise much, and when they are wel again, perform nothing. That body which carried all the marks of death in the face, is no sooner grown strong by health (which rejoyceth the heart, and fils the veins with blood) but it becomes a slave to sin. The gifts of God (being abused) serve for nothing but to make it wicked; and so the soul is killed by recovery of the flesh. But this pious woman is no sooner on foot, but she serves the Authour of life, and employes all those limbs, (which Jesus cured of the Feaver) to prepare some provisions to refresh him. He that will not use the treasures of heaven with acknowledgment, deserveth never to keep them. When a man is recovered from a great sickness, as his body is renewed by health: so on the other side, he should renew his spirit by virtue. The body, (saith S. *Maximus*) is the bed of the soul, where it sleeps too easily in continual health, and forgets it self in many things. But a good round sickness doth not onely move, but turn over this bed, which maketh the soul awake, to think on her salvation, and make a total conversion.

Aspirations.

O Word Incarnate, all Feavers and Devils flie before the beams of thy redoubted face. Must nothing but the heat of thy passions always resist thy powers and bounties? To what maladies and indispositions am I subject? I have more diseases in my soul then limbs in my body. My weakness bends under thy scourges, and yet my sins continue stil unmoveable. Stay, (O benign Lord) stay thy selfe near me. Cast upon my dull and heavy eyes, one beam from those thine eyes, which make all storms clear, and all disasters happy. Command that my weakness leave me, and that I may arise to perform my services due to thy greatness, as I will for ever owe my salvation to thine infinite power and bounty.

The Gospel upon Friday the third week in Lent, Saint *John* 4.

Of the Samaritan woman at JACOB's Well, near *Sichar*.

HE cometh therefore into a City of Samaria, which is called Sichar, beside the Mannour that Jacob gave to Joseph his Son. And there was there the fountain of Jacob. Jesus therefore wearied of his journey, sate so upon the fountain. It was about the sixth hour,

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water, Jesus saith to her, Give me to drink: for his Disciples were gone into the City to buy meats: therefore that Samaritan woman saith to him, How dost thou, being a Jew, ask of me to drink, which am a Samaritan woman? for the Jews do not communicate with the Samaritans. Jesus answered and said to her, If thou didst know the gift of God, and who he is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou perhaps wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. The woman saith to him, Sir, neither hast thou wherein to draw, and the Well is deep; whence hast thou the living water? Art thou greater then our Father Jacob who gave us the Well, and himself drank of it, and his children and his Cattel. Jesus answered, and said to her, Every one that drinketh of this water, shall thirst again; but he that shall drink of the water that I will give him, shall not thirst for ever: but the water, that I will give him, shall become unto him a fountain of water springing up unto life everlasting. The woman saith to him, Lord, give me

this water, that I may not thirst, nor come hither to draw.

Jesus said to her, Go call thy husband, and come hither. The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus saith to her, Thou hast said well that I have no husband: for thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast, is not thy husband. Thou thou hast said truly.

The Woman saith to him, Lord, I perceive that thou art a Prophet. Our Fathers adored in this Mountain, and you say, that Jerusalem is the place where men must adore. Jesus saith to her, woman believe me, that the hour shall come, when you shall neither in this Mountain, nor in Jerusalem, adore the Father. You adore that you know not: we adore that we know; for salvation is of the Jews: but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true adorers shall adore the Father in spirit and verity. For the Father also seeketh such to adore him. God is a spirit, and they that adore him, must adore in spirit and verity. The woman saith to him, I know that Messias cometh, (which is called Christ) therefore when he cometh, he will shew us all things. Jesus saith to her, I am he that speake with thee.

And incontinent his Disciples came: and they marvelled that he talked with a woman. No man for all that said, What seekest thou, or why talkest thou with her? The Woman therefore left her water pot, and she went into the City, and saith to those men, Come and see a man that hath told me all things whatsoever I have done: Is not he Christ? They went forth therefore out of the City, and came to him.

In the mean time the Disciples desired him, saying, Rabbi, eat. But he said to them, I have meat to eat which you know not. The Disciples therefore said one to another, hath any man brought him for to eat? Jesus saith to them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, to perfect his work. Do not you say, that yet there are four months, and harvest cometh? Behold I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the Countries, that they are white already to harvest: and he that reapeth, receiveth hire, and gathereth fruit unto life everlasting, that both he that soweth, and he that reapeth, may rejoyce together. For in this is the saying true, that it is one man that soweth, and it is another that reapeth. I have sent you to reap that for which you laboured not: others have laboured, and you have entred into their labours.

And of that City many believed in him of the Samaritans, for the word of the Woman giving testimony, that he told me all things whatsoever I have done. Therefore when the Samaritans were come to him, they desired him that he would tarry there. And he tarried there two days. And many more believed for his own word: and they said to the Woman, That now, not for thy saying do we believe: for our selves have heard, and do know, that this is the Saviour of the world indeed.

Moralities.

1. THe God of all power is weary, the main sea desires a drop of salt water: the King of Angels becomes a suppliant for a little part of all that, which is his own. This Gospel shews us clearly the love of God toward humane nature, and the infinite zeal which he hath to the salvation of souls. Is it not a thing, which should load us with confusion, to see, that he who is filled with all felicities hath only one thirst, which is, that we should thirst after him? and that we should make chief account of that living water, which he carrieth within his breast, which indeed properly is grace, the onely way to glory.

2. Behold the difference between *Jacobs* Well and the Well of Jesus; between contentments of the world, and the pleasures of God. The Well of *Jacob* is common to men and beasts; to shew unto us, that a man which glorifieth himself of his sensual delights, makes a Trophey of his own baseness, and a Triumph of his fault. It is just as if *Nebuchadnezzar* forsaking his Crown and throne (to transform himself into a beast) should brag, that he had gotten a handsom stable, and very good hay. But the fountain of Jesus holds in it the water of graces, a wholesom water, pure and Christalline, which brings us to the society of Angels. The water of *Jacob*, though it be but a water for beasts, yet it is hard to obtain: There are many which run mad after riches, honours and contentments of this world, and can never come to possess them: They live in a mill, and gain nothing out of it, but the noise and dust. They turn round about upon the wheel of disquiet, and never rest. But if good fortune sometime cast them a bone, there are a hundred dogs which strive to catch it. All their life is nothing but expectation, and their end onely despair. Whereas the Well of Jesus is open to all the world, he seeketh, he asketh, he calleth, he giveth *gratis*, he requireth nothing of us but our selves, and would have us for no other reason but onely to make us happy. The Well of *Jacob* begetteth thirst, but doth not quench it. Do not you consider that the Samaritan woman left her pot there, and did not drink? After so many fantasms and illusions, which do amuse worldlings, they must part from the world with great thirst. But the fountains of our Saviour free us from the desire of all creatures, and do establish within mans spirit, an object of which the heart can never lose the delight. O happy Samaritan! (saith Saint *Ambrose*) which left her pot empty, that she might return full of Jesus Christ. She did no wrong to her fellow Citizens, for if she brought no water to the Town, yet she made the fountain it self come thither.

3. Is it not a shameful thing that God should seek us amongst the heats of his love and sufferings, desireth nothing but us, is contented with the possession of our heart, and yet we cannot be content with him? Shall not we forsake all the disorders of a sensual life which hinder the effect of Gods grace? Shall not we forsake and leave behind us our pitcher, bidding farewel to all those occasions which lead us to sin, to avoid that fire whereof we have reason to fear the smoke?

Aspirations.

O (Unexhaustible fountain of all beauties) that my soul hath been long alienated from thee! I have so many times run after the salt waters of worldly pleasures and contentments which have not ceased to kindle a wicked thirst within my veins, in such a violent proportion, that I could not quench it. But now (O sweet Saviour) my soul (being weary and distasted with all the fading delights of this transitory world) doth languish incessantly after thee. Whether the break of day begin to gild the mountains with his brightness, whether the Sun be advanced high in his course, or whether the night do cast a dark vail over all mortal things. I seek and desire thy entertainments, which are the only sweet Idea's of my soul. I plunge my self within the contemplation of thy greatness, I adore thy powers. The first, which torments me (by loving thee) is so precious, that I would not lose it to drink Nectar; and I can never quench it, but in the streams of those delights and pleasures, which proceed from the throne of the holy Lamb.

The Gospel upon Saturday the third week in Lent, S. *John* the 8.

Of the woman found in adultery.

AND Jesus went into the Mount Olivet, and early in the morning again he came into the Temple, and the people came to him, and sitting he taught them.

And the Scribes and Pharisees bring a woman taken in adultery, and they did set her in the midst, and said to him, Master, this woman was even now taken in adultery. And

in

in the law Moſes commanded to ſtone ſuch. What ſayeſt thou therefore? and this they ſaid tempting him, that they might accuſe him. But Jeſus bowing himſelf down, with his finger wrote in the earth. When they therefore continued asking him he lifted up himſelf, and ſaid to them, He that is without ſin of you, let him firſt throw the ſtone at her. And again bowing himſelf, he wrote in the earth. And they hearing, went out one by one, beginning at the Seniours, and Jeſus alone remained, and the woman ſtanding in the midſt. And Jeſus lifting up himſelf, ſaid to her, woman, where are they that accuſed thee? Hath no man condemned thee? who ſaid, No man, Lord. And Jeſus ſaid, Neither will I condemn thee. Go, and now ſin no more.

Moralities.

1. MEn naturally love better to cenſure the life of another, then to examine their own. The Ravens accuſe Doves, and he ſits often upon a Tribunal to condemn vice, who doth lodge it in his heart. Many reſemble the Cocks which crow againſt a Baſiliſk, and yet bear the ſeed of it in their entrails. Reaſon would alwayes, that we begin to reform others, by the cenſure of our own life. No word can carry ſuch life and vigour with it, as that which is followed by action. To talk all and do nothing, is to build with one hand, and deſtroy with the other. The land of the living ſhall never be for thoſe, who have their tongues longer then their arms.

2. To what purpoſe is it to ſpeak good words, and yet lead an ill life? A man can neither hide himſelf from God nor himſelf: his conſcience is a thouſand witneſſes. Thoſe, who were ready to lift up their hands to ſtone the adulterous woman, were diverted, and departed with confuſion, ſeeing their ſins written in the duſt, with certain figures to expreſs them. If we could always behold our own life before our eyes (as a piece of Tapiſtry) we ſhould there ſee ſo many Serpents amongſt flowers, that we would have more horrour of our own ſins, then will to cenſure thoſe who are like our ſelves.

3. God ſhews mercy, but would not ſuffer his mildneſs to be abuſed, ſin muſt not print its ſteps upon his clemency. It is a falſe repentance for a man to act that which himſelf hath condemned: and after ſo many relapſes, to take but one fall into everlaſting pain. The ordinary Gloſs obſerves, that our Saviour bended down, when he wrote upon the earth; to ſhew, that the remembrance of our ſins lay heavy upon him: But when he began to pardon, he aroſe up; to teach us, what joy and comfort he takes in the Kingdom of his mercy.

Aſpirations.

O Sovereign Judge, who ſitteſt upon a Tribunal ſeat, borne up with truth and power; make me rather judge mine own life, then cenſure the lives of others. Muſt I be full of eyes without, and blind within? ſhew me my ſtains, and give me water to waſh them out. Alaſs! I am altogether but one ſtain, and thou art all purity. My ſoul is aſhamed to ſee it ſelf ſo dark before thy light, and ſo ſmutted over, before thine immortal whiteneſs. Do not write me upon the ground, as a child of earth; write me in heaven, ſince I am the portion which thou haſt purchaſed with thy precious blood: Blot out my ſins, which are but too deeply graven upon my hands; and pardon, by thine infinite mercy, what thou mayeſt condemn by juſtice.

The Goſpel upon Sunday the fourth week in Lent, S. *John* 6.

Of the five Fiſhes, and two Barly loaves.

After theſe things Jeſus went beyond the Sea of Galilee, which is of Tiberias; and a great multitude followed him, becauſe they ſaw the ſigns which he did upon thoſe that were ſick. Jeſus therefore went up into the mountain, and there he ſate with his Diſciples. And the Paſcha was at hand, the feſtival day of the Jews. When Jeſus therefore had lifted up his eyes, and ſaw that a very great multitude cometh to him, he ſaith to Philip, whence ſhall we buy bread, that theſe may eat? and this he ſaid, tempting him, for himſelf knew what he would do. Philip anſwered him, two hundred penyworth of bread is not ſufficient for them, that every man may take a little piece. One of his Diſciples, Andrew the brother of Simon Peter, ſaith to him, There is a boy here, that hath five Barly loaves, and two Fiſhes, but what are theſe among ſo many? Jeſus therefore ſaith, Make the men ſit down. And there was much graſs in the place. The men therefore ſate down, in number about five thouſand. Jeſus therefore took the loaves, and when he had given thanks, he diſtributed to them that ſate. In like manner alſo of the Fiſhes, as much as they would. And after they were filled, he ſaid to his Diſciples, Gather the fragments that are remaining, leſt they be loſt. They gathered therefore, and filled twelve baſkets with fragments of the five Barly loaves which remained to them that had eaten. Thoſe men therefore when they had ſeen what a ſign Jeſus had done, ſaid, That this is the Prophet indeed that is to come into the world. Jeſus therefore when he knew that they would come to take him, and make him a King, he fled again into the mountain himſelf alone.

Moralities.

1. WHat a happy thing it is to ſerve God, whoſe converſation is ſo worthy all love! See how he carried himſelf toward this poor multitude, which followed him with ſuch zeal and conſtancy. It ſeems they were his children, that he carried them all upon his ſhoulders, that he had their names, their Countries, their qualities, and the conditions of their ſmall fortunes graven in his heart. He is ſo tender over them, he ſo afflicts himſelf about them, as a Shepherd over his poor flock. He inſtructs them, he ſpeaks to them of heavenly things, he heals their maladies, he comforts their ſadneſs, he lifts his eyes up to heaven for them; and for them he opens his divine hands (the treaſures of Heaven) and nouriſhes them by a miracle, as they had wholly reſigned themſelves to him with ſuch abſolute confidence. O how are we cheriſhed by heaven, ſince God doth bind himſelf to help us! And we ſhould be unfaithfull not to truſt him, who makes nature it ſelf ſo faithful to us. It is here much to be obſerved, that God doth no miracles for his own profit: he doth not change ſtones into bread in the deſart to nouriſh himſelf after that long faſt which he did there make: but for his faithful ſervants he alters the courſe of nature; and being auſtere to himſelf, he becomes indulgent to us; to teach us, that we ſhould deſpoil our ſelves of ſelf-love, which ties us to our own fleſh, and makes us ſo negligent to our neighbour.

2. What precious thing is to be gotten by following the world, that we ſhould forſake Jeſus in the Deſart, and run after vaine hopes at Court, and great mens houſes, where we pretend to make ſome fortune? How many injuries muſt a man diſſemble? How many affronts muſt he ſwallow? How many deadly ſweats muſt he endure, to obtain ſome reaſonable condition? How many times muſt he ſacrifice his children, engage his own conſcience, and offer violences to others, to advance the affairs of great men? And after many years ſervice, if any fore-air'd or ruinous buſineſs committed to his charge (in the purſuit whereof he muſt walk upon thorns) ſhall chance to miſcarry, all the fault muſt be laid upon a good officer; and if he prove unlucky, he ſhall ever be made culpable, and in the turning of a hand, all his good ſervices forgotten and loſt: and for a final recompence, he muſt be loaden with infinite diſgraces. It is quite contrary in the ſervice of God: for he encourages our virtues, he ſupplies our defects, governs our ſpiritual, and yet neglects not our temporal occaſions.

casion. He that cloaths the flowers of the Meadows more gorgeously then Monarchs, who lodges so many little Fishes in golden and azure shels, he, who doth but open his hand and repleniſhes all nature with bleſſings, if we be faithful in keeping his Commandments, will never forſake us at our need. But yet we find all the difficulties of the world to put our truſt in him, we vilifie our cares of eternity: and by ſeeking after worldly things whereby to live, we torment our ſelves, & in the end loſe our own lives. A man that muſt dy, needs very few worldly things; a very little Cabbin will ſuffice nature, but whole Kingdoms will not ſatisfie covetouſneſs.

3. Jeſus flies from Scepters, and runs to the Croſs; he would have no worldly Kingdoms, becauſe their Thrones are made of Ice, & their Crowns of Glaſs. He valued the Kingdom of God above all things, that he might make us partakers of his precious conqueſt, and infinite rich prize. But now it ſeems that heaven is not a ſufficient Kingdom for us; men run after land, & itch after the ambition of fading greatneſs: and ſometimes all their life paſſeth away in great ſins, and as great troubles, to get a poor title of three letters upon their Tomb. Alaſs! do we know better then God, in what honour conſiſts, that we muſt ſeek after that which he did avoid, and not imitate that which he followed?

Let us follow God, and believe that where he is, there can be no deſart or ſolitude for us. They ſhall never taſte the delights of virtue that feed upon the joys of vanity. All worldly pleaſures are Comets, made fat with the ſmokes and vapours of the earth; and inſtead of giving light and brightneſs, they bring forth murders and contagions: but the following of God is always ſweet, and he which ſuffers thereby, changes his very tears into nouriſhment.

Aſpiration.

O My God! Shall I always run after that which flies from me, and never follow Jeſus who follows me by incomparable paths, and loves me even while I am ungrateful. I will no more run after the ſhadows of worldly honour, I will no more have my own will, which both is, and hath proved ſo unfaithful. I will put my ſelf into the happy courſe of Gods diſpoſition, for all which ſhall happen unto me, either in time or eternity; his careful eye watches over me, it is for me that his hands have treaſures, and the very Deſarts poſſeſs abundance. O crucified love, the moſt pure of all beauties, it is for thee that ſo many generous Champions have peopled the Deſarts, and paſſed the ſtreams of bitterneſs and ſorrow, bearing their croſſes after thee; and thereupon have felt the ſweetneſs of thy viſits among their cruel rigours. God forbid, that I ſhould give the ly to ſo great and ſo generous a company. I go to thee and will follow thee amongſt the deſarts; I run not after bread, I run after thy divine perſon, I will make much of thy wounds, I honour thy torments, I will conform my ſelf to thee, that I may find joy amongſt thy dolours, and liſe it ſelf amongſt thine infinite ſufferings.

The Goſpel upon Munday, the fourth week in Lent, S. *John* 2.

Of the whipping buyers and ſellers out of the Temple.

And the Paſche of the Jews was at hand, and Jeſus went up to Jeruſalem, and he found in the Temple them that ſold Oxen, and Sheep, and Doves, and the Bankers ſitting. And when he had made, as it were, a whip of little cords, he caſt them all out of the Temple, the ſheep alſo and the oxen, and the mony of the Bankers he poured out, and the tables he overthrew. And to them that ſold Doves, he ſaid, Take away theſe things hence, and make not the houſe of my Father, a houſe of merchandiſe. And his Diſciples remembred that it is written, The zeal of thy houſe hath eaten me. The Jews therefore anſwered, and ſaid to him, What ſign doeſt thou ſhew us, that thou doeſt theſe things? Jeſus anſwered, and ſaid to them, Diſſolve this Temple, and in three I will raiſe it. The Jews therefore ſaid, in fourty and ſix years was this Temple built, and wilt thou raiſe it in three days? But he ſpake of the Temple of his body. Therefore when he was riſen again from the dead, his Diſciples remembred that he ſaid this, and they believed the Scripture, and the word that Jeſus did ſay. And when he was at Jeruſalem in the Paſche upon the feſtival day, many believed in his name, ſeeing his ſigns which he did. But Jeſus did not commit himſelf unto them, for that he knew all, and becauſe it was not needful for him that any ſhould give teſtimony of man: for he knew what was in man.

Moralities.

1 Piety is a ſilver chain hanged up aloſt, wch ties heaven and earth, ſpiritual and temporal, God and man together. Devotion is a virtue derived to us from the Father of all light, who gives us thereby means to hold a traffick or commerce with Angels. All which is here below, ſinks by its proper weight, and leans downward toward natural corruptiō: Our ſpirit though it be immortal, would follow the weight of our bodies, if it were not indued with the knowledge of God which works the ſame effect in it, as the Adamant doth with iron: for it pierceth and gives it life, together with a ſecret and powerful ſpirit, from which all great actions take their beginning: You ſhall never do any great act, if the honour of God, and the reverence of ſacred things ſhall not accompany all your pretences. For if you ground your piety upon any temporal reſpects, you reſemble that people, which believes the higheſt mountains do ſupport the skies.

2. There are no ſins which God doth puniſh more rigorouſly, nor ſpeedily, then thoſe which are committed againſt devotion and piety: He doth not here take up the ſcourge againſt naughty Judges, uſurers and unchaſte perſons, becauſe the Church is to find remedy againſt all faults which happen in the life of man. But if a man commit a ſin againſt Gods Altar, the remedy grows deſperate. King *Ozias* felt a leproſie riſe upon his face at the inſtant when he made the ſume riſe from the cenſer, which he uſurped frō the high Prieſts. *Ely* the chief Prieſt was buried in the ruins of his own houſe, for the ſacriledge of his children, without any conſideration of thoſe long ſervices, which he had performed at the Tabernacle. Keep your ſelf from ſimonies, from irreverence in Churches, and from abuſing Sacraments. He can have no excuſe, which makes his Judge a witneſs.

3. Jeſus was violently moved by the zeal which he bare to the houſe of his heavenly Father. But many wicked rich men limit their zeal onely to their own families. They build great Palaces upon the peoples blood, and they nothing care though all the world be in a ſtorm, ſo long as they (and what belongs to them) be well covered. But there is a revenging God who doth inſenſibly dry up the roots of proud Nations, and throws diſgrace and infamy upon the faces of thoſe, who neglect the glories of Gods Altars to advance their own. He who builds without God, doth demoliſh, and whoſoever thinks to make any great encreaſe without him, ſhall find nothing but ſterility.

Aſpiration.

O Moſt pure Spirit of Jeſus, which waſt conſummate by zeal toward the houſe of God, wilt thou never burn my heart with thoſe adored flames, wherewith thou inſpireſt chaſte hearts? Why do we take ſo much care of our houſes (which

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are built upon quick-silver, and roll up and down upon the inconstancies of humane fortunes) while we have no love nor zeal towards Gods Church, which is the Palace which we should choose here upon earth, to be as the Image of heaven above? I wil adore thy Altars (all my life) with a profound humility. But I wil first make an Altar of mine own heart, where I will offer sacrifice; to which I doubt not but thou wilt put fire with thine owne hand.

The Gospel upon Tuesday, the fourth week in Lent, S. *John*. 7.

The Jews marvel at the learning of Jesus who was never taught.

And when the festivity was now half done, Jesus went up into the Temple and taught. And the Jews marvelled, saying, how doth this man know letters, whereas he hath not learned? Jesus answered them, and said my doctrine is not mine but his that sent me. If any man will do the will of him, he shall understand of the doctrine, whither it be of God, or I speak of my self; he that speaketh of himself, seeketh his own glory, but he that seeketh the glory of him that sent him, he is true, and injustice in him there is not. Did not Moses give you the Law, and none of you doth the Law? Why seek you to kill me? The multitude answered and said; thou hast a Devil; who seeketh to kill thee? Jesus answered and said to them, One work I have done, and you do all marvel, Therefore Moses gave you circumcision, not that it is of Moses, but of the Fathers, and in the Sabbath ye circumcise a man. If a man receive circumcision in the Sabbath, that the law of Moses be not broken; are you angry at me because I have healed a man wholly in the Sabbath? Judge not according to the face, judge just judgement.

Certain therefore of Jerusalem said, Is not this he whom they seek to kill: And behold, he speaks openly, and they say nothing to him. Have the Princes known indeed that this is Christ? But this man we know, whence he is. But when Christ cometh no man knoweth whence he is. Jesus therefore cried in the Temple, teaching and saying, Both me you do know, and whence I am you know, and of my self I am not come. But he is true that sent me, whom you know not. I know him, because I am of him, and he sent me. They sought therefore to apprehend him, and no man laid hands upon him, because his hour was not yet come. But of the multitude many believed in him.

Moralities.

1. IT appears by this Gospel that Jesus was judged according to apparencies, not according to truth. It is one of the greatest confusions which is deeply rooted in the life of man, that every thing is full of painting, and in stead of taking it off with a spunge, we foment it, and make our illusions voluntary. The Prophet *Isaiah* adviseth us to use our judgement, as men do leaven to season bread. All the objects presented to our imaginations, which we esteem, are fading, if we do not add some heavenly vigour to help our judgment.

2. To judge according to apparences is a great want both of judgment and courage. The first makes us prefer vanity before truth; the second gives that to silk and golden cloaths, which is properly due to virtue: We adore painted coals, and certain dark fumes covered outwardly with snow; But if we did know how many great miseries, and what beastly ordure is hidden under cloth of Gold, silk, and scarlet, we would complain of our eyes for being so far without reason. It is a kind of Apostacy and rebellion against Gods providence, to judge without calling God to be a president in our counsel; or to take in hand any humane inventions without the assistance of his Spirit.

3. God is pleased to lodge pearls within cockles; and bestows his treasures of wisdom and virtue, many times upon persons, who have the most unfashionable outsides, to countercheck humane wisdom, He makes his orators of those who are speechless; and numbers of frogs and flies to overthrow mighty armies. He makes Kings out of shepherds, and serves himself of things which are not, as if they were. The most pleasing Sacrifice which he receives upon earth, is from the humble; and when we despise those, we divert the honours of God. We offer Sacrifice to the worlds opinion, like the Sages of Egypt; who did light candles and burn incense to Crocodiles. The Jews lost their faith to follow apparences: and there is no shorter way to Apostacy, then to adore the world and neglect God.

4. An ill opinion make folks many times pass a rash judgment: They mount into Gods chair to judge the hearts of men: The chast doves are used like Ravens, and Ravens like Swans. Opinion puts false spectacles upon our eyes, which make faults seem virtues, and virtues crimes. Yet nevertheless we should think that virtuous persons will not conceive an ill suspicion of their neighbour without a very sure ground: Saint *John Climacus* saith, fire is no more contrary to water, then rash judgment is to the state of repentance. It is a certain sign, that we do not see our own sins, when we seek curiously after the least defects of our neighbour. If we would but once enter into our selves, we should be so busie to lament our own lives, that we should not have time to censure those of others.

Aspirations.

O Judge most redoubtable, who dost plant thy Throne within the heart of man, who judgest the greatest Monarchs, without leaving them power to appeal; Thy judgments are secret and impenetrable: That which shines to our eyes like a Diamond, is like a contemptible worm in thy ballance. That which we value as a Star thou judgest to be a coal. We have just so much greatness, virtue, and happiness, as we have by entrance into thy heart. And he whom thou esteemest, needs not the judgment of mortal man. No innocent is justified, nor guilty person condemned without thee, and therefore I will from henceforth judge onely according to thee. I will lay down all my affections, and take thine, so far as I shall be able; and I will account nothing great, but what shall be so in thy esteem.

The Gospel upon Wednesday the fourth week in Lent, Saint *John* 9.

Of the blind man cured by clay and spittle.

And Jesus passing by, saw a blind man from his nativity: and his Disciples asked him, Rabbi, who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind, Jesus answered, Neither this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God may be manifested in him. I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. When he had said these things, he spit on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and spread the clay upon his eyes, and said to him, Go, wash in the Pool of Silo, which is interpreted, sent. He went therefore and washed, and he came seeing.

Therefore the neighbours, and they which had seen him before, that he was a beggar, said, Is not this he that sate and begged? Others said, that this is he. But others no, but no, but he is like him. But he said I am he. They said therefore to him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered, that man that is called Jesus, made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said to me, Go to the Pool of Silo and wash: and I went and washed, and I saw. And they said to him, Where is he? He saith, I know not. They bring him that had been blind, to the Pharisees; and it was the Sabbath when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes.

Again therefore the Pharisees asked him, how he saw. But he said to them, he put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and I see. Certain therefore of the Pharisees said, This man is not of God, that keepeth not the Sabbath. But others said, How can a man that is a sinner do these signs? And there was a schism among them. They say therefore to the blind again. Thou, what sayest thou of him that opened thine eyes? And he said, that he is a Prophet. The Jews therefore did not believe of him, that he had been blind, and saw, until they called the Parents of him that saw, and asked them saying; Is this your son, whom you say that he was born blind? how then doth he now see? His parents answered them, and said, we know that this is our son, and that he was born blind: but how he now seeth we know not, or who hath opened his eyes we know not, ask himself, he is of age, let himself speak of himself. These things his parents said, because they feared the Jews. For the Jews had now conspired, that if any man should confess him to be Christ, he should be put out of the Synagogue. Therefore did his parents say, that he is of age, ask himself. They therefore again called the man that had been blind, and said to him, Give glory to God, we know that this man is a sinner.

He therefore said to them, Whether he be a sinner, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see. They said therefore to him, What did he to thee? How did he open thine eyes? He answered them; I have now told you, and you have heard, why will you hear it again? will you also become his Disciples? They reviled him therefore, and said, be thou his Disciple; but we are the Disciples of Moses: we know that to Moses God did speak: but this man we know not whence he is. The man answered and said to them, For in this it is marvellous, that you know not whence he is and he hath opened mine eyes. And we know, that sinners God doth not hear. But if a man be a server of God, and do the will of him, him he heareth. From the beginning of the world it hath not been heard, that any man hath opened the eyes of one born blind; and unless this man were of God, he could not do any thing. They answered and said to him, Thou wast wholly born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they did cast him forth.

Jesus heard that they had cast him forth, and when he had found him, he said to him, Dost thou believe in the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I may believe in him? And Jesus said to him, Both thou hast seen him, and he that talketh with thee, he is. But he said, I believe Lord: and falling down, he adored him.

Moralities.

1. JEsus the Father of all brightness (who walked accompanied with his twelve Apostles, as the Sun doth with the hours of the day) gives eyes to a blind man, and doth it by clay and spittle: to teach us, that none hath power to do works above nature, but he that was the Authour of it. On the other side, a blind man becomes a King over persons of the clearest sight; and being restored to light, he renders again the same, to the first fountain from whence it came. He makes himself an Advocate to plead for the chiefest truth, and of a poor beggar becomes a confessour; and after he had deplored his misery at the Temple gate, teacheth all mankind the estate of its own felicities. We should (in imitation of him) love the light by adoring the fountain of it, and behave our selves as witnesses, and defenders of the truth.

2. God is a light, and by his light draws all unto him: he makes a break of day by his grace in this life, which becomes afterward a perfect day for all eternity. But many lose themselves in this world; some for want of light, some by a false light, and some by having too much light.

3. Those lose themselves for want of light, who are not at all instructed in the faith and maxims of Christian Religion; and those in stead of approaching near the light, love their own darkness. They hate the light of their salvation, as the shadow of death: and think, that if you give them eyes to see their blindness, you take away their life. If they seem Christians, they yet have nothing but the name and the appearance, the book of Jesus is shut from them, or if they make a shew to read, they may name the letters, but never can produce one right good word.

4. Others destroy themselves by false lights, who being wedded to their own opinions, and adoring the Chimera's of their spirit, think themselves full of knowledge, just and happy; that the sun riseth onely for them, and that all the rest of the world is in darkness; they conceive they have the fairest stars for conductours; but at the end of their career, they find (too late) that this pretended light was but an *Ignis fatuus*, which led them to a precipice of eternal flames. It is the worst of all follies to be wise in our own eye-sight, and the worst of all temptations is, for a man to be a devil to himself.

5. Those ruin themselves with too much light, who have all Gods law by heart, but never have any heart to that law. They know the Scriptures, all learning and sciences: they understand every thing but themselves: they can find spots in the Sun; they can give new names to the stars; they perswade themselves, that God is all that they apprehend: But after all this heap of knowledg, they are found to be like the Sages of *Pharaoh*: and can produce nothing but blood and frogs: They embroil & trouble the world; they stain their own lives, and at their deaths leave nothing to continue but the memory of their sins. It would be more expedient for them (rather then have such light) to carry fire, wherewith to be burning in the love of God, and not to swel and burst with that kind of knowledge. All learning which is not joyned with a good life, is like a picture in the air, which hath no table to make it subsist. It is not sufficient to be elevated in spirit (like the Prophets) except a man do enter into some perfect imitation of their virtues.

Aspirations.

O Fountain of all brightness, before whom right can have no vail, who seest the day spring out of thy bosom, to spread it self over all nature, will thou have no pity upon my blindness? will there be no medicine for my eyes, which have so often grown dull and heavy with earthly humours. O Lord, I want light, being always so blind to my own sins. So many years are past, wherein I have dwelt with my self, and yet know not what I am. Self-love maketh me sometimes apprehend imaginary virtues in great, and see all my crimes in little. I too often believe my own judgment, and adore my own opinions as gods, and goddesses, and if thou send me any light, I make so ill use of it, that I dazle my self, even in the brightness of thy day; making little or no profit of that which would be so much to my advantage, if I were so happy as to know it. But henceforth I will have no eyes but for thee: I will onely contemplate thee, (O life of all beauties) and draw all the powers of my soul into my eyes, that I may the better apprehend the mystery of thy bounties. O cast upon me one beam of thy grace so powerfull, that it may never forsake me till I may see the day of thy glory.

The Gospel upon Thursday, the fourth week in Lent, S. *Luke* the 7.

Of the widows Son raised from death to life at Naim by our SAVIOUR.

And it came to pass afterward he went into a City that is called Naim, and there went with him his Disciples, and a very great multitude: And when he came nigh to the gate of the City, behold a dead man was carried forth, the onely Son of his mother: and she was a widow and a great multitude of the City with her; whom when our Lord had seen, being moved with mercy upon her, he said to her, Weep not. And he came near, and touched the Coffin: And they that carried it, stood still: and he said: Young man, I say to thee, Arise. And he that was dead sate up, and began to speak. And he gave him

him to his mother: and fear took them all; and they magnified God, saying, That a great Prophet is risen among us: and that God hath visited his people. And this saying went forth into all Jewry of him, and into all the Country about.

Moralities.

JEsus met at the Gates of *Naim*, (which is interpreted the Town of Beauties) a young man carried to burial; to shew us, that neither beauty nor youth, are freed from the laws of death. We fear death, and there is almost nothing more immortal: here below every thing dies, but death it self. We see him always in the Gospels, we touch him every day by our experiences, and yet neither the Gospels make us sufficiently faithful, nor our experiences well advised.

2. If we behold death by his natural face, he seems a little strange to us, because we have not seen him well acted. We lay upon him sythes, bows, and arrows, we put upon him ugly antick faces, we compass him round about with terrours and illusions, of all which he never so much as thought. It is a profound sleep, in which nature lets it self fail insensibly, when she is tired with the disquiets of this life. It is a cessation of all those services which the soul renders to the flesh. it is an execution of God's will, and a decree common to all the world. To be disquieted and drawn by the ears, to pay a debt which so many millions of men (of all conditions) have paid before us, is to do as a frog that would swim against a sharp stream of a forcible torrent. We have been, as it were dead, to so many ages which went before us: we die piece-meal every day: we assay death so often in our sleep; discreet men expect him, fools despise him, and the most disdainful persons must entertain him. Shall we not know and endeavour to do that one thing well, which being once well performed, will give us life for ever? Methinks it is rather a gift of God to die soon, then to stay late amongst the occasions of sin.

3. It is not death, but a wicked life we have cause to fear. That only, lies heavy, and both troubles us, and keeps us from understanding and tasting the sweets of death. He that can die to so many little dead and dying things (which makes us die every day by our unwillingness to forsake them) shall find that death is nothing to him. But we would fain (in death) carry the world with us upon our shoulders to the grave, and that is a thing we cannot do. We would avoid the judgment of a just God, and that is a thing which we should not so much as think. Let us clear our accounts before we die, let us take order for our soul by repentance, and a moderate care of our bodies burial: let us order our goods by a good and charitable testament, with a secret direction for the poor, for our children and kindred, to be executed by fit persons. Let us put our selves into the protection of the Divine Providence, with a most perfect confidence: and how can we then fear death, being in the arms of life?

Aspirations.

O Jesus, fountain of all lives, in whose bosom all things are living: Jesus, the fruit of the dead, who hast destroyed the Kingdom of death; why should we fear a path, which thou hast so terrified with thy steps, honoured with thy blood, and sanctified by thy conquests? Shall we never die to so many dying things? All is dead here for us, and we have no life, if we do not seek it from thy heart. What should I care for death, though he come with all those grim, hideous, and antick faces, which men put upon him; for when I see him through thy wounds, thy blood, and thy venerable death, I find he hath no sting at all. If I shall walk in the shadow of death, and a thousand terrours shall conspire against me on every side, to disturb my quiet, I will fear nothing, being placed in the arms of thy providence. O my sweet Master, do but once touch the winding-sheet of my body, which holds down my soul so often within the sleep of death and sin. Command me to arise and speak, and then the light of thy morning shall never set, my discourses shall be always of thy praises, and my life shall be only a contemplation of thy beautiful countenance.

The Gospel upon Friday the fourth week in Lent, S. *John*. 11.

Of the raising of *Lazarus* from death.

And there was a certain sick man, Lazarus of Bethania, of the Town of Mary and Martha her sister. (And Mary was she that anointed our Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick) his sisters therefore sent to him, saying, Lord, behold he whom thou lovest, is sick. And Jesus hearing, said to them, This sickness is not to death, but for the glory of God, that the Son may be glorified by it. And Jesus loved Martha and her sister Mary, and Lazarus. As he heard therefore that he was sick, then he tarried in the same place two days: Then after this he saith to his Disciples, Let us go into Jewry again. The Disciples say to him, Rabbi, now the Jews sought to stone thee, and goest thou thither again? Jesus answered, Are there not twelve houres of the day? If a man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world: but if he walk in the night, he stumbleth, because the light is not in him. These things he said: and after this he saith to them, Lazarus our friend sleepeth; but I go that I may raise him from sleep. His Disciples therefore said, Lord, if he sleep he shall be safe. But Jesus spake of his death, and they thought that he spake of the sleeping of sleep. Then therefore Jesus said to them plainly, Lazarus is dead, and I am glad for your sake, that you may believe, because I was not there; but let us go to him. Thomas therefore who is called Didymus, said to his condisciples, Let us also go to dy with him. Jesus therefore came, and found him now having been four days in the grave. And Bethania was nigh to Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs. And many of the Jews were come to Martha and Mary to comfort them concerning their brother. Martha therefore, when she heard that Jesus was come, went to meet him: but Mary sate at home. Martha therefore said to Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But now also I know, that what thing soever thou shalt ask of God, God will give thee. Jesus saith to her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith to him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection in the last day. Jesus said to her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, although he were dead, shall live. And every one that liveth, and believeth in me, shall not dy for ever. Believest thou this? She said to him, Yea, Lord, I have believed that thou art Christ the Son of God, that art come into this World.

Moralities.

1 OUr Saviour Jesus makes here a strong assault upon death, to cure our infirmities at the cost of his dearest friends: He suffered *Lazarus*, whom he loved tenderly, to fall into a violent sickness; to teach us, that the bodies of God's favourites are not free from infirmities; and that, to make men Saints, they must not enjoy too much health. A soul is never more worthy to be a house for God, then when she raiseth up the greatness of her courage, the body being cast down with sickness. A soul which suffers, is a sacred thing. All the world did touch our Saviour before his passion, the throng of of people pressed upon him; but after his death he would not be touched by S. *Mary Magdalen*, because he was consecrated by his dolours.

2. The good sisters dispatch a messenger, not to a strange God, as they do who seek for health by remedies, which are a thousand times worse then the disease: But they addressed themselves to the living God, the God of life and death, to drive away death. And to recover life, they were content only to shew the wound to the faithful friendship of the Physician, without prescri-

bing any remedies: for that is better left to his providence, then committed to our passion.

3. He defers his cure to raise from death. The delay of Gods Favours, is not alwaies a refusal, but sometimes a double liberality. The vows of good men are paid with usury: It was expedient that *Lazarus* should die, that he might triumph over death, in the triumph of Jesus Christ. It is here that we should alwaies raise high our thoughts, by considering our glory in the state of resurrection; he would have us believe it, not only as it is a lesson of Nature imprinted above the skies, upon the plants or elements of the world, and as a doctrine which many ancient Philosophers had by the light of nature; but also as a belief, which is fast joyned to the faith we have in the Divine Providence, which keeps our bodies in trust under its seal within the bosom of the earth; so that no prescription of time can make laws to restrain his power, having passed his word, and raised up *Lazarus*, who was but as one grain of seed in respect of all posterity.

4. Jesus wept over *Lazarus*, thereby to weep over us all. Our evils were lamentable, and could never sufficiently be deplored, without opening a fountain of tears within heaven, and within the eies of the Son of God. This is justly the River which comes from that place of all pleasure to water Paradise. How could those heavenly tears come from any other, then the place of all delight, since they issued from a brain, and from eyes which were united to the divinity? And how should they not water Paradise, since for so many Ages they have flowed over the Church for producing the fruits of justice. The balm of Egypt could not grow without water of that Well, which was commonly called the Fountain of Jesus: because the blessed Virgin had there washed the Cloaths of her dear Son: And we have no Odour of virtue, nor good conversation, (which is not directly barren) except it be indued with the merit of our Saviours tears.

Aspirations.

O Eies of my Saviour, from whence the Sun receives his clearest light: fair eies which only deserve eternal joyes and delights. Why should you this day be moistned with tears? Thou dost give me (O only love of my heart) the bloud of thy soul, before thou shedst that of thy body. There are so many things to make me weep, and I feel them so little; that if thy tears do not weep for me, I shal alwaies be miserable. Water then (O my sweet Master) the barrenness of my soul from the fountain of blessing, which I have opened within thine eies and heart: I have opened it by my sins, and let it, I beseech thee, bless me by thine infinite mercies.

The Gospel upon Saturday, the fourth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 8.

Upon our Saviours words, I am the light of the world.

AGain therefore Jesus spake to them, saying, I am the light of the world, he that followeth me, walketh not in darkness, but shal have the light of life. The Pharisees therefore said to him, Thou givest testimony of thy self, thy testimony is not true. Jesus answered and said to them, although I do give testimony of my self, my testimony is true; because I know whence I came, and whither I go: but you know not whence I came, or whither I go. You judge according to the flesh, I do not judge any man. And If I do judge, my judgment is true, because I am not alone, but I and he that sent me, the Father. And in your law it is written, that the testimony of two men is true. I am he that give testimony of my self: and he that sent me, the Father, giveth testimony of me. They said therefore to him, Where is thy Father? Jesus answered, Neither me do you know, nor my Father: if you did know me, perhaps you might know my Father also, these words Jesus spake in the Treasury teaching in the Temple, and no man apprehended him, because his hour was not yet come.

Moralities.

1. THere is in the blessed Trinity a communicating light, to which nothing is communicated: another light which is communicative and communicated: and a third light which is communicated, but not communicating. The first is the heavenly Father, who gives but takes nothing. The second is that of the Son, who takes from his Father and gives to the Holy Ghost all that can be given; The third is the Holy Ghost, which receives equally from the Father and the Son and doth produce nothing in the Trinity. But Jesus illuminating from all eternity, this state (for ever to be adored) did vouchsafe to descend into the country of our darkness, to scatter it by his brightness. It is he that hath thrown down the Crocodiles and Bats from Prophane Altars; who hath broken so many idols; who hath overthrown so many Temples of the adulterers and murdering gods, to plant the honours of his heavenly Father. He hath invested the world during so many ages, with the shining of his face. He doth not cease to give light, nor to kindle in our hearts many inspirations, which are like so many stars to conduct us to the fountain of all our happiness. You are very blind if you do not see this, and much more miserable if you despise it.

2. It is most dangerous to do as the Jews did, to speak every day to the light, and yet love their own darkness. Screech-owls find holes and nights to keep themselves from day, which they cannot abide. But he that flies from the face of God, where can he find darkness enough to hide himself? When he shal be within the gulf of sin, his own conscience will light up a thousand torches to see his punishments. It is the worst of all mischiefs, to pay for the contempt of the fountain of light by suffering eternal darkness.

3. Let us behold the conversation of Jesus Christ as a sea mark, stickt all over with lights: his life gives Testimony of his Sanctity: his miracles publish his power; his law declares his infinite wisdom, his Sanctity gives us an example to imitate, his power gives the strength of Authority, to make him the more readily obeyed; and from his wisdom, faith is given us to regulate and govern our belief.

Aspirations.

O My Lord Jesus, the spirit of all beauties, and the most visible of all lights, what do the eies of my soul, if they be not alwaies busied in the contemplation of thy brightness. When I find thou art departed from me, me thinks I am buried within my self, and that my soul is nothing else, but a sepulchre of terrours, phantasms and deaths; But when thou returnest by thy visits and consolations, I am chearfully revived, and my heart leaps in thy presence, as a child rejoyceth at sight of his dear nurse. O Light of lights, which dost illuminate man coming into this world, I will contemplate thee at the sun-rising above all creatures. I will follow thee with mine eies all the day long, and I will not leave thee at sun-setting, for there is nothing can be in value near like thee. It belongs only to thee, (O Sun of my Soul) to arise at all hours, and to give light at Mid-night, as well as at Noon-day.

The

The Gospel upon Passion Sunday, Saint *John* the 8.

Upon these words, Who can accuse me of sin?

WHich of you shall argue me of sin? If I say the verity, why do you not believe me? He that is of God, heareth the words of God: therefore you hear not, because you are not of God. The Jews therefore answered, and said to him, Do not we say well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a Devil? Jesus answered, I have no Devil: but I do honour my Father, and you have dishonoured me. But I seek not mine own glory. There is that seeketh and judgeth. Amen, Amen, I say to you, if any man keep my word, he shall not see death for ever. The Jews therefore said, now we have known that thou hast a Devil; Abraham is dead, and the Prophets, and thou sayest, if any man keep my word, he shall not taste death for ever. Why, art thou greater then our Father Abraham who is dead? And the Prophets are dead. whom doest thou make thy self? Jesus answered, if I do glorify my self, my glory is nothing. It is my Father that glorifieth me, whom you say that he is your God, and you have not known him, but I know him. And if I shall say that I know him not, I shall be like to you, a liar: but I do know him, and do keep his word. Abraham your father rejoyced that he might see my day, and he saw and was glad. The Jews therefore said to him, Thou hast not yet fifty years, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said to them, Amen, Amen, I say to you, before that Abraham was made, I am. They took stones therefore to cast at him. But Jesus hid himself, and went out of the Temple.

Moralities.

1. THe Saviour of the world being resolved to suffer death as the Priest of his own sacrifice, and sacrifice of his priesthood, shews that it is an effect of his mercy, and not a suffering for any fault. He doth advance the standard of the Cross (which was the punishment of guilty persons) but he brought with him innocency, which is the mark of Saints: he honours it with his dolours, and sanctifies it with his bloud, to glorifie it in the estimation of all the just. He is without spot, and capable to take all stains, by his infinite sanctity: and yet he suffered as a sinner, to blot out all our sins. It is in this suffering he would have us all imitate him. He doth not require us to make a heaven, nor stars, nor to enlarge the sea, or to make the earth firm, but to make our selves holy as he is holy (according to our capacity.) And this we may gain by his favour, which he hath by his own nature. No man is worthy to suffer with Jesus, who doth not purifie himself by the sufferings of Jesus. If we suffer in sin, we carry the Cross of the bad thief. We must carry the Crosse of Jesus, and consecrate our tribulations by our own virtues.

2. It is said that the venomous serpent called a Basilisk (which kills both men and beasts by his pestilent breath) kills himself when he looks upon a looking glass, by the very reflection of his own poison. The Jews do here the very same. They come about this great mirrour of sanctity, which carried all the glory of the living God; he casts his beams upon them, but envy, the mother of murder (which kills it self onely by the rayes of golden arrows) makes them dart out venomous words to dishonour him: yet his incomparable virtue kills them, without losing any of his own brightnes; to teach us, that the beauty of innocency, is the best buckler against all slanders. Though it seem to be tarnished for a time, yet her brightnes will thereby become more lively: for it is a star which the blackest vail of night cannot darken.

3. *Abraham* did rejoyce at this day of God 2000. years before it was manifested to the world: All the Patriarchs did long after it; and did anticipate their felicities by the purity of their thoughts. This blessed Day hath been reserved for us, and yet many of us despise it. We so much love the day of man, that by the force of too much love to it, we forget the love of God. We should, and must contemn those perishing dayes of worldly honours and pleasures, which are covered with eternal night, that we may partake the eternity of that beautifull day, which shall never have any evening.

Aspirations.

O God of purity, in whose presence the Angels (ravished with admiration) do cover their faces with their wings, and have no sweeter extasies, then the admiration of thy beauty: The stars are not pure enough before thy redoubted Majesty. The Sun beholds thee as the true Authour of his light. Thou onely canst purifie all humane kind, by a sanctity which spreads it self over all Ages. Alas, I am confounded to see my sinfull soul so often dyed black with so many stains, and beastly ordures, before those most pure beams of thy glory. Wash, O wash again out all that which displeaseth thee. Regenerate in my heart a Spirit, that shall be worthy thy self. How shall I follow thee to Mount *Calvarie*, if I be pursued with so many ill habits, which I have often detested before thine eyes? How can I go in company with the first and greatest of all Saints, drawing after me so many sins? The increase of my offences would multiply thy crosses: I will therefore do my best to drown all my imperfections within thy bloud. I will procure light to my nights (by that bright and beautifull day which *Abraham* saw) from that glorious day which took beginning from thy Cross. I will no more care for the day of man, that I may the better apply my self to the day of God.

The Gospel upon Munday the fifth week in Lent, Saint *John* 7.

Jesus said to the Pharisees, You shall seek and not find me: and he that is thirsty, let him come to me.

AND the Princes and Pharisees sent Ministers to apprehend him. Jesus therefore said to them: Yet a little time, and I will be with you, and I go to him that sent me: you seek me, and shall not find, and where I am ye cannot come. The Jews therefore said among themselves, whether will this man go, that we shall not find him? Will he go into the dispersion of the Gentile, and teach the Gentiles? what is this saying, that he hath said? You shall seek me, and shall not find: and where I am, you cannot come.

And in the last, the great day of the festivity, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink. He that believeth in me, as the Scripture saith, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. (And this he said of the Spirit) that they should receive, which believed in him.

Moralities.

1. TAke for your comfort this excellent word of our Saviour: he that is thirsty and desires in this world to thirst after God, let him come unto me, and he shall quench his thirst at the chiefest fountain. S. *Augustine* saith, We are all here, as *David* was in the desart of Idumea: our life is a perpetual alteration, which will never be settled while we live. If we be weary, we desire rest, and if we rest over-long, our bed becomes troublesom, though it should be all of roses. Then again, we thirst to be in action and business, which also in a short time tires us, and puts us into another alteration, and that carries us again to a desire to do nothing. All our life goeth like *Penelopes* web: what one hour effects, the next destroys. We do sufficiently perceive that we are not well in this world: It is a large bed, but very troublesom, wherein every man stirs and tumbles himself up and down, but no man can here attain to his perfect happines.

2. This ſhews us plainly that we are made for God, & that we ſhould thirſt after divine things, if we deſire true contentment. There is no default in him, becauſe all that can be deſired, is there; and yet there is no ſuperfluity, becauſe there can be nothing beyond him. There only we abound without neceſſity, we are aſſured without fear, and glorious without change. And it is there only where we find all our ſatisfactions perfectly accompliſhed. For to ſpeak truth, contentment conſiſteth in four principal things, which are; to have a contenting object; to have a heart capable to apprehend it; to feel a ſtrong inclination to it, and to enter into an abſolute full poſſeſſion of it. Now God hath provided for all this by his infinite bounty. He will not have us affect any other object of pleaſure but his own. He is God, and therefore can have nothing but God for his ſatisfaction, and intends graciouſly that we ſhall have the ſame. He will have us thirſt after him, and quench our thirſt within himſelf: and to this, our ſoul is ſingularly diſpoſed; for as God is a ſpirit, ſo is our ſoul only ſpiritual. We have ſo ſtrong an inclination to love God, that even our vices themſelves (without thinking what they do) love ſomewhat of God. For if pride affect greatnes, there can be nothing ſo great, as the Monarch of it. If luxury, love pleaſure, God containeth all pure delights in his boſom: and this which I ſay, may be verified of all ſins whatſoever. If the preſence of a right object, and the enjoying be wanting, we have nothing ſo preſent as God. S. *Paul* ſaith, We are all within him, within him we live, and within him we have the fountain of all our motions: we ſee him through all his creatures, until he take off the veil, and ſo let us ſee him, and taſt of his Glory.

3. A true and perfect way to make us thirſt after God, is to forſake the burning thirſt which we have after bodily and worldly goods. Our ſoul and fleſh go in the ſeveral ſcales of a ballance, the riſing of one, pulls down the other. It is a having two wives, for us to think we can place all our delights in God, and withal enjoy all worldly contentments. A man muſt have a conſcience free from earthly matters, to receive the infuſion of grace: we muſt paſs by *Calvary*, before we come to *Tabor*; and firſt taſt gall with *Jeſu*, before we can taſt that honey-comb, which he took after his reſurrection.

Aſpirations.

O God, true God of my ſalvation, My heart which feeleth it ſelf moved with an affectionate zeal, thinks always upon thee, and in thinking, finds an earneſt thirſt after thy beauties, which heats my veins. My ſoul is all conſumed, and I find that my fleſh it ſelf inſenſibly followeth the violence of my ſpirit. I am here, as within the Deſarts of *Africa*, in a barren world, the drought whereof makes it a direct habitation for Dragons. O my God, I am tormented with this flame, and yet I cheriſh it more then my ſelf. Will there be no good *Lazarus* found to dip the end of his finger within the fountain of the higheſt Heaven, a little to allay the burning of my thirſt? Do not tell me (O my dear Spouſe) that there is a great Chaos between thee and me. Thou haſt already paſſed it in coming to me by thy bounty; and wilt not thou lift me up then by thy mercy?

The Goſpel upon Tueſday the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 7.

Jeſus went not into *Jewry*, becauſe the Jews had a purpoſe to take away his life.

After theſe things Jeſus *walked into* Galilee; *for he would not walk into* Jewry, *becauſe the Jews ſought to kill him. And the feſtival day of the Jews Scenopegia was at hand. And his brethren ſaid to him, Paſs from hence, and go into* Jewry, *that thy Diſciples alſo may ſee thy works which thou doſt. For no man doth any thing in ſecret, and ſeeketh himſelf to be in publick; if thou do theſe things, manifeſt thy ſelf to the world. for neither did his brethren believe in him;* Jeſus *therefore ſaith to them, My time is not yet come: but your time is always ready. The world cannot hate you, but me it hateth, becauſe I give teſtimony of it, that the works thereof are evil. Go you up to this feſtival day, I go not up to this feſtival day; becauſe my time is not yet accompliſhed.*

When he had ſaid theſe things, himſelf tarried in Galilee: *But after his brethren were gone up, then he alſo went up to the feſtival day, not openly, but as it were in ſecret. The Jews therefore ſought him in the feſtival day, and ſaid, where is he? And there was much murmuring in the multitude, of him. For certain ſaid, that he is good. And others ſaid, No, but he ſeduceth the multitudes: yet no man ſpake openly of him for fear of the Jews.*

Moralities.

1. JEſus hides himſelf in this Goſpel, (as the Sun within a cloud) to ſhew himſelf at his own time: to teach us, that all the ſecrets of our life conſiſteth in well concealing, and well diſcovering our ſelves. He did conceal the life which he took from nature, when he might have been born a perfect man, as well as *Adam*, and yet did he hide himſelf in the hay of a baſe ſtable. He concealeth his life of grace, diſſembling under ſilence, ſo many great and divine virtues, as if he had lockt up the ſtars under lock and key, as holy *Job* ſaith. He keeps ſecret his life of Glory, retaining for thirty three years the light of his ſoul, which ſhould without intermiſſion have glorified and caſt a divine brightneſs upon his body. But when he concealed himſelf, the ſtars diſcovered him at his birth, the Sun at his death; all the Elements did then confeſs him, & all creatures gave teſtimony of his Divinity.

2. We ſhould be well known of God, if we did not ſo curiouſly enquire into the knowledge of the world. Vanity at this day opens all her gates to manifeſt divers men to the world, who ſhould otherwiſe be buried in obſcurity and darkneſs. It maketh ſome appear by the luxurious acceſs of their apparel, as ſo many ſale creatures, whoſe heads (being high and coſtly dreſt up) go to the market of idle love. Others by the riches and pomps of this world: others by honours and dignities: others by the ſpirit of induſtry; and others by the deeds of arms and policy. Every one ſets out himſelf to be ſeen and eſteemed in the world. It ſeemeth that life is made for nothing but to be ſhewed, and that we ſhould always live, for that which makes us die. We are a kind of walking ſpirits, which return late to our lodgings: but yet nevertheleſs, giving our ſelves ſo continually to the world, me-thinks we ſhould at leaſt ſtay with our ſelves every day one ſhort hour. It is ſaid, that the Pellican hides her Eggs, and that they muſt be ſtollen from her, to make them diſcloſe. But vanity is an egg, which all the world hatcheth under her wings, and none are willing to forſake it.

3. If it be needful to ſhew your ſelf to the world, be the known by your virtues, which are characters of the Divinity. Let men know you by your good examples, which are the ſeeds of eternity, and of all fair actions. You muſt be known by your alms and bounty, which are the ſteps which God left imprinted

printed in this world. If you muſt riſe to honours and dignities, take them as inſtruments of holineſs: and be not powerful, but to be more obliged to do good by ſo being.

Aſpirations.

O God, which didſt conceal thy ſelf; how comes it about, that I deſire ſo much to be ſeen, and make my ſelf known to the world? What can I diſcover, if I ſhew that which I am, but only ſin, vanity, miſery, and inconſtancy, which make the four elements of my life? To what ſerves this itch of ſeeing, but only to receive into our eies the ſeeds of curioſity? Why do we covet to be ſo much ſeen, but to expoſe our ſelves to vanity, and to carry a Torch in a blaſt of wind? Alaſs (O merciful Lord) I have very long lived for my ſelf, and for the eies of the world, when ſhal I begin to live for thee? Shal I never ſee thoſe happy moments of my life, which will receive light only from the day of thy face? Let me (O moſt beloved of my heart) be blind to all the world, ſo that I may have eies for thee. If the condition of my eſtate muſt needs ſhew me to the world, let it be to give it part of thy light, without receiving any part of that darkneſs which covereth it. Let me be in the world to do good, but let me dwell in thee, as within the Fountain of all goodneſs,

The Goſpel upon Wedneſday the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 10.

The Jews ſaid, If thou be the Meſſias tell us plainly.

And the Dedication was in Jeruſalem, *and it was in winter: And* Jeſus *walked in the Temple in* Solomons *Porch. The Jews therefore compaſſed him round about, and ſaid to him, How long doſt thou hold our ſoul in ſuſpence? if thou be Chriſt, tell us openly.* Jeſus *anſwered them, I ſpeak to you, and you believe not. The works that I do in the name of my Father, they give teſtimony of me. But you do not believe, becauſe you are not of my ſheep. My ſheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give them life everlaſting, and they ſhal not periſh for ever, and no man ſhal pluck them out of my hand. My Father, that which he hath given me, is greater then all, and no man can pluck them out of the hand of my Father. I and the Father are one.*

The Jews took up ſtones to ſtone him: Jeſus *anſwered them, Many good works I have ſhewed you from my Father, for which of theſe works do you ſtone me? The Jews anſwered him, for a good work we ſtone thee not, but for blaſphemy, and becauſe thou, being a man, makeſt thy ſelf God.* Jeſus *anſwered them: Is it not written in your Law, that I ſaid, You are Gods? If he called them Gods, to whom the word of God was made, and the Scripture cannot be broken: whom the Father hath ſanctified, and ſent into the world, ſay you, That thou blaſpemeſt, becauſe I ſaid, I am the Son of God? If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, and if you will not believe me, believe the works, that you may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in the Father.*

Moralities.

1. THe Wolfs encompaſs the good ſhepheard, counterfeiting Lambs, to draw truth out of his mouth, which they would perſecute. They reſembled a certain plant, which carrieth the name and ſhape of a Lamb, but hath a contrary ſubſtance, and different qualities; for it is ravenous as a wolf, and devours all the herbs which grow about it. So are there many who do inſinuate themſelves into the friendſhip of good men, by fair (but counterfeit) reſpects, to the end that afterward they may be made the object of their cruelty. Thoſe men look after the Meſſias in the Porch of *Solomon*, as *Herod* ſought after him in the Manger, not to adore, but to kill him. Their mouth carries hony, when their heart hatcheth poiſon: but nothing is unknown to God, from whom hell it ſelf hath not darkneſs enough to hide it ſelf.

2. Jeſus knows his flock, and his flock reciprocally knows him, and in that conſiſts all our happineſs, to know God, and to be known of him. The chiefeſt of all wiſdom, is to know him, and to be known by him, and to be written in the Book of life, which is the laſt and chiefeſt of all felicities. It is true, that he knows all things by the knowledg of a clear intelligence, which ſerves the wicked only to diſcover plainly their crimes: whereas he knows the juſt by a ſcience of favour and approbation which indeed is eternal predeſtination. If we be unknown to God, we muſt make our ſelves known to him by ſome good virtue, which doth not depend only upon us. The firſt beam is of prevenient grace, and our vocation to Chriſtianity, which is part of our predeſtination, and is not all within our power. We have not been elected, becauſe we have believed in God by our own forces; but we believe, becauſe we have been elected. The firſt knowledg come purely from God, but it is in us by his grace, to purſue this firſt light, and to advance our predeſtination to glory, by forcing our ſelves to know him perfectly, who hath known us ſo liberally.

3. Jeſus will not be known ſingly by his words, but by his works. Our words muſt agree with our good actions, as the needle of a clock agrees with the ſprings. When we have heard or read ſome good doctrine, that Sermon, or reading, muſt paſs into our manners. It is ſurely a ſtrange thing, that many employ their leiſure to know much, and yet will not ſpend ſome conſiderable time, to make themſelves good Chriſtians. We muſt be Philoſophers, more by imitating the example of God, then by any curious enquiry of his greatneſs. Our Chriſtianitie teacheth us, that we ſhould be more knowing and skilful in the practiſe of our life, then of our tongue; and that we are rather made to perform great actions, then to ſpeak them. We muſt have a ſpecial care that our hands do not give our mouth the lie. What can we gain (in the judgment of God) by being like thoſe trees, which have a fair outſide, garniſhed with leaves, yet good for nothing but to give a ſhadow, and to make a little noiſe when the wind blows? God requires of us fruit, ſince he is the Father of all fertilitie, and nothing is barren in the land of the living.

Aſpirations.

O My God, I know thee, becauſe thou was firſt pleaſed to know me: Thou haſt known me by thy goodneſs, and I will do my beſt to know thee, that I may obtain all happineſs. O that I might know that my name is written in the Book of life; & alſo know the life which I may poſſeſs within the heart of Jeſus, in which ſo many lives do live. O how ſhould I then find my ſpirit raviſhed in thoſe beautiful Idæa's of glory? Fix thine eies on me (O Lord) and thou ſhalt thereby bring to me the fountain of all happineſs. The Father hath given me to thee, and I am the conqueſt of thy precious blood: Suffer not a ſoul to be taken away from thee, which hath coſt thee ſo many ſweats and ſufferings. I am thine by ſo many titles, that I will be no more mine own, but only to have the right of renouncing that which I am, and to eſtabliſh what ſhal be thine in this little kingdome of my heart.

The Goſpel upon Thurſday, the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 7.

Upon S. *Mary Magdalen's* waſhing our Saviour's feet in the Phariſees houſe.

And one of the Phariſees deſired him to eat with him. And he being entred into the houſe of the Phariſee, he ſate down

down to meat. And behold, a woman that was in the Citie, a sinner, as she knew that he sat down in the Pharisees house, she brought an Alabaster box of ointment; and standing behind, beside his feet, she began to water his feet with teares, and wiped them with the haires of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with ointment. And the Pharisee that had bid him, seeing it, spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a Prophet, would know certes, who and what manner of woman she is which toucheth him, that she is a sinner. And Jesus answering, said to him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. But he said, Master, say. A certain Creditour had two debtours, one did ow five hundred peace, and the other fifty; they having not wherewith to pay, he forgave both, whether therefore do'h love him more? Simon answering, said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave more. But he said to him, Thou hast judged rightly. And turning to the woman, he said unto Simon, Doest thou see this woman? I entred into thy house, water to my feet thou didst not give: but she with teares hath watered my feet, and with her haires hath wiped them. Kiss thou gavest me not; but she, since I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. With oyl thou didst not anoint my head but she with ointment hath anointed my feet. For the which I say unto thee, many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much. But to whom less is forgiven, he loveth less. And he said to her, Thy sins are forgiven thee. And they that sate together at the table, began to say within themselves, Who is this that also forgiveth sins? And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath made thee safe, Go in peace.

Moralities.

1. SAint *Mary Magdalen* is under the feet of Jesus Christ, as is that work of Saphires (mentioned in *Exodus*) under the feet of God. It is a work wrought by the right hand of the Highest, the wonder of women, the most happy of all lovers; who made profit of sin, which destroyes all; who sanctified that love, which so little knew the way to any sanctity. This is the fountain mentioned in the Book of *Esther*, in the vision of *Mordocheus*; A fountain which became a river, and after changes it self into the Sun, which gives beams and showers at one instant. She is a fountain at the Pharisees table, she is a river in her solitary grove, she is a Sun both in Paradise, and in that great exaltation, wherein the Catholick Church now beholds her. Being now in glory, she doth not yet forbear to open fountains of teares (by imitation of her) within the souls of repentant sinners, of whom incessantly she procures the conversion. Happy is that heart which is pierced with the imitation of her virtues, thereby to gain some part of her crowns.

2. Every thing is admirable in her conversion: A sinner wounded with love, cures her self by love. She changes the fire of *Babylon*, into that of *Jerusalem*. She plucks out of her wound the venomous dart of worldly love, to make large room for the arrows of *Jesus*, which pierce her heart; and at an instant make a harmony of heavenly passions within the bottom of her soul. She holds the wound dearer then life, and goes streight to her conquerour, to desire death, or increase of love.

3. She appears most ingenious in her affections, to provide no water wherewith to wash her Masters feet, since she could draw it so fitly out of her own eyes. This was the water which *Jesus* did thirst after, when he asked of the Samaritan woman some to drink; But that poor woman was so astonished, that she forsook her pitcher, and forgot that which *Jesus* asked. Now the holy *Magdalen* brings her eyes to the Pharisees table, as to vessels full of Chrystall water, which was of that pure stream which comes from the holy Lamb. Heaven is wont to water the earth, but here the earth waters Heaven. A soul which was before black, and burnt up with the fire of concupiscence, provides a Fountain for the KING of highest Heaven. She draws tears from her sins, to make them become the joyes of Paradise.

4. She sanctifies all that which was esteemed most prophane. Her hairs, which were the nets wherein so many captive souls did sigh under the yoke of wanton love, are now (as the ensigns and standards of wicked *Cupid*) trampled under the feet of her Conquerour. Those kisses, which carried the poison of a luxurious passion in her heart, do now breath from her nothing but the delicacies of chastity. Her pleasing odours which were before vowed to sensuality, are now become the sweetest exhalations from that Amber Isle, which brings an odoriferous perfume to Jesus Christ. She brings with her, Aromatick spices, to burn her self at the Mountain of her Sun who makes himself her Priest, her Advocate, and Bride-man.

5. She had gained the great Jubilee, and was assured of it, by the word of the Eternal Bishop; and yet during all the rest of her life, she practised upon her self a sanctified revenge, and her penance never ends, but with her life; to confound our coldness, who know so little what it is to bewail a sin. She is as timorous in the assurance of her pardon, as we are secure at the approach of Gods justice. No body could be so patient, and so constant in her love, but she, that had a holy emulation toward heavenly charity. It is her perseverance which draws to the earth a perfect copy of that life (without limit) which the blessed souls enjoy in heaven. It is she alone to whom eternity was then given, because she had power to offer repentant frailty to Eternity it self.

Aspirations:

Upon Saint *Mary Magdalens* great Repentance.

O Jesus, my Conquerour, and my Sovereign Bishop, thou art pleased to be satisfied of thy unworthy servant; but I am not yet content with my self. No, no, my life and penance shall end together, since I have lost that which should never have been separated from my body, before the separation of my soul. And since I cannot enter chast into my grave, I will now go repentant into an obscure and savage Cave, where the Sun shal shine no more upon a head so sinfull as mine. Mine eyes (O mine eyes) who have first received that fire which hath so passionately devoured my soul, I will make you imitate the Pond of *Hesebond*, and sooner shall those two fountains be dried up, which serve the stream of *Jordan*, then you shal want water to wash the steps of your Concupiscences. I will have that neck (which hath suffered it self to be embraced by unlawfull Arms) held under the yoke of him that hath overcome me, and so happily subjected me to his Empire. These arms and hands, which have been the chains of wanton embracements, shall henceforth for ever be lifted up to Heaven in prayer, and they shall have no other Altars, but the feet of my Lord and Master, if I dare think my self worthy to kiss them. This mouth, which hath been the gate of unchastity, shall now become a Temple of God's praises. And this heart, which hath been a burning furnace of worldly love, shall be a burning lamp of holy affections before God; and shall have no other oyl to maintain it, but that water which shall be drawn from mine eyes. O my God, since I have so betrayed my heart, abused my youth, spent prodigally thy Treasures, and made crowns to Baal out of thy silver; since I have forsaken thee, who art eternal, unchangeable, and incomparable Goodness (without whom all other goods are nothing) to follow

low a wanton fire, which hath brought me to the brim of everlasting precipice: where shall I find sufficient tears to wash my offences? where shall I find enow parts of my body, to be continually offered up as the sacrifice of my repentance? I would make my life immortal, to have my pains so lasting, and if thy mercy will not let me be the object of thy vengeance, let me at least serve for a sacrifice at thy Altars.

The Gospel upon Friday the fifth week in Lent, S. *John*. 11.

The Jews said, What shall we do? for this man doth many miracles.

The chief Priests and the Pharisees, gathered a Council, and said, What shall we do? for this man doth many signs: if we let him alone so, all will believe in him, and the Romans *will come and take away our place and Nation. But one of them named* Caiaphas, *being the High Priest of that year, said to them, You know nothing, neither do you consider that it is expedient for us, that one man dy for the people, and the whole Nation perish not. And this he said not of himself, but being the High Priest of that year, he prophesied that* Jesus *should dy for the Nation: and not only for the Nation, but to gather in one, the children of God that were dispersed. From that day therefore they devised to kill him.* Jesus *therefore walked no more openly among the Jews, but he went into the Country beside the Desert, unto a City that is called* Ephrem, *and there he abode with his Disciples.*

Moralities.

1. ONe of the greatest Tragedies acted in the life of man, which makes curious persons to question, wise men to wonder, good men to groan, and the wicked to rejoyce; is to see an innocent man oppressed by colour of justice. Now Jesus being resolved to espouse our miseries, as far as they can reach, was pleased to pass through those rigours and formalities of the wicked, coloured with a pretext of equity. He is not here condemned by a mean people without consideration, without power, without formality of process. But by these chief Priests and principal men of that Nation assembled in Council; they informed themselves, they reason, and conclude his death. The Lions of *Solomon's* throne, did anciently bear certain Writs of the Law, to signifie, that it was to be handled by courageous and clear-seeing Judges. But here Foxes got it into their hands, and did manage it by crafty deceits and wickedness. Alas, we are far from the Laws of God, when we cannot abide the least word spoken against our reputation. We are troubled to suffer for innocency, as if it were a greater honour to suffer for a direct offence. Shall we never think, that the triumph of virtue consists in well doing, and thereby sometimes receiving harm, even from those who are esteemed good men?

2. There are some difficulties in affairs, where truth is shut up, as within a cloud. Wise men can hardly find out where the point lies; but God doth so order it, that falshood leaves always certain marks by which it may be known; and the beauty of truth is ever like that lake of *Africk*, which early or late discovers all that is cast into it, and makes all impostures plainly appear, when we think they are most concealed. And this appears by the proceeding of *Caiaphas*, who chose to condemn *Christ*, for those things which were the certain tokens, that he was the true Messias. He concluded his death by reason of his miracles, and those gave him authority, as to the Prince of life. A troubled spirit makes darts of every thing, (which it can) to fight against reason, and kills it self, not suspecting its own poyson.

3. The Devil publisheth Jesus for the true Messias, and so doth likewise *Caiaphas* prophesie the same. It is not always a certain mark of goodness to speak that which is good, but it is an assurance of virtue to avoid that which is ill. There are many from whom good works do escape, while they both think and do ill. Truth makes use of their tongues, when Devils command their hearts. It is this which makes us to see our Saviour's Empire, and the extent of his conquests, which is not limited by time, he being already entred into possession of Eternity: and it is not bounded by place; because it contains all Immensity. Night hath no power to cover it, because it is light it self: It cannot be shut up in any deceitful shadow, because it scatters and discovers all falshood: it cannot be comprehended within our senses, because it exceeds their capacity; and it is present in all places, being omnipotent and eternal in all time.

Aspirations.

O Jesus, Father of all blessed unions, who hast suffered death to unite all the children of God together, who are scattered over all the Countries of the world; wilt thou have no pity of my heart, so many times torn in pieces, and strayed among a great multitude of objects, which estrange and draw me from the first of all Unities? My soul melts through all the Gates of my senses, by running after so many creatures which do kindle covetousnes, but never serve to refresh or cool the heat of it. Draw me (O Lord) from the great throng of so many exteriour things, that I may retire into my own heart, and from thence arise to thine, where I may find that peace, which thou hast cemented fast with thy most precious blood.

When shall I see the first beams of that liberty, which thou grantest to thy children? When shall my thoughts return from wandring in those barren regions, where thou art not acknowledged? When shall I be re-united, and so purified by thy favours, that they may celebrate continual days of feast in my soul? I am already there in desire, and shall be there in presence, when by help of thine infinite grace and mercy, I can be wholly thine.

The Gospel upon Saturday, the fifth week in Lent, S. *John*. 12.

The chief Priests thought to kill *Lazarus*, because the miracle upon him, made many follow JESUS.

But the chief Priests devised for to kill Lazarus *also; because many for him of the Jews went away, and believed in* Jesus.

And on the morrow a great multitude that was come to a festival day, when they had heard that Jesus *cometh to* Jerusalem, *they took the boughs of Palms, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of our Lord, the King of* Israel. *And* Jesus *found a young Ass, and sate upon it, as it is written, Fear not daughter of* Sion: *behold, thy King cometh, sitting upon an Asses colt. These things his Disciples did not know at the first: but when* Jesus *was glorified, then they remembered that these things had been written of him, and these things they did to him. The multitude therefore gave testimony, which was with him when he called* Lazarus *out of the grave, and raised him from the dead. For therefore all the multitude came to meet him, because they heard that he had done this sign. The Pharisees therefore said among themselves, Do you see that we prevail nothing? Behold the whole world is gone after him.*

And there were certain Gentiles of them that came up to adore in the festival day. These therefore came to Philip, *who was of* Bethsaida *of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we are desirous to see* Jesus. Philip *cometh and telleth* Andrew. *Again,* Andrew *and* Philip *told* Jesus: *but* Jesus *answered them, saying, the hour is come that the Son of man shall be glorified. Amen, Amen, I say to you, unless*

the

the grain of wheat falling into the ground, dy, it self remaineth alone: but if it dy, it bringeth much fruit. He that loveth his life, shall loose it: and he that hateth his life in this world, doth keep it to life everlasting. If any man minister to me, let him follow me: and where I am, there also shall my minister be. If any man minister to me, my Father will honour him.

Moralities.

1. ADmire here the extasies of our sweet Saviour: He is ravished by the object of his death, and is transported by the Idæa of his sufferings. The trumpet of Heaven sounded in the voice which was heard by this great multitude. He encourages himself to his combat; he looks confidently upon the Cross, as the fountain of his glories, and planted his elevation upon the lowest abasements. Shall not we love this Cross, which *Jesus* hath cherished as his Spouse? He gave up his soul in the arms of it to conquer our souls. We shal never be worthy of him, till we bear the Ensigns of his war, and the ornaments of his peace. Every thing is a Paradise to him, that knows how to love the Cross: and every thing is hell to those who flie from it; and no body flies it, but shal find it. It is the gate of our mortality, whither we must all come, though we turn our backs to it.

2. What a great secret it is, to hate our soul, that we may love it; To hate it for a time, that we may love it for all eternity; to punish it in this life, to give it thereby a perpetual rest in that to come; To despise it, that we may honour it? To handle it roughly, that it may be perfectly established in all delights? And yet this is the way which all just men have passed, to arrive at the chiefest point of their rest. They have resembled the Flowers-de-luce, which weep for a time, and out of their own tears produce seeds which renew their beauties. The salt sea for them becomes a flourishing field, as it did to the people of God, when they came forth of the chains of *Egypt*. The cloud which appeared to the Prophet *Ezechiel*, carried with it winds and storms: but it was environed with a golden circle; to teach us, that the storms of afflictions which happen to Gods children, are encompassed with brightness, and smiling felicity. They must rot as a grain of wheat, that they may bud out and flourish in the ear. They must abide the diversity of times, and endure the sythe and flail; They must be ground in a mill, and pass by water and fire, before they can be made bread pleasing to Jesus Christ. Our losses are our advantages; we loose nothing, but to gain by it; we humble and abase our selves, to be exalted; we despoil our selves to be better cloathed, and we mortifie our selves, to be revived. O what a grain of wheat is Jesus Christ, who hath past all these trials, to make the heighth of all heavenly glories bud out of his infinite sufferings.

Aspirations.

O God, I have that passionate desire, which these strangers had, to see Jesus. I do not ask it of *Philip*, nor shal *Philip* have cause to ask *Andrew*. My Jesus, I ask it of thy self. Thou art beautiful even in the way of the Cross; Thou didst shew thy self courageous in the Abyss of thy pains: thou art admirable in the contempt of death. The heavenly trumpet hath already sounded for thee, and chearfulness gives wings to carry thee to this great combat, where death and life fight singly together: which makes life die for a time, and death live for ever. I will forsake my very soul, to follow thee in this Agony, and find my life in thy death, as thou hast extinguished death in thy life.

The Gospel upon Palm-Sunday, S. *Matthew* 21.

Our SAVIOUR came in triumph to *Jerusalem* a little before his Passion.

AND when they drew nigh to Jerusalem, and were come to Bethphage, unto mount Olivet, then Jesus sent two Disciples, saying to them, Go ye into the Town that is against you, and immediately you shall find an Ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them to me. And if any man shall say ought unto you, say ye, That our Lord hath need of them, and forthwith he will let them go. And this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Prophet, saying, Say ye to the daughter of Sion, Behold thy King cometh to thee, meek, and sitting upon an Ass, and a Colt, the foal of her that is used to the yoke. And the Disciples going, did as Jesus commanded them: and they brought the Ass and the Colt, and laid their garments upon them, and made him to sit thereon. And a very great multitude spred their garments in the way: and others did cut boughs from the trees, and strawed them in the way, and the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying: Hosanna to the Son of David, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Moralities.

1. OUr Saviour goes to his death in triumph: he appears to be a King, but a King of hearts, who requires nothing of us, but our selves, only to make us happy and contented in him. He triumphs before the victory, because none but he could be sure of the future certainty of his happiness. But he watered his triumphs with tears, to weep for our joys, which were to proceed out of his sadness. It is related by an ancient Oratour, that when *Constantine* made his entry into great *Britany*, (where he was born) the people received him with so great applause, that they kissed the Sails and Oars of the vessel which brought him, and were ready to pave the streets with their bodies for him to tread on. If they did so for a mortal man, what should we not do for an eternal God, who comes to buy us with his precious blood, and demands entrance into our hearts, only to give us Paradise.

2. He walks towards his Cross, amongst the cries of favours and joy; to teach us, with what chearfulness we should conform our selves to abide our own sufferings; imitating the Apostles, who received their first reproaches, as Manna from heaven. He would have us prepared and resolved always to suffer death patiently; whether it be a death which raiseth up our spirit to forsake sensuality, or a natural death. Whether soever it be, we should embrace it as the day which must bring us to our lodging, after a troublesom pilgrimage. Doth it not appear plainly, that those who are loath to forsake the world, are like herbs put into an earthen pot among straw and dung, and yet would be unwilling to come forth of it. The furniture of our worldly lodging grown rotten, the roof is ready to fall upon our heads, the foundation shakes under our feet, and we fear that day, which (if we our selves will) shal be the morning of our eternall happiness. It is not death, but only the opinion of it, which is terrible, and every man considers it according to the disposition of his own spirit.

3. The Palm-branches which we carry in our hands, require from us the renewing of a life purifi'd and cleansed in the bloud of the holy Lamb. In the beginning of Lent we take upon our heads the ashes of Palm-branches, to teach us, that we do then enter (as it were) into the Sepulchre of repentance: But now we carry green bows, to make us know, that now we come out of the tomb of Ashes, to enter again into the strength of doing good works, in imi-

tation

tation of the trees, which having been covered with snow, and buried in the sharpness of winter, do again begin to bud out in the Spring-time.

4. The garments spread under the feet of *Jesus*, declare, that all our temporal goods should be employed towards his glory; and that we must forsake our affections to all things which perish, that we may be partakers of his Kingdom. No man can stand firm, that is delighted with moveable things. He that is subject to worldly affections, binds himself to a wheel which turns about continually. *Jesus* accepted this triumph, only to despise it: he reserved the honour of it in his own hands, to drown it in the flood of his tears, and in the sea of his precious blood. If you be rich and wealthy, do not publish it vainly, but let the poor feel it. You must live amongst all the greatness and jollity of this world, as a man whose only business must be to go to God.

Aspirations.

O Sovereign King of hearts, after whom all chast loves do languish, I am filled with joy to see thee walk amongst the cries of joy, and the Palms and garments of thy admirers, which served for carpets. I am ravished with thy honours and the delights of thy glory, and I applaud thy triumphs. Alas, that all the earth is not obedient unto thy laws; and that the tongues of all people do not make one voice, to acknowledge thee sole Monarch of Heaven and earth. Triumph at least in the hearts of thy faithful servants (O my magnificent Master) make a triumphal Ark composed of hearts; Put fire to it with thy adored hand: pour out one spark of that heat, which thou camest to spread upon the earth. Let every thing burn for thee, and consume it self in thy love. I do irrevocably bind my heart to the magnificence of thy triumph, and I love better to be thy slave, then to be saluted King of the whole world.

The Gospel upon Munday in holy week Saint *John* 12.

Saint *Mary Magdalen* anointed our Saviours feet with precious Ointment: at which *Judas* repined.

JEsus therefore six days before the Pasche, came to Bethania, *where* Lazarus *was, that had been dead, whom* Jesus *raised and they made him a supper there, and* Martha *ministred, but* Lazarus *was one of them that sate at the table with him.* Mary *therefore took a pound of Ointment of right Spikenard, precious, and anointed the feet of* Jesus, *and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled of the odour of the Ointment. One therefore of his Disciples,* Judas Iscariot, *he that was to betray him, said; Why was not this Ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? And he said this, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and having the purse, carried the things that were put in it.* Jesus *therefore said, Let her alone, that she may keep it for the day of my burial: for the poor you have always with you: but me you shall not have always. A great multitude of the Jews knew that he was there: and they came, not for* Jesus *onely, but that they might see* Lazarus, *whom he raised from the dead.*

Moralities.

1. *Lazarus* being raised from his grave, converseth familiarly with *Jesus*; and to preserve the life which he had newly received, he ties himself continually to the fountain of lives: to teach us, that since we have begun to make a stronge conversion from sin to grace, we must not be out of the sight of God: we must live with him, and of him; with him, by applying our spirit, our prayers, our fervours, our passionate sighs toward him: and live of him, by often receiving the blessed Sacrament. Happy they (saith the Angel in the *Apocalyps*) who are invited to the wedding-supper of the Lamb. But note, that he who invites us to this feast, stands upright amidst the Sun, to signifie, that we should be as pure as the beams of light, when we come unto the most holy Sacrament. *Lazarus* did eat bread with his Lord: but, (to speak with S. *Augustine*) he did not then eat the bread of our Lord; and yet this great favour is reserved for you, when you are admitted to that heavenly banquet, where God makes himself meat, to give you an Antepast of his Immortality.

2. God will have us acknowledge his benefits, by the faithfulness of our services. S. *Peter*'s mother-in-law, as soon as she was healed of her Feaver, presently served her Physician. And observe, that *Martha* served the Authour of life, who had redeemed her brother from the power of death. The faithful *Mary*, who had shed tears, gave what she had most precious, and observes no measure in the worth, because *Jesus* cannot be valued. *Cleopatra*'s pearl (estimated to be worth 200000 crowns) which she made her friend swallow at a Banquet, this holy woman, thought too base; she melts her heart in a sacred Limbeck of love, and distils it out by her eys. And *Jesus* makes so great account of her waters and perfumes, that he would suffer no body to wash his feet, when he instituted the blessed Sacrament, as not being willing to deface the sacred characters of his sacred Lover.

3. *Judas* murmures and covers his villanous passion of Avarice, under the colour of charity and mercy towards the poor. And just so do many cover their vices with a specious shew of virtue. The proud man would be thought magnanimous; the prodigal would pass for liberal: the covetous for a good husband; the brain-sick rash man, would be reputed courageous: the glutton a hospitable good fellow: sloath puts on the face of quietness, timorousness of wisdom, impudence of boldness, insolence of liberty, and over-confident or sawcy prating, would be taken for eloquence. Many men (for their own particular interests) borrow some colours of the publick good; and very many actions, both unjust and unreasonable, take upon them a semblance of piety. S. *Irenæus* saith, that many give water coloured with sleckt white-lime or plaster, in stead of milk. *And all their life is but a Farse, where Blackamoors are whited over with meal. Poor truth suffers much more amongst these cozenages: but you must take notice, that in the end, wicked and dissembling *Judas* did burst, and shew his damned soul stark naked. Yet some think fairly to cover foul intentions, who must needs know well, that hypocrisie hath no veil to cozen death.

*A Farse is a *French* Jig, wherein the faces of all the actours are whited over with meal.

Aspirations.

I See no Altars in all the world more amiable then the feet of our Saviour; I will go by his steps to find his feet; and by the excellencies of the best of men, I will go find out the God of gods. Those feet are admirable, and S. *John* hath well described them to be made of mettal, burning in a Furnace: they are feet of mettal by their constancy, and feet of fire by the enflamed affections of their Master. Let *Judas* murmure at it, what he will: but if I had a Sea of sweet odours, and odoriferous perfumes, I would empty them all upon an object so worthy of love. Give (O mine eys) give at least tears to this precious Holocaust, which goes to sacrifice it self for satisfaction of your libidinous concupiscences. Wash it with your waters, before it wash you with its blood. O my soul, seek not after excrements of thy head to dry it: thy hairs are thy thoughts, which must only think of him, who thought so kindly and passionately of thee, on the day of his Eternity.

The Gospel upon Maunday Thursday, S. *John* the 13.

Of our Saviours washing the feet of his Apostles.

And before the festival day of the Pasche, Jesus knowing that his hour was come, that he should pass out of this world to his Father: whereas he had loved his that were in the world, unto the end he loved them. And when supper was done, whereas the devil now had put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, *the son of* Simon, *to betray him, knowing that the Father gave him all things into his hands, and that he came from God, and goeth to God: he riseth from supper, and layeth aside his garments, and having taken a towel, girded himself. After that he put water into a basin, and began to wash the feet of the Disciples, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. He cometh therefore to* Simon Peter; *and* Peter *saith to him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet? Jesus answered, and said to him, That which I do, thou knowest not now, hereafter thou shalt know.* Peter *saith to him, Thou shalt not wash my feet for ever.* Jesus *answered him, if I wash thee not, thou shalt not have part with me.* Simon Peter *saith to him, Lord, not only my feet, but also hands and head.* Jesus *saith to him, He that is washed, needeth not but to wash his feet, but is clean wholly: and you are clean, but not all; for he knew who he was that would betray him, therefore he said, You are not clean all.*

Therefore after he had washed their feet, and taken his garments, being set down, again he said to them, Know you what I have done to you? You call me Master, and Lord, and you say well, for I am so. If then I have washed your feet, Lord and Master, you ought also to wash one anothers feet. For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so do you also.

Moralities.

1. JEsus loves his servants for an end, and till the full accomplishment of that end. The world loves his creatures with a love which tends to concupiscence; but that is not the end for which they were made, or should be loved. There is a very great difference between them: for the love of worldly men, plays the tyrant in the world, snatching and turning all things from the true scope and intention, for which they were made by God, diverting them to profane uses, by turbulent and forcible ways. The world pleaseth it self to set up Idols every where, to make it self adored in them, as chief Sovereign. It makes use of the Sun to light his crimes; of the fatness of the earth to fatten his pleasures, of apparel for his luxury, of all mettals to kindle Avarice, and of the purest beauties to serve sensuality. And if by chance it love any creature, with a well-wishing love, and as it ought to be loved, that is not permanent. The wind is not more inconstant, nor a calm at Sea more unfaithful, then worldly friendship. For sometimes it begins with Fire, and ends in Ice. It is made as between a pot and a glass, and is broken sooner then a glass. The ancient *Almans* tried their children in the *Rhine*, but true friendship is tried in a sea of tribulation. It is only Jesus (the preserver and restorer of all things) who loves us from Eternity to Eternity. We must follow the sacred steps of his examples, to reduce our selves to our first beginning, and to bring our selves to the final point of our happiness.

2. The water at first was a mild element, which served the Majesty of God, as a floating chariot, since (as the Scripture saith) his Spirit was carried upon the waters, from whence he drew the seeds which produced all the world. But after man had sinned; like a Supreme Judge, he made use of the gentlest things to be the instruments of our punishments. The water which carried the Divine Mercies, was chosen at the deluge, to drown all mankind. Now at this time Jesus sanctified it by his sacred touch: He took the bason, which being in his hands, became greater and more full of Majesty, then all the Ocean. Our spots, which eternity could not wash clean, are taken away at Baptism, by one only drop of water, sanctified by his blessing. He prevents the bath of his blood, by the bath of an element: which he doth expressly before his institution of the blessed Sacrament; to teach us, what purity of life, of heart, of faith, of intentions and affections, we must bring to the Holy Eucharist. It is necessary to chase away all strange gods (which are sins and passions) before we receive the God of *Israel*: we must wash our selves in the waters of repentance, and change our attire by a new conversation. Is it too much for us to give flesh for flesh, the body of a miserable man, for that of Jesus Christ? The consideration of our sins should bring up the blood of blushing into our cheeks, since they were the only cause why he shed his most precious blood upon the Cross for us. Alas, the Heavens are not pure before his most pure Spirit, which purifies all nature: Then how can we go to him, with so many voluntary stains and deformities? Is it not to cast flowers upon a dunghil, and to drive Swine to a clear fountain, when we will go to Jesus (the Authour of innocency) carrying with us the steps and spots of our heynous sins?

3. Jesus would not only take upon himself the form of man, but also of a base servant, as S. *Paul* saith. It was the office of slaves to carry water to wash bodies; which made *David* say, that *Moab* should be the Bason of his hope, expressing thereby, that he would humble the Moabites so low, that they should serve only to bring water to wash unclean houses. Alas, who would have said, that the Messias was come amongst us to execute the office of a Moabite (What force hath conquered him, what arms have brought him under, but only love? How can we then become proud, and burn incense to that Idol, called *Point of honour*, when we see how our God humbled himself in this action? observe with what preparation the Evangelist said, that his Heavenly Father had put all into his hands: that he came from God, and went to God; yet in stead of taking the worlds Scepter, he takes a Bason, and humbles himself to the most servile offices. And if the waters of this Bason cannot burst in us the foul impostume of vanity, we must expect no other remedy, but the eternal flames of hell fire.

Aspirations.

O King of Lovers, and Master of all holy Loves, Thou lovest for an end, and till the accomplishment of that end. It appertains only to thee, to teach the Art of loving well, since thou hast practised it so admirably. Thou art none of those delicate friends, who only make love to beauties, to gold, and silk; thou lovest our very poverty, and our miseries; because they serve for objects of thy charity. Let proud *Michol* laugh (while she list) to see my dear *David* made as a water-bearer; I honour him as much in that posture, as I would sitting upon the throne of all the world. I look upon him holding this Bason, as upon him that holds the vast seas in his hands. O my merciful *Jesus*, I beseech thee wash; wash again, and make clean my most sinful soul. Be it as black as hell, being in thy hands, it may become more white then that Dove (with silver wings) of which the Prophet speaks. I go, I run to the fountain; I burn with love amongst thy purifying waters. I desire affectionately to humble my self, but I know not where to find so low a place as thine, when thou thus wast humbled before *Judas*, to wash his traiterours feet.

Upon

Upon the Garden of Mount *Olivet*.

Moralities.

1. JEsus enters into a Garden, to expiate the sin committed in a Garden by the first man. The first *Adam* stole the fruit, and the second is ordained to make satisfaction. It is a strange thing, that he chose the places of our delights, for suffering his pains, and never lookt upon our most dainty sweets, but to draw out of them most bitter sorrows. Gardens are made for recreations, but our Saviour finds there onely desolation. The Olives, which are tokens of peace, denounce war unto him. The plants there do groan, the flowers are but flowers of death, and those fountains are but fountains of sweat and bloud. He that shall study well this Garden, must needs be ashamed of all his pleasant Gardens: and will forsake those refined curiosities of Tulips, to make his heart become another manner of Garden, where Jesus should be planted, as the onely Tree of Life, which brings forth the most perfect fruits of justice.

2. It was there that the greatest Champion of the world undertook so great Combats, which began with sweat and bloud, but ended with the loss of his life. There were three marvellous Agonies, of God and Death; of Joy and Sorrow; of the Soul and Flesh of *Jesus*. God and Death were two incomparable things; since God is the first, and the most universal of all lives, who banisheth from him all the operations of death, and yet his love finds means to unite them together for our redemption.

The joy of beatitude was a fruition of all celestial delights, whereunto nothing which displeased, could have access; and yet *Jesus* suffered sorrow, to give him a mortal blow, even in the Sanctuary of his Divinity. He afflicted himself for us, because we knew not what it was to afflict our selves for him, and he descended by our steps to the very anguishes of death, to make us rise by his death, to the greatest joyes of life.

To be short, there was a great duel between the affectionate love, and the virginal flesh of *Jesus*. His soul did naturally love a body, which was so obedient; and his body followed wholly the inclinations of his soul: There was so perfect an agreement between these two parties, that their separation must needs be most dolorous. Yet *Jesus* would have it so, and signed the decree by sweating bloud. And, as if it had been too little to weep for our sins with two eyes, he suffered as many eyes as he had veins, to be made in his body, to shed for us tears of his own bloud.

3. Observe here how this soul of *Jesus* amongst those great anguishes, continued alwaies constant, like the Needle of a Sea-compass in a storm. He praies, he exhorts, he orders, he reproves, and he encourages; he is like the Heavens, which (amongst so many motions and agitations) lose no part of their measure or proportion. Nature and obedience make great convulsions in his heart: but he remains constantly obedient to the will of his Heavenly Father: he tears himself from himself, to make himself a voluntary sacrifice for death, amongst all his inclinations to life; to teach us that principal lesson of Christianity, which is to desire onely what God will, and to execute all the decrees of his divine Providence, as our chiefest helps to obtain perfection.

Aspirations.

O Beauteous garden of Olives, which from henceforth shalt be the most delicious object of my heart. I will lose my self in thy walks, I will be lost with God, that I may never be lost. I will breath onely thy air, since it is made noble by the sighs of my dear Master. I will gather thy flowers, since *Jesus* hath marked them with his bloud. I will wash my self in those fountains, since they are sanctified by the sweat of my *Jesus*. I will have no other joy, but the sorrow of the Son of God, nor any other will but his. O my sweet Saviour, Master and teacher of all humane kind, wilt thou be abridged of thine own will (which was so reasonable and pure) to give me an example of mortifying my passions, and shall I (before thy face) retain any wicked or disordinate appetites? Is it possible I should desire to be Lord of my self (who am so bad a Master) when I see the Authour of all goodness separate himself from himself, onely to make me and all mankind, partakers of his merits.

Of the Apprehension of JESUS.

IN that obscure and dolorous night, wherein our Saviour was apprehended, three sorts of darkness were cast; upon the Jews, upon *Judas*, and upon Saint *Peter*: A darkness of obduration upon the hearts of the Jews; a darkness of ingratefull maligniy upon *Judas*; and a darkness of infirmity upon Saint *Peter*. Was there ever any blindness like that of the Jews, who sought for the shining Sun with lighted torches, without knowing him by so many beams of power, which shined from him? They are strucken down with the voice of the Son of God, as with lightning; and they rise again upon the earth to arm themselves against Heaven. They binde his hands to take away the use of his forces, but they could not stop the course of his bounties. To shew that he is totally good, he is good and charitable, even amongst his mercilesse executioners, and he lost all he had (saving his Godhead) onely to gain patience.

When S. *Peter* struck the high Priests servant, the patience of our Lord Jesus received the blow, and had no patience till he was healed. If goodness did shew forth any one beam in the garden, modesty sent forth another in the house of *Annas*, when his face was strucken by a servile hand, his mouth opened it self as a Temple, from whence nothing came but sweetness and light. The God of Truth speaketh to *Caiphas*, and they spit upon his brightness, and cover that face which must discover Heaven for us. The mirrour of Angels is tarnisht with the spittle of infernal mouthes, and wounded by most sacrilegious hands, without any disturbance of his constancy. That was invincible by his virtue, as the wilfulness of the Jews stood immoveable by their obduration. There are souls, which after they have filled the earth with crimes, expect no cure of their diseases, but by the hell of the reprobate.

2. The second darkness appeareth by the black passion of *Judas*, who falls down into hell with his eies open; and after he had sold his soul, sold *Jesus*, and both all he had, and all he was, to buy an infamous halter to hang himself. A soul become passionate with wanton love, with ambition or avarice, is banished into it self, as into a direct hell, and delivered to her own passions, as to the Furies. The Poets *Hydra* had but seven heads; but the spirit of Avarice (S. *John Climacus* saith) hath ten thousand. The conversation of *Jesus*, which was so full of infinite attractions, could never win the spirit of *Judas*, when it was once bewitched with covetousness. The tinkling of silver kept him from rightly understanding

Jesus. He makes use of the most holy things, to betray Holiness it self. He employs the kiss of peace, to begin war. He carries poyson in his heart, and honey in his mouth: he puts on the spirit of *Jesus*, to betray him. This shews us plainly, that covetous and traiterous persons are fartheſt from God, and neareſt to the Devils.

3. The third power of darkneſs appeared in the infirmity of S. *Peter*, who after so many protestations of fidelity, for fear of death, renounced the Authour of life. One of the Ancients said, The greateſt frailty of Humanity, was, that the wiſeſt men were not infallibly wise at all times. And all men are astoniſhed to see, that the greateſt spirits (being left to themselves) become barren, and suffer eclipses, which give examples to the wiſeſt, and terrour to all the world. God hath suffered the fall of S. *Peter*, to make us have in horrour all presumption of our own forces: and to teach us, that over-great assurance is oftentimes mother of an approaching danger. Besides, it seemeth he would by this example, consecrate the virtue of repentance in this fault of him, whom he chose to be head of his Church; to make us see, that there is no dignity so high, nor holiness so eminent, which doth not owe Tribute to the mercy of God.

Aſpirations.

Upon S. *Peter*'s Tears.

IT is most true (saith S. *Peter*) that a proud felicity hath always reeling feet. Thou which didſt defie the gates of Hell, haſt yielded thy self to the voice of a simple woman. All those conqueſts which thou didſt promise to thy self, are become the tropheys of so weak a hand. Return to the combat, and since she hath triumphed over thee, do thou at leaſt triumph over thy self. Alaſs, I am afraid even to behold the place of my fall, and the weak snares of a simple woman appear to me as boiſtrous chains. Yet what can he fear, who is resolute to die? If thou find death amongſt these maſſacres, thou shouldſt rather embrace then decline it. For what can it do, but make thee companion of life it self? Our soul is yet too foul to be a sacrifice for God; let us first waſh it with tears. I fell down before the fire, and I will riſe by water. I have walked upon the Sea to come to *Jesus*, and I will now return to him by the way of my tears. I will speak now only by my tears; since I have lately talked so wickedly with my mouth. Since that which should open to speak Oracles for the Church, hath been employed to commit soul treason: since we have nothing left free to us, but sighs and groans; let us make use of the laſt liberty which is left us, and when all is spent, return to the mercy of *Jesus*, which all the sins of the world can never evacuate. I will from henceforth be a perpetual example to the Church by my fall and riſing again from death, for the comfort of sinners: and the fault of one night shall be lamented by me all the days of my life.

Moralities upon the *Pretorian*, or *Judgment-Hall*.

1. IN the paſſion of our Saviour, all things are divine, and it seemeth they go as high as they could be raiſed by that Sovereign power, joyned with extreme love. *Jesus* the most supreme and redoubted Judge, who will come in his great Majeſty to judge the world, fire and lightning streaming from his face, and all things trembling under his feet; was pleaſed at this time to be judged as a criminal person. Every thing is most admirable in this judgment: The Accuſers speak nothing of those things, which they had reſolved in their counsels: but all spake againſt their consciences. As soon as they are heard, they are condemned; juſtice forsaketh them, and they are wholly poſſeſt with rage. *Pilate*, before he gave judgment upon Jesus, pronounced it againſt himself: for after he had so many times declared him innocent, he could not give judgment, without proteſting himself to be unjuſt. The silence of Jesus is more admired by this Infidel, then the eloquence of all the world: and truth, without speaking one word, triumpheth over falſhood. A *Pagan* Lady (the wife of *Pilate*) is more knowing then all the Laws: more religious then the Prieſts: more zealous then the Apoſtles: more courageous then the men of Arms. When she sleepeth, Jesus is in her sleep: when she talketh, Jesus is upon her tongue. If she write, Jesus is under her pen: her letter defendeth him at the Judgment-Hall, when all the world condemned him; she calleth him holy, when they used him like a thief. She maketh her husband waſh his hands, before he touched that blood, the high price of which she proclaimed. She was a *Roman* Lady by Nation, called *Claudia Procula*; and it was very fit she should defend this Jesus, who was to plant the Seat of his Church in *Rome*. All this while Jesus doth good amongſt so many evils: he had caused a place to be bought newly for the burial of Pilgrims at the price of his blood; he reconciles *Herod* and *Pilate*, by the loſs of his life. He sets *Barrabas* at liberty, by the loſs of his honour: he speaks not one word to him that had killed S. *John* the *Baptiſt*, who was the voice. And the other, to revenge himself (without thinking what he did) shewed him as a King. He appears before *Pilate* as the King of dolours, that he might become for us the King of glories. But what a horrour is it to consider, that in this judgment, he was used like a slave, like a sorcerer, like an accurſed sacrifice? Slavery made him subject to be whipped, the crown of thorns was given only to Enchanters, and that made him appear as a Sorcerer. And so many curses pronounced againſt him, made him as the dismiſſive Goat, mentioned in *Leviticus*, which was a miserable beaſt, upon which they caſt all their execrations, before they sent it to die in the Desart. He that bindeth the showers in clouds, to make them water the earth, is bound and drawn like a criminal person. He that holds the vaſt Seas in his fiſt, and ballanceth Heaven with his fingers, is struck by servile hands. He, that enamels the boſom of the earth, with a rare and pleasing diverſity of flowers, is most ignominiously crowned with a crown of thorns. O hideous prodigies, which took away from us the light of the Sun, and covered the Moon with a sorrowful darkneſs. Behold, what a garland of flowers he hath taken upon his head, to expiate the sins of both Sexes. It was made of briars and thorns, which the earth of our fleſh had sowed for us, and which the virtue of his Croſs took away. All the pricks of death were thruſt upon this prodigious patience, which planted her throne upon the head of our Lord. Consider how the Son of God would be used for our sins, while we live in delicacies? and one little offensive word goeth to our hearts; to which, though he that spake it, gave the swiftneſs of wings, yet we keep it so shut up in our hearts, that it getteth leaden heels, which make it continue there fixed.

Aſpirations.

Aſpirations.

ALas, what do I ſee here? A crown of thorns grafted upon a man of thorns: A man of dolours, who burns between two fires, the one of love, the other of tribulation; both which do inflame and devour him equally, and yet never can conſume him. O thou the moſt pure of all beauties, where have my ſins placed thee? Thou art no more a man, but a bloudy skin taken from the teeth of Tigers and Leopards. Alas, what a ſpectacle is this to diſpoil this ſilk * worm, which at this day attires our Churches and Altars? How could they make thoſe men (who looked upon thy chaſte body) ſtrike and disfigure it? O white Alabaſter, how haſt thou been ſo changed into ſcarlet? Every ſtroke hath made a wound, and every wound a fountain of bloud. And yet ſo many fountains of thy ſo precious bloud, cannot draw from me one tear. But O ſacred Nightingale of the Croſs, who hath put thee within theſe thorns, to make ſo great harmonies only by thy ſilence? O holy thorns, I do not ask you where are your Roſes. I know well they are the bloud of Jeſus, and I am not ignorant that all roſes would be thorns, if they had any feeling of that which you have. Jeſus carried them upon his head, but I will bear them at my heart: and thou (O Jeſus) ſhalt be the object of my preſent dolours, that thou mayeſt after be the Fountain of my everlaſting joys.

* *Ego ſum vermis & non homo.* Pſalm. 21.

Moralities for Good Friday upon the death of JESUS CHRIST.

MOunt *Calvary* is a marvellous ſcaffold, where the chiefeſt Monarch of all the world, loſeth his life, to reſtore our ſalvation which was loſt, and where he makes the Sun to be eclipſed over his head and ſtones to be cloven under his feet; to teach us by inſenſible creatures, the feeling which we ſhould have of his ſufferings.

This is the ſchool where Jeſus teacheth that great Leſſon, which is the way to do well. And we cannot better learn it then by his examples, ſince he was pleaſed to make himſelf paſſible and mortal, to overcome our paſſions, and to be the Authour of our immortality.

The qualities of a good death may be reduced to three points: of which the firſt is to have a right conformity to the will of God, for the manner, the hour, and circumſtances of our death.

The ſecond is, to forſake as well the affections, as the preſence of all creatures of this baſe world.

The third is, to unite our ſelves to God by the practiſe of great virtues, which will ſerve as ſteps to glory.

Now theſe three conditions are to be ſeen in the death of the Prince of Glory upon Mount *Calvary*; which we will take as the pureſt Idea's, whereby to regulate our paſſage out of this world.

1. COnſider in the firſt place, that every man living hath a natural inclination to life, becauſe it hath ſome kind of divinity in it. We love it, when it ſmileth upon us, as if it were our Paradiſe; and if it be troubleſom, yet we ſtrive to retain it, though it be accompanied with very great miſeries. And if we muſt needs forſake this miſerable body, we then deſire to leave it by ſome gentle and eaſie death. This maketh us plainly ſee the generoſity of our Saviour, who being Maſter of life and death, and having it in his power to chuſe that manner of death which would be leaſt hideous, (being of it ſelf full enough of horrour) yet nevertheleſs, to conform himſelf to the will of his heavenly Father, and to confound our delicacies, he would needs leave his life by the moſt dolorous and ignominious, which was to be found among all the deaths of the whole world. The Croſs among the Gentiles, was a puniſhment for ſlaves, and the moſt deſperate perſons of the whole world. The Croſs amongſt the Hebrews was accurſed: It was the ordinary curſe which the moſt uncapable and moſt malicious mouths did pronounce againſt their greateſt enemies. The death of a crucified man, was the moſt continual, languiſhing, and tearing of a ſoul from the body, with moſt exceſſive violence and agony. And yet the Eternal Wiſdom choſe this kind of puniſhment, and drank all the ſorrows of a cup ſo bitter. He ſhould have died upon ſome Trophey, and breathed out his laſt amongſt flowers, and left his ſoul in a moment: and if he muſt needs have felt death, to have had the leaſt ſenſe of it that might be. But he would try the rigour of all greateſt ſufferings: he would fall to the very bottom of diſhonour: and (having ever ſpared from himſelf all the pleaſures of this life) to make his death compleat, he would ſpare none of thoſe infinite dolours. The devout *Simon* of Caſſia asketh our Saviour, going toward Mount *Calvary*, ſaying, O Lord, whither go you with the extreme weight of this dry and barren piece of wood? Whither do you carry it, and why? Where do you mean to ſet it? Upon mount *Calvary*? That place is moſt wild and ſtony: how will you plant it? Who ſhall water it? Jeſus anſwers, I bear upon my ſhoulders a piece of wood, which muſt conquer him, who muſt make a far greater conqueſt by the ſame piece of wood: I carry it to mount *Calvary*, to plant it by my death, and water it with my blood. This wood which I bear, muſt bear me, to bear the ſalvation of all the world, and to draw all after me. And then (O faithful ſoul) wilt not thou ſuffer ſome confuſion, at thine own delicacies? to be ſo fearful of death by an ordinary diſeaſe, in a down-bed, amongſt ſuch neceſſary ſervices, ſuch favourable helps, conſolations and kindneſſes of friends ſo ſenſible of thy condition? We bemoan and complain our ſelves of heat, cold, diſtaſte, of diſquiet, of grief: Let us allow ſome of this to Nature; yet muſt it be confeſt, that we lament our ſelves very much: becauſe we have never known, how we ſhould lament a Jeſus Chriſt crucified. Let us die as it ſhall pleaſe the Divine Providence: If death come when we are old, it is a haven: If in youth, it is a direct benefit antedated: If by ſickneſs, it is the nature of our bodies: If by external violence, it is yet always the decree of Heaven. It is no matter how many deaths there are, we are ſure there can be but one for us.

2. Conſider further, the ſecond condition of a good death, which conſiſts in the forſaking of all creatures, and you ſhall find it moſt punctually obſerved by our Saviour at the time of his death. *Ferrara*, a great Divine, who hath written a book of the hidden Word, toucheth twelve things abandoned by our Saviour.

1. *His apparel, leaving himſelf naked.*
2. *The marks of his dignity.*
3. *The Colledge of his Apoſtles.*
4. *The ſweetneſs of all comfort.*
5. *His own proper will.*
6. *The authority of virtues.*
7. *The power of Angels.*
8. *The perfect joys of his ſoul.*
9. *The proper clarity of his body.*
10. *The honours due to him.*
11. *His own skin.*
12. *All his bloud.*

Now

Now, do but consider his abandoning the principal of those things, how bitter it was. First, the abandoning of neareſt and moſt faithfull friends, is able to afflict any heart: Behold him forſaken by all his ſo well-beloved Diſciples, of whom he had made choice (amongſt all mortal men) to be the depoſitaries of his doctrine, of his life, of his bloud. If *Judas* be at the myſtery of his Paſſion, it is to betray him. If S. *Peter* be there aſſiſting, it is to deny him: If his ſorrowfull mother ſtand at the foot of the Croſs, it is to increaſe the grief of her Son; and after he had been ſo ill handled by his cruel executioners, to crucifie him again by the hands of Love. The courageous Mother, to triumph over her ſelf by a magnanimous conſtancy, was preſent at the execution of her dear Son. She fixed her eyes upon all his wounds, to engrave them deep in her heart. She opened her ſoul wide, to receive that ſharp piercing ſword, with which ſhe was threatned by that venerable old *Simeon* at her Purification: And Jeſus, who ſaw her ſo afflicted for his ſake, felt himſelf doubly crucified upon the wood of the Croſs, and the heart of his dear Mother. We know it by experience, that when we love one tenderly, his afflictions and diſgraces will trouble us more then our own, becauſe he living in us by an affectionate life, we live in him by a life of reaſon and election. Jeſus lived and repoſed in the heart of his bleſſed Mother, as upon a Throne of love, and as within a Paradiſe of his moſt holy delights. This heart was before as a bed covered with flowers: But this ſame heart (on the day of his Paſſion) became like a ſcaffold hanged with mourning, whereupon our Saviour entred, to be tormented and crucified upon the Croſs of Love, which was the Croſs of his Mother. This admirable Merchant, who deſcended from Heaven to accompliſh the buſineſs of all Ages; (who took upon him our miſeries, to give us felicities) was plunged within a ſea of bloud: and in this ſo precious ſhipwrack, there remained one onely ineſtimable pearl, (which was his divine Mother) and yet he abandons her, and gives her into the hand of his Diſciple. After he had forſaken thoſe neareſt to him, ſee what he does with his body; Jeſus did ſo abandon it (a little before his death) that not being content onely to deliver it as a prey to ſorrow, but he ſuffered it to be expoſed naked, to the view of the world. And amongſt his ſharpeſt dolours, (after he had been refuſed the drink which they gave to malefactours, to ſtrengthen them in their torments) he took for himſelf vinegar and gall. O what a ſpectacle was it to ſee a body torn in pieces, which reſted it ſelf upon its own wounds, which was dying every moment, but could not die, becauſe that life diſtilled by drops? What Martyr did ever endure, in a body ſo ſenſible and delicate, having an imagination ſo lively, and in ſuch piercing dolours, mixt with ſo few comforts? And what Martyr did ſuffer for all the ſins of the whole world, as he did, proportioning his torments according to the fruits which were to proceed from his Croſs? Perhaps, O faithfull ſoul, thou lookeſt for a mans body in thy Jeſus, but thou findeſt nothing but the appearance of one, cruſted over with gore bloud: Thou ſeekeſt for limbs, and findeſt nothing but wounds: Thou lookeſt for a Jeſus, which appeared glorious upon Mount *Tabor*, as upon a Throne of Majeſty, with all the Enſigns of his Glory, and thou findeſt onely a skin all bloudy, faſtened to a Croſs between two thieves. And if the conſideration of this cannot bring drops of bloud from thy heart, it muſt be more inſenſible then a diamond.

3. To conclude, obſerve the third quality of a good death, which will declare it ſelf by the exerciſe of great and heroick virtues. Conſider that incomparable mildneſſe which hath aſtoniſhed all Ages, hath encouraged all virtues, hath condemned all revenges, hath inſtructed all Schools, and crowned all good actions: He was raiſed upon the Croſs, when his dolours were moſt ſharp and piercing; when his wounds did open on all ſides, when his precious bloud was ſhed upon the earth, and moiſtened it in great abundance; when he ſaw his poor cloaths torn in pieces, and yet bloudy in the hands of thoſe who crucified him. He conſidered the extream malice of that cruel people, how thoſe which could not wound him with iron, pierced him with the points of their accurſed tongues. He could quickly have made fire come down from Heaven upon thoſe rebellious heads. And yet forgetting all his pains to remember his mercies, he opened his mouth, and the firſt word he ſpake, was in favour of his enemies, to negotiate their reconciliation, before his ſoul departed. The learned Cardinal *Hugues* admiring this exceſſive charity of our Saviour toward his enemies, applies excellent well that which is ſpoken of the Sun in *Eccleſiaſticus*. He brings news to all the world at his riſing, and at noon day he burns the earth, and heats thoſe furnaces of Nature, which makes it produce all her feats.

So Jeſus the Sun of the intelligible world, did manifeſt himſelf at his Nativity; as in the morning. But the Croſſe was his bed at noon, from whence came thoſe burning ſtreams of Love, which inflame the hearts of all bleſſed perſons, who are like furnaces of that eternal fire, which burns in holy *Sion*.

On the other part, admire that great magnanimity which held him ſo long upon the Croſſe, as upon a throne of honour and power; when he beſtowed Paradiſe upon a man that was his companion in ſuffering. I cannot tell whether in this action we ſhould more admire the good fortune of the good thief, or the greatneſs of Jeſus. The happineſſe of the good thief, who is drawn for a cut-throat to priſon, from priſon to the Judgment-hall, from thence to the Croſſe, and thence goes to Paradiſe, without needing any other gate, but the heart of Jeſus.

On the other ſide, what can be more admirable then to ſee a man crucified, to do that act, which muſt be performed by the living God, when the world ſhall end? To ſave ſome, to make others reprobate, and to judge from the heighth of his Croſſe, as if he ſate upon the chiefeſt throne of all Monarchs.

But we muſt needs affirm, that the virtue of patience in this, holds a chief place, and teaches very admirable leſſons. He endures the torments of body, and the pains of ſpirit, in all the faculties of his ſoul, in all the parts of his virgin fleſh; and by the cruelty and multiplicity of his wounds, they all become one onely wound, from the ſole of his foot, to the top of his head.

His delicate body ſuffers moſt innocently, and all, by moſt ingrate and hypocritical perſons, who would colour their vengeance with an apparance of holineſſe. He ſuffers without any comfort at all, and (which is more) without bemoaning himſelf, he ſuffers whatſoever they would, or could lay upon him, to the very laſt gaſp of his life. Heaven wears mourning upon the Croſſe; all the Citizens of Heaven weep over his torments: the earth quakes, ſtones rend themſelves; Sepulchers open; the dead ariſe: Only Jeſus dies unmoveable upon this throne of patience,

To

To conclude, who would not be astonished at the tranquillity of his spirit, and amongst those great convulsions of the world, which moved round about the Cross, amongst such bloody dolours, insolent cries, and insupportable blasphemies, how he remained upon the Cross, as in a Sanctuary, at the foot of an Altar, bleeding, weeping, and praying, to mingle his prayers with his blood and tears. I do now understand why the *Wiseman* said, He planted Isles within the Abyss, since that in so great a gulf of afflictions, he shewed such a serenity of spirit; thereby making a Paradise for his Father (amongst so great pains) by the sweet perfume of his virtues. After he had prayed for his enemies, giving a promise of Paradise to the good thief, and recommended his Mother to his Disciple, he shut up his eys from all humane things, entertaining himself only with prayers and sighs to his heavenly Father. O that at the time of our deaths, we could imitate the death of *Jesus*, and then we should be sure to find the streams of life.

Aspirations.

O Spectacles of horrour, but Abyss of goodness and mercy. I feel my heart divided by horrour, pity, hate, love, execration, and adoration. But my admiration being ravished, carries me beyond my self. Is this then that bloody sacrifice which hath been expected from all ages? This hidden mystery, this profound knowledge of the Cross, this dolorous *Jesus*, which makes the honourable amends between Heaven and earth, to the eternal Father, for expiation of the sins of humane kind.

Alas, poor Lord, thou hadst but one life, and I see a thousand instruments of death, which have taken it away. Was there need of opening so many bloody doors to let out thine innocent soul? Could it not part from thy body without making (on all sides) so many wounds? which after they have served for the objects of men's cruelty, serve now for those of thy mercy? O my *Jesus*, I know not to whom I speak; for I do no more know thee in the state thou now art: or if I do, it is only by thy miseries, because they are so excessive, that there was need of a God to suffer what thou hast endured. I look upon thy disfigured countenance, to find some part of thy resemblance, and yet can find none but that of thy love. Alas, O beautiful head, which dost carry all the glory of the highest Heaven, divide with me this dolorous Crown of thorns: they were my sins which sowed them, and it is thy pleasure that thine innocency should mow them. Give me, O sacred mouth, give me that Gall which I see upon thy lips: suffer me to sprinkle all my pleasures with it, since after a long continuance, it did shut up and conclude all thy dolours. Give me, O sacred hands, and adored feet, the Nails which have pierced you: love binds you fast enough to the Cross without them. But do thou, O Lord, hold me fast to thy self, by the chain of thine immensity.

O Lance, cruel Lance, Why didst thou open that most precious side? Thou didst think perhaps to find there the Son's life, and yet thou foundest nothing but the Mother's heart. But without so much as thinking what thou didst, in playing the murtherer, thou hast made a Sepulcher, wherein I will from henceforth bury my soul. When I behold these wounds of my dear Saviour, I do acknowledge the strokes of my own hand: I will therefore likewise engrave there my repentance: I will write my conversion with an eternal character. And if I must live, I will never breath any other life, but that only which shall be produced from the death of my *Jesus* crucified.

The Gospel for *Easter* Day, S. *Mark* 16.

And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalen, and Mary of James, and Salome bought spices, that coming they might anoint Jesus. And very early the first of the Sabbaths, they come to the Monument; the Sun being now risen. And they say one to another, who shall roll back the stone from the door of the Monument? And looking, they saw the stone rolled back, for it was very great. And entring into the Monument, they saw a young man sitting on the right hand, covered with a white Robe: and they were astonished. Who saith to them, Be not dismayed, you seek Jesus of Nazareth that was crucified: he is risen, he is not here, behold the place where they laid him. But go, tell his Disciples, and Peter, that he goeth before you into Galilee: there you shall see him, as he told you.

Moralities.

1. THe Sepulcher of Jesus becomes a Fountain of life, which carries in power, all the glories of the Highest Heaven. Our Saviour riseth from thence, as day out of the *East*, and appears as triumphant in the ornaments of his beauties, as he had been humbled by the acces of his mercies. The rage of the Jews loseth here its power, death his sting, Satan his Kingdom, the Tomb his corruption, and Hell his conquest. Mortality is destroyed, life is illuminated; all is drowned in one day of glory, which comes from the glorious light of our Redeemer. It is now (saith *Tertullian*) that he is revested with his Robe of honour, and is acknowledged as the eternal Priest for all eternity. It is now (saith S. *Gregory Nazianzen*) that he re-assembles humane kind, (which was scattered so many years, by the sin of one man) and placeth it between the arms of his Divinity. This is the Master-piece of his profound humility; and I dare boldly affirm (saith S. *Ambrose*) that God had lost the whole world, if this Sacred Virtue, which he made so clearly shine in his beloved Son, had not put him into possession of his Conquests. We should all languish after this triumphant state of the Resurrection, which will make an end of all our pains, and make our Crowns everlasting.

2. Let us love our *Jesus* as the *Maries* did, that, with them, we may be honoured with his visits. Their love is indefatigable, courageous, and insatiable. They had all the day walk'd round about the Judgment-Hall, Mount *Calvary*, the Cross, and the Sepulcher. They were not wearied with all that: And night had no sleep to shut up their eys. They forsook the image of death, which is sleep, to find death it self, and never looked after any bed, except the Sepulcher of their Master: they travel amongst darkness, Pikes, Launces, the affrights of Arms, and of the night; nothing makes them afraid. If there appear a difficulty to remove the stones, love gives them arms. They spare nothing for their Master and Saviour: they are above *Nicodemus* and *Joseph*, they have more exquisite perfumes, for they are ready to melt and distil their hearts upon the Tomb of their Master. O faithful lovers, seek no more for the living amongst the dead; that cannot die for love, which is the root of life.

3. The Angel in form of a young man (covered with a white Robe) shews us, that all is young and white in immortality. The Resurrection hath no old age: it is an age, which can neither grow, nor diminish. These holy *Maries* enter alive into the Sepulcher, where they thought to find death, but they learn news of the chiefest of lives. Their faith is there confirmed, their piety satisfied, their promises assured, and their love receives consolation.

Aspira-

Aſpirations.

I Do not this day look toward the Eaſt, O my Jeſus, I conſider the Sepulcher, it is from thence this fair Sun is riſen. O that thou appeareſt amiable, dear Spouſe of my ſoul. Thy head, which was covered with thorns, is now crowned with a Diadem of Stars, and Lights, and all the glory of the higheſt Heaven reſts upon it. Thine eyes, which were eclipſed in bloud, have enlightned them with fires and delicious brightneſſe, which melt my heart. Thy feet and hands, ſo far as I can ſee, are enamel'd with Rubies, which after they have been the objects of mens cruelty, are now become eternal marks of thy bounty. O Jeſus, no more my wounded, but my glorified Jeſus, where am I? What do I? I ſee, I flie, I ſwound, I die, I revive my ſelf with thee. I do beſeech thee, my moſt ſacred Jeſus, by the moſt triumphant of thy glories, let me no more fall into the image of death, nor into thoſe appetites of ſmoke and earth, which have ſo many times buried the light of my ſoul. What have I to do with the illuſions of this world? I am for Heaven, for Glory, and for the Reſurrection, which I will now make bud out of my thoughts, that I may hereafter poſſeſſe them with a full fruition.

The Goſpel upon Munday in Eaſter-week, S. *Luke* the 24.

AND behold, two of them went the ſame day into a Town which was the ſpace of ſixty furlongs from Jeruſalem, *named* Emmaus. *And they talked betwixt themſelves of all thoſe things that had chanced. And it came to paſs, while they talked and reaſoned with themſelves,* Jeſus *alſo himſelf approaching, went with them, but their eyes were held, that they might not know him. And he ſaid to them, What are theſe communications that you confer one with another, walking, and are ſad? And one whoſe name was* Cleophas, *anſwering, ſaid to him, Art thou only a ſtranger in* Jeruſalem, *and haſt not known the things that have been done in it theſe days? To whom he ſaid, What things? And they ſaid, Concerning* Jeſus *of* Nazareth, *who was a man, a Prophet, mighty in work and word before God and all the people. And how our chief Prieſts and Princes delivered him into condemnation of death, and crucified him. But we hoped that it was he that ſhould redeem* Iſrael: *And now beſides all this, to day is the third day ſince theſe things were done. But certain women alſo of ours made us afraid; who, before it was light, were at the Monument, and not finding his body, came, ſaying, That they ſaw a viſion alſo of Angels, who ſay that he is alive. And certain men of ours went to the Monument, and they found it ſo as the women ſaid, but him they found not.*

And he ſaid to them, O fooliſh, and ſlow of heart, to believe in all things which the Prophets have ſpoken. Ought not Chriſt to have ſuffered theſe things, and ſo enter into his glory? And beginning from Moſes *and all the Prophets, he did enterpret to them in all the Scriptures, the things that were concerning him. And they drew nigh to the Town whither they went; and he made ſemblance to go further. And they forced him, ſaying, Tarry with us, becauſe it is towards night, and the day now far ſpent, and he went in with them. And it came to paſs, while he ſate at the Table with them, he took bread, and bleſſed, and brake, and did reach to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him: and he vaniſhed out of their ſight. And they ſaid one to the other, Was not our heart burning in us whiles he ſpake in the way, and opened unto us the Scriptures? And riſing up the ſame hour, they went back into* Jeruſalem, *and they found the eleven gathered together, and thoſe that were with them, ſaying, That, our Lord is riſen indeed, and hath appeared to* Simon. *And they told the things that were done in the way: and how they knew him in the breaking of bread.*

Moralities.

1. IT is a ſtrange thing, that God is always with us, and we are ſo little with him. We have our being, our moving, our life from him: he carries us in his arms, he keeps us as a nurſe doth her dear child; and yet all this while we ſcarce know what he is, and uſe him ſo often as a ſtranger. He is in our being, and yet we keep him far from our heart, as a dead man, who is quite forgotten. And *Enoch* walked with him, and for that, he was taken from the converſation of men, and reſerved for Paradiſe. To ſpeak truth, our ſoul ſhould alwaies be languiſhing after her Jeſus, and count it a kind of Adultery to be ſeparated from him, ſo much as by thought. Let us learn a little to talk with him; we commonly have that in our tongue, which we keep in our heart. Let us ſweeten the ſadneſſe of our pilgrimage, by the contemplation of his beauties. Let us look upon him as God and man; the God of gods; the Man of men: our great Saviour and Prophet, powerfull both in word and work; for if his word be thunder, his life is a lightning. He hath been here doing good to all the world, and ſuffering hurt from all the world; doing good without reward, and enduring evil without impatience. We all paſſe here as Torrents into valleys; the onely queſtion is of our paſſing well: whether we look on worldly goods as on waters which paſſe under a bridge, and as upon the furniture of an Inn which is none of ours. If we be embarked in the Veſſel of life, let us not amuſe our ſelves to gather Cockles upon the ſhore; but ſo, that we may always have our eys fixt upon Paradiſe.

2. Two things do hinder thoſe Pilgrims from knowing Jeſus as they ſhould. The one is, their eyes are dazled; and the other is, the little account they make of the Croſſe, which drives them into the miſtruſt of the Reſurrection. And this is it which croſſeth us all our life, and ſo oft diverts us from the point of our happineſſe. Our eyes are dazled with falſe lights of the world, they are darkened with ſo many miſts and vapours of our own appetites and paſſions, that we cannot ſee the goods of heaven in the brighteſt of their day. Worldly chains have a certain effective vigour and pleaſure, which is only painted, but they have a moſt certain ſorrow, and a moſt uncertain contentment: They have a painfull labour, and a timorous reſt: A poſſeſſion full of miſery, and void of all beatitude. If we had our eys wel opened, to penetrate and ſee what it is, we ſhould then ſay of all the moſt raviſhing objects of the world; How ſenſeleſſe was I when I courted you? O deceitfull world, thou didſt appear great to me, when I ſaw thee not as thou art: But ſo ſoon as I did ſee thee rightly, I did then ceaſe to ſee thee: for thou waſt no more to me but juſt nothing. We run in full career after al that pleaſeth our ſenſe; and the Croſſe, which is ſo much preached to us, is much more upon our Altars, then in our hearts. We will not know, that the throne of Mount *Calvarie*, is the path-way to Heaven; and as this truth wanders from our hearts, Jeſus departs from our eyes. Let us at leaſt pray Jeſus to ſtay with us, for it is late in our hearts, and the night is far advanced by our want of true light. We ſhall not know Jeſus by diſcourſe, but by feeding him in the perſons of his poor, ſince he gives the continual nouriſhment of his body.

Aſpirations.

O Onely Pilgrim of the world, and firſt dweller in the heart of thy heavenly Father, what a pilgrimage haſt thou made, deſcending from Heaven to earth, and yet without forſaking Heaven? Thou haſt markt thy ſteps by thy conqueſts, made viſible thy way by thine own light, thou haſt watered it with thy precious bloud, and paved it with thy wounds. O what a goodly thing it is to walk with thee, when thou openeſt thy ſacred mouth, as the opening of a temple, to diſcover the beauties and myſteries of it. O that is moſt pleaſing to underſtand that mouth, which diſtils ſo much honey through lips of Roſes. But wherefore (My good Lord) art thou pleaſed to hide thy ſelf from a ſoul which languiſhes

guiſhes after thee? Take away the veil from mine eys, and ſuffer thy ſelf to be ſeen in the veſture of thy heavenly beauties. If I muſt bear the Croſs, and paſs by the throne of Mount *Calvary*, to come to Heaven, I moſt humbly ſubmit to thy divine pleaſure, that I may poſſeſs all that thou art.

The Goſpel upon Tueſday in *Eaſter* week, S. *Luke* the 24.

And whileſt they ſpake theſe things, Jeſus ſtood in the midſt of them, and he ſaith to them, Peace be to you; it is I, fear not. But they being troubled and frighted, imagined they ſaw a Spirit. And he ſaith to them, Why are you troubled, and cogitations ariſe in your hearts? See my hands and feet, that it is I my ſelf, handle, and ſee: for a ſpirit hath not fleſh and bones, as you ſee me to have. And when he had ſaid this, he ſhewed them his hands and feet. But they yet not believing, and marvelling for joy, he ſaid, Have you here any thing to be eated? But they offered him a piece of fiſh broiled, and a honey comb. And when he had eaten before them, taking the remains, he gave to them. And he ſaid to them, Theſe are the words which I ſpake to you when I was yet with you, that all things muſt needs be fulfilled, which are written in the Law of Moſes, and the Prophets, and the Pſalms, of me. Then he opened their underſtanding, that they might underſtand the Scriptures. And he ſaid to them, That ſo it is written, and ſo it behoved Chriſt to ſuffer, and to riſe again from the dead the third day, and penance to be preached in his Name, and remiſſion of ſins unto all Nations.

Moralities.

WE think ſometimes that *Jeſus* is far from us, when he is in the midſt of our heart: he watches over us, and ſtretches out his divine hands for our protection. Let us live always as if we were actually in his preſence, before his eys, and in his boſom. An ancient Tradition doth obſerve, that after our Lord's Aſcention, the Apoſtles did never eat together, but they left the firſt Napkin for their good Maſter, conceiving, that according to his promiſe, he was always with them. Let us accuſtom our ſelves to this exerciſe of God's preſence. It is a happy neceſſity to make us do well, to believe and apprehend that our Judge is always preſent. If reſpect make him formidable, love will teach us, that he is the Father of all ſweetneſs. There can be no greater comfort in this world, then to be preſent in heart and body with that which we love beſt.

2. *Jeſus* is taken by his Apoſtles for a Spirit, becauſe after the Reſurrection he pierced the walls, and appeared ſuddenly as Spirits do. S. *Paul* alſo ſaith in the ſecond of the *Corinthians*, that now we do no more know Chriſt according to the fleſh, that is to ſay, by the paſſions of a mortal body, as S. *Epiphanius* doth expound it. We muſt make little uſe of our bodies, to converſe with our *Jeſus*, who hath taken upon him the rare qualities of a Spirit. We muſt raiſe our ſelves above our ſenſes, when we go to the Father of light, and the Creatour of ſenſe. He teacheth us the life of Spirits, and the commerce of Angels, and makes eſſays of our immortality, by a body now immortal. Why are we ſo tied to our ſenſe, and glued to the earth? Muſt we ſuffer our ſelves to enter into a kingdom of death, when we are told of the reſurrection of him, who is the Authour of all lives?

3. Admire the condeſcending and bounties of our Lord to his dear Diſciples. He that was entred into the kingdom of ſpirits and immortal converſation, ſuffers his feet and hands to be touched, to prove in him the reality of a true body. He eats in preſence of his Apoſtles, though he was not in more eſtate to digeſt meat, then the Sun is to digeſt vapours. He did no more nouriſh himſelf with our corruptible meats, then the Stars do by the vapours of the earth. And yet he took them to confirm our belief, and to make us familiar with him. It is the act of great and generous ſpirits to abaſe themſelves, and condeſcend to their inferiours. So *David* being anointed King, and inſpired as a Prophet, doth not ſhew his perſon terrible in the height of his great glory, but ſtill retained the mildneſs of a Shepherd. So *Jeſus*, the true ſon of *David*, (by his condeſcending to us) hath conſecrated a certain degree, whereby we may aſcend to Heaven. Are not we aſhamed that we have ſo little humility or reſpect to our inferiours, but are always ſo full of our ſelves, ſince our Lord, ſitting in his throne of glory and majeſty, doth yet abaſe himſelf to the actions of our mortal life? Let it be ſeen by our hands whether we be reſuſcitated, by doing good works, and giving liberal alms. Let it appear by our feet, that they follow the paths of the moſt holy perſons. Let it be ſeen by our nouriſhment (which ſhould be moſt of honey) that is, of that celeſtial ſweetneſs which is extracted from prayer. And if we ſeem to refuſe fiſh, let us at leaſt remain in the element of piety, as fiſh is in the water.

Aſpirations.

THy love is moſt tender, and thy cares moſt generous (O mild Saviour.) Amongſt all the torrents of thy paſſion, thou haſt not taſted the waters of forgetfulneſs. Thou returneſt to thy children, as a Nightingale to her little Neſt. Thou doſt comfort them with thy viſits, and makeſt them familiar with thy glorious life. Thou eateſt of a honey-comb by juſt right, having firſt taſted the bitter gall of that unmerciful Croſs. It is thus, that our ſorrows ſhould be turned into ſweets. Thou muſt always be moſt welcom to me in my troubles, for I know well, that thou only canſt pacifie, and give them remedy. I will govern my ſelf towards thee, as to the fire: too much near familiarity will burn us, and the want of it will let us freeze. I will eat honey with thee in the bleſſed Sacrament: I know that many there do chew, but few receive thee worthily. Make me (O Lord) I beſeech thee, capable of thoſe which here on earth ſhall be the true Antepaſts to our future glory.

The Goſpel upon Low-Sunday, S. *John* the 20.

THerefore when it was late that day, the firſt of the Sabbaths, and the doors were ſhut where the Diſciples were gathered together for fear of the Jews, Jeſus came and ſtood in the midſt, and ſaith to them. Peace be to you. And when he had ſaid this, he ſhewed them his hands and ſide. The Diſciples therefore were glad when they ſaw our Lord. He ſaid therefore to them again, Peace be to you. As my Father hath ſent me, I alſo do ſend you. When he had ſaid this, he breathed upon them, and he ſaid to them, Receive ye the Holy Ghoſt; whoſe ſins you ſhall forgive, they are forgiven them: and whoſe you ſhall retain, they are retained. But Thomas, one of the twelve, who is called Didymus, *was not with them when Jeſus came? The other Diſciples therefore ſaid to him, We have ſeen our Lord. But he ſaid to them, Unleſs I ſee in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into his ſide, I will not believe.*

And after eight days, again his Diſciples were within, and Thomas *with them.* Jeſus *cometh, the doors being ſhut, and ſtood in the midſt, and ſaid, Peace be to you. Then he ſaith to* Thomas, *Put in thy finger hither, and ſee my hands, and bring hither thy hand, and put it into my ſide, and be not incredulous, but faithful.* Thomas *anſwered and ſaid to him, My Lord and my God.* Jeſus *ſaith to him, Becauſe thou haſt ſeen me,* Thomas, *thou haſt believed: Bleſſed are they that have not ſeen, and have believed.*

Aſpirations.

1. JEſus the Father of all bleſſed harmonies (after ſo many combats) makes a general peace in all nature. He pacifieth *Limbo*, taking the holy Fathers out of darkneſs, to enjoy an eternal light, and ſending the damned into the bottom of Hell. He pacifieth

cifieth the earth, making it from thenceforth to breathe the air of his mercies. He pacifieth his Apoſtles, by delivering them from that profound ſadneſs, which they conceived by the imaginary loſſe of their dear Maſter. He pacifieth Heaven, by ſweetning the ſharpneſs of his Heavenly Father, quenching by his wounds, the fire which was kindled of his juſt anger. Every thing ſmileth upon this great Peace-maker, Nature leaveth her mourning, and putteth on robes of chearfulneſs, to congratulate with him his great and admirable conqueſts. It is in him that the Heavenly Father (by a ſingular delight) hath poured out the fulneſs of all Graces, to make us an eternal dwelling, and to reconcile all in him, and by him; pacifying by his blood from the Croſs, all that is upon earth, and in Heaven. This is our *Joſhua*, of whom the Scripture ſpeaketh, that he clears all differences, and appeaſeth all battels. No ſtroke of any hammer or other iron was heard at the building of *Solomon's* Temple; and behold the Church (which is the Temple of the living God) doth edifie ſouls with a marvellous tranquillity.

2. The Sun is not ſo well ſet forth by his beams, as our Saviour is magnificently adorned with his wounds. Thoſe are the characters which he hath engraved upon his fleſh, after a hundred ingenious faſhions. The Ladies count their Pearls and diamonds, but our Saviour keeps his wounds in the higheſt attire of his Magnificences. It is from thence, that the beauty of his body, taketh a new ſtate of glory, and our faith in the reſurrection is confirmed: that the good fill themſelves with hope, miſcreants with terrour, and Martyrs find wherewith to inflame their courage. Theſe divine wounds open themſelves as ſo many mouthes, to plead our cauſe before the Celeſtial Father. Our Saviour Jeſus never ſpake better for us, then by the voice of his precious Blood. Great inquiry hath been made for thoſe mountains of mirrh and frankincenſe, which *Solomon* promiſeth in the *Canticles*, but now we have found them in the wounds of Jeſus. It is from thence that there cometh forth a million of ſanctified exhalations of ſweetneſs, of peace and propitiation, as from an eternal Sanctuary. A man may ſay they are like the Carbuncle, which melteth the wax upon which it is imprinted, for they melt our hearts by a moſt profitable impreſſion. At this ſight the Eternal Father calms his countenance, and the ſword of his juſtice returneth into the ſheath. Shal not we be worthy of all miſeries, if we do not arm theſe wounds againſt us, which are ſo effectual in our behalf? And if this blood of our *Abel* (after it hath reconciled his cruel executioners) ſhould find juſt matter to condemn us for our ingratitudes? *John* the Second, King of *Portugal*, had made a ſacred vow, never to refuſe any thing which ſhould be asked of him in the virtue of our Saviour's wounds; which made him give all his ſilver veſſel to a poor gentleman, that had found out the word, And why ſhould not we give our ſelves to God, who both buyeth and requireth us by the wounds of Jeſus?

3. Jeſus inſpireth the ſacred breath of his mouth upon the Apoſtles, as upon the firſt fruits of Chriſtianity: to repair the firſt breath, and reſpiration of lives, which the Authour of our race did ſo miſerably loſe. If we can obtain a part of this, we ſhall be like the wheels of *Ezekiels* myſterious chariot, which are filled with the ſpirit of life. That great Divine called *Matthias Vienna*, ſaid, that light was the ſubſtance of colours, and the ſpirit of Jeſus is the ſame of all our virtues. If we live of his fleſh, there is great reaſon we ſhould be animated by his Spirit. Happy a thouſand times are they, who are poſſeſſed with the Spirit of Jeſus, which is to their ſpirit as the apple of the eye. S. *Thomas* was deprived of this amorous communication, by reaſon of his incredulity. He would ſee with his eyes, and feel with his hands, that which ſhould rather be comprehended by faith: which is, an eye bleſſedly blind: which knoweth all within its own blindneſs, and is alſo a hand, which remaining on earth, goeth to find God in Heaven.

Aſpirations.

GReat Peace-maker of the world, who by the effuſion of thy precious blood, haſt pacified the wars of fourty ages, which went before thy death. This word of peace hath coſt thee many battels, many ſweats and labours, to cement this agreement of Heaven and earth, of ſence and reaſon, of God and man. Behold thou art at this preſent like the Dove of *Noah's* Ark, thou haſt eſcaped a great deluge of paſſions, and many torrents of dolours, thrown head-long one upon another. Thou bringeſt us the green Olive branch, to be the mark of thy eternal alliances. What? ſhall my ſoul be ſo audacious and diſordered, as to talk to thee of war, when thou ſpeakeſt to her of peace? To offer thee a weapon, when thou offereſt her the Articles of her reconciliation, ſigned with thy precious blood? O, what earth could open wide enough her boſome to ſwallow me, if I ſhould live like a little *Abiram*, with a hand armed againſt Heaven, which pours out for me nothing but flowers and roſes? Reign (O my ſweet Saviour) within all the conquered powers of my ſoul, and within my heart as a conqueſt which thou haſt gotten by ſo many titles. I will ſwear upon thy wounds, which after they have been the monuments of thy fidelity, ſhall be the adored Altars of my vows and ſacrifices. I will promiſe thereupon, an inviolable fidelity to thy ſervice. I will live no more but for thee, ſince thou haſt killed my death in thy life, and makeſt my life flouriſh within thy triumphant Reſurrection.

THE HOLY COURT,

THE COMMAND OF REASON OVER THE PASSIONS.

Written in French by F. N. Caussin.

AND

Translated into English by Sir T. H.

WITH

Historicall Observations upon it.

The Fourth TOME.

LONDON,

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Vuu 2

TO THE

EXCELLENT PRINCESSE,

The DUTCHESSE of

BUCKINGHAM.

Excellent Princeſs;

THis Tranſlation of the *Holy Court*, as it had its firſt life breathed into it by the animating ſpirit of her Sacred Majeſty's Royal acceptance; ſo in this laſt, and concluding piece, it infinitely deſires ſuch your favourable entertainment. Nor, verily, can I (where ſo bright and reſplendent a Star, from a ſphear of Greatneſs, hath already lighted up a flame to direct others in their approbation) but with much confidence hope the like propitious rays, may benignly reflect from your ſo near a confining Influence.

Here ſhall your Grace behold the powerful predominance of Reaſon over Paſſions, not taught in *Epictetus*, or *Seneca's* prophane Schole; but dictated from the Truth-teaching ſacred Oracles of Chriſtian Piety.

Here the Soul is informed, and Judgment rectified, to hate Vice, and fly it; to love Virtue, and practiſe it, not in exteriour garbs, and petty ſlight formalities, which only ſerve to amuſe vulgar ſpirits: but by the interiour Habits, and ſerious embracement of the moſt ſolid virtues. The pretious memory (Excellent Princeſs) of your thrice noble Father, whoſe living Image, and ſecond-ſelf you repreſentatively are, together with your known love of pious Books, and daily practiſe in your life, of the wholeſom precepts couched in this, hath encouraged my preſent addreſs, to ſerve for the entertainment of your vacant hours, which thus ſilently ſpent, and maturely digeſted, will have the force and efficacy of the moſt ſerious employment, and may exemplarily invite other eminent Spirits, to imitate your Graces profitable, and well-ſeaſoned retirements. I wiſh (excellent Lady) there were any thing wherein I might better expreſs the devoted ſervice I owe to your eminent ſelf, and illuſtrious Family: but ſince weak endeavours can produce but ſlender effects, and noble diſpoſitions do readily pardon incident imperfections; I will reſt in the chearful hope of excuſe, and in the ardent Vow of a ſtudious willingneſs to become worthy the Title of

Your Grace's humbleſt, and
moſt obſequious Servant,

THOMAS HAWKINS.

To my Lord,

MY LORD THE DUKE OF ANGUIEN,

ELDEST SONNE OF MY LORD THE PRINCE.

MY LORD,

I Finish the HOLY-COURT *in my Books, when your age inviteth you to begin it in your manners; and for your first exercise of arms, I offer you the Combats and Empire over Passions, which is greater then that of the world.*

There it is, where you shall know the industry of a warre, which nature wageth, and reason teacheth us; which is never too soon learned, and which is ordinarily but too late understood. Princes in other battels speak with mouths of fire, and make use of a million of hands; but in this which I represent, they are alone, and therein employ but the moity of themselves, one part of Man being revolted against the other. Besides, all the honour of the victory rests in themselves; arms, fortresses, and Regiments not at all participating therein, and if they prove fortunate in these encounters, they stand in the esteem of wise men, for Demy-Gods.

Their quality obligeth them to this duty more then other men, since Passions are winds, which in popular life raise but little waves, but in them stir up mountains of water. For which, I am perswaded, that, as you so dearly have loved the labours of my Pen, and sought for your instruction out of my Books; I could not do a better service, or more suitable to your age, then by arming you against these plagues, which have so often tarnished Diadems on the brow of Cæsars, *and turned Conquerours into Slaves.*

Sir, I promise my self much from your Greatness in this Conquest, seeing it already hath given testimonies to the world, worthy of your eminent Birth, which oblige you to virtue, out of a necessity as strong, as your disposition is sweet. Wit, which is as the principal Genius of your house, hath in you cast forth glimmers, that have flown throughout Europe, *when you publickly answered throughout all Philosophy, in an age wherein other Princes begin to learn the first elements. You have placed wisdom on the highest Throne of Glory, and it by your mouth hath rendred Oracles to instruct the learned, and astonish Doctours. In the first season of life, which so many other spend in delights, you have heightned the lights of your understanding by the labour and industry of study, lining, as certain Plants, which bear the figure of Stars all inuironed with Thorns.*

It is time, that all your Brightness change into Fire, and since Sciences are but Colours, which appear not in the night-time. if Virtue do not illuminate them, they must be gilded with the rayes of your good life, and enkindled with the ardours of your courage, as you very happily have already begun.

Sir, I do assure my self, that of all those things you know, you will only approve the good, and that of all such as you can, you will do none but the just. This is it you owe to the King, to whom you have the honour to be so near. This is it, which the education of the most prudent of Fathers, and the tender care of the best of Mothers, exact. This is it, that France, *which looketh on you (as a Sien of its Lillies) wisheth. This is it, which blond, the most noble on Earth, breeding the most happy in the world, and that face where Grace and Majesty make so sweet a commixion, cease not to promise us.*

As there is nothing little in you, so we must not endure any thing, imperfect: and if that, which we take to be spots in the Sun, be Stars; it plainly sheweth us, that all must be splendour in your condition, and that we must not expect years, since the wit of Princes is much swifter then time.

Your great Uncle, who gained the battle of Cerisoles, *said to those who upbraided him with his youth, that he did not cut with his beard, but with his sword: and I am perswaded, that you will imitate his valour, to take part in his glory, yea even in this your minority, wherein the Kings colours being already to flie under your name.*

My Lord, remember, the throne of the Sun among the Egyptians *was supported by Lions, and that you must be all heart to support that of our most* Christian *King, in imitation of the great Prince, to whom you ow your Birth; For whose sake I wish you as many blessings as Heaven promiseth you, esteeming my self most happy to be able to contribute my labours and services to the glory of your education, since I have the honour to call my self by just title:*

SIR,

Your most humble and most affectionate servant in the Lord,

N. CAUSSIN.

A TASTE OF THE SEVERAL DISPOSITIONS OF MEN,

Which serves for a Foundation to the Discourse of PASSIONS.

THE HOLY COURT *was not (as yet) sufficiently beautified with the eminent lustre of Glory (wherein I represented it) but it was necessary, that taking possession of the Empire over passions, it should wear a crown which it hath gained by its travel, and wrought by its proper virtues. In this last Tome (dear Reader) I present thee the absolute reformation of the soul by eternal principles, and the victory over powers which oppose Reason.*

Thou art not ignorant, that Angels and bruit beasts are not of one piece, the one being wholly Spirit, and the other Flesh: But Man (a middle creature between Angels and bruit beasts) participateth both of flesh and Spirit by an admirable tye, which in him occasioneth continual war of Passions, which are properly commotions of animal and sensitive nature, caused by the imagination of good and evil, with some alteration of body. They take their origin from two Appetites, of which the Concupiscible causeth Love, Hatred, Desire, Aversion, Joy and Sadness: The Irascible, causeth Hope, Despair, Boldness, Fear and Anger. To this ordinary number, I add Shamefac'dness, Envy, Jealousie and Compassion, to accomplish our work in all its parts.

All Passions are generally in all men, but all appear not in all. There is a certain mixture in nature, which is the cause, that the worst have something of good, and the best something of bad. Now note, that as the Platonists distinguish five sorts of devils; to wit, Fierie, Airie, Aquatick, Terrestrial and Subterranean: so humane spirits are divided into as many forms, which produce marvellous diversities in every nature. The Fiery, are Spirits of fire, whereof some seem to be enkindled with the purest flames of stars, which are magnanimous, pure, vigorous, bold, intelligent, active, amiable, and munificent. And of this sort are the most illustrious of Kings and of Queens, of Princes and of Princesses, good Prelates, great and virtuous Ladies, the wise, the valiant, the most notable States-men, Generals of Armies, Conquerours, yea, and the Saints most eminent in virtue. There are others also Fiery, but burnt with the fire of Comets, which are maligne, counterfeit, vicious, insolent, pevish, crosse, covetous, ambitious, cruel, arrogant, inhumane, violent, and impetuous. Of this matter were composed the Tiberius's, *the* Herods, *the* Nero's, *and the* Domitians, *who seemed to be born for the desolation of mankind.*

The Airy are likewise of two kinds very different: for the one are of a temperate constitution which maketh them mild, peaceable, pious, cordial, sociable, graceful, affable, courteous, pliant, witty, liberal and active.

Of this kind are many gentle, courteous, modest, and handsome women: men of honour and of quality, who make a noble Company, and are infinitely apt for all the civilities of a laudable conversation. But if they degenerate from this degree, they become great eaters, great scoffers, dissolute, vain flatterers, lascivious, and brutish.

Others, like unto stirred air, are turbulent, stormy, cholerick, suspicious, impatient, nice, biting undertakers, mutable, mutinous, unquiet, murmurers, and slanderers. It is they who raise quarrels, and litigious wranglings in the world, who disturb men and affairs: wherein they many times are as quick-silver in gildings, onely used to make it resolve into smoke.

Of the Aquaticks, some are slow and cold, tasteless, without affection, without cordiality, wedded to their own petty profits, and born for themselves. Of this rank you see many that make a good shew, who resemble those dryed-up or frozen fountains upon a throne of marble, which have ostent enough, but afford no water. Others which like standing and marishy waters, are close, foul, sluggish, traiterous, and dangerous. Others, like the sea, are ambitious, unequal, uncertain, fantastical, and capricious, every moment changing shape in this great Comedy of the world. Others are peaceable and usefull, as goodly Fountains and great Rivers.

As for the Terrestrial, they are stubborn, inflexible, dull and stupid, of the condition of those people who thought they were at the end of numbers, when they had counted to four, and could go no further. Some in the beginning appear what they are, and others have a specious outside, which makes them to passe for handsome beasts. Sometimes they are loutish, cloudy, enemies of joy, of innocent pleasure, of beauty, of witty conceits, of discourse, of inventions, slaves of gain, and traitours to their own life, out of the exorbitancy of their avarice. In this number you shall find many like to those (which Theophrastus *describeth) who neither lend fire nor salt to their neighbours; who wear hideous habits, and cause themselves to be shaven very close, that they may be at the lesse cost with their Barber; who have Magazins of pedlers, and who laden with old keyes, walk every day up and down their grounds, to see whither they have not changed place. Some are like Poulcats, others are Fawns and Satyrs, who are addicted to base, and shamefull lusts, captious, shifting, impudent, night-walkers, and Hobgoblings, who extremely disturb the repose of humane life, if laws armed with force endeavour not to dissipate them, to make use of chains to restrain them.*

The

The Subterraneans are Melancholick, close, hypocritical, silent, sumish, sad, irreconcileable, bloudy, and venomous. They are very apt to hatch revenges long pondred, to build labyrinths in their hearts, wherein no day light appeareth: Nevertheless, as they most times have an impotency in the execution of bad designs, so they cherish, but not satisfie their passions. Yet do these qualities diversly commix one with another, yea, the highest with the lowest; from whence proceed infinite variations in the spirit of man, so that there is not any thing so changeable in total nature, or so hard to be known, as man.

Some seem to be born with good parts, but through the want of some help of nature, or instruction, they degenerate into bad, and render themselves very capable of deceits and illusions. So many are become Huguenots, for that they want vigour of judgment, and see not that we rather should refer our selves to a General Council, then to their silly arguments. Others abuse themselves in spiritual life, and would willingly refine devotion, even to the talking with Angels, and the seeing a White Pidgeon. Others, to appear strong wits, contemn all ordinary guizes, make themselves extravagant, and as the Antipodes of mankind.

Others put themselves into the number of confused Schollers, who have store of learning, but very ill-digested. There are some who with much endeavour to seem wise, become crafty, they converse not but under a mask, they set snares in every place, they have the talent of plyantnesse. They draw tribute out of the good turns they do their friends, they make profit of all, they become extremely distrustfull, and they would willingly be of that kind, of which Theophrastus speaketh, who every moment tell their money, and make their Lackeys go before them for fear they should run away. Others out of too much desire of Glory, become vain, affected in their speech, in their actions, and in all their proceedings, to the studying and learning by heart the slightest complements, as do some women, whom one would take to be virgins of the Goddess Memory, and such as boast elocution, who traffick in hearers, and invite to their sermons, more then one would to weddings or burials.

Some out of an intemperance of neatness, and of dotage upon health, torment their life, such circumspection use they in their diet, their garments, their furnitures in all things which are for their use. They every where carry their bread and wine along with them, and never sit well but in their own chair. Others take delight to negotiate, they alwayes have their hands full of Papers, they make a Registers-office of their Cabinet: they are great Formalists, and strangely persecute the world with their punctualities. They put one business into an hundred dishes, and incessantly trouble all such as have to do with them. Others desirous to make themselves overmuch pleasing in their conversation, become bablers and ceremonious; they are importune and unseasonable in complements; they go to prattle with their friends whilest they have a feaver; they tell extravagant tales, wherein they take themselves to be very facetious, although at the latter end of the discourse they be asked where the conceit to be laughed at, lies: They burthen themselves also with news of no value; They make a secret of every thing, and give things out for mysteries, which are proclaimed with a Trumpet.

There are some, who not to seem flatterers, tell truth with an ill grace, they are great Censurers, and they see not any one, whom they reform not from the head to the heel. If they put themselves upon matter of doctrine, and eloquence; they are the Fathers of wits, and the creatours of excellent conceits, under whom the Empire of learning circumvolveth: and if they talk of State-matters, of the Church, of Justice, and of War; they are the Gods of Loves and battels, who pronounce Edicts, assemble Councils, levy Arms, raise fortifications, correct Kingdomes, move the earth; and in their own imagination, change the face of the Universe. Others are so diligent, that they tyre all the world with their unreasonable activities; others use afflicting delayes, and stir so little in all their designs, that they seem to be in a perpetual Solstice.

You see some extremely open breasted, who tell all their thoughts, and, as if their heart were a sieve, it keeps nothing which it sends not instantly out by the lips. Some proceed to a simplicity, next door to sottishness, which makes them do many extravagantes; and when it hath a mixture of vanity, men of mean condition imitate the actions of the great: and silly Citizens wives say, my Lord and Husband, as well as Sarah, or the greatest Ladies. There are among these, some subtle Coxcombs, and fortunate fools, who daily deceive themselves to their own gain.

They who have a Magistrall aspect are much more odious, when with a countenance supercilious, and Tone of a voyce affected, they make speeches, and usurp a personage which neither age, quality nor merit alloweth them. Dreamers and pensive are heavy in conversation, and the squeamish, who make their good aspects and fair countenances to be bought, are insupportable; but the apprehensive, who deplore all things, multiply what they can the miseries of the times, and ceasing not to blame the actions of those who govern, raise more mischiefs then remedies.

Good God! what an alteration do passions make in us? but it is a gift from heaven, that they may be changed, and that by Grace and the practice of good instructions, we can dispoil our selves as well of an evil habit, as of an old garment.

It is not expedient to be without passion, nor is it possible to humane nature; but it is much to obtain by discretion the moderation of a thing, of which we by necessity have the experience These motions are given us with our bodies, they are little spirits which are born and dye with us; some find them more mild, others more wayward; but every one hath his part, howbeit there are very few who well understand their own portion. Young people, who shew no desire, no affection, no feeling, are commonly abject spirits; unless this come to them by grace, or some notable constraint, which in the end is the cause, that of a young Angel, an old Divel is often made: We must not lose humanity (saith Saint Augustine) to acquire tranquillity of mind, nor think that, that which is hard and boistrous is alwayes right, or that one hath much health, when he is come to the highest degree of stupidity. All good spirits have delicate apprehensions, and resemble the burning bush which had thorns among lights; but they are none of the best, who, to follow nature, abandon reason.

I affirm the Stars contribute much to our inclinations, and Birth, much more: Education maketh another nature; bloud, choler, melancholy, and flegme, do in our passions, what the elements do in our bodies. Tea, stature it self conduceth: spirit, goodness, grace, ful garb, & courage is very often in little bodies which have their heat moderated and well digested. But if great bodies be destitute of it, they are very lazy, and if they have too much of it, they are flaming fornaces full of violence: which made S. Cyril say, that greatness was given to Giants for a punishment of their wickedness. But this must be understood without any prejudice to well-composed tall statures, which have much Majesty. There are humours so sticking, that what

care

cure soever be used, there is somewhat still remains behind, which (according to Job*) sleeps with us in our graues. I have heard that a good Religious man having been bred with the milk of a Goat, was very modest in publick, by a great reflection he made on his actions: But he ever had some hour in secret, wherein he had his frisks and his capers.*

Nevertheless, one cannot believe, how much one gaineth upon his own nature, when he will take the pain to manure it: but for want of using industry therein, one makes to himself, a turbulent life, a continual torment, a hasty death, and his salvation to be doubtful.

There are some who drive away one devil by another, curing one passion with another, and trying them all, that they may have none; which was the cause that Theodosian *said, that they are, as that possessed man, who had a legion of devils in his body. Some by the counsel of certain Directours, would break them all at once, as that souldier, who thought to pull off a horses tail by strength of arme, and not by drawing one hair after another. Others expect remedy from time, from affairs, from change of life and condition, and are rather cured by weariness, then prudence.*

Others continually flatter themselves, and think they have got great victories, when they have lessened their fits, and left the root of the Feaver. But they who will therein proceed seriously, endeavour first of all to find out the enemy, and as we all have one passion, which predominateth in our heart above the rest, and which most entertaineth our thoughts, they principally assail that, waging through battels, by prayer, fasting, alms, consideration, reading of good books, continuall examen of conscience, flight from occasions, diversion upon some better thing, good company, imitation of holy personages, counsel of sage directours, and by a thousand stratagems which the spirit of God furnisheth them with, in the fruitfulness of their inventions. After they have pulled down their chief adversary, they easily prevail against the rest, and continuing their progression in the list of generous souls, they come in the end to a great tranquillity.

This is it I intend to shew in this last volume, wherein I treat of Passions in a new tone; my purpose being rather to shew their remedies, then their pictures. I know Mounsieur Coeseteau (*the eloquent Bishop of* Marseilles) *who hath afforded immortal lights to French eloquence, hath set forth the Table of humane Passions. I lay not my pencil upon the line of this* Apelles*, I begin where he ends, and if he be content to paint them, I endeavour to cure them.*

For this purpose, having briefly, explicated the nature, proprieties, effects and symptomes of every passion; I set against it two remedies, the first whereof is drawn from some divine perfection, contrary to the disorder of the same Passion: and because that is (yet) too sharp, and dazling by the quickness of its lights, I shew it sweetned and tempered in the virtues of Jesus Christ.

In the end of the Book I bring the examples of those who have overcome their Passions, and of such as have sunck under their violence, deriving profit out of all, for the scope which I aim at. There are certain Flies which live on Monks-hood, a venomous herb, and who make use of an antidote against its poyson. So they who have tried the malice and danger of passions, may profit us, whether they edifie us by their repentance, or divert us by their disasters.

I conclude the HOLY-COURT *in this Volume, which I esteem above the rest, by reason of its utility: and, writing of passions to cure them; I wish in my self an incurable one, which is, to desire the progression of my Readers, and to beseech God they may submit Sence to Reason, Time to Eternity, and the Creature to the Creatour.*

THE

THE FIRST TREATISE.

Of LOVE.

Sect. 1. Of the Necessity of Love.

Against those Philosophers who teach Indifferency, saying, We must not Love any thing.

All Happiness included in love.

THE Divine Providence, which hath concluded our salvation in Love, very plainly shews us, That the means to be quickly happy is to love Felicity; and that the way we walk in to become singularly happy, is to esteem (as we ought) the chief of Felicities. We lose all our good hap for want of loving; and our Love through the defect of well placing it, which is the cause that we daily learning so many Arts, forget what we should eternally practise, if it be true we desire to be everlastingly happy.

S. Dion. l. de Hierarch. cæleſt. συναγωγὸν πάντων. God the Father of Unions draweth all to unity by the means of love.

I find the great Apostle of *France S. Denis*, said well, when he called God, *The Father of Unions*, who ceaseth not to gather and rally together all the creatures into his heart which issued out of his heart. He is, That in the life of Intelligencies, which the Sun is in the celestial world: but one immoveable Sun, about which so many changes and agitations of all creatures circumvolve, who groan and aim at this First Beauty, the true Center of Repose.

It concerneth us since we are made for it, and that God hath given us Love, which is to the soul, That, which wings are to Birds, to carry us to its fruition. It is a riches, which is onely ours, and which would be infinitely profitable, if we could tell how to employ it well: but for want of well loving, we apply the most precious thing, which is Love, to gain wretched Creatures, as if one used a golden hook to fish for Frogs, and a Sceptre to shake Hay. This is it which causeth me to undertake in this discourse, to speak of the well ordering of Love, as the most assured way we can choose to arrive at Tranquillity, and to shew that we first of all most necessarily love to be happy in the world, and that the most loving and tendrest hearts are ordinarily the best.

The Sect of Philosophers of Indifferency.

This age scant enough in goodness, and fruitful in malice, hath of late brought forth a Sect of wits, who term themselves the Philosophers of Indifferency, and who make boast to be very insensible, as well in the fear of the Divinity, as in tenderness towards the miseries of men.

To what purpose is it (say they) to addict ones self to the worship of a God, whom we cannot sufficiently know? And wherefore should we be solicitous for the afflictions of another, which nothing concern us? This is to make our selves eternally miserable, and to be tormented with all manner of objects. He who would live contented in the world, must love nothing but himself, entertein himself within himself, and concerning himself; and derive pleasure, as a tribute, out of all the creatures of the world; but to take heed not to enter into the participation of their troubles, and should we see all to be turned topsie turvey, so it inconvenienteth not us in any thing to let time slide, to catch good by the wings whilest we may, and to let evil fall on the miserable.

These kind of people are so unnatural that they laugh at all, and mock at the miseries which others suffer. If you tell them of a house burnt, they say it is nothing, and that it is but a fire of great wood: If of an inundation of water, that Fishes have a good time of it: If of a war, or contagion, that it is a good harvest for death, and that there are too many bread-eaters: If one say such a friend hath lost an eye, they answer he is very happy, because he shall see but half the bad times.

I do not think there is a vice in the whole world more brutish, or contrary to nature, then this obdurateness, which is the cause I would cast it under the feet of love: and shew you, that tenderness towards God as a Father, towards men as the lively Images of his Goodness, is the principal foundation of all virtues.

1. Reason against the Indifferents.

Consider first, that all the good order of life comes from the knowledge of the First cause, whereon all Creatures have their dependence; as on the contrary, the Disorder of all actions springeth from the ignorance of the submission we owe to the Increated Essence. Now he, who loveth none but himself, and cares not but for his own Interests, maketh himself as the chief end, and the God of himself, which sufficiently proveth it to be the most palpable folly, and the greatest evil may be imagined in Nature.

There is none but God, which is for it self.

It is a remarkable thing, that among all Essences there is none but God alone, who, as he can know nothing out of himself, nor love any thing but in himself, so he doth nothing but for himself. For in doing all for himself, he doth all for us, since we have no good, which tendeth not to him, as to its scope, which subsisteth not in him as on its Basis, which resteth not in him, as in its Centre. Thus did S. *Thomas* understand that notable saying of *Mercury Trismegistus*. *Unity hath produced unity, and hath reflected its love on it self.*

Mens genuit mundum, & in se sinum reflexit amoris. S. Thom. 1. p. q. 32. a. 1. ad 3.

It is not but for an Infinite Essence to do so, but had the highest Angel in heaven the thought onely to behold himself, and hence forward to work for himself, he would instantly be pulled out of heaven, and would of a bright Sun become a sooty Coal.

What may one think then of a man, who sayes in his heart, I am born for my self, and I have no other aim in the world, but to satisfie my mind with all contentments, nor shall the cries of another ever enter into my heart, till Fire commix with

Water, and Heaven with Earth, If I obtein my ends all shall go well? Hearken how God speaketh in the Prophet *Ezekiel* to these wicked ones. *Behold, I come to fall upon thee (oh! thou great Dragon) who liest stretched out at length in the midst of thy Rivers, and darest say, this stream is mine, and I made my self. Assure thee I will put a bridle upon thee, and when I have fastned to thy scale all the fishes of the waters wherein thou beareſt sway, I will drag thee from the midst of the Kingdom of waves, and I will throw thee into a wilderness: thou shalt lie upon the dry land, nor shall any one care to see thy obsequies performed. For I have abandoned thee to the beasts of the field, and to the birds of the air, to be devoured.*

Ecce ego ad te, draco magne, qui cubas in medio fluminum tuorum, &c.

This sentence of God was executed on the person of the Emperour *Tiberius*, under whom our Saviour suffered that death which gave life to the world. Verily he was a man, who through the whole course of his Empire made himself the God of himself, the slave of his passions, and the hatred of mankind. He lay close as an Owl in the retirement of his filthy lusts, he was greedy as a Griphon, in such sort, that dying he had above threescore and six millions of gold in his coffers, which he, with the Empire, left to an infamous nephew, who, as it is thought, hastned his death, tearing that sensual soul out of the body, which in the world breathed nothing but the love of it self.

How can a man so wretched, so caitive, behold himself as a Divinity, seeing God in the heighth of glory, riches and beauties, which so happily entertain him within himself, hath so affectionate bowels of mercy for man, that he thinks of him from all eternitie, he presenteth himself unto him on all sides, with hands replenished with benefits in so great a diversitie of Creatures, and hath in general so much care of all men, and of every one in particular, that he who were not well instructed by faith, might have matter to imagine that Man were the God of God himself!

S. Th. quæst. de Beatit. Quasi homo sit Dei Deus.

Let us besides produce another proof, which more evidently convinceth this obdurateness of heart, and this cruel wretchlesness of the Philosophers, who teach Indifferency; which is, that all creatures, yea, the most insensible, are made by God to impart, and to compassionate. If the Sun hath light, it is not for himself, he cloatheth the Air, the Land, and Sea with a golden net, he imparteth it also as well to the little eyes of the Ant, as to those of the mightiest Monarch in the world, he soweth seeds of flames and vigour, to warm and quicken total nature. If the Air hath Rain, it keeps it not eternally within the treasurie of clouds, but distilleth it as in a Limbeck to moisten the earth. If the Sea have waters, it so divideth them among all the Rivers, as to bear men and victual in Vessels, and to make it self a knot of commerce from Land to Land, from Countrey to Countrey, from World to World. If the earth hath fruits, it preserves them not for it self, no more then the trees which bear them; but plentifully opens its bosome profusely to communicate it self to all nature. Every thing, saith a great Bishop of *Paris*, is bound by the Divine Providence to communicate it self, so true it is, that God hath banished avarice from humane things. As each creature giveth it self by love, so it suffers with others by conformity. All the world is united and collected within it self, as the parts of an Egge are tied one within another; All the members of the Universe mutually love and embrace; and if they make war it is but to establish their peace: If there be want of an element, as of Air, the Water would mount to heaven, or heaven descend to the water, rather then not supply the defect of a neighbour. It is a law which God hath engraven, as with a tool of Adamant, in the bosome of Nature.

2. Reason drawn from the communication of creatures.

Unique sui vero cogitat dumtaxat sum, adeo exclusit Deus curationem à rebus humanis.

Gall. Paris. lede univers.

It hath been observed, that Palmes divided one from another by an arm of the Sea, which had overflowed the countrey, bowed their tops one towards another by a natural inclination, as witnessing their Amitie, and protesting against the fury of that element which had disunited them; and if this sense be in plants, what may we say of living creatures? where we see cares, troubles, anxieties, goings and comings, combats, yells, neglect and loss of body, repose and life, with the sense they have of the detriment and dammage of their like. And shall we not say then, that a man who loveth nothing in the world, and onely studieth the preservation of himself, is a prodigie in Nature, fit to be denied the Air he breatheth, the light which reflecteth on him, the fire which warms him, the viands which feed him, and the earth which bears him?

3. Reason of the tenderness of great hearts.

I adde for a third reason, that pitie & tenderness of heart is not only authorized by God & nature, but it is established as by a common decree of nations. *Photius* the learned Patriarch of Constantinople observeth in his *Bibliotheque*, a wonderful judgement given in the Citie of Athens, where he saith, the Senate of Areopagites being assembled together upon a mountain, without any roof but heaven, the Senatours perceived a bird of prey which pursued a little Sparrow, that came to save it self in the bosome of one of their company. This man, who naturally was harsh, threw it from him so roughly that he killed it; whereat the Court was offended, and a Decree was made, by which he was condemned and banished from the Senate: Where the most judicial observe, That this company, which was at that time one of the graveſt in the world, did it not for the care they had to make a law concerning Sparrows; but it was to shew, that clemencie and merciful inclination was a virtue so necessary in a State, that a man destitute of it, was not worthy to hold any Place in government, he having (as it were) renounced Humanitie.

A notable sentence of the Areopagites.

We likewise see, that the wisest & most courageous men in the world have been infinitely tender, full of love, zeal, affection, care, anxietie and travel, for the good of another. *David* and *Jonathan*, who were the bravest Princes over the people of God, loved each other so much, that the Scripture speaking of this Amitie, saith, Their souls were tied together with an inseparable band. S. *Paul* was so affectionate & jealous for the salvation of his Corinthians, that he seemed to carrie them all in his bowels, and daily to bring them forth with convulsions and pains attended by joyes and delights not to be expressed. S. *Ambrose* bitterly bewaileth the death of his brother *Satyrus*, that to hear him speak, one would think he meant to distil out his eyes and breathe out his soul on his Tomb. So did S. *Bernard* at the decease of his brother *Gerard*. S. *Augustine* was a man all of fire before & after his conversion with onely this difference, that this fire before the morn-tide of his salvation was nourished with corruptible matter of Earth, but after he became a Christian, he lived upon the most pure influences of heaven. S. *Gregory Nazianzen* saith, he more breathed S. *Basil*, then the air it self, and that all his absences were to him so many deaths. S. *Chrysostome* in banishment was perpetually in spirit with those he most esteemed. S. *Jerome* better loved to entertain his spiritual amities in little *Bethlehem*, then

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to be a Courtier in *Rome* where he might be chosen Pope. And if we reflect on those who have lived in the light of nature; *Plato* was nothing but love. *Aristotle* had never spoken so excellently of friendship, had he not been a good friend. *Seneca* spent himself in this virtue, being suspected by *Nero* for the affection he bare to *Piso*. *Alexander* was so good that he carried between his arms a poor souldier frozen with cold, up to his throne to warm him, and to give him somwhat to eat from his royal hand. *Trajan* brake his proper Diadem to bind up the wound of one of his servants. *Titus* wept over the ruines of rebellious *Jerusalem*. A man may as soon tell the stars in the heavens as make an enumeration of the brave spirits which have been sacrificed to amity.

Wherefore great hearts are the most loving.

If we seek out the causes, we shall find it ordinarily proceedeth from a good temperature which hath fire and vigour, and that comes from good humours, and a perfect harmony of spirit: little Courages are cold, straightned, and wholly tied to proper interests, and the preservation of their own person. They lock themselves up in their proprieties as certain fishes in their shell, and still fear lest elements should fail them; But magnanimous hearts, who more conform themselves to the perfections of God, have sources of Bounty, which seem not to be made, but to stream and overflow such as come near them. This likewise many times proceedeth from education, for those who fall upon a breeding base, wretched, and extremely penurious, having hands very hard to be ungrasped, have likewise a heart shut up against amities, still fearing lest acquaintance may oblige them to be more liberal then they would: contrariwise, such as have the good hap to be nobly bred hold it an honour to oblige, and to purchase friends every where.

Adde also that there is ever some gentleness of spirit among these loving souls, who desiring to produce themselves in a sociable life, and who understanding it is not given them to enlighten sands and serpents, will have spectatours, and subjects of its magnificence. Which happens otherwise to low and sordid spirits; for they voluntarily banish themselves from the conversation of men, that they may not have so many eyes for witnesses of their faults; So that we must conclude against the Philosophers of Indifferency, that Grace, Beauty, Strength and Power of nature are on their side, who naturally have love and affection.

Sect. 2. *Of Love in general.*

Love, the soul of the Universe.

LOve when it is well ordered is the soul of the universe, which penetrateth, which animateth, which tieth and maintaineth all things: and so many millions of creatures as aspire and respire this love, would be but a burden to Nature, were they not quickned by the innocent flame, which gives them lustre, as to the burning Bush, not doing them any hurt at all.

Fornacem custodiens in operibus arduis. Eccl. 43. Love the superintendent of the great Fornace of the world. *Faber ferrarius sedens juxta incudem & considerans opus ferri: vapor ignis uret carnes ejus: & in calore fornacis contorquebitur, &c.* Eccl. 29. 38

I may say that of honest love, which the wise man did of the Sun; That it is the superintendent of the great fornaces of the world, which make all the most Pieces of work in Nature.

Have you ever beheld the Forge-master described by the same wise-man? You see a man in his shirt all covered over with swear, grease, and smoke, who sporteth among the sparks of fire, and seemeth to be grown familiar with the flames: He burns gold and silver in the fornace, then he batters it on the Anvil with huge blows of the hammer, he fashioneth it, he polisheth it, he beautifies it, and of a rude & indigested substance, makes a fair piece of plate to shine on the Cup-boards of the most noble houses.

So doth love in the world, it taketh hearts, which are (as yet) but of earth and mortar, it enkindleth them with a divine flame, It beats them under the hammer of tribulations and sufferings, to try them, It filleth them by the assiduity of prayer, It polisheth them by the exercise of virtues, lastly, it makes vessels of them worthy to be placed above the Empyreal heaven.

Thus did it with S. *Paul*, and made him so perfect, Act. 9. that the First verity saith of him, *that he is his vessel of election, to carry his name among nations and the Kings of the earth, and that he will shew him how much he must suffer for his sake.* The whole nature of the world tendeth to true love; every thing loves; some of necessity, other by inclination, and other out of reason. He who will love nothing (saith S. *Augustine*) is the most miserable and wretched man on earth; nor is it without cause, that in imprecations pronounced over the wicked, it is said, *Let him not love, nor be beloved by any.*

Pigri, merito detestandi erunt, si nihil amatis: Amate, sed quid ametis, videte. August. in Psal. 31. *Nec amat, nec amatur ab ullo.* Juvenal.

Seven excellent things.

The ancient Sages have observed in the light of Nature, that there are seven excellent things to be esteemed as gifts from heaven, which are clearness of senses, vivacity of understanding, grace to express ones thoughts, ability to govern well, Courage in great and difficult undertakings, fruitfulness in the productions of the mind, and the strength of love; and forasmuch as concerneth the last, *Orpheus* and *Hesiodus* have thought it so necessary, that they make it the first thing that came out of the *Chaos* before the Creation of the world.

Vide Marsilium Ficinum in convivium Platonis. An excellent conceit of the Platonists.

The *Platonists* revolving upon this conceit, have built us three worlds; which are, the Angelical nature, the Soul, and the Frame of the Universe. All three (as they say) have their *Chaos*. The Angel before the ray of God, had his in the privation of light; Man, in the darkness of Ignorance and Sin; The material world, in the confusion of all its parts: But these three *Chaos's* were dissipated by love, which was the cause that God gave to Angelical spirits the knowledge of the most sublime verities, to Man Reason, and to the world, Order.

All we see is a perpetual circle of God to the world, & of the world to God. This circle beginning in God by inestimable perfections, full of charms and attractives, is properly called Beauty: and when it comes to extend it self in the world, and to draw it to it self, it is called love. But if you consider it in the condition wherein it gathereth together all Creatures to the first cause, and makes its works reascend to God, they say then it takes the name of Pleasure, which is a most happy satisfaction of total Nature in its Author. So love is a circle, which turns from good to good by an everlasting revolution.

The nature of love. *Lib. 14. de civit. c. 8. Amor inhiat habere quod amatur, cupiditas est; idem amor habens & fruens, Letitia est; fugiens quod adversatur, timor est: quod si acciderit ei, tristitia est: Perinde malè sunt ista, si mala sint quæ amantur, bonè si bona.*

Now, if you desire I should in few words explicate the nature thereof, its origin, progress, causes, qualities and effects; you must observe a notable doctrine of S. *Augustine*, who saith, That Love whilest it is in the search of what it loveth, is called Desire; and when it enjoyeth the thing beloved, it is changed into joy. But if it avoid that thing which is contrary to it, either in effect or opinion, it is Fear; and if the Fear hath its effect by the arrival of the evil it apprehendeth, it turns into Sadness. This love takes sundry countenances, according to divers Circumstances.

I agree all this is said with good reason, yet notwithstanding we must affirm with Divines, that this Oracle of Doctours hath in this definition rather comprised the cause, the effects, & properties of love, then its essence and nature: For to speak properly, love is neither Desire, Fear, Joy, nor Sadness;

5. Definition of love.

but *A complacence of the Appetite or Will in an object convenient either according to verity, or appearance*; But if we will speak more generally, we say it is nothing, *but an inclination propending and moving to a good which is conform to it*: For by the definition, we include all the kinds of love, which are divided principally into three branches, to wit, Natural, Animal, and Reasonable love. Natural love consisteth in things inanimate, which have their sympathies and Antipathies, As Palms, male and female, Amber and straw, Iron and the Adamant. Animal love is that Beginning which giveth motion to the sensitive appetite of beasts, to seek for that which is fit for them, and to be pleased in the enjoying what they sought for. Reasonable love is an Act which pursueth and accepteth the good represented by the understanding, wherein we may also comprehend Angelical and Divine love, which S. *Denis* addeth to these three kinds whereof we speak.

Richard de Midvil. dist. 27. l. 3. Art. 1. q. 1.

Its division.

Reasonable love is also divided into love of Amity, and love of Concupiscence. Love of Amity, which wisheth good to the thing beloved for it self, without enquiry into its own proper interest: As when it desired to one, Health, knowledge, grace, virtues, wealth, honours, without pretence of any benefit to it self. This is to affect with a love of amity, which is very rare now adaies, so mercenary are affections, and when this love is not only Affective (as Divines speak, contenting it self with bare desires) but Effective, by plentifully opening hands to liberality, it mounteth to a huge degree of Complacence.

Gabriel. d. 27. q. 1. l. 3.

Love of Concupiscence is an interessed love, which causeth one to love a thing, not for it self, but for the pleasure and commodity derived from it, or to be hoped (in time) to be derived from it: So the Horseman desireth beauty, strength and courage in his horse and dog; not for their sakes, but his own contentment. Such love is worldly love, commonly defiled with base and animal consideration, nor is ever purified, but when it, for God, loveth that which cannot in it self be lovely.

Behold the Nature and Essence of Love in its whole latitude: Now to speak of the proceedings of the soul in its loves. The first step it makes when it beginneth to love, is the degree of the conformity of the will with the good is proposed. The senses, imagination, understanding, give it notice of some Beauty, Goodness or Commoditie which it conceiveth to be fit for it. Thereupon it beginneth to take fire and to have sparks of desires, which make it to wish the good proposed unto it. Thence it passeth to the second degree, which is that of *Short-sweet* Complacence, which pleasingly each moment holds it fixed upon the thought of its object. Sometimes between hope to possess it, another while between fear to lose it, and many other passions, which accompany this (never suffering) Complacence.

The steps and progressions of love.

ἁλυσιτελῶς

From this degree it goes to the third, which is inquisition and motion, where love putteth on wings to fly speedily into the bosome of its repose, employing all possible means for its contentment; and if it be favoured in its pursuit, it advanceth to the fourth degree, which is union, esteemed the principal scope of Amities. From this union ariseth another Complacence, which is not painful and dolorous; but satisfied and pleased in the fruition of its object which is the heighth of love.

By the sides of love are lodged Beauty and Goodness, for that (as S. *Denis* saith) they are the objects and motive of love, which are so allied together, that the Grecians call them by one self same name. The Sages have ever sought for the true causes which dispose the wils of men to love: and there are many different opinions upon this point. Some hold it is a quality, which God imprinteth on nature; others imagine it comes from the aspect of stars, and from divers constellations; Others make it to proceed from Parents and education: others from a certain Harmony & consonancy of hearts, which meeting in accord upon the same Tone, have a natural correspondence. Lastly, the Maxime of Divines and Philosophers much swayeth, which saith, that Fair and Good make all loves.

Its cause.

I hold that to accord these opinions, a notable distinction must be made of three loves, which we have proposed in the beginning, to wit, Natural, Animal and Reasonable. Forasmuch as concerneth Natural or Animal love, besides the order of nature it is God which giveth to each creature necessary inclinations to arrive at their end. Well there may be influency of stars, which bear sway over humours and bodies, and with the stars, bands of blood, temperature of Humours, education and secret qualities, which tie creatures with the knot of a certain love, the cause whereof is not well known. For how many are there, who love things which are neither lovely nor good? I not only say in effect, but in their own opinion and judgement; yet are they thereunto fastned by some Tie, nor can they free themselves from it, but by the absolute power of Reason. Do we not daily find by experience, that a Man who is, and who knoweth himself to be deformed and wicked, yet faileth not by Nature, to be in love with himself? So through a love of Concupiscence he may love things which have neither Beauty nor Goodness, although he daily have a blind feeling of some thing suitable to sensuality, and an unperceiveable attractive.

As for love of reason, which is properly Humane love, one may be assured, it alwaies looks directly upon good and fair, not simply, but good, fair acknowledged, agreeable to its contentment: This is the root of all reasonable amities, and hitherto those great sources of love reduced, which are Honestie, Utilitie, Delectation, Resemblance, reciprocal love, obliging and pleasing conversation.

Means to make ones self to be beloved worthily.

Within these six heads (in my opinion) the fifteen means to make one to be beloved, are comprised, which are touched by *Aristotle* in the second book of his Rhetorick; to wit, to love that which a friend loveth, to entertain his apprehension, his joyes and his discomforts, his hatred and Amities; to keep him in a laudable opinion of our sufficiencie by good parts of wit, courage, virtue, industrie, and reciprocally to hold him in good esteem, to love him, to oblige him, to praise him unto others, to beat with him in his humours, to trust him with your secrets, readily to serve him without forgetfulness or negligence, to be inviolably faithful to him, which we will more amply deduce in the subsequent section.

Notable effects of love in the three worlds.

But if you regard its effects, I find three great empires it exerciseth in the world, natural, civil and supernatural. In the natural it causeth all sympathies, antipathies, accords, ties, generations, productions. In the civil world it builds two cities, as saith S. *Augustine*, very different. If it be good, it raiseth a Citie of peace, wherein chaste Amitie sway, and with them Truth, Faith, Honour, Virtues, Contentments, Delights. If it be bad, it makes a *Babylon* full of confusion, where cares, fears, griefs, war, enmities, impurities, adulteries, incests, sacriledges, blood,

blood murther, and poison inhabit; and all that, which commonly ariseth from this fatal plague. In the supernatural world, it causeth nine effects, which are very well figured by the celestial throne of love, composed of nine diaphanous globes; whose effects are Solitude, Silence, Suspension, Indefatigability, Languishment, Extatie, and Transanimation, which we more at length will consider in the sequele of this Treatise.

Sect. 2. *Of Amity.*

Eccl. 6. *Medicamentum vitæ.* Amity the tree of life.

AMITY is the medicine of health, and Immortality of life, and in a manner doth that in Civil life, which the tree of life in terrestrial Paradise promised in natural life with an infinite number of sweetnesses and pleasures: it immortalizeth us after death in the remembrance of that which is most dear unto us in the world: It is that, which giveth light to dark affairs, certainty to doubtful, support to tottering, goodness to evil, grace to good, order to irregular, ornament to simple, & activeness to dead. By it, the banished find a countrey, the poor a patrimony, great ones find offices, the rich services, the Ignorant knowledge, the feeble support, the sick health, and the afflicted, comfort. Should a man live on Nectar and Ambrosia, among stars and Intelligencies; he would not be happy, if he had not friends to be witnesses of his good fortune: and we may truly say, that Amity continually makes up the greater part of our Felicities. It is not here my purpose to extend my self with full sail upon the praise thereof, since so many excellent wits have already handled this subject; but, to shew how good Amities are to be chosen, and how to be cultivated.

It includeth all blessings.

What Amity is. *Affectus ejusmodi & similes ad alios quem inspectio.* Casiod. de amicit.

There are some who make profession to be friends, & know not so much as what friendship is; but *Aristotle* plainly proves, there is difference between affection, Good-will, Love, Amity and Concord. Affection, is a spark of love, not yet throughly formed, in which, understanding hath some slight passion. Good-will, A simple Good-will and consent bathe towards some one, although many times there be no great knowledge of the party, as it happeneth to such, who of two Combatants favour rather the one then the other, not knowing either of them. Love is an affection already formed and inclined with fervour to the good of Conformity; Amity is a love of mutual well-wishing, grounded upon communication. Whence may be inferred, that all those who love, are not friends; but all such as are true friends, necessarily love. The meanest people may love the most eminent; but there can be no Amity, since they therein find not correspondency. There are entranced lovers in the world, who are enamoured of all beauties, none returning them love again: which deserves either laughter or compassion, seeing they may directly go to the fast of Beauties, where they shall find reciprocal contentment. After love, followeth concord, which is the fruit of it, in the union of judgment and will.

Miserable lovers.

Now, well to understand how to chuse good Amities, the Species or kind of them must be known, wherein I find that one *Hippadamus* a great Platonick Philosopher hit right, when he established three sorts of Amities, whereof, one belongs to beasts, the other to men, & the third to Demi-gods. Animal-Amities are those which subsist only in Nature, and which are common to us with beasts. Thus (saith S. *Augustine*) a mother which loveth her children for flesh and bloods sake, nor otherwise raising her thoughts towards God, doth but as a Hen, a Dove, a Tigress, a Serpent, and so many other living creatures, which have so great affection towards their little ones. It is not that these Amities are not very necessary, since Nature inspires them, and poureth them into the veins with the soul by admirable infusions, which preserve the estate of the world entire. It is good, much to affect ones own, but we must build upon the first elements of Nature, and by Grace and Reason raise the edifice of true charity. Parents ought to love their children as a part of their own bodies, which Nature hath separated from themselves: But Amity should never divide their hearts. Children are bound to love their parents, as fishes their water. Brothers cannot too much esteem the Love and Concord which they mutually maintain together. A husband and a wife are bound to a most strict commerce of Amity, since as God produced a word in heaven, and with the word the holy Ghost: So, he hath been pleased to create *Adam* on earth as his own Image; and out of this Image, he hath drawn *Eve* to be unto man a spirit of peace, and a love of a perpetual lasting.

There is no doubt, but that to fail in these laws, and to break the Knots which God hath tied with his own hands for all the living, is a vice, which surpasseth all kind of brutishness. Notwithstanding, the evil manners of men corrupt things the most sacred, and are the cause that some love their own Blood far above God himself, and others even furiously persecute them. I put likewise in the number of animal-Amities all such as love one another for sport, for the Belly and Lust: For they have no other scope; they do not much better then wanton whelps who cease not to run up and down, turn after turn, dallying and playing one with another. And such as love their wives no otherwise then for pleasure, do like the mate-Creviss, who in his little Cavern hath many females, for whom he fights as for an Empire. All this kind of proceeding smells too much of the brute beast, nor can it have any merit in heaven.

Bodin. in the Theatre of nature.

Humane Amities, and their foundation.

The Amities of men are those which are exercised with reason, and are ordinarily built upon three foundations which *Aristotle* expresseth in the Treatise he wrote of it, which are utility, pleasure, and moral virtue. Utility, is now adays the most common Cement of worldly Amities, and you find few friends, who hold it not in much esteem. It is that, which hath raised Towns, Cities, and the society of men; That, which having raised, maintaineth them by mutual offices rendred one another in the necessities of ordinary life. The hand must wash the hand; and the finger, the finger. One contributes his counsel; another his industry, another his abilities, another his pain, one his pen, another his tongue, and another his feet. All set themselves a work to do service to Amity. I know Philosophers will say, that this is somewhat mercenary; it notwithstanding preserveth communities, and he who would take it out of the world, should find almost nothing in it, but a meer shadow of Amity.

Interest, the fifth Gospel of many.

Particular Interest is (as it were) the fifth Gospel of Christianity depraved in the minds of many, and is the great God of the Time, to whom millions of souls do homage. Think not, that so many busie spirits, and men fervent to make a fortune, care much for Idle friends, although they were endowed with all the vertues of the Anchorets of the wilderness. They esteem not gods of clay, although they had all the curious draughts of *Polycletus* upon them. It is gods of gold and silver they would have,

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Three sorts of amity. Animal-amity. *Pro magna laudatur sum in hominibus videatur Tullius. Augustin. homil. 38.*

Amans Evangelicarum irrisor, transgressorque præceptum. Climach. Grad. 26.

men which may give them whatsoever they desire. They carry these dispositions even to Altars, and make piety it self mercenary; For we see, many are little enough moved to hear of the greatest Saints in heaven, when a discourse is made of their excellent virtues: but, if peradventure an extraordinary cure happen, thither they run by heaps, and the saint which is the author of them, hath magnificent Altars waited on by many vows, offerings, and Candles. It is the poverty of the heart of man to measure all things by proper Interest, but it is a maxim deep-setled through all Ages in the opinion of the multitude, and one may truly say, that to him utility is the mother of the Gods. Others who have a more gentle spirit seek for pleasure in their affections. I do not say those pleasures, which we have placed in Animal Amities, but some worthy recreation, as that of the Mathematicks, of Eloquence, of Poesie, of Painting, of Musick, ingenious Sports, pleasant jests, most witty & quaint. This hath much predominance upon spirits who love recreative pastime, and I think the seven Sages of Greece should they live again, would die for hunger in that house, where one who can jest with a good grace, might make a brave fortune. These kind of amities although they may for a time be sweet to sense, are subject to change according to the diversitie of Ages, seasons, humours, employments, and occasions.

Tertul. in lib. ad Nationes. *Dii vere qui magis tribuunt, magis sanctis, majestas conjungitur in quosdam, vendita totam divinitatem, non licet ex gratis coli.*

Amities of pleasure.

Merry jests.

Amities grounded upon Honestie.

The best men tie themselves to the honestie of moral virtues, and singularly love one who is wise, prudent, courageous, just, temperate, liberal, magnificent, weighing all this in the course of a life sutable to *Aristotles* Philosophy, and do please themselves with the familiaritie of such a man, and are entertained by a Correspondence of manners, a delightful conversation, and an affection very sincere, but not extraordinarie.

Amity of Demi-gods.

The third sort of Amities, which the Pythagorean calleth, of Demi-gods, and which we may attribute to the most rare and excellent souls, is, among such as mutually love another, not for ordinary virtues, but for celestial qualities, graces, & singular gifts of God, and interchangeably love in an extatick manner, to wit, by rapture of spirit, of heart and affection, which causeth all things to be common among them, so much as virtue & honestie permitteth. Such was the Amitie of the first Christians, of whom, with much wonder, the Pagans said; Behold, how they love one another! See how ready they are to die each for other: and that which the Poets found to be a matter so rare, reckoning up some few pairs of true friends. Christianitie made it appear, at that time, in as many subjects as it had men. But at this present, the multiplication of persons hath abbreviated the extent of charitie. That generous spirit (which borrowed the golden wings of the dove of the Prophet, to fly throughout the world, & to sacrifice it self for a neighbour) is waxed cold, & rests immured within its little house, busying it self almost wholly in the preservation of its Individuums.

Vide ut invicem se diligant & pro alterutro mori sint parati. Tertul. Apolog.

From the discourse of these sorts of Amitie, it is now much more easie to judge of the conditions of a good friend, then to meet with the effects of it: but if you will follow the way I shall prescribe, I will shew you what choice is to be used.

Qualities of a good friend.

Great men are not ordinarily the best friends.

First I am of *Aristotles* opinion, that Great ones (to speak according to the ordinarie course of life) are not verie fit for Amities, because they love themselves too much, and make use of men as of Instruments for their purposes looking after nothing but the establishment of their own greatness. Besides, the licentious life they commonly lead in a fortune which permits them all, is the cause that good men love them not, unless they become as virtuous and magnificent, as they are powerful. Which is the cause, that being usually encompassed with a multitude of flatterers, or of interessed people, who labour to enrich themselves in the manage of their affairs, they have verie few good friends. But there are some among them, who are endowed with so eminent virtues, affabilitie, and bounty, that they win affections, and find friends, who would willingly offer themselves up as a sacrifice for their glory. Amity desireth equality; If it find it not, it makes it: and although one cannot alwaies exact it in an Arithmetical proportion, and that two friends of divers qualities cannot be in all kinds equal in offices rendred one to another, yet its ever necessary therein to observe some proportion; which many great ones do not, thinking all is due to them, and that having usurped the blood and sweat of men, they are but victims born to be sacrificed to their magnificence. Which made the great *Aristotle* say, That if of two friends the one should become a God, he would cease to be a friend. In which he spake as a man, & a man ignorant of the Divinity; For he figured to himself a god of a luskish & proud humour, wholly busied within himself, and disesteeming all whatsoever under himself. But had he known the ineffable sweetness of the divine Bounty, he would rather with *Tertullian* have said, that there is nothing so worthy of God, as the salvation of man.

Aristot. 8. & 9. Moral.

Tertul. contra Marcionem. *Nihil tam Deo dignum, quam salus hominis.*

Who loves too much, loveth little.

Men too endearing incapable of amity.

Secondly, its most certain, that those who love too much, are not verie proper for great and strong amities, for with overmuch eagerness to love all, they love nothing. You find men of honor in the world, who are extremely endearing, and who create amities innumerable, their heart resembleth the weathercock on a steeple, which turns with every wind; they no sooner see one, but they oppress him with favours, promises & courtesies: but such amities resemble those bubbles of water which rise upon a river during the time of a showre, and break as soon as they grow. Birds, which have yet their shell on their backs, are taken with the sweetness of their bait, and think they have gotten their favour upon the first acquaintance; but the prudent well see, that they say to all the world, is not spoken to them.

The Judgement of *Plato*. Seneca lib. 6. de Benefic. c. 18. *Negavit illi jam apud Platonem positum ofpicium.*

They do as *Plato*, who in the beginning thought himself much obliged to a Ferriman, that courteously without asking ought, had wafted him, imagining this was done in respect of his merit, but when he afterward, perceived, he thus entertained persons of the meanest condition, He then could well say, *Friend I owe thee nothing.*

One must not adhere too much to ones self to be a good friend.

Moreover, we may truly affirm, that such are never good friends, who too much adhere to themselves, and rest fully satisfied with themselves; For amitie being a certain transportment of a friend to a friend, it loveth to go out & readily succour such as stand in need of its help: but the man who is fast tied to his own interests, captived by his own employments, irrevocably squared out to its own hours, is a piece not to be stirred, but with many engines. Add also to those the fantastical suspicions & unequal spirits, who daily at least, have some fit of folly, and infinitly vary both in manners & visage, which makes poor Amitie to fare ill in their hands. But prudent, and patient friends, who have need of them, strive to find out the folds of their hearts, to observe their good fits, and the lightsom seasons of their mind.

Unequal spirits.

Men banished from the Temple of amity.

Lastly, I would banish out of the Temple of Amity all wicked lives, and evil humours, weak brains, and

and indiscreet tongues, which are not retentive of a secret; the over-curious, the light, the exorbitant, flouters, Buffons, the sad, mischievous murmurers, great talkers, and the Ceremonious.

The choice of a friend.

To chuse a friend well, it is necessary he be honest, prudent, of a good disposition, cordial, obliging, faithful, and patient. Honesty is the foundation of all the most eminent amities, without which there is not any thing can be of a solid subsistence. Prudence is the instrument for every thing, and the Rule of all the actions of mans life. Good disposition seasoneth the greatest pleasures of conversation. Cordiality makes a commixion of hearts and minds, which is the principal scope of Amity. Obligations, maintained by mutual offices, straightly knit affections. Fidelity, which is an unmoveable rock against all the assaults of men and time, which tend to the division of hearts; and Patience in the defects of a friend, is that which crowneth the perfections of Love.

Sect. 4. *Of Amity between persons of different Sex.*

I Hold my self obliged by the necessity of the subject, to speak here of the Amity of different Sexes, especially between people of the world, as also, because many complain, that men of our profession would willingly handle them as Hermits of *Thebais*, and wholly forbid the conversation of women; I will deliver what conscience and civility permit in this. It is often asked whether women be capable of good Amity, and whether it may be tied between sex and sex out of wedlock bands?

This is a very hard question for me to resolve, because, having all my time been employed (according to the laws of my profession) to court wisdom and virtue, and having had little practice, but amongst the sagest and most virtuous women, it is not so easie for me to judge of the humours of such as are bred otherwise.

If we consult with Histories, we see millions of lovers, who complain of the infidelity of their Mistrisses: On the other side, women wage war with men, ceasing not to accuse their inconstancy: and all your feigned Romans eternally chant forth the same song, which were able to tire spirits any thing serious: but it is evident, that these vices with which they reproach one another, chastising with severity, that, which they commit through idleness, proceedeth not so much from sex, as from the nature of a shameful passion of love, which hath no more stability, then the wind in the spring, & the sea in a calm.

It is certain, that evil love hath its disloyal ones every where, but since we are insensibly engaged to treat of Amity, after so many excellent pens who have handled the same subject, we are rather to observe what is commonly done in virtuous love, then that which is acted out of the madness of Concupiscence.

Reasons for which women seem less capable of Amity. *Felicitas cogitationum, animi celeritas, & ingenii varietas multiformes illis tot inspirauit.* Plin. l. 7. cap. 12.

Some have thought, women were not so proper for Amities, because they resemble a cloud in the Rainbow, which receiveth the impression of all colours in their natural diversified forms: besides, for that according to *Pliny*, they are imaginative more then any creature in the world, which suggesteth to them infinite many thoughts, divers inflexions of the heart, tastes, distasts, which thrust on one another as the waves of the sea. They likewise thereunto add, that they very easily are turmoiled with suspicions, jealousies, and distrusts; the least matters offend them, and many once displeased, are irreconcileable. And which is more, that the most part of them have narrow hearts, and hands not open enough to help their good friends at a need, they being ordinarily much tied to the interest of their family; so that there are many who love not so much for love, as for gain.

Reasons for the modest love of women. *Amor magis sentitur cum pudis cum indigenis.* August. l. 10. de Trin. c. 12. S. Thom. 1. 2. q. 25.

This may well happen in certain humours, but there are some grievous spirits, who do not so easily receive the impressions of these ill qualities, and who persevere till death in an unshaken constancy of affection. And verily it seemeth, that contrary to what hath been spoken, nature more favoureth them therein, because Love, as saith S. *Thomas* after S. *Augustine*, appears best in indigence, and those love most fervently and powerfully, who besides other attractives see themselves bound unto it by some kind of necessity. Now, the inclination which a woman hath towards man, is (as it were) necessary: For it is more easie for a man to be without a woman (having regard to spirituall and temporall assistances, as Sacraments and Physick) then for a woman to be without a man. *Adam* was for a while all alone in Paradise, in a vast world, but God permitted not that *Eve* should be there alone one moment: for this solitude would have gone hard with her to see so many living creatures, and in so divers kinds, and not meet with one to bear her resemblance.

This being so, one may with reason say, that as we love things necessary, with more endeavour and stabilitie, so women are tied with the more indissoluble chains in virtuous inclinations. But not to speak of this motive (which proceeding from a meet motion of nature) cannot be the most generous; we find men, who rest upon Indifferency, and seek nothing but to content their own senses and to idolatrize themselves: but women very rarely stay upon neutrality, needs they must love or hate, there is no third condition for them; and since, according to the Philosopher, it is fit to judge of Contraries by proportion, we will truly say, that if they be susceptible of the impresions of hatred above all may be said, so are they likewise capable of noble Amities. They think themselves more engaged in honour to entertain them, when they have begun, fearing to be disparaged by the multitude of wandring and flitting affections.

Add also to this, that they are more tender then men, and that softness of temperature, is to love, as the air to the ray of the Sun; seeing the affections more easily penetrate where they find dispositions which have already prepared a way for them. Lastly, as they commonly are more devout & religious then men, so they observe virtuous Amities with respect, and entertain them out of conscience, & especially such as are grounded on piety, which is the thing that most powerfully predominateth over their heart.

I speak this in respect of those who are verie virtuous. But as we find, few rare virtues and strong amities accompanied with all necessary circumstances, are not so frequent in their sex.

It seemeth also, that the Examples we derive as well from Nature, as Civil life, insensibly lead us to the proof of that we propose.

Among living creatures, the Females are the more sharp and ardent, as well in their affection as in their anger: the cuttle-fish takes revenge on that which striketh her male; but the male flyeth if his female catch a blow, as *Aristotle* hath observed in the ninth book of his living Creatures. I well remember the Antients studiously reckoned up the pairs of friends which they had observed throughout all Ages, and that *Lucian* in his Toxaris hath strange

Bodin. Theatr. nat. tur. l. 3. sect. 6.

Luc. Toxaris.

strange examples of amity between men, as of him who left his whole family in a fire, to carry out his dearest friend on his shoulders: and of another, who gave his own eyes for the ransome of him whom he most tenderly affected. But who likewise would in particular decipher the notable acts of love, which many wives have witnessed to their husbands, should find wherewith to be moved to admiration, and to settle his constancy. If we talk of preserving a widow-hood, inaccessible to second wedlocks, how many may we find of them, even in Gentilisme, who, after the death of their dear husbands, have said, (what the antient *Valeria* did) My husband is dead to others, but not to me. If we speak of suffering great toils of body, Queen *Hipsicrates* followed King *Mithridates* her husband, as one of his bravest Captains, gallantly corvetting a horse, and galloping through snows & wildernesses not to be separated from him. If we discourse of banishment & ignominies, *Sulpitia* brake up doors and locks to run (maugre her mother) after her exiled husband, among the proscripts of the Triumvirat. If imprisonment be put into the list of account, *Eponina* was nine years shut up with her husband in the hollow cavern of a Tomb. If you regard maladies, a daughter of Spain, daily with her tongue, licked the envenomed wound of King *Edward* of *England* her dear husband. If you look on the terrible of terribles, death; *Blaunch* the Italian Lady, scorning the flatteries of the Tyrant *Aclolin*, who passionately woed her, (captive though she were) escaping out of the hands of souldiers, she went to breathe out her life upon the tomb of him to whom she first of all had given her heart and affections. Yea, I much more admire those, who willingly have deprived themselves of all riches, greatnes, yea, even of the presence of their husbands, whom they dearly loved, to procure them liberty, wealth, and honour. *Cedrenus* observeth in his history, that *Constantine* the ninth exercising tyranny, as well in matter of love, as within his Empire, caused the Roman *Argyropylus* to be sought out, and commanded him to repudiate his wife, whom he had lawfully married, to take his daughter, on condition that he would make him Cæsar, and associate him with himself in his dignity: but if he condescended not to his will, he threatned to pull out his eyes, and to make him all the dayes of his life miserable. The Lady, who was present, seeing her husband involved in all the perplexities that might be, and ignorant what answer to give unto the Emperour. Ah Sir (said she) I see you are much hindered in a brave way, if it onely rest in your wife, that you be not great and happy; I freely deprive of my self of all, yea, of your company (which is more precious to me then all the Empires of the world) rather then prejudice your fortune; For know, I love you better then my self: And saying this, she cut off her hair; and voluntarily entred into a Monastery, which the other was willing enough to suffer, preferring ambition before love, a matter very ordinary among great ones.

Rare similities of women. *Valer. Max. lib. 4. c. 6.*

Idem lib. 6. cap. 7.

Lipsii exem. politica.

Rhod. Zamsim histor. Hispan. p. 1. cap. 4. Scard. lib. 3. hist. Panonic.

Cedren. in Epitom. hist. p. 596.

Excellent loyalty of a Lady.

Out of all this it may be inferred, that women are to be found very virtuous, and most constant in their affections. But the question I proposed in the second place, if in case it so fall out, whether amities may be fixed out of marriage, between sex and sex, is a passage very dangerous, and worldlings must not think it strange, if I look into it with much precaution. It is a pleasant thing to hear how *Pelagius* the Arch-heretick talks in S. *Jerome*; For he makes a Rhodomontade suteable to a spirit swoln up with pride, and blinded within the opinion of his own worth. There are (saith he) who shut themselves within cells, and never see the face of any one woman, yet suffer themselves to be inflamed with love, and tormented with desires: which may very well happen, for they are miserable creatures, who well deserve to be so handled. As for me, I freely profess, I am daily environed with an host of women, and feel not the least spark of concupiscence. S. *Basil* was of another opinion, when he sheweth, that a man, who perpetually converseth with women, and saith he feeleth not any touch thereof, participateth not at all of humane nature, but rather is some extraordinary prodigie; For, as he learnedly disputeth in the Book he composed of Virginity, the body of a woman is (as it were) a section, and a fragment of that, of the first man, which is the cause he naturally desireth her, as a part taken from himself. The palm hath not more inclination to the palm, nor the iron to the adamant, then one sex hath towards another. When God created the mother of the living, it is written, *he built*, as if the Scripture would say, That woman is a house wherein the heart of man lodgeth but too often. Sole glances (saith this great man) are spiritual hands, which cause wonderful effects; From thence the first battery of Concupiscence beginneth, as saith *Clement Alexandrinus*. Adde, that after the corruption of sin, we have in us an evil source of carnal desire, which floweth from the bottome of our soul by our five senses as by so many conduit-pipes. Nature is extremely subtle and busie, and when one hath a hundred times together by strong hand chased it away, a hundred times it returneth; it insinuates it self, it presseth forward with sweet violences, with charming sweetnesses, it insensibly spinneth the web, and doth what it list.

S. *Basil de Virginitate.*

Inclination of sex to sex.

τμῆμα γὰρ ἀνδρός.

Dangerous attractives in the conversation with women.

Ædificavit Dominus costam quam tulerat de Adam, in mulierem. Gen. 2. 22.

ὑπὸ μιᾶς πολλαὶ ἀνοίγονται χεῖρες

S. Basil. lib. ἀ ἐπιθυμία δι' ἑφθαλμῶν ὡς διὰ σωλήνων ἐκχεομένη

Clem. Alex. pædag. l. 3.

Moreover, it is seconded with a certain curiosity, to know all that which is most pernicious to it. It kicketh against the laws of honesty and modesty, and thinks the forbiddance of an evil is the greatest of all torments. It will know to much, to be chaste, and makes a snare to it self of proper science. O God of purity, how many do we now adayes see, who, to give entrance to a wicked curiosity, through too free conversation, receive as many wounds as they give glances, and as many deaths as beauty shoots arrows against them! *Solomon*, who well knew the effect of this passion, said, Thy eyes shall see forreign women, and thy heart shall entertain a very evil discourse within thee: Thou shalt be as one fast asleep in the midst of the waves of the sea, or as a lazy pilot, who, oppressed with drowsines, hath forsaken the helm. Thou wilt say, It is true, they struck me, but I feel no pain of it: They have drawn me this way and that way, but I am not sensible of it, when shall I be awakened, to be again drunk with love, and to return to my accustomed pleasures? See how a sensless soul talketh, which having not well guarded its senses in the first assault, delivereth the heart over as a prey, and sinks into the bottome of Abyss. But to rest within the limits of honest amities, it is undoubted, one cannot use too much precaution, so subtle and penetrative are the stings thereof, especially, when it is sharpned by Beauty, Bounty, and Benefits. Yea, misery therein doth sometimes bear so sensible a part, that a beautiful and virtuous woman, being in her innocency afflicted, shooteth arrows of victorious love into the heart of man: And very well the Philosopher *Seneca* hath observed, that love is great, when it grows out of commiseration.

Prov. 23. *Oculi tui videbunt extraneas, & cor tuum loquetur perversa, &c.*

Modest amities with women should alwayes be handled with much precaution.

Magnus amor est ex quo de miserli cordia venit S. Cæsar.

Rodomonts of Pelagius, *Jerom. in Pelagium.*

It

Cassiod. de amicitia.

It is true which *Cassiodorus* said in the book of Amity, that one affection degenerateth insensibly into another. Love, in the beginning, is wholly divine, then it becometh humane, being yet within the limits of reason: From humane it passeth to natural, wherein it quickly feels the sting of nature, and the first fervour of Concupiscence. From natural, it becometh officious, entertaining it self with discourses, complements, complacence, offices, and services. From officious, it most times becometh carnal, and from carnal, absolutely unchaste.

Degeneration-amity.

Observation of *Iamblichus* applied to the amities of women.

Iamblichus, a Philosopher very curious, saith, that those who professed to consult with spirits by this divine operation, as is pretended, saw in the beginning obscurities, spectres, and night; but persisting in their search they perceived the air by little and little waxed bright with a pleasing serenity, & the apparitions became more lightsome. It falleth out quite otherwise in the matter of Amities, indiscreetly tied with women: For at first, those shews are fair and specious, but the issues of them (if one be not heedful) are black and hideous. A soul which feareth God, might sometimes be very confident among such as make profession to be none of the honestest, because it is prevented by some aversion which hindereth its perdition; but virtue, consorted by sweet disposition, hith another manner of power: for it insinuateth it self into the soul with admirations & satisfactions, which attract the inclination before the consideration can be permitted to frame any further discourse. So S. *Bonaventure* in the Treatise he composed of the Purity of Confession, saith, The Amity of virtuous women is more to be feared, and the testimonies of mutual affections which one sex rendereth to another, are infinitely able to enkindle love. One, who is not extremely exorbitant, beginneth not the practice of vice on the top; iniquity hath its apprentiships, none comes in an instant to the utmost of impudency. Above all, heed must be had of the beginnings, before vice take much predominance to our prejudice.

S. Bon. l. de Purit. Conf.

Have you observed what a stone doth, thrown into a pond? it maketh at first a small circle, which causeth another, and the other a third, the third out of that produceth a fourth, and they are still infinitely upon encrease so much, that the water onely curled with a little pibble, makes a long chain of circles, which fill up the total superficies. This happeneth in love, it falls into our heart not perceived, nor foreseen, and in the beginning causeth some slight touch, which according as it is entertained, distends it self, and is in such sort multiplied, that it repleniſheth the whole capacity of our soul with arrows and chain-links, which we cannot but with much labour dissolve and unloose. A spirit which before rested in a generous liberty, becomes captive. This imperious visage perpetually knocks at the gate of his heart. It enters into game, study, repose, repast, sleep and action. It insinuateth it self into prayer, with distractions pleasingly troublesome, it busieth the thoughts, it exerciseth the discourse, it inflameth the desire, to go, to visit, to speak; it repleniſheth the memory with what is past, the imagination with the future, and the present with disturbance. A soul finds it is not well, that it dissolves, that it consumes by the senses, and hath already dried up all its smiling beauties, and weakned that vigour which is in devotion. It notwithstanding flattereth it self with the colour of innocency; it feigneth to it self that this is an act of charity, that it is a duty of civility; that it is an act of the souls that burns not but for virtue; but the mischief is, this soul is not an intelligence separated from matter, and that in the guelt thereof, we pass by the veil of body, which becometh a snare to chastity.

S. Basil. de Virginitat.

A notable comparison of S. Basil.

Subtleties of the passion of love.

How many Bulls have we seen feeding in a pasture, strong & sound, who having heedlesly swallowed a little worm called by the Grecians, *The fire of Oxen*, become meagre & faint, retaining nothing at all of their bodies but bones, and figure? And how many great spirits have we beheld which were in excellent state, and in full vigour of the functions of intellectual life, who, by approaching over-near to this sex, have entred into affections of fire and flames: which, like little creeping serpents, have stoln into their hearts and destroyed virtue. I will not soil *the purity of my Pen* with the exorbitancies, which both antient and modern histories have observed upon this subject. I pass over it, as bees over hemlock, without any stay; it seeming unto me that many Authours had done better to have covered the stains of their mother, then to have divulged them to maligne spirits, who make use of poison, and readily impute the disorders of particular, to the general body.

Lycaon. Ælian. de animal. l. 6. cap. 35.

Love compared to the fire of Oxen.

The opinion of Fathers concerning the Amity of women.

All I have said hereupon, hath been to suit my self to the sense of Scripture and holy Fathers, who so notably have condemned the over-much familiar conversation with women, and if they seem sometimes to speak of it with too much rigour, it is, for that in great crimes the evil might be diverted by exaggeration of the peril, to the end, that since the fire is to be feared, the very smoke might be avoided.

Pro. 6. 27.

It is not to be wondered at, what the Wise-man said, *That the too free familiarity with women was a fire-brand in the bosome:* That S. *Ephraim* thought it was as easie to live among burning-coals, as to converse with this sex, and not to wound the soul! That S. *Bernard* wrote, that to be alwaies among women without hurt, was to do more then to raise the dead: That S. *Cyprian* imagined it was to erect a precipice, to be addicted to such society: That S. *Jerome* advised, that we should either equally love them all, or equally not know them.

Bern. ser. 84. in Cant.

Cyp. de singular. Cler.

S. Hieron. ad Nepotian.

Shipwracks happened by the love of women.

We see many shipwracked fools standing on promontory tops, who tell us of the ruines which these passions have caused. *Simon Magus* was undone by a *Hellen*, being more bewitched by her love, then he inchanted others by his sorcery. *Apelles* was corrupted by *Philumene*: *Montanus*, by *Prisca* and *Maximilla*: *Donatus*, by *Lucilia*: *Elpidius*, by *Agape*. Women have ended among all these, what Magick and Heresie had but begun. O good God! what man would not be astonished at the Roman *Macarius*, who having overcome love in the world, was surprised in the wilderness by finding a womans shoe? To conclude, Heaven is most happy, said *Tertullian* very wittily, because though it hath Angels, it hath not *Angelicals*; though it hath a God, it hath no Goddesses; and it might be feared, if there were diversity of Sex there, it would alter something of its tranquillity.

Ex moribus.

In cœli non Angelus & Angela. Tertul. ad versus Val.

So many great men, who were much accomplished in sanctity, have thought of women upon the brink of the grave, and have found, we must ever fear, that we may never fall. Besides, I leave you to think with what conscience a spruce youth who hath a body full of blood, and a spirit repleniſhed with flames, can say, He will love God in his works, and that he findeth not any one better then a handsome woman. He knoweth how to manage his love, he will take in no more fire then he list, and this fire shall not burn, but at his discretion. This beauty shall serve to raise him towards God;

he still goes from the creature to the Creatour without any difficulty; It is a ladder of gold, which God hath set for him to climb up into heaven by. But it is to be doubted lest it prove *Archimedes* his engine, whereon the higher they mounted, the lower they descended. Such an one by this way thinks to touch heaven with a finger, who already hath a foot in hell. But since I write this Treatise for Courtiers, and for the well-ordering of divine and humane love; I neither must, nor will, by my discourse put any prejudice upon the virtuous and civil Amities which may be between persons of different sex, who are endowed with singular and excellent virtues, and who manage their affections with admirable discretion: which, although rarely, may be done; and if there be any who abuse it, it is not fit, by reason of blasted members, to blame sound parts, and suspect them of corruption, nor to censure the actions of many great Saints, who, being obliged by duty to converse with other sex then their own, have therein comported themselves with so much prudence and charinesse.

This thing may be allowed of, Amities between persons of different Sexes, endowed with great virtue and rare prudence. Nec inferorum regnum in terra. Eqq. I.

S. *Augustine*, in the fourth Book of the City of God, saith, The Antients had three Goddesses of Love; one for the irregular, another for the married, and a third for virgins. We must not think the kingdom of hell perpetually swayeth upon the earth (to speak with the Wise man) and that one cannot look on a woman, and not take in the fire of evil love. How many be there, who, wholly are estranged from all tender and affectionate inclinations? Briars and thorns are as full of courtesie as their greetings, and the ice of *Scythia* is not more cold then their conversation. How many do we find, who, having their spirits wholly possessed by other passions; one of Ambition, another of Avarice, another of Revenge, another of Envy, another transported by the sollicitude of a suit, and the turmoil of a family, who think very little upon love? How many other are there, from whom study, affairs, and charges (wherein they strive supereminently to transcend) free their minds from all other thoughts? And how many Ladies see we in the world, with a countenance ever smiling, of a humour cheerful, and conversation most pleasing, who make love to wits and spirits, as Bees to flowers, but have with the body no commerce at all?

But, if this may sometimes proceed from humour; by a much stronger reason we must think, great souls, that are powerfully possessed by the love of God, which replenisheth the whole latitude of their hearts, & who live in continual exercises of prayer and mortification, may converse with women for the affairs of salvation, by a conversation sweetly grave, and simply prudent, not changing the love which they bear to the virtue of chastitie.

It is an act of a base or maligne spirit, to measure all by ones own self, and to think that, what he would do in a slipperie occasion, must be done by all such who are farre otherwise eminent in grace and virtue, then are the ordinarie sort of men.

The Basilisk cannot be enchanted.

The Author of the Theatre of Nature holdeth, that the Basilisk alone, among serpents, cannot be enchanted; and, I dare affirm, there are men, who have the like priviledge, and have their eyes love-proof, & their hearts shut up against all the assaults of concupiscence, whether it proceed from singular habits of virtue, or whether it be some very extraordinary gift from God. *Democritus* voluntarily made himself blind, by looking stedfastly upon the beams of the sun, to free himself from the importunities of the love of women; He (perhaps) shut up two gates against love, to open a thousand to his imagination. *Origen* deprived himself of the distinction of sex, to rebate the stings of sensualitie, which bred him much mischief. Grace, and the gift of God, doth more then all the endeavours of men, it forsaketh not those, who, by obligation of their charge, and out of the necessitie of their profession, converse with women, within all the limits and due proportions of decorum.

Tertul. Apologetico.

The extraordinary practice of S. *Athanasius*.

The Ecclesiastical Historie assureth us, that the glorious S. *Athanasius*, seeing himself persecuted by the Arrians with rage, thirstie of his blood, and not knowing whom to trust, hid himself in the night-time in the house of a devout Virgin, where he was long concealed, and protected against the fury of his persecutours. Whosoever will weigh this, shall find it an extraordinarie act, for the historie saith, the Virgin was a miracle of beautie; and being not fully twentie years of age, had made a vow to preserve a perpetual virginity to God. It much amazed her at first, seeing the great Prelate had chosen her little habitation for the place of his retreat: but he assuring her it was the will of God, she entertained him with an open heart, & served him with so much puritie, obedience, and reverence, that she seemed to have lodged an Angel, not a Man in her house.

Sozom. & Palladius.

She furnished him with all necessaries for life, she washed his feet; yea, she borrowed Books for him, with singular heed, that he might entertain time in this his imprisonment. Cardinal *Baronius* calleth this historie into question, and thinks it an invention of *Arrius* his side, but there is very little appearance, seeing the Arrians of that time never objected it to S. *Athanasius*, as being a matter out of their knowledge. And although this great man in his Apologie hath said nothing of it, where he speaketh of his flights and retreats, this, notwithstanding, nothing at all lesseneth the truth of it, since there are many things may very innocently be done by prudent men, which are not necessary to be published to all the world.

And needs must he have had little judgement to have vaunted this accident before his enemies, whereof they would have taken but too much occasion to calumniate him. And as for that which *Baronius* saith, that it onely belonged to widows to wash the feet of Saints, it is true, according to the ordinary proceedings of the Church, and the liberty of its functions; but here the question is of an outragious persecution, and of an act out of common practice, and there is not any reason which can efficaciously prove this history to be invented, seeing it is faithfully set down by *Sozomen* and *Palladius*, two great admirers of the virtues of S. *Athanasius*; whereof the one giveth so evident proofs, that he witnesseth he had seen the same Virgin when she was seventie years old, and saith, this relation was confirmed to him by Priests of *Alexandria*. I hold it more admirable then imitable, and that although the Hebrew Children were once preserved in the fornace by miracle, one must not therefore desperately throw himself, through imprudence, among coles; but ever confess the hand of God is able to safeguard those in perils, who have not despaired in the peril, but who by necessity become therein engaged.

Lusius. Amity of S. *John Chrysostome* with a Lady named *Olympias.*

What shall we say of S. *John Chrysostome*? Is there a man more austere in his life, and more vehement in the matters of virtuous Amities? It is a strange thing to read the Letters he writes from the place of his banishment to his dear *Olympias*. He saluteth her with openness of most ardent affections,

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he calleth her his Saint, and his venerable Lady; sometimes he instructs and incourageth her by sublime, grave discourses, addressing Epistles to her to be valued with whole Books. Another while he descendeth into particulars, he recounts unto her his voyages, his adventures, his comforts, his discomforts: He omits nothing of the condition of his health, of the disposition of his body, of his chamber, of his habit, of his ordinary exercises in this ugly place, whereunto he is banished. He protesteth he is much troubled he sees her not, he assures her, all his paines are nothing in comparison of the want of such an one whom he so tenderly loved, which he confirmed unto her by the example of S. *Paul*, who challenged Angels and Devils, who mocked at all persecutions, who was ready to carry all hell on his shoulders (had it been possible) out of the desire he had to suffer. And yet the separation of *Titus*, his well-beloved Disciple, afflicted him so much, that he could not give his thoughts any repose. He dilates much upon this affection of S. *Paul*, to excuse his own, which shewed it self at the heighth, when the news was brought him of the sickness of the same *Olympias*: For then it was, when the winters of *Scythia*, the countenances of Barbarians, the hideous roughness of some place where it seemed Nature had never been, the noise of war, and the incursions of souldiers fleshed in massacres & spoils, are nothing in comparison of the affliction he feels for the indisposition of this dear Virgin. He conjureth her by all things the most precious to tender her health, he sendeth her to skilful Physicians, he teacheth her medicinal drugs which help himself, he promiseth her long letters, which she infinitely loved, so that she take care of her health, he assureth her, as it were in the spirit of prophecy, that he must visit her again to comfort his cares, wipe away his tears, and replenish his heart with satisfaction. What can be more lovely, what more affectionate, then this whole discourse?

S. *Paul* tender in holy affections.

Saint *Jerome* is in the same passions for Saint *Paula*. All the splendour of *Romes* greatness, all the riches of the earth, are nothing with him in comparison of his little *Bethleem*, made resplendent by the virtues of this noble Lady. He telleth us, that Pilgrims who come from the remotest confines of the world cannot see any thing, in all the affluent wealth thereof comparable to her. When he goes about to praise her, he wisheth all the members of his body were changed into tongue, and that he were nought but voice, to be throughout the whole Universe the Trumpet of her praises. He describeth her life and death with extasies, he plaies the Poet in his old age to make her an Epitaph, and fetcheth out a pedigree for her from the ashes of old Troy, and the conquests of *Agamemnon*. He formerly had made himself a Secretary to her and her daughter, enditing their letters for them to invite *Marcella* their companion into the solitudes of *Bethleem*. When he thinks of her coming, all the holy land is turned topsie-turvey, the hillocks leap for joy, the fields deck themselves in their best beauties, the rivers carry the news thereof to the meadows, squadrons of religious, and virgins go before; there is nothing but salutations and transportations, and rejoycings incomparable: Out of which we may conclude, Saints have very lively affections towards all they love.

Great affection of S. *Hierome* toward *Sancta Paula*. S. *Hierom. in epitaph. S. Paulæ.*

That blessed Prelate, the Bishop of *Geneva* had the same spirit for his *Philothea*. For, behold how he speaks of her in the first letter of his second Book. *When you unfolded your self to me more particularly, it was an admirable joy to my soul that I might more and more comfort yours; which made me believe that God had given me to you, not imagining any thing might be added to the affection I felt in my mind, and especially when I prayed for you. But now (my dear daughter) there hath upon it succeeded a new business, which to my seeming cannot be named, but the effect of it is only a great interiour sweetness, which I have, to wish you all the perfections of the love of God, and all other spiritual benedictions.* In the 16 Epistle he saith, *It is a dew which moisteneth his heart without blow or noise; I speak before the God of my heart and yours; every affection hath its particular difference one from another: That which I bear you hath a certain particularity which infinitely comforteth me, and to say all, it is infinitely available for me. I account this as an irrefragable verity, and do not you doubt it at all.* Then he adds, when many particular persons recommended to him, come into his mind, she is alwaies the first or the last, who there longest abideth.

The affectionate Letter of my Lord Bishop of Geneva.

See how the wayes of the just are hidden, and leave no prints to follow them by the tracks. An ill informed Censurer would here have wrinckled the brow, he would have said with a supercilious countenance, a severe aspect, in the words of *Cato*: That it must needs be a manifest snare of Satan, to have a womans face in his mind in the midst of his prayers. And yet we know this worthy man lived in most perfect purity, in imitation of immaterial Angels. This teacheth us, there may be Amity between Sex and Sex, pure and ardent as the flames which enlighten hars. But this only belongeth to persons infinitely prudent, and absolute in virtue, who are therein more worthy of admiration, then imitation: yea indefatigable circumspection must be used, to contein them within their limits: And then is the time that they produce chaste and strong delights, when two spirits perpetually look one upon another, as the Cherubins of the Ark having continually the propitiatory of the living God in the midst of them: or when they resemble the Sun and Moon, who for these six thousand years have courted each other, and never touched.

Necessitudo Christi glutine copulata quam non utilitas rei familiaris, non subdola & palpans adulatio, sed Dei timor & divinarum scripturarum studia conciliant. S. Hieron.

Sect. 3. *Of the entertainment of Amities.*

AMity, in the world wherein we are, is a fire out of its sphear, which properly is heaven; where knowledges are without darkness, joyes without discomforts, and love without blemish. For which cause, it stands in need of precaution to defend it self, and of strength to abide in a place, where constancy is rare, change ordinary, errours natural, assaults violent, and resistance weak: The mind of a Lover is delicate, nice, and sensible in injuries. if you handle it slightly, it withereth like a Rose; if roughly, it fadeth like a Lilly. I then will briefly glance at those things which alter Amity, and shew you likewise the Antidotes that preserve it, to the end, remedies opposed the evils may with the more lustre appear.

Mollis est animus diligentis, & ad omnem sensum doloris angustus, si neglectus sentiat, cito marcet ut rosa, si duruit aspera, fluit ut lilia. Symmachus ep. 34.

The eight stains of Amity. 1. Forgetfulness of friends.

I hold, that among all the stains which Amity may contract, there is not any more tarnisheth it, then *Forgetfulness, Negligence, Scorn, Dissension, Distrust, Inequality, Impatience*, and *Infidelity*. We see so many Amities daily to dissolve by Forgetfulness, and want of frequentation, that it seems divers friends (especially when they be of eminent condition) make their way to the *Elysian* fields by the river of Forgetfulness. They no longer remember those whom they had courted, no more then a nightly dream, nor know they so much as whether they be in the world or no, and whether they

Qualem cupis ut mittamus imaginem tibi, terreni hominis an cælestis? S. Paulinus ep. 8. ad Severum.

they yet have any part among the living. *Severus* demanded of S. *Paulinus* his picture to preserve his memory, but he asked him, whether he desired the image of a terrene, or celestial man, shewing we must rather remember friends by the figures of the mind, then the lineaments of the face.

2. Negligence.

Others want not memory, but they have a certain carelesnes which many times proceedeth from a nature lazy and indifferent, that cannot take a little pains to quicken the memory of a friend; another while it cometh from a narrow-straightned heart, which vouchsafeth not to oblige it self in an occasion, wherein it hath full power.

3. Contempt.

Some are not content to scorn, but do also make their scorn appear, by preferring men of no worth, and who were before unknown to them in antient Amities. They think a friend who is yet to be made, is ever better then he who is already wholly endeared.

Anslm. Jucundum amicum facere, quam habere. Nec tamen Ateam quamvis malè cogitet, odi.

This is it that causeth sharp convulsions in a generous heart which sees it self neglected, and abandoned in need, by one from whom all possible help was expected. Then arise loud out-cries, exclamations and complaints: Yea there are of them, who hide their wounds, yet fail not to love in the midst of these disfavours; which I suppose doth either proceed from a strong virtue, or from a great abjectnes of mind. If it come from virtue, it is an action truly Christian; But if from abjectnes of mind; then it is a lamentable thing to see a silly soul so profuse of love (the greatest treasure in the world) as to conferre it on the ingrate, disdainful; as if one took delight to feed and flatter owls. And were a man able to give us the heavens and stars; if he have not Amity and affection for us, must we make our selves slaves to a proud spirit, which is wholly employed within it self; and which can never distinguish what virtue or Amity is? Disdain is a thing not hard to be learned, when he, whom we honour most, giveth us a lesson of it in his ingratitude. One may pay scorn with scorn, and set a value upon nothing but God who gives estimation to all things.

4. Dissention.

There are others who begin the breach of Amity by diversity of opinions and judgements; they build but upon one ground in the exercise of the holy virtue; their understanding inclineth to one side, their will seems to propend to another; but in conclusion it is gained by judgement, and the continual diversity of reasons causeth the dissention of hearts. I do not say, one should play the Chamelion in Amity, and, without foundation, take upon him all colours which are presented; for, that would be rather to become a flatterer then a friend. The Seraphins of *Ezekiel*, though they clap themselves with the tips of their wings, yet fail not to make a heavenly Harmony: So, good friends, who at first somewhat differ in opinion upon subjects offered, and propose their reasons with sweetnes and modesty, thereby alter not concord: but when this dissention is very frequent and captious, it is an evident token, love is strucken at the heart.

Chamelem cir bestiole uite que de fabulis fa. mis colorem assumeq. 32. Ezek. 3. 13

5. Suspitions and distrust.

Others are easily transported with Suspitions and Distrust, and open their ears very wide to tale-tellers, who are the most dangerous plagues which the evil *Genius* can vomit forth to disturb concord.

Rabbi Salomon.

Antiquity telleth us that friends sent ear-rings to their dearest correspondents on their birth-day, to consecrate their ears to Amity, and preoccupate them against slander. We must judge (saith *Seneca*) before we love, but when once we have begun to love, we must believe a friend. We must not open a heart by halves; he is made faithful by the power

Poſt amicitiam, credendum: ante amicitiam, judicandum est. Sen. ep. 3.

of believing him to be such; and there are not any so worthy to be deceived as those, who upon all occasions fear to be deceived. It is an act proper to a spirit stupid and unworthy of the manage of affairs, to be ready at the first, to give credit to the venemous tongue of a calumniatour, opposed against the life and innocency of a friend; or of one in prime place, without useing diligently all the circumstances of his accusation. And what assuredness may we hope for in humane things, if all ears should become as credulous as tongues are licentious? Came not thence the frequent subversions of States, and calamities of Man-kind?

Is it not that which irrecoverably ruined the Roman Empire under *Valentinian* the third, when (as *Maximus* relateth who was his capital enemy) he with his own hand slew his chief General *Aetius*, the pillar and prop of his Empire? We must not believe any thing against an Amity long settled, unless the proofs thereof be written with the raies of the Sun. *Alexander* rather chose to put himself upon the hazard of swallowing poison, then to believe one, who made him a report against the loyalty of his Physician: He, with one hand, took the goblet without further information, and with the other, gave the accusers Letter to the accused; the one smiling drank down an apparent death, whilest the other implored heaven and earth against the calumny, which was notably repelled by the generosity of the great Monarch.

Quintus Curtius l. 3.

6, 7. Inequality and Impatience.

Lastly, they do not long preserve Amity, who are Unequal and Impatient: and as *Moses* makes no mention of the air in the history of the Creation, because it is inconstant, according to S. *Gregory Nyssen*'s conceit: So we must let their names pass under silence in the Temple of Amity. They grow weary of all, they are displeased with a slight word spoken at random; with some innocent freedome they enter into Labyrinths of suspitions and perplexities, whence they never come forth; and Amity (which is the most delightful of all things) becomes their punishment.

Greg. Nyſſen Homm.

All, which hath pleased them, displeaseth: All, which hath contented them, discontenteth; one knows not into what posture to put himself, to give satisfaction: Good words vex them, services distaste them, submissions torment them, contradictions make them mad: It seemeth *Sauls* devil possesseth them, and that they know not themselves; They hate by humour, as if they had loved without consideration of merit.

1 Reg. 18. 10.

8. Infidelity.

But we must say, that of all the plagues of Amity, there is none so fatal to it, as the discovery of a secret by Treason and Infidelity: That is it which *Petrus Blesensis* called the blow without noise, under the shadow of Amity. It is that which *Brutus* gave to great *Caesar*, and which was the cause that the valorous Emperour (long tumbled to and fro among his murderers, and defending himself from every blow they gave him) covered his eyes with his garment, not enduring the treachery of a man whom he had loved, and obliged above all other: But saying, Ah son, art thou then one of these! He suffered himself as a victime to be butchered, ashamed to behold the day-light, which made him see so black a mischief. And what is there more to be deplored, then to behold a generous heart which dilates it self in the presence of a pretended friend, and powreth out unto him all he hath in his soul, whilst the wretch (shooting back envenomed shafts against all the raies of Amitie) maketh a prey of his goodnes, and a trophey of his sincerity,

Petrus Blesensis l. de amic. c. 6. Plutarch. in Julio. Καὶ σὺ τέκνον;

rity, abandoning him to the discretion of such as persecute him. There are some who suffer themselves to fall into these infidelities by the surprisal of some wicked spirits who wholly govern them, and who draw out of them all they have in their hearts, either by craft, or power, which rendreth them less culpable, but not innocent. Others run to it with the malignitie of a Devil, and joyfully triumph when they have prospered in an Act so base and barbarous. Do not these kind of people deserve to be accounted the horrour of nature, the scorn of Ages, the execration of mankind? And shall we not believe that if *Pythagoras* a *Metempsychosis* were in being, their souls would put on no other bodies but of Hyena's, Rats, or Owls, to fly in an eternal night, and never to be illustrated with one sole ray of the bright day of Amitie?

Sicke novacula acuta fraudi dolum: properata Deus destruet in. Psal. 51. 4.

Now, if you desire to know the things which are of power perpetually to uphold Amity, I must tell you, it subsisteth *in honesty, good disposition, communication, Bounty, Patience, and Fidelity*. Assure your self, you will not long be a good friend, if you study not to be ever virtuous.

Six perfections which preserve Amitie.

Cor impiorum quasi mare fervens. Isa. 57.

The heart of a wicked man (saith the Prophet) is a turmoyled sea, which never rests, it hath as many changes as the waves in the Ocean, as many agitations as Tempests, which with Amity is incompatible, of its own nature peaceful, and which entertains the mind in a constant situation. What is the cause the blessed are never wearie of loving, but that they perpetually find in God new beauties and perfections? The body is finite, and quickly thrusts forth all its qualities, which with time, rather fade, then flourish; but our spirit is profound as an abyss, and our soul tendeth in some sort to Infinitie. Hence it comes, that two friends seriously disposing themselves to perfection, daily receive some new lustre, which rendreth them lovely, so, that increasing in goodness by degrees, they insensibly love some better thing. *St. Hilary* of *Arles* said of two good friends, that they sought to hide themselves in the shadow of one another, but that thence their humility was reflected, as from a solid bottom which made its lights the more resplendent.

Dum unusquisque se sub umbra alterius obscurare volebat, tanquam repercussa claritas utrumque radiabat. S. Hilar. in Honorat.

Humour.

Yet would I not that your virtue should be austere and unmanaged, but seasoned with a good disposition and a certain cordialitie, which is the best temper of Amity. There are some who love so coldly, that their love is as a day in winter, when the Sun is involved in gross vapours, and shews nothing but sadness: which is extremely troublesom; for it is better to receive a manifest Correction, then to endure a hidden Amitie (to speak with the Wiseman) and you shall find many women who better love harsh men, then such as are neither one nor other.

Melior est manifesta correptio, quam amor absconditus. Prov. 27.

He is no good friend who rejoyceth not at the presence of his friend, who is not sorrie for his absence; yet not opposing the conformitie we should have with the divine Providence. S. *Chrysostom* in the letters he wrote to his dear *Olympius* observed these sensible affections in S. *Paul*, for he was much troubled at the absence of his best friends, and desired to see their faces (as he saith) where this great Prelate insisteth upon the word Face, and saies it is good right, that we desire the face of our friend, because it is the place where the soul sheweth it self in all its senses. There is not any man (saith *Tertullian*) unless he hath little to do, delighteth to hold long discourse before a face shut up, a visage sensible of nothing, and which to say truly, cannot but be melancholy in this posture.

Vid. Chrys. ep. p. 715. 716. 1 Thes. 2. & 3.

Tertul. de velandis Virg. c. 12. *Quis audebit oculis suis premere faciem clausam, faciem non sentientem, faciem ut ita dixerim tristem.*

This hindreth not, but that the use of veils is verie laudable in time and place among religious women, who make profession of penance, and the fore-alledged Author, who ardently argueth virgins to this observance, gives them an example of Arabian women, who were so veiled, that they had but one eye free to guide them, and to receive a half light: which caused a Roman Queen to say, that they were miserable women who went so, because they might take in love, but not give it out again. But contrariwise they were most happie, to be delivered from a thousand importunities of wanton eyes, which do nothing but court beauties.

Contenti sint dimidiato frui lucis quam totam jacere prostitutæ. Idem de velandis Virg. c. 14.

Howsoever, true amitie is necessarily accompanied with some tendernes and sensibilitie, which causeth one to be perpetually anxious for such as he loveth. Love in the heart is an exhalation in a cloud, it cannot continue idle there; it daily formeth a thousand imaginations, and brings forth a thousand cares; it findeth out an infinitie of inventions to advance the good of the beloved: it openeth it self in his prosperities, it shuts it self up in his adversities, it is appalled in perils, it triumpheth in glories. If it hear speech of his praises, it is Manna fallen from heaven; if he be blamed, it is a poysoned arrow which transpierceth the heart: The eye, the tongue, the arm, all the veins and arteries bend to his defence.

Conversation, and its contentments.

Add for the third Antidote, that Amitie is notably entertained by conversation and mutable communication, which should be full of libertie, freedom and confidence. There it is where one entreth into communitie of secrets, of thoughts, counsels, inventions, opinions, industries, affairs, and purposes. There it is, where hearts discover their nakednes, and where spirits going out of Christalline breasts, make a sweet mixture of fires and lights. There it is, where (saith the Wiseman) Iron sharpneth Iron, where one Intelligence awakens another. There it is, where the bottom of the heart becomes as a fountain of clear water wherein souls behold each other by admirable reflections. One reckoneth up his life, his courses, his voyages, his hazards, his enterprizes, his successes, his joyes, his annoyes, his Sympathies, his Antipathies. The other receiveth all this into his bosom, and reciprocally opens himself to his friend. Oh what sweetnes, oh what an Atom of the life of the blessed is this communication, when it is inviolably grounded upon virtue and honestie. What a contentment is it to see a poor man who was as a cloud surcharged with storms and darknes, to free himself and become bright by aspect of the beams, which reflect from the eyes of a friend, to clear up at the words which come from his lips, to receive infusions wholly celestial, which put in order things confused, give vigour to the languishing, comfort in affliction, and hope amidst despairs! Time stealeth away in these entertainments, and is not felt: hours are not numbred, moments are there precious; the space which intercurs between two Suns, seemeth but one. Whosoever importunely troubles these conversations, are like Birds of ill presage: and night which separates them (although it be the mother of Repose) is not always welcome, unless it in sleep restore those beloved delights it took away.

Prov. 27. 17. *Ferrum ferro acuitur, & homo exacuit faciem amici sui,* & v. 19. *Quomodo in aquis respondent vultus prospicientibus, sic corda hominum manifesta sunt prudentibus.*

Yet, it is good to moderate this conversation, the nature of humane things being such, that pleasure when it is arrived at the highest, is not far distant from distaste. The more that flowers breath forth their excellent odour, so much the soone-

Conversation must be moderated. *Humanarum rerum ita tribulationis, lætitiæ sunt vicinæ.* Gregor. in Job c. 3.

sooner they wither; and by how much the more love produceth fires and sparklings, so much the more it is weakned, unless it be repaired by reason, which is swallowed by sense. Absence entertained by letters full of confidence, is not alwayes without its profit; for the soul by the memorie taketh what it hath taken in by the understanding, and gives it self more leasure to recogitate its pleasures, which are not so well perceived, when presence drencheth the mind in a deluge of contentments, and gives it not leasure to bethink it self. It is a goodly thing (verily) to behold these affectionate complacents, yet never is one a good friend, if he come not to the fourth point, which is, to wish, and to do good to those he loveth. It is nowadayes, a true testimony of Amitie, to give liberally of ones own, in a time when silver is the God of the world, and interest the mark, whereat all intentions aim. There are some, who would rather give the blood of their veins, then ought of their purse, would suffer incredible colls for a friend, and would not diminish for him the least part of their ordinarie expence; yet Amitie never is perfect, unless it enter into a free communication of necessarie helps, as much as abilitie and reason permit. Whosoever invented benefits gave wings to Amitie, and made arrows of gold which insensibly penetrate hearts the most unnatural.

Absence is sometimes a stratagem of Amity.

Bounty a true note of Amity.

Benefits of Amity.

An Elephant, who beareth Towers and Houses on his back, cannot carry a benefit without a grateful acknowledgment of it: It is that which quencheth the fire that sparkleth in the eyes of Lions, which stayeth their paws keen as rasours, and makes them adore that which is thrown out to them as a prey to be devoured. Liberalitie is a book we must ever hold in the water; we must not fear many times to lose, to confer once well, a good office done to a friend. That man deserveth never to get any thing, who thinks all he giveth is lost, and who gives not at all, but to receive double. His intentions are mercenarie, and his favours are like Lime-Twigs; he maketh a Market-place of the Temple of Amitie, and profaneth all that is sacred in it, to consecrate it to his own passion.

Glorificabit me bestia agri, dracones & struthiones. Isa. 34.

It is an excellent industry, to give well, and it requireth much study. There are such as give all they cannot keep, and are never liberal but in extremitie, like to the fountain of *Spoleto* which never appeared, but when the countrey was threatned with an approaching famine. Others send Presents to no purpose, and unfeelingly, as if one should give books to a Peasant, and arms to a Scholar. Their gifts are many times so unhappy, that they may be be reckoned among the mischiefs their enemies wish. Others throw largesses by starts, and distribute not favours, but cast them at random; and there are oft to be found such, who giving to all, for want of giving with judgement, oblige none. They hasten to those who desire nothing of them, not seeing it is a great torment to be obliged to one, to whom one would ow nothing. There are, who make themselves to be adored, before they open the golden gates of liberality, they are shut up within so many locks, that an age passeth before they succour the miserie of a friend; they put oyl into the lamp to light it when it is quite out, and do good to Hobgoblins and spirits in tombs. It is too late to give to a friend, if you stay till he demand it: you give him twice, when you deliver him out of his torment. *Archesilaus* well understood this mysterie, who laid a bag of money under the pillow of his sick friend, whom he knew to be in great necessity, without telling him from whence this supply came, and rather chusing he should have the pleasure to find it, then the pain to ask it. What good is it to do, as the officers of great ones who are stately in their distributions, and think not they ever have given ought, unless it were long asked? They make themselves to be waited on like Demi-gods, and magnifie what comes from their own hands, in such sort that their benefits are scorned, and we begin to hate that, which was too late resolved on, or too proudly afforded. He must give his Presents according to the common practice of men, observing circumstance of place, time, season, persons; guild his favour with the gold of graces, and not do, as they who give so sadly, that one would take them for men who deny.

A great industry to give well.

Leander in Umbria.

Senec. l. 3. de Benefic. c. 20.

Friends also who receive, ought not to be troublesom, there being not any thing which more offendeth firm Amities then the too great importunities of the bold, who ever have their hand open to receive, and never have a brow soft enough to blush. There are many Amities which are by this way dissolved; when friends perswade themselves to ask boldly, and will not be denied, but think one gives them nothing, if they give not all.

The fifth condition of a good friend, consisteth in a strong patience to bear with the defects of the person he loveth, whether they be in the mind, the bodie, or in the exteriour: Yet it is not that crimes and scandals, hidden under the shadow of Amitie, should be tolerated: for that were to be a traitor to the most innocent of virtues. Above all, it is expedient to observe, and in the beginning to touch the passion of one dear unto us with hands of silk, and words of sattin; not to distemper him, if he be somewhat sensible. But if light remedies make not impression, we must urge, sollicit, labour with all the libertie which confidence affordeth, and not forsake the sick, until we see some little hope of amendment. But if the evil daily increase by the contempt of remedies, & that it be such that it involves a friend within the danger of infamy; a man ought not to think it strange if he be abandoned, since he first of all degraded himself of the character of Amitie, which is virtue. Other defects of manners, which proceed not to crime, ought to be handled with singular sweetness and discretion, and these of nature and humane accidents cannot be taken by a good friend but as a decree from heaven, and an exercise of his goodness. There are some, who have their souls so generous, that they love miseries; they find deformitie to be handsom, when it is dressed up in the liveries of Loves, plagues and cankered sores breed neither fear, nor aversion in them: They digest all by the heat of an immortal affection.

Patience most necessary in Amities. Advice and correction of friends.

Non asperè, quamvis existimo, non durèter, non modo imperiosè vitia evellamus; sed magis docendo, quàm jubendo, monendo quàm imperando. S. Aug. in ep. ad Aurel.

Non cures scrupulosè scicitarie occultæ, qui manifestò infacinoris desinit obviare. S. Athanas. in Conc. Alexand.

Then it is, when we come to perfect fidelitie, which is the Basis that supporteth the whole house of Amities. It is a virtue really divine, and one of the most precious treasures in the heart of man. It is a Bud of Fidelitie, a proof of an invincible courage, a note of an inviolable goodness: It is an imitation of the order of the heavens, & of the elementarie world, where all persevere in the observance of the laws which were written by the Divine Providence from the beginning of ages, by the help of Fidelity, which the principal parts of the universe do observe one towards another.

Fidelity and its excellency.

Amor fœdus generale. Quæ sine vinculo pacem, nec æquora servant. Silius.

It is that, which is the cause that stars eternally circumvolve within their divisions, not usurping

one

one upon another: That, which causeth dayes and nights yearly to restore the time they had borrowed one of another, and so well to make up their accounts that they pay even to the utmost minute. It is that, which stayeth the waves of the sea, and current of rivers; That, which maketh Masters and Servants, Families and Provinces, States and Empires. All is quickned, all lives, all under the divine hands of this great Mistris. By it, Kings have subjects, Lords their officers, Commonwealths Magistrates, Communities, Administrators, Fields Labourers, Civil-life Merchants and Artificers, by it, the whole world hath order, and by it, order prospers in all things. One must rather break an hundred times, then once fail in fidelitie to a good friend. Were the devil capable of commerce with men, he must observe fidelitie: by how much a more just title ought we to preserve, love and honour it, even with veneration in holy Amities?

If a friend, one of those who have been very acceptable to you, chance to fail; whether it be by evil life, or through manifest contempt of you, or out of other ill dispositions; yet must you on the rotten trunk honour the last characters of Love, you must rather unstitch then break, you must keep the secrets he at other times hath committed to you, and not publish his defects. Amitie is so venerable, that we must honour even its shadows, and imitate the Pythagorians, who celebrated the obsequies of such as forsook their societie, to burie them with honour.

These precepts being observed; Children will live with Parents in great duty and submission; Husbands with Wives will hold together, not only by eyes, flesh and blood, which are too feeble ties, but by excellent conjugal virtues; Parents will live in all sweetness of nature, People will be fastned with the knot of indissoluble Concord; Great ones will be indulgent to inferiours; Inferiours pay obedience to the great; and intimate friends gather flowers and fruits of immortal delights in the sacred garden of Amity.

Sect. 6. *Of sensual Love. Its Essence, and Source.*

ὅτι πνεῦμα χειμέριον, ἢ αὐτὸ τὸ φιλαργυρίη διαδίδοικεν
Hippocrates in ep. ad Abderites.

I Here could wish my pen were born on the wings of winds from one pole to another, and that it might fall with a strong and impetuous flight upon a passion which maketh attractives, charms, and illusions to march before it, and after it draggeth along furies, disasters, and rapines.

The wise *Hyppocrates* in his time deplored the evil effects of Avarice, and said, the life of man was miserable, because insupportable Avarice, like unto a spirit of storms and tempests, had poured it self upon mortals, and that it were to be wished the best Physicians might meet together from all parts to cure this disease, which is worse then folly, and which occasioneth a mischief irreparable: Because instead of seeking remedies to drive it away, false praises are invented to flatter it.

Love is a strange malady.

I may say the like of Love, since it is the most fatal plague among all passions. It is not a simple malady, but one composed of all the evils in the world. It hath the shiverings and heats of Feavers, the Ach and prickings of the Meagrim, the rage of Teeth, the stupefaction of the Vertigo, the furies of Frenzy, the black vapours of the Hypocondry, the disturbances of the waking, the stupidities of the Lethargie, the fits of the falling sickness, the faintness of the Phthisick, the heavings of the passion of the heart, the pangs of the collick, the infections of the leprosie, the venome of ulcers, the malignity of the plague, the putrefaction of the gangrene, and all, which is horrible in nature.

After all this, it is made a God, to whom Elogies, Hymns, Songs, and victims are offered: Empire over the heart is given to it; a soul, not created but for him, who hath saved it, is subjected, fetters are honoured, and its Tyranny adored.

There are many millions of men in the world who would be most fortunate and flourishing, if they knew how to avoid the mischievous power of this passion: but, having not used any consideration nor endeavour; they have abandoned their bodies to dishonour, their reputation to infamy, their estates to pillage, and their lives to an infinitie of disturbances and torments. Hence is it, that virgins of noble blood are stolen away, that families are desolated, that parents are precipitated into their Tombs by ungrateful children, that so many young widows are dishonoured in the world, that so many miserable creatures, after they have served for talk to a Citie, die in an Hospital; that so many little innocents are made away by a death which preventeth their birth; that so many Infants are thrown into life as froth of the sea, exposed to povertie and vice, by that condition which brought them forth. Hence is it, that chaste wedlocks are disturbed, that poysons are mingled, that Halters are noozed, that swords are sharpned, that Tragedies are begun under the Coverture of night, and are ended in a full day-light upon a scaffold.

Disasters of evil love.

O God, how happy might a soul be which would well consider all this, and take what I am about to speak, as a letter sent from heaven, for the remedie of infinite many evils, which in this passion environ our miserable life! I invite hither every age, each sex, all conditions. I intreat my Readers to peruse these lines with the same spirit wherewith I address them: and although it befel me to treat of this subject in my other works; notwithstanding never have I (yet) undertaken it with so much method, vigour, or force, as at this present. I will shew you the Essence, the Causes, the Symptoms, and the Effects of love, as religiously as I can possibly, supposing my self not bound to follow *Tertullians* opinion, who though verie chaste, spared not to speak of this subject a little grosly, saying for excuse, that he had rather put himself upon the hazard of losing shame then a good argument. I made you see in the beginning of this Treatise, that love, considered in general, was properly an inclination to the good of Conformitie, which putteth on divers faces according to the sundry objects and ways it pursues to arrive thither. If it go directly towards God, and reflect on a neighbour, as his Image, loving the one for himself, and the other for his Author; this is charitie: If it diffuse it self upon divers creatures sensible and insensible, which it pursueth for its pleasure and commoditie; it is an appetite, and a simple affection, as that, which is towards hunting, birds, books, pictures, pearls, and Tulips: If it be applied to humane creatures, loving them with all integrity, by a reciprocal well-wishing; it is Amitie: If it regard the body for pleasures sake; it is a love of venereal concupiscence, which being immoderate (even in the intention of marriage) fails not to be vitious; which made *Tertullian* say, that the same thing an Adulterer would do, the married likewise did. If it be chaste, and guided within the Limits which the Law of God prescribeth; it is conjugal love: If it overflow to sensual pleasures; It is Luxury. S. *Denis* saith, It is not

Verecundia periclitari malo, quàm probatum me. l. 1. de anima, c. 17.

Tertul. in exhortatione ad castitatem. *Nec per aliud fit moechia, nisi per quod & adulterium.*

love,

love, but an Idol, and a fall from true love. And *Plato* in his Banquet addeth, that sober love is contentment of heart, eyes, and ears; but when it will content it self by the other senses, namely, that of touching; it is not love, but a spirit of insolency, a passion of a servile soul, a rage of a trivial lust which maketh shew to love beauty; but, through its exorbitancy, descendeth to the worst of deformities.

Plato in convivio.

Division of love.

I know there are learned pens, which here distinguish all love into two parts, & say there is one of consideration, and another of inclination. They call it love of consideration when one is therein embarked with a full knowledge, and a setled judgment; love of inclination, when one loveth, not able to give any reason. But I find this division is not exact enough, insomuch as it confoundeth the Genus and Species, and doth not clearly distinguish the members of this body, since all love is nothing else, but an inclination, and since that which is made by consideration, inclineth the loving to the thing loved. Whence it appeareth that to mention a love of inclination, is to say, love is love, without any further explication. I had rather say there are two loves, the one of Election, which resulteth from Consideration, and is formed, when after one hath acknowledged a thing to be fair, profitable and pleasing, he out of reason affects it: The other of humour, when without consulting with reason, one is suddenly surprized by some secret attractive in the thing loved, without giving himself leasure to judge what it is, and this properly is to love by humour and fantasie, which is now adays the most ordinarie love, but not the best. It is a kind of love which quickly beginneth, and which never ends slowly, so full it is of inconstancy. It seems to it self all its bands are silken, although they be rough chains: It will not take pains to consider them. It thinks not, it cherisheth the wound, nor looks it back on the hand which gave it. It is heedlesly engaged, and signeth transactions without reading them, that it may not be ashamed to abrogate what it made, or to entertain that which kills it. There are many miserable ones, who daily marry upon the first sight, and whose amities arise but from a glance which passeth away more swiftly then a shadow: and then there must be a thousand repentances to redeem the pleasure of one moment. It is ever better to preferr Election; for, though in the beginning it had not so much sweetness in the search, it hath less sorrow in the possession.

Love of humour.

But, to enter farther into the knowledge of Carnal love, it is good to penetrate the causes and effects thereof, which will the more perspicuously enlighten us in the choice of remedies. We see many people in the world, who being tormented by this evil even unto folly, seek for pretexts to cover their passions: some saying, It is a Touch from heaven, and an effect of their Horoscope, which cannot be diverted. Others complain they are bewitched, and that they feel the power of Magick: Others cast all the blame upon devils, who notwithstanding think not so much of them as they may imagine; for love comes easily enough from natural causes, without going about to seek for it in the bottom of the Abyss. I here remember what *Pliny* recounteth of one *Cresin*, who manured a piece of ground which yielded him fruit in abundance, while his neighbours lands were extremely poor and barren, for which cause he was accused to have inchanted them: Otherwise, said his accuser, his inheritance could not raise such a revenue, while others stand in so wretched a Condition. But he pleading his cause, did nothing else but bring forth a lusty daughter of his, well fed, and well bred, who took pains in his garden, with strong carts, and stout oxen which ploughed his land, and the whole equipage of his Tillage in verie good order; He then cried out aloud before the Judges, Behold the art-Magick, and charms of *Cresin*; willing to shew, that we must not seek for hidden and extraordinary causes, where ordinarie are so evident.

Filiam validam & bene curatam.

Hæc sunt veneficia mea Quiriten.

Cæsus in culpam transit. Velleius Paterculus.

Plin. l. 18. cap. 16.

So in the like case we may say it is a thing most ridiculous, to see a body composed according to nature, sound, and verie strong, which hath fire in the spirits, and blood in the veins, which continually feeds high, lies soft, and perpetually converseth among women the most handsom, to complain of celestial influences, or the sorceries of Venus. Total Nature, especially since the corruption of sin, conspireth to make love. It sets Reason to sale (if it carefully take not heed) and insensibly draweth it to its side. There is not almost a stone, whereunder some scorpion lieth not; there is not a place where concupiscence spreadeth not out some net for us. It fighteth against our selves, makes use of our members, as of the Instruments of its battels, and the Organs of its wiles. There is sedition within, and war without, and never any repose, but by the singular grace of God. *Tertullian* writes, the chastity of men is the more painful, the fervour of concupiscence being the more fierie in their sex; and one may justly say, that such as persist all their life time in great resistances and notable victories, are Martyrs of puritie, who, having passed through fire and water, hasten to a place of refreshment. We have all one domestick enemy, which is our own body, that perpetually almost opposeth the dispositions of the spirit. If I go about to fetter it (saith S. *John Climachus*) it gets out of my hands; If I will judg it, it grows into favour with me; If I intend to punish it, it flatters me; If I will hate it, Nature commandeth me to love it; If I will fly from it, it saith, it is tied to my soul for the whole time of my life: If I will destroy it with one hand, I repair it with another; Is it too much cherished? it the more violently assaults me; Is it too much mortified? it cannot almost creep; watching withers it, sleep, on the other side fatteneth it; whips torment it, and dandlings corrupt it: By treating it ill, I endanger my life; by pampering it, I incur death. This sheweth, how Saints fortified themselves with much precaution, diligently observing the condition of nature, the causes of temptations, and the maladies of the soul, thereby the more successfully to practise the cure. They who are most retired (said the fore-alledged Author) fail not to feel domestick wars, but such as indifferently expose themselves to objects, are violently both within, and without assaulted.

Interiour causes of love.

Tertul. de Velandis Virgin. *Continentia majoris arduris laboratior.*

Rebellion of the flesh. S. Climach. de castitate, grad. 15. in fine. *Quomodo illum vinciam, quem ut amem à naturâ suscepimus. Est cooperator, & hostis, adjutor atque adversarius, auxiliator simul & insidiator, &c.*

The beautie and handsomness of one sex, is a sweet poison to the other, which entreth in by the eyes, and maketh strange havock: And I wonder not at all, that the Scripture compares it to a Panther (a savage and cruel beast) which with teeth teareth those she hath amuzed with the mirror-like spots of her skin, and drawn to her by the sweet exhalation of her body; It is more to be feared (said an Ancient) then the horns of the Bull, the teeth of the Lion, the gall of the Aspick, yea then fire or flames: and the holy Abbot of Mount *Sinai* saith, that had not God given woman shamefac'dness, which

Beauty Imperious. Nomen. יפי Psal. 49. *Alii reddunt ferum, alii pulchritudinem, ut septuaginta Interpretes.* ὡραιότης. Ia.

Climach. de castitate.

which is the scabbard wherein this sword is kept, there would be no salvation in the world.

The love of women dangerous.

The love of women caused *Sampson's*, *David's*, and *Solomon's* shipwracks. It hath besotted Sages, conquered the strong, deceived the prudent, corrupted saints, humbled the mightie. It hath walked on Scepters, parched on the lawrels of victours, thrown trouble into States, schism into Churches, corruption among Judges, furie into arms. It hath entred into places which seemed inaccessible, but to spirits and lightnings. And if beautie be so much to be dreaded, when it hath no other companions; how dangerous think we is it, when it causeth to walk along with it, pomp of apparel, attractives, dalliances, conning wiles, libertie of conversation, merriment, Good cheer, Courting, Idleness, Night, solitude, familiaritie? Need we to require any other charms then those to work the ruine of a soul?

Yet, besides these open causes, there are other secret ones to be found in the love of humour and fantasie, which insensibly fetter a mind, and suffer it not to find its chains.

Monsieur de la Chambre.

A modern Author hath of late written a treatise of the love of inclination, wherein he speaks verie pertinently of its original, and doth (according to his saying) seem to draw it a second time out of its Chaos. To understand his opinion, we must presuppose that which S. *Thomas* saith; That total

S. Thom. 1.4. contra gentes. c. 11.

Nature loveth to present it self in the objects proposed unto it: And as they continually proceed

The secret attractives of love.

from all things, coloured images and figures as it were wholly spiritual, which makes themselves to be seen, as in looking-glasses, and are received into the eyes to contribute to the effect of sight: so everie bodie hath its projections, and unperceivable influences, as we find in the power of Amber and the Adamant, which attract Iron and straw by the expiration they scatter in the air, to serve as instruments and hands to their attractions.

This being common to other natures of plants, metals and living creatures; we must not think but that the bodie of man participateth therein, by reason of its vivacitie and the multitude of pores, which give a more easie passage to such emissions. There then cometh forth a spirituous substance,

Marsilius Ficinus l. 1. de vita c. 2.

which is (according to *Marsilius Ficinus*) a vapour of blood, pure, subtle, hot and clear, more strong or weak, according to the interiour agitation of spirits; which carrieth along with it some qualitie of a temperature, friendly and convenient, which insinuating it self into the heart and soul, doth (if it there find a disposition of conformitie) abide, as a seed cast into the earth, or as a Leaven which swelleth up a piece of dough, and forms this love of correspondence, with an admirable promptness and vigour.

From thence it cometh that Brothers many times feel motions and affections of tenderness, one for

Surius.

another, without knowing each other, as it happened to S. *Justus*, who knew his brother *Justinian*, among sundrie slaves who were at the chain, by this notice, without any other forejudgment. Thence it comes, that at first we are passionate for persons we never saw, and that we wish them well, though they alwaies have not so much grace nor beautie: but there is some relation of humour, which weaveth the web, and tieth such affections.

All nature is full of such communications, which are effects of Sympathy, observed in the Corall, which sensibly changeth according to his disposition, who hath it about him; as also in the flesh of beasts, which boileth in the powdring tub, at the time of the furie of dogs, because they have been bitten by a mad dog; And in wine, which seems to be sprinkled all over with certain white flowers, when the vines are in the blossom.

Modification of their opinion who place love only in transpiration.

So it happeneth that the spirits, which do in our bodies, what the winds do in Nature, being transpired from one bodie to another, and carrying in their wings, qualities consonant, do infallibly excite and awaken the inclinations. But it is not credible, or at least, ordinarie, that this manner of working should be, as in things inanimate, and that it hath nothing to do with the senses; for it is principally the eyes, which are interessed therein, breathing thence the most thin spirits, and darting forth the visual rayes, as the arrows of love, which penetrate the heart, are united, confounded, and lost one within another; then, heating the blood, they strike the Imagination, and attract wills, which are so linked one to another, that one cannot perceive the knot which so fast tied them together.

Species formæ semel, per oculos illigata, vix magni Lateranitis manu solvitur. Hieron. in Threnos cap. 3.

If transpiration alone of spirit, indifferently proceeding from all the parts of the bodie, were able to inflame concupiscence; we must then say, that a blind man set at a certain distance from a perfect beautie, would become enamoured without beholding it, hearing it, smelling it, touching it, or by any sense, understanding it: which notwithstanding happeneth not in that manner. And if nature thus proceedeth, and that this passion were to be taken as a Contagion, we might extremely fear the approach of bodies, and persist in continual apprehensions to be infected by them. It is certain, that the senses being well guarded, shut up all the gates against love, since the Imagination it self stirreth not, but upon their report; but after they yield themselves up by a two familiar conversation, and resign their defences; a terrible havock is made in the mind: for love entreth thereinto as a Conquerour into a surprized Citie, and impriteth that pleasing face in everie drop of the mass of blood, It engraveth it on the Imagination; It figureth it on everie thought, and there is nothing any longer entire in the mind, which is not divided between slaverie and frenzie.

A Guard over the Senses.

Sect. 7. *The effects of Sensual Love.*

IT is a strange thing, that this furie hath a thousand hands, and a thousand attractives, a thousand wayes of working, quite different, and many times opposite. It takes by the eyes, by the ears, by the imagination, by chance, of purpose, by flying, pressing forward, honouring, insulting, by complacence, and by disdain. Sometimes also it layes hold by tears, by laughing, by modestie, and by audacitie, by confidence, by carelessness, by wiles, by simplicitie, by speech and by silence. Sometimes it assaileth in companie, sometimes in solitude, at windows, at grates, in Theatres and in Cabinets, Bals, at sports, in a feast, at a Comedie, sometimes at Church, at prayers, in acts of Penance. And who can assure us against it without the protection of God? *Eustathius* the Interpreter of *Homer*, saith, there are some who feign Love to be the son of the wind and the Rainbow in Heaven; in my opinion, to signifie unto us its Inconstancie and diversified colours: and this beautiful *Iris* in the beginning appears all in Rubies, in Diamonds and Emeralds over our heads, afterward to cause rain and tempests: So, love sheweth it self at first with such bright semblances to our senses, occasioneth storms and corruption in our minds.

Observe one transfixed with violent love, and you shall

The miserable state of one passionately in love. *Insomnia, erumnæ, terror, fuga, salivagæ adeò, & sternumenta, impotentia excetæ, & immodestiæ, &c.* Plautus in Mercat.

shall find he hath all that, in his love, which Divines have placed in Hell, darkness, Flames, the worm of Conscience, an ill Savour, Banishment from the sight of God. You shall see a man, whose mind is bewitched, brain dislocated, and Reason eclipsed: All he beholdeth, all he meditateth on, all he speaketh, all he dreameth, is the creature he loveth. He hath her in his head and heart, painted, graved, carved in all the most pleasing forms. For her, he sometimes entreth into quakings, sometimes into faintings, another while into fits of fire and Ice, He flieth in the air, and instantly is drenched in the Abyss. He attendeth, He espieth, He fears, He hopes, He despairs, He groaneth, He sigheth, He blushes, He waxeth pale, He doteth in the best companie, He talks to woods and fountains, He writeth, He blots out, He teareth, He lives like a spectre estranged from the conversation of men: Repast is irksom to him; and Repose, which charmeth all the cares of the world, is not made for him. Still this fair one, still this cruel one tormenteth him, and God maketh him a whip of the thing he most loveth.

Yet is this more strange in the other sex, which hath naturally more inclination to Honestie. A Ladie chaste, or a virgin well-bred, who begins to wax cold in the love of God, and in the exercise of devotion, & takes too much liberty in her conversation with men, finds her self insensibly surprized by the eies & ears, by the heart, by the Garb: the Humour, the smiles, the speech, the silence, the courage, the discretion, of a man, layes a plot with her passion, to betray her reason. The poison of love by little and little spreads it self throughout all the veins; the presence of the object begins to cause blushing, paleness, unquietness, disturbance of the mind; so that she cannot tell what she desireth, nor what she would have. Absence awakeneth the Imagination, which makes an eccho of all the discourses of all the actions, that past in presence. This man is presented unto her in a thousand shapes; there is not a lineament, a word, a gesture, but is expressed. The understanding quickly creates to it self too many ill lights, the will too much fire, and the soul wholly propendeth to the thing beloved. Yet the fire of God awakeneth her, and suffers her to have good respites, which makes her ashamed to tell her own thoughts to her proper heart. Conscience and Honour make some resistance and glimmering flashes; and if there be found some good director who may help them in this first battel; they manie times, get the victorie. But if a soul be deprived of good counsel, abandoned to it self, and which is worse, sooth'd in its maladie, by some soft and complying spirit, it is an unhappiness which cannot sufficiently be deplored. Reason is weakned, shamefac'dness flies away, passion prevaileth; there is nothing left, but wandering of the soul, a feaver, a perpetual Frenzie, a neglect of works, of affairs, of functions, sadness, languor, Impatience, Confidence and affrightment. Shall she say so? shall she do so? God forbids it, the law menaceth it, and honour cries vengeance, The pleasure of a dream, and beyond it nothing but Abysses. Love notwithstanding urgeth, & strikes at all considerations, they impute to stars, to destinie, to Necessitie, what is nothing but follie. They think business is done, when it is but thought on; that they must be audacious; and that there are crimes which are sanctified in world's opinion by the good hap of their successes. They come to that pass, that they no longer sin by method, but through exorbitancie,

Præsumum ac falsa facta virtus vocatur. Senec.

In some, Love is sharp and violent; in others, dull and impetuous; in others toyish and wanton; in others, turbulent and cloudie; in others, brutish and unnatural; in others, mute and shamefac'd; in others, perplexed and captious; in others, light and transitorie; in others, fast and retentive; in others, fantastick and inconstant; in others, weak and foppish; in others, stupid and astonished; in others, distempered; in some, furious and desperate. Diversities of love.

It inflameth the blood, it weakens the bodie, it wanneth the colour, it holloweth the eyes, it overthrows the mind; it hath somewhat of being possessed and witchcraft; something of Idolatrie. For you behold in those who are entred far into this passion, floods and Ebbs of thoughts, Fits and Countenances of one possessed, and it is in all of them to deifie the creature of whom they are so passionately enamoured, and would willingly set it in the place where the Sun and stars are, yea upon Altars. All which proceeds from it, is sacred; chains & wounds are honourable with them, if they come from this beloved hand. They would die an hundred times for it, so it throw but so much as a handful of flowers, or distil but a poor tear on their Tomb. *Mœchis affinis Idolatriæ.* Tertul. de pudicitia.

It is to deceive, to say that love excludeth all other passions; it awakeneth them, and garboileth them, and makes them all wait on it; It causeth aversion, Hatred, Jealousie, envie, hope, sadness, despair, anger, mirth, tears, scorn, grief, songs, and sighs. And as it is thought that evil spirits shuffle in storms, to stir up lightning flasks, and make the thunderstroke the more terrible and pernicious: So is it likewise true that the angel of darkness involveth himself in these great tempests of love, manie times making use of the abominable ministerie of Magicians, and acteth Treasons, furies, fierings, poysonings, murders and ransackings. And how should it spare its enemie, since it is cruel to its self? It maketh some to sink in the twinkling of an eye: drinking their blood, and insensibly devouring their members. It confineth others into regions of Hobgoblins and darkness. It kills and murdereth those who have the most constantly served it. It sharpneth the sword which transfixed *Amnon*. It shaved and blinded *Samson*. It gave an Halter to *Phyllis*, A downfal to *Timagoras*, A gulph to *Galeazzo*; and caused *Hemon* to kill himself on the tomb of *Antigone*. Volumes would not be sufficient for him who should write all the tragedies which daily arise from this passion; all pens would be weak, words be dried up, and wits lost therein. Evil Angels intermeddle in the great tempests of love. Cruelty of love on the persons of lovers.

Sect. 8. *Remedies of evil Love by precaution.*

I Leave you now (dear Reader) to argue within your self, whether one who hath never so little humane judgment for his comportment and quiet, ought not to bend all his endeavours to banish the furie, which plungeth his whole life in so great acerbities and such horrible calamitie. But if you desire to know the way, the first thing I advise you while you are yet in perfect health, is seriously to consider, that one cannot be chaste, but by a most singular gift from God, (as the wiseman saith) and therefore it is necessarie to have a particular recourse to the most blessed Trinity, which according to S. *Gregory Nazianzen*, is the first of virgins humbly beseeching it, by the intercession of the most pure among creatures, & by the mediation of your Angelguardian, to deliver you from the reproaches of the spirit of impuritie, in such sort that you may pass your life innocently, and it may become inaccessible Distrust of ones self, recourse to God.

Love is sometimes the punishment of pride. *Climach. de castitate.*

accessible to the pollutions of flesh. If you feel your self free from this vice, yet enter not into any vain complacence of your self, as if it proceeded from your own forces, and not from heavens benignitie. Above all, take heed of pride, for the most illuminated Fathers have observed that God oft-times permitteth arrogant spirits to fall into carnal sins, to abate the fiercenes of their courage by the sensible ignominie of the stains of luxurie: and this is so proper to quail the exorbitance of humane arrogance; that God had not a better Counterpoise to make S. *Paul* humble, in such heighth of revelations, then the sting of the flesh. Pardon not your self any thing, no not so much as the shadow of this sin; but only excuse such as fall through some notable surprisal, or pitiful frailtie. Think, if you have not experienced the like falls, you are beholding to your good hap for it, rather then to your merit: presume not at all of your strength or integritie; but resolve with your self that the presumption of ones own power maketh up the moitie of Impudencie.

Ene magnitudo revelationis exollas me, datus est mihi stimulus carnis meæ Angelus Satanæ qui me colaphizet. Cor. 2. 12.

Knowledg of ones self.

Learn how seasonably you may know your self, by considering your own temperature, your humours, the inclinations of your mind, your judgment, your courage. Behold the part wherein you are the most sensible, and where you give most access to your enemie to tempt you. Endeavour to fortifie your self that way, and the more inabilitie you therein find, use the more precaution: if you be weak, fear nothing but your infirmitie: and if you be strong, fear all, yea even your own safetie.

Disposition of ages.

Sometimes the seasons of age, which might seem more to propend to lust, are peaceful and calm enough. In our bodies there is a spring-tide in winter, to become afterward a winter in the spring-tide. Youth transported by other purposes, or withheld by a serious education, is quiet enough, and riper years fall into the most stormie part of the tempest. It hath happened to divers to converse many years with a contrarie sex, and never to have felt any touch, from which, they have entered into a strong confidence that served for a bait in the peril, which had spared them in a thousand occasions, the more notable to ruin them in one sole accident.

Fly second occasions.

Flight from occasions is the most assured bulwark for chastitie, and who can carrie himself well in this affair shall be much stronger by flying, then were Conquerours in the bravest battels; a retreat in this, being as honourable as victorie. The world was never so beautiful, so gentle, nor so squarely disposed: Bodies, apparel, garb, civil behaviour, complement, wit, merriment, entertainments, books, songs, airs, voices, plays, balls, races, walkings, Banquets, Feasts, libertie (which at first seem innocent enough) Conversation, and great confidence; lastly, all we heard, all we see, all we smell, all we taste, all we touch in so great effeminacie of life, seems to be made to persecute puritie. I am almost of *Tertullian*'s opinion, who saith, it is more easie to die for chastitie, then to live with it. Women were found in the world, who suffered themselves to be martyred under Tyrants, for the defence of chastitie; who, had they long continued among pleasure, Courtships, Curiosities, and the importunities of men, I should fear, might have yielded that to a lover, which they would have denied to an Executioner. There are a thousand, and a thousand creatures, infinitely much alienated from voluptuous pleasures. They love the dispositions to love, but hate the effects thereof; and it seems to them they may do as it is read in *Romances*, they will spend their time in the pleasing conversation of a friend, and talk of nothing else; but they perceive not that men seek them not, but for what they should fly, that they at length undermine them as a city besieged; and desire not to afford them any peace but by the conquest of their honour, which they ought more bravelie to maintain, then life.

Time videre, unde possis cadere, noli fieri, perversa simplicitate securus. August. in Psalm 50.

The attractives of the world were never so urgent. Tertul. in exhortatione ad castitatem.

Majus est vivere cum castitate quàm pro ea mori.

Compla-cence stronger then fire and sword.

We find an ancient Embleme of a Duke of *Burgundy*, where was to be seen a pillar, which two hands sought to overthrow; the one had wings, and the other was figured with a Tortoise, the word, *Utcunque*, as much as to say, which way soever, I will have it. There are Amourists, who take the like course; Some strike down the pillars of chastitie by the sudden and impetuous violence of great promises, offers, unexpected presents, pressing necessitie. Others proceed therein with a Tortoises pace, with long patience, daily assiduitie, faithful services, and profound submissions. They are not all so sottish, as to talk at first to an honest woman of her dishonour, they only intreat she will accept of a man, who will live or die for her, begging nought else, but a remembrance. They play not the rapt lovers, by everie moment declaring their fervours, their torments, and martyrdom; They serve, they sooth, they continually frequent, they spie out all occasions, they silently practise all the waies they can, to come to the end of their designs, and often it happeneth, that as drops of water incessantly falling, do hollow Rocks, so ceasles complements soften the most inaccessible rigours. What would not a man do who is so base, as to waste ten years of service to kiss a womans hand, and suffer for a shameful servitude, that, which others could not endure for an Empire?

Josuæs Dux burgundiæ in Symbolis Imperatorum. Great cunning of men who go about to surprise chastity.

It is evident, that the persecutions of chastitie being so manifest in all objects (as I said before) if you desire to be faithful to God, and charitably to preserve a precious treasure, you must necessarily either live with singular modestie in the world, or die out of it, if you cannot be saved in it.

Advice to Ladies and Gentlewomen.

You Ladies who read this, it is not required of you, that for the love of chastitie, you should be reduced to an affected negligence, to some ugly habits, to fashions rough and barbarous, as Roman women were when their husbands fed upon acorns, as yet unaccustomed to the use of bread. Some neatnes, some quaint trims must of necessitie be admitted in a woman, which seems to be bound with her bodie, and is the cause, why the wisest and most modest among them, do not (notwithstanding) renounce civil decorum, you must walk, and converse modestly within your self, remembring what the Apostle saith, That your apparel alone should make you be known for Ladies, who make profession of pietie.

1 Tim. 8. *Quod decet habentes pietatem.*

Whom would you be thought to be in the day of judgment? Would you be there accounted Christians, when you have all the signs about you of women the most wordly, that ever lived among Infidels? To what purpose are those garments so pompious, those stuffs so costly, those guizes so sought after, those colours so fantastick, those jewels so sumptuous, that painting so shameless, those curls so extravagant, those braveries, those patches, and those robbers, unless it be to cut the throat of chastitie? Is it not a reproach to Christianitie to say, that an infinite quantite of Hospitals might be founded out of the superfluities which so many Ladies unprofitably waste about their bodies? Is it not a point of cruelty, that there are so many lazars, who breath

out the remnant of their days, laid upon ſtraw, where they are only covered with the putrefaction of their ulcers, whiles there are bodies, who drag at their heels the ſpoil of Elements, and riches of the Univerſe, to prank themſelves ſo induſtriouſly, as if they were of the matter of the ſun and ſtars? God, who hath a care everie year to make garments all ſprinkled over with the pearls of ſo many meadow-flowers, is not wiſe enough to inſpire you with the faſhion you ſhould entertain in your attires. Heaven and earth muſt be turned topſie-turvie, nature forced, and all arts wearied out to invent extravagances, to ſerve as inſtruments to Luxurie. I wiſh thoſe gorgets might be ſeen at the day of judgement, which we have beheld worn in *Paris*, worth the revenue of an honeſt family, and wherein Ingenious Artiſts had employed three years of their time: I much deſire to know with what arms theſe miſerable creatures would defend themſelves, who have made ſo proud a monument of their vanitie, to erect an eternal reproach of their puniſhment.

Tom. 10. ſer. 147. de Tempore

A diſſolute habit, ſaith S. *Auguſtine*, is a meſſenger of the adulteries of the mind; A woman, who will appear too quaint before the world, cannot have a chaſte heart before God.

They are not content with all this vaſt preparation, but nakedneſs of necks, muſt be expoſed, which is reprehended by God, ſhameful to their ſex, injurious to nature, and ſcandalous to civil decencie.

Lamiæ nudaverunt mammam, Lallaverunt catulos ſuos.

They are the breaſts of *Lamia's* whereof the Prophet ſpeaketh in his *Lamentations*, which ſerve not but to nouriſh the impurities of Gallants, and foſter their Luxurie. A woman who expoſeth that which ſhould be hidden, will one day be enforced to hide that which wil neceſſarilie be made publick. A Virgin who delights to ſhew the nakedneſs of her body, maketh it enough appear, ſhe is not a Virgin, by how much ſhe uncovers her ſelf on the one ſide, by ſo much on the other ſhe *cloaths her ſelf with the brand of ignominy*. God by his Prophet commandeth women to take adulteries out of their boſoms, but it is in the nakedneſs of the neck, where they begin, to conclude afterward in all the parts of the bodie. They make no ſcruple of it, becauſe this vice is an immortal evil, which having ſo many hands wherewith to do hurt, hath no eyes at all to underſtand it ſelf.

A ſmall expreſſion, and an odd one, Hoſ. 2.

Auferve adulteria de medio uberum ſuorum.

Alas! whoſoever had any (never ſo little) love of her Chriſtiantie, and reſpect towards God, would quickly within her ſelf condemn all this exorbitancie, and make a thouſand times more account of the counſel of Saints then of the cuſtoms of blinded ſouls. Tell me not (Ladies) you do it very innocently; for a woman diſſolute in dreſſes (which is the cauſe of the ſins men commit,) is as a land full of thieveries, where though the Lord be no robber, yet he becomes infamous. You on your bodie bear the *Eve* the penitent, who was cloathed with the ſimple skins, and you will inceſſantly carry her in worldly pomps. All that (ſaith *Tertullian*) is but the equipage and furniture of a woman half damned, which would be more fit for the ſetting forth of her funerals, then the ornament of her bodie.

Damnate & mortuæ mulieris impedimenta quaſi ad pompam funeris conſtituti. Tert. de hab. mulieris.

Take pity of ſo much of the world that periſheth, take pity of your ſelves, enter into the way of a modeſt life, regulated in your habits, your converſation, your recreations, that all may therein ſpeak, and breath the odour of virtue.

Then have you a ſingular means to free your ſelves from the importunities which aſſail chaſtity; for verily none would addreſs themſelves to women, if they thought not they were places that will render upon compoſition. A face which hath a Chriſtian aſpect drives away all the loves of the world, as the flower of the vine diſſipateth ſerpents.

Sect. 9. *Other Remedies, which nearer hand oppoſe this paſſion.*

Advices and remedies againſt this Paſſion in its full.

THeſe in my opinion are remedies which, at diſtance oppoſe this paſſion, & not only ſuffer it, not to come near us; but if it happen that we muſt grapple with it, and joyn battle with it in ſome urgent temptation; I adviſe you never to begin the combat, until you have well weighed the end of it. Love, at firſt, comes to us with the viſage of a Virgin, and returneth from us with the bodie of a Serpent. He, who will know the utmoſt limits of it, ſhould never make trial of its entrance.

The medal of love hath two faces.

The Antients heretofore delighted to make medals, the faces whereof were quite different and contrarie; ſo as, if upon one ſide of the medal they graved an *Achilles*, on the other they figured a *Therſites*; if upon one ſide an *Abſalom*, on the other an *Eſop*, if on the one an *Hecuba*, on the other an *Helena*, and if upon one ſide a Roſe, on the other an Onion. This is obſerved in the medal of Carnal Love, if you look upon it on one ſide, you ſhall ſee a figure infinitely ſweet and charming, on the other a moſt hideous furie. A thouſand and a thouſand Artiſts have ſet their hand, one to the pen, another to the graving-chizzel, another to the pencil, to write, inſculp, and paint the form of evil Love: but I think that *Solomon*, as he more ſenſibly felt the effects of it, gave us alſo more light, how to make a draught in deteſtation of this unhappy paſſion.

An excellent conceit of *Solomon* concerning Love. Prov. 7.

1. *Intexui funibus lectulum meum.*
2. *Aſperſi cubile meum myrrhâ & aloe.*
3. *Victimati pro ſalute devovi.*
4. *Bos ductus ad victimam, agnus laſciviens, ovis ad laqueum.*
5. *Vas infernî domûs, &c.*

I have noted in the Book of *Proverbs*, where it deſcribes the deteſtable loves of a poor young man deceived by a cunning Courteſan, that it gives four or five properties to Carnal Love, which very notably diſcover the miſerie & impoſture thereof. Firſt, *That its bed is woven with cords in the form of a little labyrinth, with many intricate windings*. Secondly, *That its chamber is perfumed with myrrh and aloes*, verie bitter drugs. Thirdly, That it in the beginning promiſeth a ſacrifice, and performs a ſlaughter. Fourthly, That the Lover who ſuffers himſelf to be deceived, is firſt an *ox*, then a *ſheep*, and laſtly, *A bird, taken into a ſnare, and wounded with a mortal arrow*. Fifthly, *That the houſe thereof is in the ſuburbs of hell*.

All this is ſpoken with great ſenſe, the beds woven with cords & hampered with ſo many Gordians knots, ſignifieth unto us the gins and attractives of evil Love. Falſe opinion is ever at the gates of its houſe, which deceiveth and bewitcheth all ſuch as come near it. It cares not in the beginning of the gain to diſcover to them the dreadful events and tragedies of this paſſion; but it ſhews them a chamber wherein beauty is preſented, which under a little white skin hideth groſs ordures: with it are ſmiles, glances, flatteries, courtſhips, overflow of words, kiſſes, fauſineſs, immodeſty, good chear, idleneſs; this ſeems a goodly thing to ſottiſh youth, which hath nothing ſo certain as ruine. Theſe are the ſnares wherewith it ſurpriſeth, and the knots which many times indiſſolubly fetters its liberty. After that coms the chamber perfumed with myrrh & aloes, wherein the ſlight expected pleaſures are drenched in great acerbities. There folly, temerity, liberty meet, mixed with care, terrour, diſtruſt, tears, ſighs, falſhood, perjury, dolours, jealouſies, execrations, rage, which cauſed an Antient to ſay, That the heart of a Lover

Plutarch. in Sympoſ.

Lover was a city, in which upon one and the same day were seen sports and banquets, battels and funerals. In the third place, a slaughter-house is opened, where we clearly behold, that false love, which insinuateth it self with so many fair resemblances, is nothing but massacres both of body and soul, and that it is not without cause, that a foolish Lover saith in the best of Comick Poets, that the first Executioner that ever was on earth, was Love, which he saith, taught men all cruelties & tortures: adding that to love fondly, and to be racked on a wheel, was in a manner all one. In this place of slaughter, there are likewise seen pictures of *Samson*, with his eyes pulled out pouring forth tears and blood through the same channel. Of *Amnon* who transfixed with a deadly and dreadful wound, yields up the ghost in a feast at the foot of his brother *Absalom*'s table, for having violated *Thamar*. On the other side, two armies of Gods people, who cruelly kill one another for a luxurious act committed on the person of a married wife; so that of one part, eighteen thousand men were massacred, and of the other, more then twenty and five thousand. And round about, there is nothing but halters, poison, swords, blood, racks, gibbets, and precipices. See here the goodly Sacrifices of Lust. In the fourth chamber are beheld the transfigurations of sottish Love, where he who is strucken with it, becomes first stupid as an Ox; dull and benummed in his wits, as having a paralytick soul; and brutish, like *Nebuchadnezzar*, who forsook his Regal throne, to eat hay with beasts. Then he is shorn as a sheep, by taking away his fleeces, and despoiling him of the goods of soul, body, wealth, and reputation, and of all that, to which a reasonable creature may pretend unto. Lastly, to cut off all hope of recovery, he is unfeathered like a bird caught in a gin, yea, his wings are taken away, which are the desires of futurely doing well, that he may perpetually have the evil in object, and an inability towards good. The first chamber is very near to hell; there is to be seen darkness, smoke, flames, and from whence are heard gnashings of teeth, despairs, and enraged complaints of unfortunate Lovers, who vomit out their souls in sin, having made no expiation by a long penance. Oh God! what is he, who beholding this picture, would ever betray his soul, heaven, and his God, to yield obedience to loathsome lust?

Plautus in Cystellaria.

Jud. 16.

2 Sam. 13.

Judg. 20.

All this well considered, give your self a little leisure to rally your thoughts together, and to behold the disasters which wait on the experience of miserable sin. If you be a Virgin, stain not the honour of your body, vilifie not in your flesh on earth, a virtue to which Angels afford such glory in heaven. Above all, beware of a damnable curiosity, which cannot be known, but by becoming criminal. If you understand the sin, profit by your experience, and betray not an eternity of blessing, for a pleasure so short and wretched. If you be a master of a Family, and a man of quality, note what S. *Gregory Nazianzen* saith, That a man by his sin wholly ruineth body, soul, estate, and reputation. He is terrible in his house, shameful abroad, he serves for an executioner to a chaste wife, he is a tyrant to his children, a reproach to his friends, a scourge to his domesticks, a dishonour to his allies, a blemish to his renown, a shipwrack to his means, and a fable to all the world. If you be a maid, ever fear to become a woman, and cast not the garland of your virginity under the feet of hogs. Give not a hair of your head to them who promise you golden mountains, and when they desire you in the quest of marriage, then is the time you must least be for marriage. All you grant to their importunity, will be the subject of your disgrace; and when they shall have wedded you, should you live as chaste as *Susanna*, they will continually imagine, you will be liberal to others, of that, whereof you were prodigal to them. If you desire to marry by fancy, rather pursuing your own wanton humours, then the reasonable commands of those to whom you owe your being, hold it as a crime, the most capital you may undertake, and confidently believe, if so you do, you will open a flood-gate to a deluge of miseries and cares, which will flow upon you through all the parts of your life. Account the resolutions you make to this purpose, as treasons, and think whosoever shall to you suggest the execution of them, will poison you by the ear to murder your chastity.

Disasters of love in every age and condition.

Advice to all sorts of persons.

Greg. Naz. homil. de Famis.

If you be a married woman, and peradventure innocent enough, and of good reputation, what colour is there for you to engage your self in a crime for which husbands have furies, laws, thunders, threats, Judges for Sentence, punishments of gibbets and bloudy scaffolds, and for which, a thousand poor creatures have ended their miserable lives, surprised in the heat of sin, to pass from a temporal fire, to that which never is quenched. If you be a man of the sword, know it is given you to defend honour, not to violate it, & that a man who suffers himself to be led by women, what Rhodomontado's soever he make in words, he is ever a coward.

If you be a Judge or an Officer, raised up into an eminent place, degrade not your self of the honours which God hath imprinted on your forehead, and never mount you up to the throne of Judicature, to condemn your own act, and still think the purple, which will not be died but by virginal hands, ought not to be worn but on a chaste body.

If you be an Ecclesiastick, and which is more, engaged to Religion or Prelacy; will you be so unnatural as ever to consent to a sin, which cannot in your person but be a sacriledge? What a madness is it, that for to satisfie an infamous act of lust, you must be either an excommunicate, or a persecutour of Jesus Christ? Excommunicate (I say) if you forsake altars, and a persecutour of Jesus Christ, if you come to them in this horrible sin, where you strike a nail into his hand, a lance into his side, you devour his flock, and kill his brethren by your ill example.

Carnal Love, in what person soever, is still ill situate (said *Epictetus*) In a maid it is a shame, in a woman it is a fury, in a man a lewdness, in youth it is a rage, in mans estate a blemish, in old-age a disgrace worthy of scorn.

You will say, all these considerations are very effectual, but that they cure not passion already inflamed, and almost desperate of remedy.

Remedies for affections which come against our will.

To that I answer, we must proceed with more efficacie and address, among such as are surprised with vehement affection of which they would be free, but they find all possible repugnancies.

I approve not the course of certain directions, who think all maladies are healed by words, as if they had ears. To what purpose is it to hold long discourses, and to appoint many meditations to a sharp feaver, which is full of ravings and furious symptomes?

Diversity of the maladies of love, and their cures.

Albeit maladies of Love are not cured in one and the same manner: There are some who are engaged in the sense of the passion, but not in the consent to the sin; which is expresly sent by God

to

to persons very innocent, but not entirely perfect, to punish some negligences or some slight liberties of conversation, whereinto they have suffered themselves to slide by surprisal; that they may feel the danger of sin by the torment they suffer, and may correct themselves by the scent of the smoke before they be involved in the flame. And this many times lasteth long, being ordained as under a sentence of the divine Providence, as a punishment to become afterward a bridle to negligence, and a precaution against peril.

Some also are permitted by heaven, and imposed upon certain souls who had a little too much rigour towards such as were tempted, to the end, they might learn by their experience more mildly to handle suffering hearts, and not exasperate their wounds by the sharpness of the remedie. Witness that old man of whom *Cassian* speaketh; who having roughly entertained a young religious man, that discovered his passion to him, was tempted so violently, that he thereby became frantick, and understood from the venerable Abbot *Apollon*, this had befaln him by reason of his great harshness; and that although he hitherto had not felt any rebellion against chastitie, it was because the devil either knew him not, or contemned him.

Cas. col. 2. de discret. Imitiga it, vel ignorans, subtrahitur à diabolo vel despectus.

There are some which like tertian and quartane agues, have their accesses and recesses measured; and what diligence soever be used therein (well, the pain may be mitigated, but) the root is not taken away till it arrive to a certain period of time, wherein the sick man is insensibly cured. There are some driven away by hunger, and others overthrown by a reasonable usage, as it happeneth to melancholy Lovers, whose bodies are dry, and brains hollow: if you appoint them fasts and austerities ill ordered, you kill them. Some advise them recreation, wine, bathes, honest and pleasing company, necessary care of the body.

Some, sweet and active entertainment, which gives not leisure to the wild fancies of the mind; but this must be taken with much moderation. There are some who expect a good sickness, and many blood-lettings, which may evacuate all the blood imprinted with Images of the thing beloved, to make a new body; others are cured by a suit, a quarrel, ambition, an ill business, great success, a new state of life, a voyage, a marriage, an office, a wife. There are now very few fools of Love to be found, who neglect worth and honour to serve their passion.

There are nice and suspicious Loves, which have more of vanitie then concupiscence; when one troubleth and hindreth them from honestly seeing that which they love, they are distempered, and if one resist them not, they vanish away as if they had not had so much intention to love, as to vanish. It were almost necessary for many, if it may be done without sin or scandal, to converse continually; for being somewhat of their own nature, coy, they still observe some defect in the thing beloved, which weakneth their passion, and find that the presence is much inferiour to their Idea, which is the cause they easily desist from their enterprise, having more shame to have begun it, then purpose to continue it.

Some are inflamed by denial, others become totally cool by contempt, as proud and predominate loves, who have not learn'd to suffer the imperious carriage of a woman; a disdain of their mistress, a cunning trick, a coldness, a frown, makes them quickly break their chains. One would not believe how many humane industries there are to cure the pain of Love, but ever it is better to owe ones health to the fear of God, to Penance, to Devotion, then to all other inventions.

Solid remedies.

For which cause, you must consider the glorious battles which so many heroick souls have waged to crush this serpent, and to walk with noble steps in the liberty of the children of God.

Admirable examples of the combats of Saints against love.

Some have fought with it on thorns, as S. *Bennet*; others on flowers, as the Martyr *Nicetas*, who being bound on a bed of roses with silken cords, to resign himself to the love of a courtesan, spit out his tongue in her face. Others have thrust sharp pointed reeds under their nails, as S. *John* the *Good*: others have quenched it in snows, as S. *Francis*: others in flames, as S. *Martinian*, who, being by an unchaste woman sollicited to sin, burnt his face and hands to overthrow the strongest passion, by the most violent pain. There are many of them in the new Christianity of *Japonia*, who pursue the same waies, & run to their chimney-hearths to vanquish the temptations of the flesh, thinking there is not a better remedie against this fire, then fire it self. Others have overcome this bruitishness by a savage life, as S. *Theoclista*, who, being taken by Arabians, stole from them, and was thirtie years hidden in the forrests, living on grass, and clothing her self with leaves. To say truly, there is not any virtue hath cost mankind so much, as invincible Chastitie.

But since these manners of conquests are more admirable then imitable; at least mortifie your bodie by some ordinary devotion. Make use of the memorie of death, make use of assiduitie of prayer, of labour, of care over the eyes, ears, heart, and all the senses.

Ubi fervor infedrit virus, libidinis quoque incendium necesse est pervenire. Cas. de Spiritu fornic. c. 23.

Humble your spirit, and submit to obedience, that your flesh may obey you. Be not transported with extravagancies, animositie, and revenge: since Anger and Love (according to the Antients) work upon one subject, and that the same fervours of blood which make men revengeful, will make them unchaste; sail not to heal your self by the practice of retirement, of penance, of hair-cloth, and fasting. A holy maid of *Alexandria* was twelve years in a sepulchre to free her self from the importunities of concupiscence; and cannot you be there one hour, so much as in thought? Another had this stratagem to elude love; for, she seeing a young man to be very much touched with her love, who ceased not to importune her with all the violent pursuits which passion could suggest; told him, she had made a vow to fast fortie daies with bread and water; of which she would discharge her self before she would think of any thing else, and asked whether he pleased not to be a partie for the trial of his love? which he accepted: but in few daies he was so weakned, that he then more thought upon death then love. Have not you courage to resist your enemie by the like arms? your heart faileth you in all that is generous, and you can better tell how to commit a sin then to do penance. Then chuse out that which is most necessary and reasonable, separation, from that body so beloved which by its presence is the nourishment of your flames. Consider you not, that comets which (as it is said) are fed by vapours of the earth, are maintained whilst their mother furnisheth them with food? so love which shineth, and burns like a false star in the bottome of your heart, continually taketh its substance and sustenance from the face which you behold with so much admiration, from the conversation which entertains you in an enchanted palace

Raderus.

Speculum Anonymi.

Separation the first remedy.

full

full of chains and charms. Believe me, unlose this charm, stoutly take your self off, dispute not any longer with your concupiscence; fly away, cut the cable, weigh anchor, spread sails, set forward, go, fly: Oh how a little care will quickly be passed over! Oh, how a thousand times will you bless the hour of this resolution! Look for no more letters, regard not pictures; no longer preserve favours; let all be to preserve your reason. Ah! why argue you still with your own thoughts? Take me then some Angel, some Directour, who is an able, intelligent, industrious, courageous man; resigne your self wholly up to his advice, he will draw you out from these fires of *Gomorrah*, to place you in repose and safety on the mountain of the living God.

The counsel and assiduity of a good Directour, is an excellent antidote.

I adde also one advice (which I think very essential) which is, infinitely to fear relapses after health, and to avoid all that may re-enkindle the flame. For Love oft-times resembleth a snake inchanted, cast asleep, and smothered; which, upon the first occasions, awaketh, and becomes more stronger and more outrageous then ever. You must not only fortifie your bodie against it, but your heart; for, to what purpose is it to be chaste in your members, and be in thought an adulterer! Many stick not to entertain love in their imagination, with frequent desires, without putting them in execution: but they should consider, that Love, though imaginarie, makes not an imaginarie hell; and that for a transitory smoke, they purchase an eternal fire.

Sect. 10. *Of Celestial Amities.*

But it is time we leave the giddie fancies of Love, to behold the beauties and lights of divine Charitie, which causeth peace in battles, conquest in victories, life in death, admiration on earth, and paradise in heaven it self. It is a strange thing that this subject (the most amiable of all) proves somewhat dreadful to me, by the confluence of so many excellent Writers, antient and modern, who have handled it so worthily, since their riches hath impoverished their successions, and their plentie maketh me in some sort to fear sterilitie.

They had much furtherance in their designe; they took as much stuff as they thought good, referring all that to the love of God, which is in nature, and above nature, in grace, and beyond grace. They have enlarged themselves in great volumes, the sight whereof alone seems to have much majesty: and to please their own appetites, they have said all they might possible. But here, forasmuch as concerneth my purpose, I have reduced my self into contractions of great figures, which will not prove troublesome, if measures and proportions be therein observed, and nothing forgotten of all that, which is most essential to the matter we treat. I find my self very often enforced to confine giants to the compass of a ring, and to cover ships under the wing of a fly, drawing propositions out of a huge mass of thoughts and discourses, to conclude them in a little Treatise, not suffering sublimitie to take ought away of their facilitie, nativeness of their majestie, shadows of their lustre, nor superficies of their dimensions.

Myrmecidia opera apud Æliannm.

Besides, that which renders this my discourse the less pleasing, is, that speaking to men of the world, I cannot disguise the matter in unknown habits, splendid & pompous words, conceptions exstatick; I cannot perswade them that a Seraphin hath penetrated the heart of one with a dart of fire, and that another hath had his sides broken by the strength of the love of God. I must pursue ordinary waies, and teach practices more nearly approaching to our humanitie.

I am then resolved to shew, there are celestial Amities, which great souls contract with God, that their condition is very excellent and most happy, and that the practice of them must begin in this world, to have a full fruition of them in the other.

Carnal spirits, which only follow animal waies, have much a-do to conceive how a man can become passionate in the love of God, and think there is no affection but for temporal and visible things: It is a Love too high (say they) to tranferre their affections into heaven: It is a countrey wherein we have no commerce, There comes neither letter nor message thence; No ships arrive on that coast; It is a world separated from ours by a great *Chaos* wholly impenetrable. How would you I love God, since he is all Spirit, and I a bodie? He is Infinite, I finite. He so high, and I so low. It is a kind of insolencie to go about to think of it. Behold, how spirits, ignorant of heavens mysteries, do talk. But I maintain upon good grounds, that we are made to place our love in the heart of God, and that if we do not seasonably take this way, well we may go on, but never shall we arrive at Repose.

That there may be a celestial amity by the commerce of man with God.

First, the Philosopher *Plato* hath worthily observed, that the love we have here below, is as a remembrance of the first, fair, sovereign, and most pure of all beauties, which is the Divinitie. Our soul, which is the blast of his mouth, the image of his bountie, the representation of his power, as it beareth so lively characters of his Majestie, hath (as it were) also, not heeding it, a generous passion towards him: unless it be infected by the breath of the serpent, and obstructed by vapours of sensualitie; it seeks for him; it speaks to him in all creatures: It beholdeth him through so many veils which nature hath spread before it in so divers objects. But it often falleth out, that, charmed with present pleasures, it is so much delighted with beautiful workmanships, that it forgetteth the workman: It embraceth momentary beauties for eternal verities: It takes the shadow for the bodie: It creates to it self an Empire in banishment, and a haven in shipwrack. This carnal piece, which is ravished with the contemplation of this goodly face, will not stay upon flesh: It feeleth there is some invisible hand which shoots arrows at it amidst the vermilion of roses, and the whiteness of lillies: It well knoweth not what transports it, what intranceth it, what worketh these transanimations in it: It is not the bodie which must rot, but it is the shadow of the first-fair, upholds it self in the frailtie of dying things, and incessantly causeth returns to the first origin, in souls which know how to profit by their wounds.

An excellent conceit of *Plato*. *Plato in Sympos. & Marsil. Ficinus.* *Amor memoria primi, ac summi, & purissimi pulchri. Appetitus artis, desertor artificis, amplectitur speciem, cujus non miratur autorem.* *S. Eucherius ep. Parenti.*

O how attractive is the Beautie! O should it on a sudden take away the veil from all mortal eies who court it; the world in an instant would dissolve under its much to be adored raies, souls would fly out of bodies, and total nature would impetuously affect its delights.

It is so naturally imprinted on the heart of man, that Hell it self cannot forget it, since the evil rich man laid on the coals of so unfortunate a lodging, did for his first act, lift up his eies to heaven, as desirous to look for the lovely face which he had eternally lost.

Aug. l. 2. conf. c. 6.

Secondly, I will deliver an excellent reason, which I draw out of *S. Augustine*, to convince us, that there is some very forcible inclination which insensibly moveth us to the love of God: which is the

An excellent reason of *S. Augustine*, to shew the inclination we have to love God.

the cause that even our vices and exorbitancies (not reflecting thereon) love some perfection of the Divinitie, although not regulated, nor limited in the bounds wherewith it ought to be beloved. Pride contends for heighth; and what is higher then God, who sits upon Thrones, predominateth over Dominations, who governeth Principalities, and makes Heaven bow even to the Abyss, under the shadow of his Majestie?

Ambition passionately seeketh after honours; and who hath more honour then God, who seeth Glorie to be hatched in his own bosome, for whom so many Altars smoke, for whom so many sacrifices burn, under whom so many Diadems bow, to whom so many Sceptres obey, before whom so many States, Kingdoms, and Empires, are but a drop of dew? Power will make it self great; and who is more formidable then this great Judge, for whom Thunders roar, Lightnings fly, Thunder-stones shiver lofty rocks, for whom elements fight, and nature dresseth up its scaffolds, to prosecute offenders even in hell; there being neither Place, Time, Heighth, or Power which hath abilitie to deliver it self out of his hands? Flatterie and Complacence will make it self to be beloved; and what is more lovely then the sweetness of the charity of this good Father, which distilleth like unto a celestial *Manna* upon all the creatures of the Universe? Curiositie affecteth the studie of wisdome; And what is wiser then God, who seeth all within himself, who hath Abysses of knowledges in his heart, riches of eternal Sapience in his bosome, for whom Time hath no prescription, nature no veil, Heighth no heighth, and abysses, no depth? Who is the Father of Sciences, Creatour of Thoughts, Treasure of Eloquence; who dazleth all humane abilitie, who taketh his Sages from among Ideots, and out of the dumb raiseth his Oratours? Lazinesse seeks out a life soft and peaceful, continually fixed upon its repose, and the contentments of the flesh and spirit; and where shall we find the repose out of God, since it is he who is perpetually engulphed in the delights of a pure tranquillitie? Luxurie ardently desireth pleasures, and will satisfie all the desires of its heart; And God, is he not the plenitude of joy, an Abundance which never fails, a sweetness incorruptible, a feast which consumeth not, perpetual Theatre of comforts, a Flood of most pure contentments, which floweth over all Paradise? Avarice will possess much, it stretcheth out the hands of an Harpy over the goods of another; It garboileth the world, it disquieteth the earth, It would willingly delve into hell, it pleadeth, it wrangleth, it assails, it defendeth, to satiate its covetousnes, yet still is hungry: For what is he that possesseth all, but the prime of the rich, who is the beauty of fields, the lustre of flowers, the fecunditie of fruits, the wealth of mineral's, and the fertilitie of total nature? Envie is troubled about supereminencie, and will have the highest place, accounting him an enemie who precedeth; And is it not the eternal Father, who is King of Glory, who seeth all to be much lower then himself, and seeth nothing beyond what he is? Choler will revenge for it, it striketh at heaven, it troubleth the earth, it causeth lightning and tempests, which raise so many Tragedies in the world; And who better knows how to avenge sins then the sovereign Monarch of the Universe, for whom exterminating Angels carry the sword of Justice, for whom hell reserveth treasures of flames eternal?

Tanta est ille, ut, quidem amant eum, injustè

Now, I demand of you, if it be true, that even our vices are in love with some perfections which are in God, how can our virtues but bear a singular affection towards him? why should they not be enamoured of his beauties? why not sigh after his attractives? since they are his real daughters.

quidem, non ipsi quoddam ejus amare possint. S. Eucherius

Some one will say, it were but reasonable, if God, to make himself beloved, would become visible to men; but he is a secret so hidden, that our poor spirit seeking for him, finds more confusion, then light. Verily, I like *Mercury Trismegistus*; for he stopping his mouth, who complained of the invisibilitie of God: Hold thy peace (thou profane fellow) saith he, and if thou hast eyes, confess God is visible, and that he sheweth himself in as many mirrours, as there are creatures in this great Universe.

Objection, about the invisibility of God. *Mercur. Trism.* Παῦσαι ἐπαλὺς ὦ, θεὸς πάντων αὐτὸς φάνεντος.

A man needs to be a Philosopher but a little, to learn to love; let him see, know and studie nature in all its works; let him hear the harmonies of Gods consort, to understand in some measure, the perfections of the workman. Those little golden and azure shels, which make a lodging for certain fishes, more magnificent then *Solomons* palace; Those Cob-web lawns, and those tiffanies, which compose the bodie of flowers with an exquisite delicacie; Those waves, which curle on the current of rivers; those gentle western blasts which bear comfort and health on their wings; those huge theatres of seas; that vast extent of plains; those meteors so artificially varied; those little eyes of heaven, which shew themselves so soon as night spreads its mantle on the inferiour regions of the world; all that is seen, all that is heard, all that is touched, all that is handled, cease not to recount unto us the love of our Father.

That God renders himself infinitely amiable in total nature. *Synesius Hymn. 4. Naturam universam lyram aeterni Patris vocat, diversis fidibus intentam.* Διὰ σῦ δ' φύσις ὕπαιδά σῦ θεῦ ἀπλάνου πατρὸς. *Ubi alludit ad chordas cytharæ hypaten, mesenetem.*

One must never have seen the sun, not to have love for God; he must have lived like a hog, with his head in the mire, and his eyes in a trough, to say, he knoweth not what the Divinitie is. To speak truly, this great star is the visible son of the first Bright; the Image of the sovereign King; the eye of the world; the heart of nature; it daily speaketh to us out of the gates of the East, with as many tongues as it hath raies. This great supervisor of the fornaces of the universe travelleth throughout total nature. He lighteth up the stars; in heaven he createth crowns, and rain-bows in the air; on earth, flowers and fruits; in the sea, pearls; and in the bosome of rocks, saphires and diamonds: he throws fire and vigour into all living creatures; his presence causeth alacritie, & his absence (insensibly) horrour and melancholy in all nature. His motion so rapid, his circumvolution so even, that so regular harmonie of nights and dayes, those reflections, which are as fathers of so many Essences, set the whole Divinitie before our eyes. O what a goodly thing it is to talk face to face with those great forrests, which are born with the world to discourse with the murmur of waters, the warbling of birds in the sweetness of solitude, and of so many creatures, which (according to S. *Denis*) are the veils and Tapistries of the great Temple! There it is, where God accoasteth on all sides, where our soul is stirred up with its own thoughts, discharged it self of matter, and entreth into a great commerce with Intelligencies. When I behold all the perquisites of Organs, where Musick is in perfection; I stay not on the Iron, Lead, Wood, the Piper, nor on the bellows; my spirit flyeth to that hidden spirit which distributeth it self with so melodious proportionable divisions throughout the whole Instrument. So when I contemplate the world, I stick not on the body of the Sun, the stars, the elements, the stones,

The sun the image of God. Ὄμμα δικαιοσύνης ζωῆς φῶς. Orpheo. *Bonì conspicuum filius, conspicuum in templo mundi, Dei simulacrum: Platonicis, Proclus, Chromium justitiæ in medio sole collocat.*

Ποικιλία ἀφ' ἑαυτῶν πανσοφία. S. Dionys. c. 1. Hierar. cælest.

the

the metals, the plants, nor the living creatures; I penetrate into that secret spirit which insinuateth it self thereunto, with such admirable power, such ravishing sweetness, & incomparable Harmony. I infinitely love him, because he is fair, since he made all the beauties which are presented before mine eies; Because he is good; because he is wise, since he communicateth himself with so much profusion: since he so well tempered the consonancies of the whole world; I love him, because I know he is mine, and I am wholly his. Were I not touched with his beauty, his wisdome, his goodness, perpetually his benefits would soften my heart; Me thinks I meet him every where, with a hundred arms, and as many hands to do me good. I neither see place, room, time, or moment, which is not figured with his liberalities.

Ψυχὴ πανοπτικὴ. Synesio. *Quod colimus nos Deus unus est, qui totam molem istam cum instrumento elementorum, corporum, spirituum expressit in ornamentum majestatis suæ.* Tertul. Apol. c. 17.

I am clothed with his wooll, fed with his Granary, warm'd with his wood, served by his officers; I live in him, I breathe by him, I have nothing which is not his Inheritance. It is neither Father nor Mother, great one, Lord or King, which gave me wealth, honour, and estate. Well they may be instruments of my happiness, but they are not the cause. They were nothing for so many years; They came into the world as poor as I; they daily return from it into dust; I feel my necessities and dependences; and I know they cannot be supplied but by a necessary and independent Essence.

The commerce of man with God. *S. Maximus Cent. 5. ex variis. Deum extra se effici creaturis omnibus providendo. Meliora sunt ubera tua vino. Cant. 1. Quia vinum exprimitur cum labore, in torculari, ubera sponte fluunt.*

We must not say, we have not commerce enough with him; great things are for the little, and the rich for the necessitous. See we not that heaven is all for the earth? doth it cause one sprig of an herb to grow in it self? produceth it one sole flower among its stars? It giveth all it hath, and is perpetually content with what it is. So God is all for us, as if man were his God, saith S. *Thomas*. If we be miserable, he is not therefore disdainful; if he be high, he is not therefore far distant from our inferiour condition. He is all, in all things; ever present; continually doing somewhat; He hath dugs of bounty which put him to pain, if he stream not upon us. We see him to come from all parts, and his approach is not mute; for, the best part of us is spiritual, which maketh commerce easie unto us, with a God, who is all spirit. How often find we our soul to be raised above it self, and to be transported with thoughts, knowledges, lights, joyes, pleasures, consolations, hopes, confidences, courages, and antepasts of glory, which we acknowledge to be above our strength! It is God then who worketh by them in us, who enters into our soul, as a master into his house, who becomes our guest, our friend, our Doctour, and our Protectour. We need not seek for him in heaven, he is in our heart (saith the Emperour *Antonine*) and there he uttereth his oracles. There it is, where he entertaineth us, and teacheth us we are his children, and reserveth for us an admirable inheritance.

Gloss in Daniela.

When it was said to little *Nebuchadnezzar*, who was exposed in his infancy & bred up in the house of a Peasant, whose son he took himself to be; Courage (childe) you are not made to drive Oxen, and till the ground; there is another profession expecteth you: you are the son of a great Prince, who keeps the prime kingdom of the world for you: These rags must be changed into robes of cloth of gold; this ugly Hat into a Diadem; this Spade into a Sceptre; this Cottage into a Palace, this servitude into an Empire: For whom shall treasures, officers, services, arms, greatness, pleasures, joyes, and feasts be but for you, who are the heir of the Assyrian throne? Do not we think that upon the recital of these words, this young man felt a flame which spread it self over his heart, that he was touched to the quick with his extraction, and ravished with love towards a Father, by whom he was born so great? And have we not the like apprehensions, when faith dictateth unto us; Thou art not created to live perpetually among mire and dirt, and to be tied to a wretched, frail, and perishable body, to walk upon thorns, and to embroil thy self in the toils and cares of a mortal life; there are above, palaces of stars, of Intelligencies, of incomprehensible lights, of ineffable beauties which expect thee, of crowns prepared for thee, of sceptres made to fill thy hands: All times are for thee, and all which Nature endeavoureth here below, is but to contribute to thy contentment? Thou art the son of a noble Father, who makes men happy at his pleasure. He loves thee as his heart, and would have thee near him, to accomplish thee with all his dearest delights and the heighth of his glories. And what can a soul do, which learns all this from faith; but raise it self above all concupiscences of flesh; but love, but dilate it self, but readily mix with this most pure spirit, which inviteth it in all creatures?

The conversation of God with man by the mystery of the incarnation, in the consummation of love. *Leo serm. 3. de Passione. Venit in hunc mundum dives, atque misericors negotiator cœli, & commutatione mirabili inivit commercium salutis, nostra accipiens, sua tribuens.*

Have we yet the heart to say, we have not familiarity enough with God; and that he is of too high a strain to love him, when we think upon *Jesus*, who for us descended from the highest part of heaven to the slime of *Adam*, who made himself our brother, who sucked the dugs of our Mother, who spake our tongue, who took upon him our semblance, who charged himself with our burdens, who on himself laid our miseries, to turn them into felicities? He is that Merchant, who is come out of a happy and rich countrey full of treasures, glory, and greatness, which were to him more natural then raies to the Sun, and yet, being lodged (as it were) with us, in a silly Cottage, hath dispoiled himself for us, wholly inebriated with the extasies of love; hath made himself poor to make us rich, weak to strengthen us, contemptible to render us glorious, full of sufferings to bearifie us, and a man that we might be Gods. This is the man who hath been able to contract all Gods extent under a little clay, who went not a step which was not worthy to produce a star, who carried the Divinity upon the ends of his fingers, whose life was a flash of lightning, his word a thunder, his virtues lessons, and actions prodigies. Hath he not loved the ungrateful, when he heaped on his own body the pains and sufferings of all ages, making himself of a King of glory, a man of dolours, to purchase pleasures for us with as many wounds as he had members, as many crosses as we have sins?

The Eucharist the last degree of love.

After all this, he gives himself to us in the Sacrament, which he hath instituted as an abridgement of his miracles, wherein he is incorporated within our heart, in our soul, as one piece of wax melted within another. I readily here remember what an antient lover said, that love made a Butt of his heart, where, so soon as it had shot all its arrows, it threw it self as an inflamed dart into the bottom of his breast, to set him all on fire. What arrows, and what shafts, flying on every side, in Nature, in Grace, what benefits, what favors, what amities, what forward affections, for which man still continued obdurate, till *Jesus* wholly gaining him, did descend into his entrails fully replenished with love & flames, and heavenly ardours? Is it not time to pronounce *Anathema* with S. *Paul*, against him who loveth him not, after his coming in this manner, to captivate us by his bounty?

Anacreon. Ὡς δ' ἐπ' ἰτέῃσι δοὺς πτερὰ καὶ λαβὼν ἑαυτὸν ἔρριψε κἀς Βιλαμένου. *Ita applicat Johannes Eusebius, l. 4. ars voluntatis.*

To speak sincerely, he must needs be amiable,

Love of Saints towards Jesus.

since (according to the *Canticles*) he is wholly composed of desires, and satisfactions, and that all the just sigh after him. We have heard talk through so many Ages of the most accomplished beauties of certain creatures who have drawn many Amorists after them; but never have we seen one sole woman to gain the affection of an entire City, Province, or Kingdom. From whence cometh it, that there is not any beauty, but that of *Jesus Christ*, which enchaineth Cities, Empires, and Monarchies? From whence cometh it, that so many Kings and Queens have followed him through Forrests, Thorns, and among Rocks, even to the abandoning of themselves? From whence cometh it, that so many millions of souls, the wisest, most purified, and most courageous on the earth, have loved him even to the suffering of flames and wheels, in the dislocation of bones, & the dismembring of their whole bodies? From whence cometh it, that all, which is most pure, and most eminent in the world, daily dissolveth for him, and that so many hearts melt for his service in honourable flames which purifie them, without consuming them? Verily, we may say, there is nothing which equalleth the excellencie of celestial Amities; and that, well to place your love, you must fix it in the heart of God.

Sect. 11. *Of the Nature of Divine Love, Of its Essence, Qualities, Effects, and Degrees.*

Blosquerus in l. de amitia & amore.

THE great Anchoret *Raymond* went very high when he said, The love of God was an influence of Eternity: For it is true that we, coming from an eternal God, have an infinite desire to make our Being perpetual. And for this purpose, we tie our selves by love to so many things, to live again in them, and by them: but they being transitorie and frail, we there find no support, until God hath poured his holy love into our heart, which is the true influence of Eternitie, that alone can purifie our life, and eternize our souls.

Concilium Arausicanum. Deum Dei est diligere Deum, ipse an diligere-tur, se deditque non diligentes diligit, dilectores, amatrices sumus, ut esset in nobis unde placeremus.

We then must not feign to our selves, that the love of God proceeds meerly from our own strength, but we must hearken to the decision of the Council of *Orange*, which saith, that to love God is a gift from God: It is he who inspireth the love with which he will be loved, and who hath loved us even in disfavour, to transport us to favour: Whereby it appeareth, that this fair love is nought else but a celestial quality infused into the soul, by which we love God above all, and all for God.

The growth of Love like unto pearls.

Now I imagine with my self, that he is born in our hearts, in such a manner, as pearls grow in their shells. The mother of pearl is first pierced by a celestial influence, as with an arrow, fiery, and sharp, which sollicites and importuneth it, to dispose it self to this excellent production. Which is the cause, that it spreads, openeth, and dilates it self, to receive the dew distilled into it from the air; and having moistned it, it digesteth, concocteth, and transfigureth it into this little miracle of nature, which is with so much curiositie sought after. Behold what passeth in a soul, when it bringeth forth this precious love, it is prevented by a special grace from the Divine Goodness, which at first gives it a distaste of all things in the world, and fixeth a generous spur in the heart, to excite, awaken, and inflame it to the quest of so great a good. Then it extendeth, dilates, and opens all its gates to the holy Ghost, who descendeth into it, as the dew of *Hermon*, by qualities and effects admirable, which through free will it embraceth, and ties, and habituateth it self therein, conceiving and forming *Jesus Christ* (as saith S. *Paul*:) Then is the time when this divine love is conceived, which is no sooner born, but it causeth a rejoycing in the heart of man, like unto that which happened in the house of *Abraham* at *Isaac*'s nativity. It is a celestial laughter, an extraordinary jubilation, an expansion of all the faculties and functions of the spirit, and will. This little Monarch is no sooner born, but it begins to command, and sits on the heart as in its Throne: All powers do it homage, all passions render it service. All the virtues applaud at its coronation, and confess they hold of it, and are all in it. He who is once well instructed in charity, aboundeth with all riches, and hath the full plenitude of the spirit, (according to the Apostles) and is a Tree grafted with siens of all perfection, and which fail not to bring forth their fruits.

Donec Christus formetur in vobis. Gal. 4. 19.

The Empire and eminencies of Divine love.

Instructi in charitate in omnes divitias plenitudinis intellectus. Col. 2. 2. Aitredus num. 13. Bibliorum in speculo charitatis.

Sciences and virtues are that to us, which oars to vessels, what the *viaticum* to travellers, what light to blear-eyes, what arms to souldiers: but charity alone is the repose of the wearied, the Countrey of Pilgrims, the light of the blind, the Crown of the victorious. Faith and the knowledge of God carry us to our countrey; Hope maintaineth us, the other virtues defend us: but where charity is perfect, as it is in glory; one no longer believes any thing, because he seeth all; one hopes for nought, because he possesseth all.

Excellent conceit of charity.

Temperance combateth against Concupiscence, Prudence against errour, Fortitude against adversity, Justice against inequality: But in perfect charity, there is a perfect chastity, which standeth not in need of the arms of temperance, having no blemish of impurity; A perfect knowledge, which expecteth not any help from ordinary Prudence, since it hath no errours; a perfect Beatitude, which needeth not Fortitude to conquer adversities, since to it nothing is uneasie; a Sovereign peace which imploreth not the aid of Justice against inequalitie, since all therein is equall.

For in a word, what is charity but a temperate love without lust, A prudent love without errour, a strong love without impatience, a just love without inequality? Faith is the first day of our Creation, which driveth away darkness; Hope is the second, which makes a firmament for us, and which divideth waters from waters, things transitory from eternal; Temperance is the third, which arangeth the waters and storms of passions in their proper element, and causeth the land of our heart to appear, which sendeth up vapours to God, that are its sighs.

Prudence is the fourth, which lighteth up in us the sun of understanding, and the lights of knowledge. Fortitude is the fifth, which sustains us in the Ocean of adversities (not suffering us to corrupt as fishes in salt-waters, and as birds) above the Tempest. Justice the sixth, for it gives us to command over our passions, as *Adam*, who on the same day he was created, obteined it over all living creatures. But charity is the seventh day, The Symbole of Glory, which contracteth all delights in the circle of its Septenary. And how can it but abridge all Theologie, since it abridgeth God himself, and that we have cause to speak to him in such terms, as Saint *Zeno* did. O love what hast thou done? Thou hast changed God into Man; Thou hast contracted him, drawing him out of the lustre of his Majesty, to make him a pilgrime on earth; Thou hast shut him in the prison of a virginal womb the space of nine moneths: Thou hast annihilated the empire of death, when thou taughtest God to die.

S. Zeno Serm. de fide, spe, & charit. Te Deum in hominem detestatum vocabis, te Deum abbreviatum paulisper à majestate sua commendasse peregrinari fecisse, te virginali concrete novem mensibus religasse, te mortem, Deum mori docendo, evacuasse.

Love

Love thus acknowledged by all the virtues, mounteth as on a chariot of Glory, maketh it self conspicuous with heroick and noble qualities: It is pious, since it employeth all its thoughts on God: It is generous and magnanimous, since it is ever disposed to great designs: It is liberal, as that which spareth nothing: It is strong, not yielding to any of all those obstacles, which present themselves to divert the course of its intentions: It is just, equally distributing rewards to merit: It is temperate, admitting no excesses but of love: It is prudent, having eies alwaies upon its deportments: It is witty, to find out a thousand inventions: It is violent without eagerness, active without precipitation, sage without coldness, good without remisness, and calme without idleness.

Qualities of Divine love, by which we may know whether it enhabit a soul.

But I must tell you, though its perfections be without number, you shall chiefly know it by three qualities, which will make it appear unto you, pliant, obliging, and patient.

Three principal marks of love.

Pliantness

I say pliant; for there is nothing but fires, desires, sweetness, affections, joyes, admirations, extasies, pleasures, transportments for its well-beloved. This is the State which the great *Origen* figureth unto us of S. *Mary Magdalen*, when he saith, that by the strength of love she was dead to all the objects of the world. She had her thoughts so employed upon her *Jesus*, that she was almost insensible; she had eies and saw not, ears and heard not, senses and felt not; she was not where she was; for she was wholly where her Master was, although she knew not where he was. She knew no other art but that of love, she had unlearnt to fear, to hope, to rejoyce, to be sad; all in her turned to love, by reason of him whom she loved above all: The Angels who descended from heaven to comfort her, were to her troublesome, nor could she endure them, she stood upright near the sepulchre, where in the place of death she found her heaven.

Orig. Hom. de Magdal.

Liberality.

Now as in efficacious pliantnesses are flowers of love which never bring forth any fruit; so it takes a second qualitie, which is, to be liberal, and much obliging: For this cause the hands of the bridegroom (according to the *Canticles*) are all of gold, and round; to shew there is not any thing crooked or rough to stay his gifts: besides, they are all filled with pretious stones, to figure his benefits unto us; Jacinths and Diamonds which he scattereth, and bestoweth as liberally, as the sand of the sea. The Hebrew saith, that the same hands are vessels of gold repleniſhed with the sea, because love is an Ocean of liberalities, which is never exhausted.

Cant. 5. 14. *Manus ejus tornatiles, aureæ, plenæ Hyacinthis.* (*alio versio*) *Globi aurei pleni mari.*

Patience. *Pennæ habet, non pondus.* Ailredus.

There remains nothing but to be patient, which it doth with so much grace, that one may say, its yoke hath wings, not weight. The heart of it oftimes is invironed with thorns, and it sweareth they are roses. It swims in a sea of worm-wood, and saith it is sweet water: It is covered all over with wounds, and protesteth they are Pearls and Rubies; It is overwhelmed with affairs, and maintains they are recreations; It is surcharged with maladies, and they are sports; with calumnies, and they are blessings; with death, and that is life.

Twelve effects of love.

These three qualities cause twelve very notable effects in love, which are, To love God above all, & in comparison of him, to despise all. To account ones self unhappy, if but a very moment delivered from his sweet *Ideas*. To do all that may be, and to endure all things impossible to come near him. To embellish and adorn our soul to please him. To be alwaies corporally present with him, as in the Sacrament; or spiritually, as in Prayer. To love all which is for him, and to hate all which is not for him. To desire that he may be declared, confessed, praised, and adored by all the world. To entertain all the most sublime thoughts (that is possible) of his dear person. To pass over with sweetness all the acerbities suffered in his service. To accommodate ones self to all his motions, and to receive both sad and joyful things with his countenance. To languish perpetually with the desires to behold him face to face; and lastly, To serve him without anxietie, or exspectation of reward.

These things being so sublime, we must not presume to arrive thither at the first dash. It is very fit to file, and continually to polish our soul by long services & good actions, to arrive in the end at the happy accomplishment of love. For this cause there are reckoned certain degrees by which the soul is led to the palace of this triumphant Monarch.

Three orders of true lovers of the world.

There is a love, as yet but young, which doth only begin, and hath five degrees, within the compass whereof, it dilates it self to pass to a much greater perfection. It beginneth first by the taste of the word of God, and the sweetness it feels by the reading of good books, which is a sign that a soul already hath an arrow of true love in the heart. This taste maketh a man take good resolutions for the amendment of his manners, and order of his life: this resolution is followed by a happy penance, which bewaileth all the imperfections of the life past with a bitter distaste, and a fit satisfaction. By this way we proceed to the love of a neighbour, and a beginniug is made by a tender compassion of his afflictions, & a rejoycing at his prosperities: Lastly, one addicts himself much to many very laudable good works, and to the holy exercises of mercy. Behold here a most sincere condition, and to be wished in many men of honour, who may therein persist with great constancie.

The second order comprehendeth those which are yet more strong, and it conteineth five other degrees. First, they are very assiduous in prayer, wherein they are much enlightned with the knowledge of verities and celestial maximes. Secondly, they obtein an excellent purity of conscience, which they cleanse and polish by an enquiry into their interiour, holily curious, & perfectly disposed. Thirdly, they feel the exteriour man much weakned by a generous mortification, wherewith concupiscence is quailed. Fourthly, followeth the vigour of the inward man, who finds himself happily enabled to all the functions of the spirit, with a certain facility which becometh as it were natural to him. Fifthly, appeareth a great observance of the law of God, which makes him apprehend the least atomes of sin, through a notable fidelity with which he desires to serve his master. In this rank are many good religious who lead a life most accomplished in devotion, and in the continual mortification of senses.

Lastly, in the third order of perfect lovers, are the great effects of perfect charity, as is, not to have any humane and natural considerations in all ones actions; but to tread under foot all respect of flesh and blood, to defend truth: Not to stick to earth by any roots but to account all things worse then a dunghil, to gain *Jesus Christ*: to run before the Cross, and to bear the greatest adversities with a generous patience: to love ones enemies: to do good to persecutors; and in conclusion, freely to expose ones life for the salvation of a neighbour. To say truly, they had need to be persons most heroick, to go so far; and there is no doubt, but this is the full accomplishment of love.

Notwithstanding, nine degrees also are added of

Nine degrees of Seraphical love for the contemplative.

Seraphick love, which concern Contemplatives; which are, The ſolitude of a heart throughly purified from all the forms of Creatures: Silence in a ſublime tranquillitie of paſſions: Suſpenſion, which is a mean degree between Angel and man: Inſeparabilitie, which adhereth to its welbeloved for an eternitie, not admitting the leaſt diſunion: Inſatiabilitie, which never is ſatiated with love: Indefatigabilitie, which endureth all labours without wearineſs: Languor, which cauſeth the ſoul to diſſolve and melt on the heart of its beloved: Exſtaſie, which cauſeth a deſtitution of the vegetative and ſenſitive ſoul, totally to actuate the Intellectual: Deiformity, which is a degree approaching near to beatifick love. Then is there made in the ſoul a deluge of myſterious & adorable love, which drowneth all humane thoughts, which ſwalloweth all earthly affections, which flieth to the ſuperiour region of man, which hideth all that is eminent in ſciences, tranſcendent in virtue, great in imagination, and which cauſeth the ſpirit to forget it ſelf, and to look on nothing but heaven.

Sect. 12. *The Practice of Divine Love.*

THE love of God is a ſcience inſpired, not ſtudied, where the infuſion of the holy Ghoſt is more eloquent then all Tongues, and more learned then all Pens. That which come to us by art, oftimes begins very late, and quickly endeth. That which is given us by the favour of heaven, comes very readily, and never is loſt. Thoſe who think to learn the love of God by precepts onely, croak like Ravens, and have nothing ſolid: ſuch as have it by grace are Angels, who are raiſed into the higheſt region, and poize themſelves on their wings. Grave diſcourſes, and good books fail not to contribute much to this purpoſe, as we lately may have tried by the treatiſe which the R. F. *Stephen Binet* hath publiſhed, fully repleniſhed with the holy ardours of extraordinary devotion, and which ſeem to have been dictated by love it ſelf, and conceived in that fire, which *Jeſus* came to enkindle on earth, to inflame the whole world.

Τὶ δ' ἔρχομαι φίλα διδοὶ μείζονα κεφαλᾶς, &c. Pindarus.

The means to acquire the love of God.

If then you deſire to profit in this love, let your endeavour be continually to beg it of God with the moſt fervent prayers which the holy Ghoſt ſhall ſuggeſt, to eſteem it above all worldly things, and to apply all your actions to this happy conqueſt.

Be ye very careful to cut off from your heart all impediments which may give it any obſtacle; for if you ſhould imagine to entertain it in a ſoul ſullied with terreſtrial affections; it were to ask a moſt precious Balm, to put it in an unclean veſſel. We have as many Idols in our heart, as paſſions, oppoſite to the law of God.

Aut vitia habemus, aut virtutes habemus Deos. Hieron.

Be not ſatisfied with taking away vices, but ſtifle the remembrance of worldly things, which may in you occaſion any exorbitancy. Withdraw your mind as much as you can from a thouſand imaginations, which fly as aiery ſpirits about your heart when it begins to take wings to its repoſe. Perplex not your ſelf likewiſe, more then is reaſon, with affairs both ſpiritual and temporal, which cauſe a thouſand cares to ariſe, and onely ſerve to quench the vigour of devotion, and to draw out the juice of piety. Fly acerbities of heart, apprehenſions, and ſervitudes, accuſtoming your ſelf to do all with a ſpirit of ſweetneſs, and holy liberty.

The practice of the love of God.

Conſequently make a practice of the love of God, undertaking it with a reſolute purpoſe, a great application of mind, and employing all poſſible induſtries to profit therein, as one would in affecting ſome great bargain, ſome very conſiderable office, or affair, moſt important. For it is a very unworthy thing to behold all deſpicable Trades full of artiſans, who kill themſelves to find out inventions that may ſet forth their profeſſion; and that only the occupation of the love of God, ſhould have workmen ſo lazy and unnatural.

How we may learn to love God above the love of the world.

After all, following the counſel of S. *Auguſtine*, conſider what the children of darkneſs often do to proſper in worldly loves & amities. They ſtrive to inſinuate themſelves by ſome good office, they conſider on every ſide the perſon of him of whom they would be beloved, they ſtudy his nature, his inclinations, his deſires, his affairs, and they oblige him, ere he is aware, in what he deſireth moſt. Are they entred into his amitie? they perſiſt in the practice of great aſſiduities; they have entertainments and admirable correſpondencies; they delight, they ſerve, they mingle the recreative with the ſerious: They apply all they ſee, all they think upon, all they invent, all they hope, all they poſſeſs, all they ſay, all they write, to the contentment of this creature. They draw tribute out of all for it, and if it be poſſible, will give it its hearts-wiſh in all things: They transform themſelves into its humours and likings: They eſpouſe its loves, enmities, quarrels, and revenges: They publiſh its virtues, with diſcretion conceal its favours: they have tricks to pacifie its anger, to ſtir up its languours, to open its heart, to hold their poſſeſſion, and if it be needful, will paſs through ten purgatories of fire, ice, tears, blood, torrents, ſeas, inflamed ſerpents, gnawing vultures, to arrive at one of its pretenſions. O reproach, that all this is done for a frivolous worldly love, which oftentimes is the Hangman of life, the gulf of Reaſon, the Hell of ſouls; and that there is none but *Jeſus*, for whom they will not ſo much as ſtirre a finger!

Inhonestos amatores oſtendit, ſi quis amore jamjam lasciviens, veſtit ſe aliter quàm amate placet. Auguſt. ſer. 19. de verbis Apoſt.

Make a reſolution to inſinuate your ſelf into his friendſhip by ſome notable Act, which you know to be acceptable to him, and which he already hath required of you by ſo many inſpirations. Enter into his houſe, and into his boſome: render him aſſiduity in your prayers, your meditations, your communions, and in all your exerciſes of devotion. Learn to ſpeak to him every hour by jaculatory prayers, as one would to ſome friend tenderly loved, and vehemently affected. Referre all creatures to his love, and love nothing but him, but in him, but for him: publiſh his greatneſs every where, make a thouſand inſtruments of his glory: but conceal his favours by a profound humilitie. Behold men your like, as his Images; Engrave all his words, all his actions, all his wounds in the bottome of your heart; make your ſelves like him, as much as you may; bear him on your fleſh, ſuffering for him, not onely with patience, but alacritie, through a deſire of conformity. Behold the principal means by which one may come to the love of God, and to the unitive way.

Obſerve therewithall the three Conditions which S. *Bernard* preſcribeth, to wit, to love ſweetly, prudently, ſtrongly: ſweetly without violence; prudently without illuſion; ſtrongly without ſeparation.

That we learn to love God himſelf, and by the character of his ſubſtance which is *Jeſus*.

But, there being nothing which more forcibly moveth the ſoul, then Example; I adviſe you often to preſent unto your ſelf the love of God and Jeſus Chriſt, which ſhould be the ſource of ours; and to make a ſacred poſie to your ſelf of all the lovers who were moſt vehement in Divine *Love*.

Reflect (O Chriſtian ſoul) upon the chariot of Cherubins in *Ezekiel*, and thou ſhalt learn what God

In medio animalium splendor ignis, & de igne fulgur egredietur. Ezek. 1.

God would have of thee. I see (saith the Prophet) a clear and bright fire in the midst of these living Creatures, and from this fire I see lightning flashes to issue forth. This is the fire of the love of God, and these lightnings are the eruptions he made, by communicating himself to man. Consider (O soul redeemed with the blood of the son of God) that thou canst not live without love; on what side soever thou turnest, thou necessarily must love; and God foreseeing this necessitie, would that thou lovest like him, that thou take the object of his love for the object of thine own; his manner of loving, for thine; his scope and contentment, for thine. And where thinkest thou hath God the heavenly Father placed his love from all eternitie, but in himself? Because he alone is worthy to be orginally beloved, as the source and fountain-head of all beauties and bounties, which are the two baits of affections, excellively; as he who hath neither end nor beginning; He loves himself by his holy Spirit, which is his own substance, and he loves himself necessarily, because love is his Essence. O soul! if thou couldst a little lift up thine eyes surcharged with so many terrestrial humours, and behold in the bosom of the heavenly Father the eternal Fire-brand which he gives for a rule of thy love; what secrets, and what mysteries of love wouldst thou learn? there mightest thou observe the four conditions which constitute all the excellencie of love, to wit, Puritie, Simplicitie, Fervour and Communication.

First, thou must learn to purifie thy love, this love being most pure and excellent; for it is God himself, produced in the bosom of God, it is the first of Sanctities, holy by origin, by object, by example, and by form; It is the holy Ghost burning in the heart of the eternal Father. S. *Thomas* teacheth us a verie singular piece of Theologie in the Treatise he wrote of charitie, where he saith, everie thing placed in another is measured and adapted to that which receiveth it, as water, which is round in a round vessel, and square, in a square vessel. For, if the things received be less then that which received it; it by this reception gets a state of excellencie, and a Title of worth above its nature: so (saith he) the visible species are ennobled in our eyes, and the Intelligible, in our understanding. This admitted; I say, that if we only consider the love of God, in that manner as we do in men, as drawn from exteriour objects; yet would it be a matter of a marvellous value to be received into the heart of God, and to be conform to the Divinitie: but when Divinitie telleth us, that this love produced of God, is the substance of God received in God himself, and inseparable from his essence; what greatnes, and, what puritie must we conceive in this love of God? And if he will, that this same love (which is all his) should be not only the object, but the efficient cause of ours, by the infusions he worketh in our hearts; O how much shame ought we to have, so to defile our love with contaminations and impurities of the *earth*?

S. Thom. opusc. 61. *De Dilectione, omne receptum est in recipiente per modum recipientis.*

Charitas Dei diffusa est in cordibus nostris per spiritum sanctum. Rom. 5. 5.

Secondly, you must know, this love is most simple, and totally as well in this unitie as in the Essence of God, and although he love creatures, as the tokens and footsteps of this bountie, which are in kinds so manifold, in multitude so innumerable, yet is he not divided, nor severed, because he gathers all those creatures together in his bosom, where their beginning and end is, and therein uniteth them, as rays of his benignitie contracted and drawn together into one Centre in a Burning-glass: Thereupon thou shouldst be sorrie to see thy heart torn, and divided by so many objects which divert thy affections, and hinder thee from simply giving them to God, for whom they are made.

Monas genuit monadem, & in se suum reflexit amorem, ita explicat. S. Thom. 1. part. q. 23.

Thirdly, thou must understand, this love is most ardent; since the bosom of the eternal father, is as a great Fornace which with its flames enkindleth all the chaste loves that burn, whether they be in heaven, in the heart of Angels, or whether on earth, in the souls of the elect. Ah! how much oughtst thou to blush, and to be ashamed, considering, how, in stead of enkindling thy love with the sacred fires of this eternal fornace, thou hast sought to beg a profane fire from the eyes of a wretched woman, which hath burnt thee to the bones, thou hast gone (door after door) to all sorts of creatures, opening thy heart to forraign flames, whereby, thou hast gone about to burn even the sacrifice of the living God? Ah! Thou insensible creature, knowest thou not that *Nadab* and *Abihu*, for putting ordinarie fire into their Incensories, when they came to the Altar of the synagogue, were devoured, as unfortunate victims, with the proper coals of their own sacrifices? and dost thou think it will be lawful for thee to approach the Altar of the eternal Testament with this forraign love which thou lodgest in thy heart? Art not thou afraid to hear those thundering words, *This Sacrifice shall be a punishment to thee, since thou hast made a sin of thy propitiation?*

Fornacem custodiunt in operibus ardoris. Eccl. 43. 3.

Levit. 19.

Chrysol. serm. 26. *Sumes de sacrificio panam, quia fecisti de propitiatione peccatum.*

Lastly, (faithful soul) thou shouldst know the love of God is most communicative; for it is streamed forth in his eternal productions by two emanations, of understanding and will, as by two Conduit-pipes of Glories & beauties. And not content with this, this eternal communication being involved in a profound obscuritie unknown to all creatures; he hath cleft the cloud in five places, and is come to communicate himself to the world by five admirable ways of his magnificence, which are Creation, Conservation, the Incarnation of the word, Justification and exaltation of the soul to Beatitude. O! how thou shouldest be confounded hereupon to see thy heart so narrow, and streightned in the exercise of good works?

Look back again upon thy second model, and attentively consider, how *Jesus* the pattern of all chaste amities loved his eternal Father; and on earth rendered him that honourable tribute of love, which could not well have been payed to a God so justly loved, but by a loving God, and who did with so much perfection, love. *Jesus* alone passed with an incomparable eminencie those nine degrees, whereof we spake before, which are as nine spheres of love. This most blessed soul, which had an exact knowledge of all the excellencies of increated beautie, loved him according to its science, equalling his fervours to its lights. It first of all entred into the solitude of love, which made a little fortunate Iland of the heart, wherein there was nothing but God and It: God, who was in it with eternal contentments: It, which was in God, with reciprocal and wholly ineffable affections. This heart of *Jesus* resembled the Halcyons nest, which cannot hold one silly Fly more then the Bird it self: So he knew not how to lodge one creature in himself to the prejudice of the Creator, but could tell how to lodge them altogether, to unite them to their Head. O it was properly his business to give us this lesson, which he afterward dictated by one of his Oracles. He loveth thee not enough, whosoever loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee. From solitude he entered

The love of Jesus towards his heavenly Father.

August. Soliloq. *Monas te amat, quod secum diligit quid amat quod propter te non amat.*

tred into the silence, which *Synesius* calleth the Beatifick Silence, and which S. *John* placeth in heaven in the peaceful condition of the Blessed. It was properly the calm and repose, which the holy soul of *Jesus* took with his heavenly Father in his divine Orisons, which he many times continued the space of whole nights, watching and weeping for us, and dwelling as it were in the fire of love. It is that silence which the Canticle calleth the Bed of *Solomon*, encompassed with threescore valiant ones, but of that great Host of Angels. From silence he passed to the suspension whereof *Job* speaketh, where his soul felt it self totally pulled up by the root from earth, but not (as yet) placed in Heaven, because he was corporally in this transitorie life. We (verily) find three admirable suspensions in Nature, That, of water in the clouds; of Heaven, above the clouds; and of earth, under the clouds: and two ineffable suspensions in the Humanitie of *Jesus*: The first is that of his blessed soul, which was alwayes hanging at the heart of God, and the second of his bodie on the Cross, to purifie by his death all the regions of the world, both above, and beneath: above, by the exhalation of his spirit; beneath, by the effusion of his blood. After suspension, he mounted to insatiabilitie, which caused him, that, drinking those eternal sources by long draughts in the delights of Contemplation which streams upon him from heaven, he slaked his thirst in his own bosom, not quite quenching it, therein retaining the condition of those who see God: of whom it is said, *That they are still replenished, yet still greedie, incessantly desiring what they possess.*

Apoc. 8.

Cantic. 3.

Job. 7. 15. *Elegit suffocationem anima mea.*

Damian. Cardin. in Hymno de Paradiso. *Avidi, & semper pleni, quod habent desiderant.*

From Insatiabilitie he came to the degree of Indefatigabilitie, which caused him perpetually to spend himself in most glorious labours for the redemption of the world, measuring and running over the earth, as the sun doth Heaven, and sowing virtues and benefits every where, to reap nought but Ingratitude. From thence he proceeded to that Inseparabilitie which tied him for the love of his heavenly Father, not only to the punishment of the Cross, but to so many scorns and miseries as he embraced for us: and he made so much account of this mortal flesh which he took of us, that he associated it unto himself with an eternal band, and hath transmitted it into the bosom of Immortalitie, placing his wounds (which were the characters of his love, and of our inhumanitie) even in the sanctuarie of the most blessed Trinitie. From this Inseparabilitie, he suffered himself to slide into languours, extasies, and transanimations, which make up a Deified love, such as was that of Jesus. Languour dried him up with the zeal he had for our salvation, exhausting all the strength of his bodie, and (to speak with *Philo*) he seemed as if he would have transformed his flesh into the nature of his spirit, causing it to melt and dissolve under the ardours of ineffable affection, as we see a Myrrh-Tree which distilleth the first fruits of its liquour under the lustre of the sun-beams. Extasie, which bare this great soul with a vigorous violence to the heart of God, made a Truce in all the actions of sensitive nature: and as it happeneth that the Ocean extraordinarily swelling up upon one shore, forsaketh the other; So the spirit of our Saviour already divinized, amassing together the whole multitude of his force, to serve his love and satisfie the passion he had towards his celestial Father, overflowed in the heart of the Divinitie, with so immeasurable a profusion, that all his inferiour Nature seemed to be forsaken, and despoiled of the presence and government of his soul.

Mar. 3. 21.

In the end he entred into that transanimation which so powerfully united him to God, that only retaining the propertie of two natures, Divine and humane; he made an incomparable commixtion of heart, of love, of affections and conformities; which made *Origen* say, *This soul, like unto Iron which is on burning Coals, was always in the word, always in wisdom, ever in God, and took an immutable constancy from the ardour wherewith it is enkindled in the union of God.*

Orig. 2. Περὶ ἀρχῶν. *Anima illa quasi ferrum in igne, semper in sapientia, semper in Deo, in convertibilitatem ex verbi Dei unitate indesinenter ignita posidebat.*

If you find this love too sublime for you; behold it, as it were tempered and reflected in so many saints, as were S. *Paul*, S. *Augustine*, S. *Bernard*, and so many other.

Sect. 13. *A notable Example of wordly Love changed into divine Charitie.*

I Will give you a verie familiar one, in a man of the world, a man of the Court, and one who is at this present a treasure hidden from many, who was hated by the envious, persecuted by the proud, condemned by the Ignorant; and yet a great servant of God. It is the learned and pious *Raymundus Lullus*, as it appeareth by his life faithfully written in the Tome of the lives of the Western Fathers. This man flourished above three hundred years ago, and was born in the Island of *Majorica* of a noble extraction, which gave him passage into worldly honours, and caused him to be bred in the Court of his King, by whom he afterward was made one of his prime Officers. Never was there a man more inclining to love; for he loved transportedly, and spent all his youth in this vanity, having no employment more acceptable then to write amorous verses, to expres his passion. In the end he fell into the snare of a violent affection that long turmoiled him, which was the love of an honourable Lady, endowed with an invincible chastitie. Here ordinarily, love which delights to pursue what it cannot arrive unto, finds most admiration for the eyes, and food for its flame.

Vitz Patrum Occid. l. 6. Ex Carolo Bovillo.

He was so on fire in this quest, that he thought he should lose his wits, suffering himself to fall into unbeseeming and extraordinarie actions, so far as being one day on horse-back, and seeing this his well-beloved to go into a Church to do her devotions, he spurred hard, and in such manner entred into the holy place, not minding Church, Priest, Altars, or Sacraments; He had no eyes but for this creature, before whom he delighted to mannage his horse with his usual grace: But instantly a loud clamour was raised by the people, who thrust him out of the Church, & handled him like a mad-man.

The Ladie was so much displeased and ashamed at his exorbitant importunities, that she resolved to cure his love by a stratagem, which she could not vanquish by flight. She called this passionate amorist to her (by her husbands permission) and having shewed him the wrong he did to her reputation, so to resign himself over to such a gross indiscretion, as also the disasters he might draw on his own person; she bared her neck, and discovered her bosom all eaten by a malign Cancer, which at first caused some aversion in him: but, the more to fortifie the act, the Lady thereunto added prevalent words, reproaching him with simplicitie to employ so many hours to seek after an unhappy lothsomnes, and take away his love from God, to confer it on a Creature, who so little deserved it.

Poor *Raymond* was astonished at this speech, dividing his soul between the horrour of this ulcer, and the admiration of the wisdom of the virtuous woman,

woman, when instantly this cancer of the bodie cured that of the mind. He in a moment found himself to be changed, as if all his passion had expected this period of sin, and as if on a sudden his soul had been freed from a charm: He could not wonder enough at his frenzie passed. He deplored the loss of so much time, he put forward for the future, to consecrate the remainder of his dayes to penance. It seemed to him he perpetually heard the voice of the Crucifix, which said unto him, *Raymond* follow me: and his heart burnt with a generous flame to augment the number of so many good servants of so worthy a Master. He would not by halves perform so important a business: he disposed of his whole estate for the benefit of the poor, and threw himself all naked between the arms of the Cross. Behold how it importeth to begin the great work of the love of God by some remarkable Act, and to give ones self freely to him, who hath not for us spared his own son! Thence he retired into a little Hermitage, where attending to prayer, fasts, and Contemplations, he was so illuminated, that being before unlearned in any science, but in that of worldly love, he became as knowing as the greatest Doctours; yet still austere as the most rigorous Hermits.

All this is observed in *Blaquerna's* book.

His love towards God began, first by great tenderness and continual familiaritie adoring this most pure spirit throughout the great Theatre of nature. If he looked on the rising Sun; he out of Extasie sung and said, From the chaste bosom of the morning went forth the desire of eternal mountains, wherein there are no more blemishes then there is darkness in the Sun. If he considered the sea, he took occasion to enter into the secret abysses of the judgments of God, wherein he remained wholly absorpt. If he cast his eye on the fields; so many flowers as he there observed, were as many little eyes of his well-beloved. If he heard a bird sing; in his conceit it spake to him of the love of his incomparable lover, and he used to say, there was a certain language of love which he understood in all creatures. If he saw a butterfly flying, and a little child running after it; he thereon frames sublime meditations of the Philosophy of love. His solitude seemed to him all environed with Intelligencies, and when any one came to interrupt him and blamed him for being alone; Nothing less (answered he;) I was in good company, but found my self alone after your coming.

He was so transported, that he walked throughout the streets chanting the praises of his *Jesus*, and when some who knew him while he was in high place, demanded of him, whether he had lost his wits? verily you are in the right (replied he) my well-beloved hath taken away my will, and I have given him my understanding; there is nothing left me but memorie to remember him. He many times caused his eyes and memorie to dispute touching the possession of his Divine love, to see who might vaunt the most right; His eyes said, sight surpassed all: but memorie answered, remembrance was much stronger, because it made water mount into the eyes, and fire into the heart. One while he caused his understanding and will to run after this his dear spouse, and he found the understanding was the more able, but the will better held what it embraced. He was many times seen to be in such a manner, that being readie to sleep, he bitterly with scalding tears wailed that he in sleep had forgotten his Creatour, having then no power over his dreams, nor thoughts. His passion became so violent, when he to himself presented the state of this world, wherein we are separated from the sight of God, that he thereby fell into fainting fits, and was sick of it almost to the death. A Phyician, on a time visiting him in these fits, and throughly understanding his grief, held much troublesom and tedious discourse with him, after which he said, this man had cured him, for that he had made him suffer throughly; and that taking this punishment patiently for Gods sake, he thereby was infinitely comforted. He commonly said, love was a Tree, the fruit whereof was *To love*, and that tribulations and languours were the flowers and leaves of it: the proof whereof daily appeared in the motions of his soul, wherein he felt most sensible afflictions, when he within himself reflected on the contempt was done to his crucified love.

One day he had a revelation, that of a thousand there were not an hundred who had any fear, or but an indifferent affection for their Saviour; and that of those hundred, ninetie feared him out of their apprehension of the torments of Hell; and that of those ninety, there were not two who loved him for the hope of heaven; and that of a thousand, scarcely could one be found who loved him for his goodness, his nobleness, and his worth: whereat he poured forth so many tears, that he was not to be comforted. He was often heard to groan, and sigh in the open fields, as if he had lien in an irksom prison, and had sought to break his fetters. When, being in these agitations, he came to a fountain side, where lay an Hermit asleep, whom he awakened and asked if he could tell how one might get out of prison? The other, who was a man of God, understood him, and replied, he was in the same prison that he was, as well sleeping, as waking; but it was a prison of love, where his desires, his thoughts, his hopes, his joyes were chains: upon which he fell into an extasie of holy comfort, to have found a man so conform to this humour; and both of them wept so much out of love, over this fountain, that they seemed to go about to raise those streams by their tears. If he wrote a letter, he imagined love gave him the pen, and that he dipped it in his tears, and that the paper was all over filled with instruments of the pasion, and that he sent his thoughts and sighs, as Courtiers, to seek out the well-beloved of his heart. When he saw an Epistle, or a letter wherein the name of Jesus was not premised; it sensibly tormented him, saying, Saracens had more devotion for Mahomet a man of sin, setling his name in the front of all their letters, then Christians had for their Redeemer.

A holy occasion one day drew him to a Church to hear excellent musick: but he perceiving the words were of God, and the tune according to the world; he could not forbear to cry out aloud, Cease, profane men. Cease to cast pearls into mire. Impure airs are not fit for the King of virgins. Some took delight to ask him many questions, and he answered them nothing, but the word, love; which he had perpetually in his mouth. To whom belongest thou? To love: whence comest thou? from love: whither goest thou? To love: who begat thee? Love: Of what dost thou live? upon love: where dwellest thou? In love. He accounted them unworthy to live, who died of any other death, then of love: and beholding a sick-man in an agony, who shewed no feeling of joy to go unto God, but only complained of his pain; he lamented him as a man most miserable. At his entrance into a great Citie, he asked who were the friends of God, and

a poor

a poor man being ſhewed him, who continually wept for the love of heaven and heavenly things; he inſtantly ran to him, and embracing him, they mingled their tears together with unſpeakable joy.

God often viſited him by many lights, and moſt ſweet conſolations, as it happened at that time when he thought he ſaw a huge cloud between his Beloved and him, which hindered and much troubled him; but preſently it ſeemed to him, that love put it ſelf between them both, and gilded the cloud with great and admirable ſplendours, in ſuch ſort that through this radiant beautie he ſaw a ray of the face of his well-Beloved, and for a long ſpace ſpake to him with profuſions of heart, and admirations not to be expreſſed.

From this obſequious love, he paſſed to obliging love, and made a ſtrong reſolution to become profitable to all the world.

For which purpoſe, feeling everie moment to be repleniſhed with ſublime and divine thoughts which God had communicated to him, and that he had no inſight in Grammar, nor other ſlight ſchool-notions; he reſolved to learn the Latine tongue, being now full fourtie years old. He hit upon a teacher one Maſter *Thomas* who taught him words, conjugations, and concords; but he rendred him back again elate conceptions, unheard of diſcourſes and harmonies wholly celeſtial; ſo much honouring his Maſter, that he dedicated the moſt part of his books to him, wherein for the dead letter, he offered unto him the ſpirit of life. Not ſatisfied with this, he added the Arabick tongue, of purpoſe to convert the Mahumetans: and for this end he bought a ſlave, for whom having no other employment, but to teach him it, and he having therein alreadie well profited, and endeavouring to convert this wretched ſervant, who had been his Teacher; the other found him ſo knowing and eloquent, that he had an apprehenſion that through this induſtrie he was able to confound the Mahumetan-law, which was the cauſe that the Traitour, eſpying his opportunitie, took a knife, and ſought to kill his Maſter; but he ſtopt the blow, and only received a wound which proved not mortal. All the houſe ran at the noiſe, and there was not any one, who would not have knocked down down the ungrateful creature: but he hindered it with all his might, and heartily pardoned him in the greateſt ſharpneſs of his dolours. Inſtantly the Officers ſeized on this companion, and put him into priſon, where he was ſtrangled, repenting himſelf of nothing but that he had not finiſhed his miſchief; which cauſed extreme ſorrow in *Raymond*, who bewailed him with many tender tears of compaſſion.

After this, he undertook divers journies into *France*, *Spain*, *Italy*, *Greece*, and *Africk*, wandring continually over the world, and not ceaſing to preach, write, and teach, to advance the ſalvation of his neighbours. *Paris* many times received him with all courteſie in ſuch ſort, that the Chancellour *Bertand*, who was infinitely affected to knowledges, permitted him to read publickly in his hall.

The reverend Charter-houſe Monks, whoſe houſes have ſo often been ſanctuaries for Learning and Devotion, were his hoaſts, and ſo much he confided in their integritie and ſinceritie, that he with them depoſed all which he had moſt precious. The love of God, which is as lightning in a cloud ſtill ſtriving to break forth, ſuffered him not to reſt, but diſpoſed him to undertake ſomewhat for the glorie of God.

It is true, he had firſt of all that purpoſe which afterwards our father S. *Ignatius* ſo gloriouſly accompliſhed: for he was deſirous to make Seminaries of learned and courageous ſpirits who ſhould ſpread themſelves throughout the world to preach the Goſpel, and to ſacrifice themſelves for the propagation of Faith.

For this cauſe, he multiplied his voyages to *Rome*, to *Lions*, to *Paris*, to *Avignon*, inceſſantly ſolliciting Popes and Kings to ſo excellent a work, without ſucceſs. He uſed fervour and zeal therein, but our father thereunto contributed more order and prudence: The one undertook it in a croſs time, during the paſſage of the holy See from *Rome* to *Avignon*, where the Popes more thought upon their own preſervation then the conqueſts of Chriſtianitie: The other knew how to take occaſion by the fore-lock, and he intereſſed *Rome*, and the Popes thereof, in his deſign. The one made his firſt trial under Pope *Boniface* the Eighth, who having diſpoſſeſſed a Hermit of S. *Peters* Chair, held thoſe for ſuſpected who were of the ſame profeſſion, fearing they a ſecond time might make a head of the Church. The other happened upon *Paul* the Third, who was a benign Pope, and he gained his good opinion by his readie ſervices and ſubmiſſions, which tended to nothing but the humilitie of *Jeſus Chriſt*. The one embroiled himſelf too much in ſciences, even unto curioſitie, and made them walk like Ladies and Miſtriſſes; the other held them as faithful ſervants of the Croſs, ſubjected to holy Humilitie.

The one ſtood too much upon his own wit, and needs would beat out wayes not hitherto printed with any foot-ſteps, nor conferred enough with the Doctours of his times in matters of Opinion and Concord: the other paſſed through the ſurges of Univerſities, and followed an ordinarie track in the progreſſion of his ſtudies. The one was of a humour verie haughtie, the other of a ſpirit facil. The one took the golden branch with violence, the other gathered it gently, as if the providence of God had put it into his hands. Now *Raymond*, not ſatisfied with ſeminaries of ſtudents, embraced the conqueſt of the Holy Land, and ſtirred up many cities of *Italy* in this matter, exhorting them to make contributions, wherein he was ſo perſwaſive, that the City of *Piſa* alone, which is none of the greateſt, furniſhed him with Devotiſts who made of one ſole free gift twentie five thouſand crowns, which he would by no means handle, leaving it to the diſpoſe of the Pope, who would not give ear to the erection of new Colledges; ſo much were the affairs of the Papacy embroiled. He more eaſily obtained one thing, which was one of his three wiſhes, to wit, the ſuppreſſion of the books of *Averroe*'s (an enemie to Chriſtianitie) which many with too much curioſitie read in the Schools of Philoſophie. God many times grants good diſpoſitions to his ſervants, whereof he will not they have the accompliſhment, making them appear more eminent in ſufferings then actions. This great man was of the number of thoſe, for he made himſelf moſt remarkable in the love of ſuffering, wandring over the world in extreme povertie, great incommodities of heat, cold, nakedneſs, hunger, ſcorns, contempts, dolours, baniſhments, dangers, both by ſea and land, ſhipwracks, treaſons, chains, priſons, and a thouſand images of death.

One day, travelling alone through a huge forreſt, he met two lions, which cauſed ſome little fear of death in him, as he witneſſeth in his writings, deſirous to live, that he might yet on earth ſerve his well-beloved: but in this great ſurpriſal he had

had a thought, that love would put it self into the midst of this passage, and make him endure death with the more contentment: herewith he comforted himself, and the lions drew near and licked his face bathed in tears of devotion, and kissed his feet and hands, doing him no harm. Men were more sharp and discourteous to him, who ceased not to drag him before tribunals, to charge him with calumnies for his extraordinarie wayes, to give sentence against him; but in all he appealed to his wel-beloved, who never forsook him.

Seeing himself destitute of all succour for the conversion of Saracens, he passed alone into the kingdom of *Thunes*, where he freely disputed with the chief of the Mahometans, concerning the greatness and excellency of our Faith, against the impostures of *Mahomet*; which was the cause that he was immediately cast into prison, and condemned by the King himself to have his head cut off: to which he disposed himself with an incomparable fervour of love. At which time, one of the prime men of state in the countrey, who had conceived well of him, out of the admiration of his wit, perswaded the King to be satisfied with banishing him out of his kingdom, & that by this way, he should do all he was obliged unto for the preservation of his own law, and should get the reputation of a mild Prince among Christians, abstaining from the blood of such a man; which he did: but he was thrust out of *Thunes* with so many blows and ignominies, that he therein gained a noble participation in the Cross of *Jesus Christ*. The fervour which incessantly boiled in his veins suffered him not to be long at rest. He went into the kingdom of *Bugia*, as *Jonas* into *Ninivee*, crying out aloud through the streets, that there was in the world but one Religion, and that was ours; and that the law of *Mahomet* was a meer imposture and a fantasie. He was instantly laid hands on, as a mad-man, and led to the high Priest, named *Alguassin*, who asked him, whether he knew not the laws of the countrey, which forbad him upon pain of death to speak against Mahometism. To which he answered, he could not be ignorant of it; but that a man who knew the truth of Christian Religion, as he did, could do no other but seal it with his blood. This *Alguassin* proud of science, perceiving him to be a man of a good wit, entred farther into discourse with him, where he found himself shamefully gravelled; which made him forsake the Syllogisms of the School, to have recourse to the arguments of tyrants, which are arms and violence: for he caused him to be presently taken as an *Emissary Goat*, there being not any Mahometan hand so little which delighted not to hale and lead him with blows, until they brought him into the most hideous prison, which which was rather a retreat then a gaol, where he endured a thousand miseries with an unshaken constancie. The *Genowayes*, his good friends, who traffick in these parts, moved with his affection, got with good round sums of money, a more reasonable prison for him, where he began again to dispute with the most learned of the sect, and made himself to be so much admired by those his adversaries, that they endeavoured to gain him to their Religion, promising him wife, family, honours, and riches, as much as he could wish: but he mocked at all their machinations, and seeing them fervent to dispute, he persisted therein with great strength of reason and courage. They said, words were lost in the air, but they must take the pen in hand and write on both sides; with which he was infinitely pleased, and spent nights and dayes in prison to compose a great volume for the defence of our Religion. But the King of *Bugia* coming into his capital city, dissipated all these counsels, much fearing the touch of his law, which was gold of a base allay, and caused him the second time to come out of prison. From thence he sought to get something in *Greece*, passing over into *Cyprus*; where he disputed against the Nestorians and Jacobites; who rendred him poison for the honey of his discourses, whereof he was like to die, had he not been preserved by divine providence, and the assistance of a good Angel. The blessed man had alreadie passed forty years in a thousand toils and crosses, and spared not to suffer, by reason of the flames of love which burnt his heart; but he knew not whether he suffered or no, so much he took to heart the cup which God had mingled for him. Verily, our Lord appearing one day unto him, and asking him if he well knew what love was, of which he so many years had made profession? he verie excellently answered, If I do not well know what Love is, I at least well understand what Patience is: meaning, that it was to suffer; since nothing thing troubled him for the satisfaction he had in Gods causes. And another time being asked whether he had patience? he said, All pleased him, and that he had no cause of impatience, which only belongs to them who keep the possession of their own will. Lastly, being about fourscore years of age, he considered within himself what he said afterwards, that love was a sea full of tempests and storms, where a port was not to be hoped for, but with the loss of himself, and that its depth was his exaltation. He went back again into the kingdom of Saracens in *Africk*, where being known, he was suddenly stoned to death in a popular commotion, and buried under a great heap of stones, in which place his bodie long remained unknown to all the world: but it pleased God, that certain merchants, his countrey-men, sailing into that countrey, saw in the night a Pyramis of fire to rise up over his tomb, which caused a curiositie in them to see what it was; and coming to dig into it, they found this venerable old man who was so gloriously buried in his own triumph; they brought him back into his own countrey, where he is all this time reverenced out of an antient Devotion of the people, which the holy See permitteth rather by way of toleration, then expres canonization.

The second Treatise, Of HATRED.

Sect. 1. *Its Essence, Degrees and Differences.*

Hatred a hideous Comet.

WHat a Comet is among stars, Hatred is among virtues. It is a passion malign, cold, pernicious, deadly, which ever broodeth some egg of the serpent, out of which it produceth infinite disasters. It is not content to vent its poison in certain places and times, but it hateth to the worlds end, yea, as far as eternitie. To set before your eyes the havock it maketh in a soul; it is necessarie to understand it in all the degrees and dimensions thereof. For which purpose you shall observe, that Hatred being properly an hostility of the appetite against those things Its nature

which it apprehendeth to be contrarie to its contentment; It hath some similitude with Choler, but there is much difference, as between pieces engraven, and painted, which may easily be defaced. Choler is more sudden, more particular, more ardent, and more easie to be cured: Hatred, more radical, more general, more extended, more sad, and more remedilesse: It hath two notable properties, whereof, the one consisteth in aversion and flight, the other in persecution and dammage. There is a Hatred of aversion, which is satisfied to fly from all that is contrarie to it. There is another of Enmity, which pursueth and avengeth, and tends to the destruction of all whatsoever. The first propertie hateth the evil; the second, wisheth it to the author of the evil, and when it hath once possessed a black soul, it maketh terrible progressions, and is especially augmented by four very considerable degrees.

Its properties.

Its degrees.

First, it beginneth in certain subjects by a simple aversion, and a hatred of humour, which is the cause we have an horrour at all those things that oppose natural harmonie, which appears as well in the good constitution of bodie, as in the correspondencies of senses, and the faculties of the soul with their objects. And although this contrarietie be not alwayes evident enough to us; yet there is some feeling which in the beginning maketh us many times to have an aversion from some person whom we never saw, and from whom we have never received the least suspition of affront or dammage: Be it out of some disproportion of body, of speech, of behaviour, or whether it be there is some secret discord; we often hate, not well knowing the cause thereof, which verie easily happeneth to the semal sex. For, women being full of imaginations; the vivacitie of fancy furnisheth them with infinite many species of conveniences and inconveniences that cause a diversitie of humours which very seldom make a good harmony; but if they do, it is ever easie enough to be disturbed.

There are loves and hatreds which cannot be put on and put off, as easily as a man would do a shirt; which teacheth us it is very hard to make one to love by command, as if we went about to introduce love by cannon-shots. The first degree of Hatred is properly called Antipathy, and is so general in nature that it passeth into things inanimate, and into brute beasts, which are no sooner born, but they exercise their enmities and war in the world. A little chicken, which yet drags her shell after her, hath no horrour at a hose, not at an elephant, which would seem so terrible creatures to those that know not their qualities; but it already feareth the kite, and doth no sooner espy him, but it hasteneth to be hidden under the wings of the hen. Drums made of sheep-skins crack (as it is said) if another be strucken near them, made of a woolf's hide; and such as are made of the skin of a camel scare horses. The lion is troubled at the crowing of a cock; Cabbages and herb-grace cannot endure each others neighbour-hood, such enmitie they have; and a thousand other such like things are observed in nature, wherein there are such express and irreconcileable hatreds.

The natural antipathies.

Jo.B. Porta in Chao.

If man, who should moderate his passions by reason, suffers himself to run into Antipathies and natural aversions, and doth not repress them by virtue; it falleth out; they increase, and are inflamed out of interest, contempt, slander, ill manners, outrages, offences, or out of simple imaginations of offence, which then causeth a second degree of hatred, which is a humane hatred, consented to with deliberation; which putteth it self into the field to exercise its hostilities: here, by injuries; there, by wrangling; here, by forgerie; there by violence, and by all the wayes which passion inventeth to do hurt by. Abject courages hate with a cold and cloudie hatred which they long hatch in their hearts through impotencie of vindicative strength. The haughtie and proud do it with noise, accompanied with disdains, affronts, and insolencie. All they who love themselves tenderly, perpetually swarm in hatreds and aversions, seeing themselves countre-bussed and crossed in a thousand objects which they passionately affect. All the most violent hatreds come out of love; and namely, when lovers, the most passionate, see themselves to be despised; despair of amitie, transports them to an outrageous hatred, finding they have afforded love the most precious thing that is in our dispose, to receive scorn.

Humane hatred.

Its differences.

Hatred of love.

There are likewise who, without receiving any injurie, begin to hate out of wearisomness in love, and coming to know the defects of such as they had the most ardently loved; they take revenge upon the abuse of their own judgement, by the evil disposition of their own will, and do as those people who burnt the Gods they had adored. Whether hatred arises out of a wearie love, or whether it proceeds from an irritated love; it is ever to be feared: and there are not any worse aversions in the world, then those which come from the sources of amitie. *Quintilian* hath also observed, *That the Hatreds of neighbours are enmities irrecoverable, and wounds which never are cured, because hands woven by flesh, blood, and bowels, cannot be untied, but by making a rupture remedilesse.*

Quintil. decl. 17. *Non habent proximorum odia regressum: quæ cunque nexus accepere naturæ, & quæ sanguine viscera visceribusque construxit, non laxantur dilecta, sed perrumpunt.*

Melancholy hatred. Man-hatred.

Out of this second degree oft-times a melancholick Hatred sprouteth, which the Grecians call man-hating, which is an Hatred bred in feeble, black, ugly, and ulcered souls in the world, who, to be revenged of their mishaps, extend (as it were) their aversions over total Nature. You see men pale, meagre, hideous, who being unable to endure a reasonable yoke which God hath put about their necks, or finding themselves to be disfavoured in their ambitions, endeavours, and pretensions; steal out of all amities, out of all companies, hiding themselves, not in those glorious Hermitages of Religion, where heavenly souls are; but in shameful solitudes, where they busie themselves to feed on gall, and gnaw some heart, in imagination, since they have not been able to transfix it with iron. *Others grow up like poisons with the tongue of a serpent, which is ever in action; They have a Phisick of spirit that gnaws, burns, and consumeth them: so that they have no other profession in their life, but to blame all which is done, becoming like unto those ill presaging night-birds which casting forth boading shrietches in the dead time of night, as if they envied us darknes and the sweetnes of repose.* Such was the disease of *Diocletian* and *Tiberius*, when they retired from the Court to hide themselves in solitarie places, as serpents among thorns. Lastly, this Hatred ever fomented, if it fall upon men powerful and factious; it maketh tyrants of them who pass to the degree of brutishness and execrable Barbarism, which causeth some to eat hearts stark raw; others to disentomb the dead, and to exercise crueltie on those who have nothing common with the living: others, to invent torments never seen, heard, nor imagined; others, to make themselves goblets of the heads of their enemies, therein still to drink revenge,

Plin. l. 28. cap. 1. *Homines quidem ut venena nascuntur: atra cum serpentium, tum linguæ vibrij; tabescunt animi curarum, adurit, cruciatus omnis, ac diversum alienum malo, ex malo tenebris quoque suis & ipsarum mollium quieti invidentes.*

venge, as often as they do wine, as did *Alboinus* a monster worthy of the horrour and execration of all men. See here somewhat near, the essence, qualities, division, causes, and effects of hatred.

Sect. 2. *That the consideration of the goodness of the heart of God should dry up the root of the Hatred of a neighbour.*

LEt us now dazle the eyes of this furie by the contemplation of the goodness of our celestial Father, who is the prime model whereon we ought to reform the exorbitancie of our passions.

Diligis enim omnia quæ sunt, & nihil odisti eorum quæ fecisti, nec enim odiens aliquid quod constituisti aut fecisti. Sap. 11. 25.

Let us learn from him to hate nothing, or, if we must hate at all; let us enter into the participation of a hatred fit to rest in the heart of God. The sovereign Creator hates not any thing in the world; for, he made all in the world, and as his wisdom is free from errour, so his works are void of repentance. Whence is it (think you) that Antipathies are to be found in Creatures? But that, their essence being limited to certain conditions and particular qualities, they commonly meet with other objects of natures quite contrarie to that wherewith themselves are endowed; which causeth counter-buffs and resistance in encounters. But if a creature might be found which eminently had all the qualities & perfections that are observed throughout the whole latitude of essences, and which had thereof made a good temperature within it self; it would not hate any bodie, but rather within it self accord all contrarieties.

a Simplicity of Divine Essence exempt from Antipathy.

Now that which we cannot give to creatures piece-meal, no not in our a imagination, God possesseth in gross from all eternitie. For within a most simple essence, and one sole form of Divinitie, he involveth all essences, all forms and perfections of creatures, which in him are exalted and deified: which is the cause he hated nothing that he made, he despiseth nothing, he accounts nothing unworthy the care of his Providence, even to the least worm of the earth. He is not like those nice and curious men who are distasted with all that is not for them. As he is all, he loveth all, and communicateth himself to all creatures according to their disposition.

b *Omnia unum sunt in Deo, & cum Deo, nec enim aliunde justus aut sapiens quam unde magnus & bonus; nec aliunde denique simul hæc omnia est, quam unde Deus.* Bern. ser. 3. in Cant.

O God! what say we, when we speak of the b Essence of God? *All things are in God, the same form of the Divinity which makes him great, maketh him by the same means, good, wise, just, and all he is by his proper Essence.* The great Divine S. *Gregory*, surnamed the Divine, saith, *It is only in him to comprehend in his bosom all the Essences whereof he is the source of Origin.* And S. *Zeno* addeth, *That he alone is before all things, because all things are contained in his hands; he of himself is what he is, and there is none but he who knoweth himself in all the dimensions of the perfection which science may have.* All the Attributes of God make in him but one perfection; all creatures which are in the heavens, the air, on the earth, and in the sea, are but one Essence. He united all in himself, and for this he loveth all, and regardeth all things created, as raies of his light, and tokens of his bountie. Hemlock, aconite, and aspicks, and so many other mischiefs in nature, are evils but in appearance, and benefits in substance, as S. *Augustine* verie pertinently discourseth. There is not so much as poison in the scorpion which is not good; although it be not good for us, it is so much good for the scorpion, that take away his poison, you take away his life. It is the disproportion of our nature, it is sin, which hath in us changed so many excellent blessings into great mischiefs, and which daily maketh us to hate, and curse them: but God hateth nothing, nor curseth any thing, but what he is not, and he is all, except sin: It is that alone which he esteemeth worthy of the hatred of his heart, which he chastiseth, and which he with an armed hand pursueth to the gates of hell, and beyond the gates of hell. He presseth continually upon sin, he convinceth, he fights against it, with no other arms then his justice and sanctitie, which is an eternal rule, that looketh round about on everie side, condemneth and censureth the works of darkness. For as in things artificial, all the perfection of works consist in the conformitie they have with the rule of the art which made them, and all their imperfection proceedeth from their recess from the same rule, which without speech or motion declareth the defects of manufactures that depart from its direction: so all the good, and all the beautie of moral actions, is, in the correspondence they hold with reason, and the eternal law: As all their deformitie and mishap, comes from their departure from this same law, which is the Justice, the Holiness, and Essence of God himself, who perpetually stands in opposition against iniquitie. It is it, which he drenched in the water of the deluge, which he burnt in the ashes of *Sodom*, which he swallowed in the gulf of *Core*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, which he tormented by the plagues of *Pharaoh*, which he gnawed by worms in the person of *Herod*, which he consumed by ordure and stenches in *Antiochus*, which he punished with gibbets and tormenting wheels in so many offenders, which he still tortureth to all eternitie, sunk down into the abyss of the damned; and it is it, out which he produceth his glorie, whence he raiseth his trophies, and makes his triumphs to be by essence and nature, a perpetual enemy and a destroyer of sin. O magnificent hatred! O glorious enemy! O triumphant persecution!

Only sin hated by God.

Let us enter with God into this communitie of glorie, let us hate sin (as he doth) by him, and for him; let us destroy it in our selves by penance; let us destroy it out of our selves by our good examples, let us destroy it by a good resolution, since Jesus hath destroyed it with so much pain & blood. How can we love such a monster, but by hating God? And how can we hate God, but by making our selves worse then devils? For if they hate him, they hate an avenging God, a punishing God. And we will hate a God that seeks us, a loving God, and hate him after so many execrable punishments of sin which we have before our eyes; and hate him after he hath offered himself up for us in the great sacrifice of love and patience. Is not this intollerable? We will employ some part of our life to revenge an injurie, and to hate a man, as if we had too much of it to hate sin: we make a shew to honour the Master, and we kill his servants; we make profession to adore the Creatour, and we tear his images asunder. Where are we, and what do we, when we make a divorce between our likes to disunite our selves from the first Unitie, which draweth all to it self by union?

Sect. 3. *That Jesus grounded all the greatest Mysteries of our Religion upon Union, to cure Hatred.*

LEt us contemplate our second model, let us behold our Jesus, and we shall learn, that all the greatest mysteries of his life and death, are mysteries of Union, to unite us to him, to unite us to his Father, to unite us to our selves with sacred and indissoluble bands.

Ἄλον γὰρ ἂν κοσμοῦ συλλαμβάνων ἔχει τὸ εἶναι. S. Greg. Orat. Natal. S. Zeno ser. 1. de generat. verbi.

Solvi ante omnia, quoniam in ejus manu inclusa sunt omnia, est se est, quod est Jesus sui conscius. August. de moribus Manich.

Heb. 1. 2. *Locutus est nobis in Filio, quem constituit hæredem universi, per quem fecit & sæcula.*

First, all creatures of this great Universe were made by the Word, in the Unitie of Beginning. *He spake to us by his Son, whom he hath established the heir of the whole universe, by whom likewise he created the worlds.* Secondly, all the parts of this great All, were so streightly tyed one to the other, that they never have suffered the least disunion, and although many seem to have antipathy, and reciprocally to pursue each other; yet they will not be be separated, but joyn together in a manner so adherent, that he who should go about to disunite one Element from another, all these great pieces of the world would infinitely strive beyond their qualitie to repleniſh its place worthily, and to leave nothing void.

Æterno completitur omnia nexu. Tot rerum mistique fœdus concordia mundi. Lucan. l. 4. Plin. l. 36. cap. 17.

And it is a wonder, that from the beginning of the world, all things are held together by this Divine Tie, *Concord, which in its union causeth the happiness of the world, and those sacred influences of love, have woven eternal chains to tie indissolubly all the parts of the universe.* All this great bodie resembleth the stone Scyrus which floateth on the water while it is whole, and sinks into the bottom, so soon as it is broken. This is the cause why all creatures have from all times conspired, and do still daily conspire with inviolable inclinations in the maintenance of this concord, that the celestial and elementarie world may subsist in a state unchangeable. There is none but Angel and Man in the intellectual world, who have made false accords, and have begun to sow division, the one in Heaven, the other in terrestrial Paradise. He who placed it in heaven, is banished into the abyss, without recoverie; the other is succoured by a Redeemer, who came to restore the lost world, and he in Saint *John* professeth, he aimed at nothing but Unitie to make this reparation.

Joh. 17. 21. *Ut omnes unum sint, sicut tu Pater in me, & ego in te.*

S. Max. secunda cent. 146, 147.

For this cause (saith S. *Maximus*) he united himself to humane Nature, not by a simple union of will, of love, and of correspondence: but by the ineffable knot of Hypostatical union, conjoyning two Natures in one sole Person, and by making a communication of all he is, to his humane Nature, transplanted into the Divine. For this, he likewise doth daily unite himself to us in the Sacrament of the Altar, a true Sacrament of Love; where, if we will speak with S. *Cyril*, we say, that God is dissolved into us, as one piece of wax melted and poured together with another; and if we will reason with S. *John Chrysostom*, we say, He giveth us his virginal flesh, as a most sacred *Leaven* to season the whole mass of humane Nature: It is that, which in us should work that virtue, which the great Areopagite calleth a Conformitie of affections and manners, drawing near to Divinitie: It is that which giveth the name of peace to the holy Eucharist, with S. *Cyprian*, and that which so united the Christians in the Primitive Church, that they went from this mysterious Table, as from a banquet of Love, after which they breathed nothing but most pure flames of perfect amitie; whereat the Pagans who saw them, cried out, *See how they love another! Behold how ready are they to die one for another!* as we have said.

Κηρὸν πλέξας τῷ Κηρῷ. Cyr. in Joan. Chrys. hom. 46. in Joan. Ἀνάπτει τὸ σῶμα ἄνωθεν εἰς ἡμᾶς, ἡμῶν ἐγκιρνᾶται τὸ σῶμα. Cypr. ep. 10. 29. 30. *Dare pacem lapsis. Videt in invicem si diligant, videt ut pro alterutro mori sint parati.* Tertul. in Apol.

And yet thou (O man) wilt play the hobgobling, hate a man, and hate him in cold blood, yea, hate him determinately, and hate him irreconcileably. Seest thou not, that remaining in this disposition of a devil, thou dost thrust as much as thou canst the knife of division into the bosom of God bandying against unitie in contempt of the first of unities? Seest thou not, thou sinnest against the Incarnation of the word, the chief Sacrament of union which thou profanest; Against the sacrament of the Eucharist dreadful to Angels, which our Saviour instituted to unite us as grains of Corn are united in the Hoast which serveth as a basis to this Mysterie, and thou wilt frustrate the counsels of *Jesus*, despise the blood wherewith thou wert regenerated, separate thy self from the bodie, from whence thou canst not be divided, but by making thy self a companion for devils? Senseless man! by what God, by what Sacrament wilt thou swear, after thou hast profaned (not out of sudden choler, but by premeditated hatred) the God of peace, and the Father of unions? What a life of an Owl is it to resolve to live perpetually without seeing such a person, and to be reconciled unto him; and to be satisfied with only saying, he wished him no ill, because he will not tear his heart out of his belly? Noble and illustrious souls who bear the character of the living God; will you not rise up against this life of a Tyger and a Leopard, to enter into the sweetnesses and communications of *Jesus*, who shut up his transitorie life, by sealing with his blood the pardon he gave to his enemies?

Sect. 4. *Of three notable sources of hatred, and of politick remedies proper for its cure.*

WE peradventure take too high a flight in Theological proofs; I will descend lower, and touch remedies more secular for such as are in the practice of humane life. You shall observe, that it is most expedient to know the sources of Hatred, to apply fit remedies; and since those most ordinarily bear sway, proceed from Humour, Reason, and Interest, it is good to adapt to everie passion, that, which is most proper to the cure thereof.

Hatreds of humour, and how they are to be handled.

Hatreds of Humour and natural Antipathy, are verie hard to be cured in those who guide themselves by the senses; the best remedie is to advise them to separation who hate in this manner, so much as affairs, occasions, and civil reasons may permit: For, as there be certain natures which cannot endure the presence of some creatures, but that they feel some notable alteration (witness those who are affrighted, being shut up in a chamber, with a Cat, which they are sensible of before they see her, by instantly changing hue and countenance; and others who are terrified at a spider, or some other venomous creature:) so, there are spirits so contrarie, that mutual presence causeth disturbances in them, which are not absolutely in their power to repress.

Suidas. *Attila* fears *Zercon.*

Attila, the scourge of the world, who made the whole earth to tremble under the lightning of his arms, feared not any thing in all nature, but the sole countenance of *Zercon*; wherewith he was so moved, that he thereby became ungrateful. We must sometimes in these matters give way to natural inclinations, when they rise to so great a violence. And I cannot approve of those; who for worldly wealths sake, marry such together as have as much correspondence as the ape & the tortoise, who naturally hate another. And although they perswade themselves that these aversions of humour will waste with time; yet this happeneth but to those who are infinitely virtuous. But, if vice and profit become parties in the business; then do we see hatreds irreconcileably arise between man and wife. S. *Bernardin*, in his fourth Tome, fix and thirtieth Sermon, speaketh of a marriage made by surprisal, for the accomodation of a family, without any disposition of the parties; which was the cause, that a verie handsom young man was made to marry.

Pars. 1. magnetur. S. Bernard. tom. 4. ser. 6. An observation of S. *Bernardin* concerning bad marriage.

marry a maid with many deformities of body, palliated with many impoſtures; ſo that ſhe appeared as thoſe birds who having no body, make themſelves a pompous dreſs of their plumage. But above all, they had given her chopins, which might of a dwarf have made a *Coloſſus*. But at night ſhe laying off all thoſe her trims, and artificial leaves, the husband took ſuch an averſion, that he flew out of the nuptial bed, and could never endure her; becauſe he was a young-man, and did not reſolve to love ſo much out of charity, but that he would call his eyes to counſel. Here divorce began as ſoon as marriage; wherein it was more happy, then in thoſe, who after many years of miſeries, madneſs, tragedies and ſins, come in the end to ſeparation. That which is obſerved in ill-ordered marriages, is likewiſe ſeen among many brothers and ſiſters, who are full of contrarieties, which begin almoſt with their birth; and when theſe cannot eaſily be overcome, parents do not amiſs to ſeparate them, and breed them in ſundry houſes, that continual preſence may not encreaſe enmitie.

Do we not ſee it is an induſtrie in nature to interpoſe great rivers, ſeas, and mountains, almoſt inacceſſible, between people, who are of humour, manners, and cuſtoms extremely different? Following which principle, I do not think we ſhould continually urge with eagerneſs a ſick man to ſee thoſe againſt whom he hath (as it were) an invincible antipathy; but rather to be contented with other teſtimonies, by which he declares, he entertaineth no deliberate hatred. I ſay this with regard to neceſſity, and humane infirmities. For it is moſt certain, that a ſoul truly Chriſtian ſhould advance its actions to the higheſt top of Generoſity.

Et habitabit lupus cum agno, & delitabitur infans ad ubere ſuper foramine aſpidis.

And although (to ſpeak humanely) we ſeldome find *Orpheus*'s, who with their Harp do accord creatures very different; yet is the grace of the Goſpel able to make wolves to cohabit with lambs, and children to ſport in the cavern of an Aſpick.

Reaſonable Hatred and its illuſion.

As for Hatred, upon reaſon, which cauſeth one to hate evil and the wicked, out of zeal or indignation; It is much more nice; and ſometimes there are ſpiritual perſons who infinitely flatter themſelves therein, thinking they have reaſon to hate, although they have no other ground but a falſe report, and a lie, whereof they will not be cured; thinking to do that through zeal, which they act out of mere revenge. There is no doubt but one may, and ought to hate vice and the vitious; yet muſt he ever in them love the image of God, and the reſemblance of humane nature, which is that perfect Hatred whereof the Kingly Prophet ſpake, according to S. *Auguſtine*. But we meeting not with vices, which, like *Plato*'s Idea's, are not tied to perſons; it is dangerous, leſt ſeeking to pull them away, we be more paſſionate againſt the party who hath them, then againſt all the moſt abominable iniquities. We muſt not believe our ſelves, when there is queſtion of ſome important puniſhment, nor ſuch as are born to flatter our likings with too much ſervitude; but thoſe Angels for our counſellours, if it be poſſible, who are diſintangled from the matter of Intereſts. There are ſome who uſe to fortifie themſelves in their reſolutions by the deportments of thoſe who are held for Saints in the Church, and do readily alledge the examples of *David*, who, being upon his death-bed, recommended to his ſon *Solomon* the puniſhment of *Joab* and *Shimei*. But we muſt here conſider that *David* is not a man impeccable to ſerve as a pattern for all our actions; and that it is ever better to conſecrate our dying lips with the words our Saviour ſpake a thouſand years after, on the croſs; then with thoſe he left in this inſtant, as a Teſtament to his ſon. The Jews had naturally great inclinations to revenge, and many ſought to perſwade themſelves, it was by their laws permitted: which is the cauſe this great King was not ſo perfectly free from all the ſeeds of Hatred in the whole courſe of his life. But, foraſmuch as concerneth this laſt will of his, one may excuſe him for divers reaſons, nor can it be denied an act of juſtice to put *Joab* to death, who had defiled his hands with the blood of two innocent Princes; but it is ſtrange, that *David* reſerved this ſo rough a puniſhment for him, after fourtie years of great and ſingular ſervices, when he was about threeſcore and ten years old. Yet *Theodoret* brings a reaſon of ſtate for it; wherein he ſheweth, that *Joab* being in himſelf a great Captain, was withall daring in his manners, and tyrannical in his undertakings; and had already made it but too much appear, that he meant to embroil the ſtate after the death of his Maſter, and to ſet *Adonija* upon the throne, to the prejudice of *Solomon*: which was the cauſe that *David*, who ſought fixedly to eſtabliſh the Kingdom upon his lawful ſucceſſour, counſelled him to take him away by a juſt puniſhment of other crimes which he had committed. And as for *Shimei*, who had ſurcharged him with injuries and curſes, when, afterward he returned victorious into *Jeruſalem*, he came before him, craving pardon of his fault with lowly ſubmiſſion, which ſtayed *David*, and made him ſwear he ſhould not die for it; which ſeemeth to convince him of perjurie, when he commanded his ſon *Solomon* to kill him. I cannot approve *Toſtatus* his diſtinction, who ſaith, When perſons, very different in the qualities of their rights treat together, that he who hath juſtice on his ſide, may promiſe things with an intention not to perform them, as the other meaneth them. For verily the permiſſion of this manner of captious proceedings would throw a diſtruſt upon all treaties. But it is eaſie to ſee that *David* in this occaſion, beholding himſelf to be accompliſhed with joy and glory, when *Shimei* came to caſt himſelf at his feet, and that *Abiſhai* counſelled him inſtantly to put him to death, he ſwore he ſhould not die, and that the alacritie of a day ſo pleaſing ſhould not be purpled with humane blood; ſo that he had no further purpoſe, but to aſſure *Shimei* for the time preſent, and to promiſe him impunitie in this conjunction of Kingdom and affairs. But when he ſaw this ſpirit was inſolent, and like alſo to occaſion trouble in the young King, he did not abſolutely command (as *Cajetan* obſerveth) to put him to death for what was paſt, which had been pardoned; but not to ſpare him in new occaſions of commotion: as actually *Solomon* (following the intentions of the King his father) troubled him not upon his ſlanders; but upon another occurrent. Now although one may alwaies give colour to the Hatred, which is undertaken upon conſideration, and that it be ſometimes neceſſary for the extirpation of the wicked; yet muſt we more incline to clemencie then juſtice, in all which concerneth our ſelves.

Perfectio odii oderam illos. Pſal. 138.

Queſtion upon the act of *David.*

Theodoret in c. 2. l. 3. Regum, citatus in Gloſſa.

For Hatreds of Intereſt, which concern eſtates and honour, they many times in theſe daies are incurable, if they be not accompanied with ſome reaſonable ſatisfaction. It is a thing very remarkable, that our Saviour, who accordeth elements, and pacifieth total Nature, would not undertake the agreement of two brothers upon the partition of their

Hatred of Intereſt.

Luk. 12. 14

their patrimony. Nay, there are some now-a-daies so greedie and fleshed in prey, that for a fingers breadth of land they would oppose *Jesus Christ*, if he should visibly come to mediate their reconciliation: After a thousand reasons which may be alledged for peace and good correspondence, they derive but one conclusion out of it, which is, to have their will. For which cause, God chastiseth them, and very often permitteth dissipation of goods, ruine of families, and many other accidents which stain their consciences, and tarnish their reputation. As on the contrary, he blesseth the children of peace, who forgo somewhat of their interest to acquire this inestimable treasure. It is almost as hard to preserve charity in a great suit, as to maintain fire in the water, or under earth to keep inextinguible lamps. He who will persist with a conscience indifferently Christian, must never descend into suits but with a leaden pace, and come out of them with the wings of an Eagle. Suits are as the sons of *Chaos* and night, there is nothing in them but confusion and darkness. It is a mixture of all evils, which hath the heat of fire, the threats, the roaring thunders and tempests of the air, the rocks of the sea, the talons of birds of rapine, and ravenous throat of fishes, the gall of serpents, the fury of salvage beasts, and the malignitie of poisons. Before it, ever walketh the desire of anothers goods; by its side, deceit, revenge, injustice, falshood, and treachery; after it, repentance, povertie, shame and infamy. As war is made for peace, so we sometimes undertake suits for justice; and those are honest men, who desire it: but they who at this present do it with all sincerity, are the greatest Saints of this age, who seem to be given by God to mortifie civil hatreds, and to establish minds in concord.

Suits, their nature and description.

Duel. After suits, Hatred brings forth another mischief, which is, Duel, a true Sacrifice of *Moloch*, which hath cost *France* so much blood, mothers and wives so many tears, which filleth families with sorrow, friends with grief, ages with horrour, and hearts the most reasonable, with the detestation of such a Crime.

Means to use an efficacious remedy in Duel. The edicts of our most Christian King (which have had more force then all other) have served in stead of a *Jasper*-stone to stanch blood: But never would a remedy absolutely efficacious be had therein, were it not that the King (who is the true Arbiter of honour, and distributer of glories) did not pour a strong influence of his spirit upon the Marshals of *France*, those great Captains; and all the brave men who wield a sword: by which he lively and powerfully perswadeth the whole Nobility, that this opinion conceived of the valour of those who fight Duels, is a meer illusion; since it may be common to lackies, and to the most abject conditions. Besides, there is need of a strong and speedy military justice to accord differences of men of war, and to chastise so many petty insolencies which seem to arise from nought, but to put affronts on men of honour: Otherwise it is hard to perswade a sword-man to forbear revenge, seeing himself provoked by outrages, which would make him to live dishonoured (according to the world) in his profession. And as for these slight souldiers of *Cadmus*, whose fingers itch, and who ground Duels upon the wind of a word, to let the world know they are tied to a sword; It were very good to send them into armies, and to recommend them to some prudent Captain, who may put them into some good occasion to make trial of their courage, and to give information of them, that either their cowardise may be punished, or their valour approved. It seems to me that these proceedings being well observed, might be of power to stifle this fatal plague, which hath caused so many mischiefs. For we must not wholly take away point of honour from the Nobility, no more then from women. Now as virtuous women account it not a point of honour to be faithful to an Amorist, but to a husband: so it is not fit that real gentlemen should think themselves valiant by the practice of a crime, but by the exercise of a virtue. As the first invention of Duels grew out of an opinion of point of honour; so must it die by a true judgement of honour, which proceedeth not so much from Doctours, as Captains. When the Gladiatours were in vogue, and that it was accounted a glorious thing to descend into the Amphitheatre to fight against men and beasts; all the world was inflamed therewith as with fury, and not so much as women but would be partakers.

This manner of massacres also bare sway sometimes in the times of Christianity, until the Emperour *Honorius*, who buried them, after so many eloquent tongues had, to Princes and Magistrates, represented the horrour of those so barbarous actions: so we ought to hope, that the King, to whom God hath given the plenitude of so many and so admirable blessings, will cultivate the Palm which he already hath planted by his victory over Duels, and will cover under earth and forgetfulness this infamy of mankind. I satisfie my self with giving this advice; having treated on this subject in the second Tome of the *Holy Court*.

Sect. 5. *Natural, and Moral Remedies against this Passion.*

IF you require Remedies and instructions both Natural and Moral against Hatred; Know that the Philosophers, who consider all according to the course of Nature, teach us that some have rebated and blunted the points of this cold and maligne Passion, one while by living with hot and moist viands, another while, by consideration of the joyes and prosperities which God hath given them in divers negotiations and accidents of affairs; thinking it not reasonable to employ the time in hatred, which was too short to enjoy the benignities of heaven. Others have cured themselves by conversation with good company, which is one of the sweetest charms of life: Others, by hope, and the desire they had to derive favour from the self-same party who had offended them; another while also, by a courteous interpretation of words and actions which had raised the same hatred: Lastly, by the change of those whom they hated before, seeing them rather to be raised in great innocency, or fallen into deep miseries, which made them derive from mercy that satisfaction they could not expect from revenge: But if they from nature have begged some comfort for their passion, and have not been frustrated of their attempt in the practice of the means; How much better helps have we, then they ever had; since that besides those natural remedies, which are not alwaies certain, we have the grace, and example of *Jesus Christ*.

Will you efficaciously remedy Hatred? Learn not to love your self so passionately as you do: For that is the cause that you make of your self a little Idol; and that the least word which seems to be let slip against you, many times, not of purpose, nor with intention, grieveth you, as if by displeasing

Who loves himself overmuch hath no friend.

sing your Chymera's, a Divinitie were offended: That is the cause that you have burning and enraged desires towards money, and the frivolous honour of the world, so that one cannot touch you on this side, but he strikes the apple of your eye.

Learn, as a wholesom instruction, those words of the Prophet *Aggeus*. *You have hastned to go into your own house with contempt of mine, for which cause I have stayed the clouds in the heavens from distilling down their dew upon the earth.* So long as you love your self so much, you shall never have love nor friends. So long as you think upon nothing but to raise your house and fortune on the ruines of the houses and fortunes of others, you shall be deprived of the dew of heaven, which is that Consolation of the just, which they find in charitie.

Agg. 1. *Festinatis unusquisque in domum suam, propterea prohibiti sunt cæli, ne darent rorem.*

Secondly make account to compose your self to a noble exercise of patience, which is to tolerate the defects and imperfections of your like; beholding them, not on the side where they do you wrong, but on that where they have connexion with God: and upon every offence you receive, say, This man is troublesom, but he is the image of God; He is violent, but it is he must crown my patience; He is vicious, but he is my flesh and blood: Let us hate his vice, but love the man, although he deserve it not: Let us love him in the heart of God, since we cannot love him out of his own merit. S. *John* kissed the hand of an Apostate, and a Thief, covered all over with blood, to oblige him, by whom he was traiterously disobliged; and I cannot shew the least token of amitie, towards one, who hath spoken one cold word to me. S. *Katharine* suck'd away the matter and filth of the ulcer of an infamous slanderer, who had detracted her with all manner of virulence, after infinite many benefits; and I cannot endure so much as to see one who hath displeased me, as if I were created to live free from all worldly contrarieties. I, who commit so many sins, on the other part, will to day do an act of virtue in honour of my Master, and in despite of passion. Let us go to heaven by love, since we cannot go thither by sufferings. *This is the true gate by which we enter into the sanctuary, eternally to enjoy the sight of the inaccessible beauties of the holy and regal Trinity.*

Exercise of patience.

Hæc est porta per quam qui ingreditur in Sancta sanctorum, & inaccessa pulchritudinis spectator dignus constituitur. S. Max. de concent. l. 381.

Hear you not the God of peace who saith to us, If thou (O unhappy soul) wilt still persist in Hatred; I pronounce unto thee the six punishments of *Cain*, Banishment from the sight of God, fear, stupiditie of mind, the life of a beast, the malediction of the earth, and (as *Procopius* addeth) persecuting Angels armed with swords of fire, who shall pursue thee like spectres and spirits in all places, and shall make themselves visible, and dreadful to thee at the last day of thy life? Behold here deservedly thy inheritance, since being mortal, thou makest thy enemies immortal, and dost still persecute the afflicted widow and her children, who are become orphans after the death of a husband, and a father, whom thou hatest. The strongest enmities oft-times are appeased at the sight of a dead bodie and a tomb, which we find exemplified in *Josephus*: For, *Alexander* was extremely hated by the Jews, as having reigned over them with a rod of Iron: But when death had closed up his eyes, and that the Queen his wife most sorrowfully presented her self, accompanied by two young children, & exposed the bodie of her husband, saying aloud (Sirs) I am not ignorant that my husband hath most unworthily used you, but see to what death hath brought him: if you be not satisfied, tear his bodie in pieces, and satisfie your own revenge: but, pardon a deplorable widow and her little innocent orphans who implore your mercy. The most salvage spirits were so softned by this act, that all their hatred turned into pitie; yet you (Barbarian) still persist to hate a man after his death, to persecute him in a part of himself, to tear him in pieces in his living members. O good God if you renounce not this revenge, you will be used like *Cain*, as an enemy of mankind, and a hang-man of Nature! O flame! O love! O God! As thou art dispersed throughout us by love, so banish all these cursed Hatreds of hell, and make us love all in thy goodness, to possess all in thy fruition.

Joseph. l. 3. c. 23. A notable example to appease hatred.

Sect. 6. *Of the profit may be drawn from Hatred, and the course we must hold to be freed from the Danger of being Hated.*

Utility of Hatred.

THere now remains to consider here, what profit may be derived from hatred, and with what Oeconomie it may be husbanded, to render it in some sort profitable: and in case it be hurtful; to prevent its assaults, and sweeten its acerbities. If the industrie of men found out the way to make preservatives out of the most dangerous poysons; why should it be impossible for us to make some notable utilities to arise out of a passion, which seems not to be created, but for the dammage and ruine of all things? yet it is certain, that Nature (which never is idle in its productions) hath given it us for a great good. For it may serve love well rectified in its pretentions, it furnisheth it with sentinels, and light-horse, to hinder that which opposeth its inclination, and to ruine all contrarieties bandied against its contentments. How often would Nature throw it self out of stupidity into uncertain dangers and most certain mischiefs, were it not that natural aversion did awaken it, did avert it from its miserie, and insensibly shew it the place of repose? Is it not a wholesom Hatred to hate Pride, Ryot, Ambition, and all ill Habits? Is it not a reasonable Hatred discreetly to fly from maladies, crosses, incommodities which hurt the bodie and nothing advantage the mind? This passion which in the beginning seemed so hideous teacheth us all this; When it is well managed it conspireth against others by an according Discord, to the lovely Harmonie of total Nature.

One may say, there is happines, and advantage to hate many things; but what profit can one find in passive Hatred, which makes a man many times to be hated, and ill wished without cause or any demerit?

That it is good to be honestly loved.

To that I answer with Saint *Ambrose*, that it is good to avoid such a kind of Hatred, that it is fit to makes ones self to be beloved with all honour by good men, and to gain (as much as possible) the good opinion of all the world, thereby to render glorie to God, as Rivers carry their tribute to the Ocean. A publick person who is in the employments and commerce of the great world, may have all the treasures of the Indies, and all the dignities of old Rome, but if he have not the love and good-will of men, I account him most indigent and poor: Thence it is that confidence taketh beginning, without which there is no fortune maketh any notable progression, nor affair which can have such succes as might be expected.

Bonum est testimonium habere de multorum dilectione, hinc nascitur fides, ad committere se tuo affectui non veretur alienus, quem charum advertit in pluribus. Ambr. l. 2. offic. c. 7. Means to gain the good will of the publick.

It is infinitely profitable for great men, that they may divert the Hatred of the people, to have innocencie of life, greatnes without contempt of inferiours, revenues without injustice, riches without

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out avarice, pleasures without ryot, liberty without tyranny, and splendour without rapine. All the rich who live in the society of men, as Pikes, (called the tyrants of rivers) in the company of other fishes, to ruine, devour, and fatten themselves with the bloud of the Commons, are ordinarily most odious: but as there is a certain fish, which *Elianus* History calleth the *Adonis* of the Sea, because it liveth so innocently that it toucheth no living thing, strictly preserving peace with all the offspring of the sea, which is the cause it is beloved, & courted as the true darling of waters: so we find in the world, men of honour and estate, who came to eminent fortunes by pure and innocent wayes, wherein they demeaned themselves with much maturity, sweetness, and affability, which put them into the possession of the good opinion of all the world. But those who are hated, ought diligently and carefully to consider from whence this hatred proceedeth, and by what wayes it is fomented; that fit remedies may thereunto be applyed.

Adonis, an admirable fish. *Elian.* l. 9. c. 16. de animal.

How hatred is to diverted.

There is a hatred which cometh from equals, another from inferiours, a third from great ones, and sometimes from powerful and subtle women, which is little to be feared. That which proceedeth from equals, lasteth long, by the counterpoise of power evenly balanced, and wasteth wretched hearts in the search after a cursed revenge, which drowneth pleasure in great acerbities, and many times, life in bloud. We must instantly labour for reconciliation, by a just satisfaction of the offended party, or stand upon our guard, that the enemy may not prevail. The hatred of inferiours towards great ones, whilst it is spread amongst the confusions of the multitude, oft-times long remaineth under silence shut up, as the impetuous current of a River kept in by a trench; but so soon as it hath liberty, it with so much fury overfloweth, that it turneth men into Tygers and Leopards. So we see in Histories, many miserable Princes overwhelmed with the hatred of the people, with a thousand inventions of cruelties, which force compassion from the most obdurate.

All books are filled with these disastrous events: but I do not think, we can behold a more tragical spectacle of popular hatred, then that which is represented by *Nicetas* in the person of *Andronicus*, Emperour of *Constantinople*. He entred into the Empire like a Fox, by tyrannical usurpation, and covered his crimes with a dumb shew of a sophisticate devotion, at which time (God the avenger of iniquities) was pleased to chastise him with an iron rod, and to make him as an example of his justice to all posterity. He fell (alive) into the hands of his enemy, who having loaden him with injuries and contumelies, abandoned him to the people for the punishment of his perfidiousness. From that time he was entertained with all the despites, which hatred and the liberty of doing all, permitted his enemies: For he had buffets redoubled one upon another given with implacable violence, his hair was torn off, his beard was pulled away, his teeth were knocked out, and not so much as women but ran upon his wretched body to torture and torment it, whilest he replyed not a word. Some days after, his eyes being digged out, and his face disfigured with blows, they set him on an old botchy Cammel, without ought else to cover him then an old shirt, to lead him through publick places in the manner of a triumph. This spectacle so full of horrour, nothing at all mollified the peoples hearts, but desperate men were to be seen to rush upon him on every side, as thick, as in Autumn swarms of flies fleshed with some carrion; some covered him all over with dirt and filth, others squeezed spunges filled with ordure on his face, others gave him blows with clubs upon the head, others pricked him with Auls and Bodkins, and divers threw stones at him, calling him at every stroke Mad-dog. And there was a wicked woman of the dregs of the vulgar, who threw a pail of scalding hot water upon his head, that his skin pill'd off. Lastly, they hasted to hang him on a gibbet by the feet, exposing him to a shameful nakedness in sight of all the world, and they tormented him to the last instant of death, at which time he received the favourable blow, from a hand which thrust a sword through his mouth into his bowels, without other complaint then to beseech God to have mercy on him. Behold the most bloudy effects of this cruel passion. But we may say, if this of the people resemble torrents, that of great and powerful ones is not unlike thunders and lightnings.

Horrible example of the hatred of the multitude.

Many Monarchs may be compared to the mountain *Vesuvius* near *Naples*, which (as it is written) is so fertil, that it yieldeth unto those who manure it, a million of gold in revenue; but when it comes to cast forth its all-inflamed entrals, it oft-times makes as much a havock in one day alone, as it brings profit in a whole Age. How many persons meet we in ancient and modern History, raised to flourishing estate, and enriched with the spoils of the Universe, who in a moment of misfortune have lost the honours and wealth, which in so many years of favours, they had with full hand amassed together in their houses?

Mountain of *Vesuvius*, *Julius Recipinus*.

But most especially, imperious women are ardent and exorbitant in their revenges, when a great power combineth with Passion to replenish all with disasters. Hatred shewed it self fierce and insolent in *Eudoxia* against S. *John Chrysostom*, furious in *Justina* against S. *Ambrose*, bitter in *Theodora* against *Narses*, bloudy in *Fredegonda* against *Pretextatus* Arch-bishop of *Roan*, whom she caused to be murthered at the Altar. And when this hatred is enkindled with the flame of love it self, and that they in their dispose have the Arms of their Amorists and servants, for execution of their purposes, they cause cruelties, which would make the History of Man-haters, and Lestrygons to blush.

Hatred of women

Means to eschue, and prevent the hatred of powerfull men.

It is good, for prevention of this kind of hatred, to have little occasion to entermeddle with such kind of people, nor too eagerly to pursue the favour of great ones, nor the pompous glories of worldly fortunes, since its felicities (like as if they were crimes) never scape scot-free. You must not enter too far into the intrication of affairs and persons; keep your self from slanders, and mischievous strokes of the Tongue, ill offices and treasons of such as have no soul; to make your self recommendable by Piety, Justice, Liberality, Moderation, Sweetness, and so many other virtues; which having adorned you in prosperity, raise a lustre and consolation in the bottom of adversity. To this also you must add powerful friends, who enlighten with the ray of truth, that darkness, which envy ceaseth not to spread over lives the most innocent, and which permit not virtue to be ever oppressed by Iniquity.

As for such as are in charges, offices, dignities, and commands, wherein in reason alteration may be expected, if they see themselves to be persecuted by publick hatred, it is best for them to change

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their condition to find repose: and especially, when there are powers which will hate out of humour, or levity; and who shutting up all passages to reason, do onely open an ear to slander. I ask, whether in such a case, God hath not consecrated a sanctuary for evil fortune in the pitty of a neighbour? The Divine Providence never permitted, that one sole man should be King of the whole world. He who is persecuted in one Province, passeth to another, and often finds friends who wipe away his tears, and gild his fetters: Whilest hatred swayeth in the Consistory of Cruelty, to draw down lightnings, and dart thunders on his head. *Joseph* sold by his brethren, found innumerable favours in *Egypt*. *David*, pursued on all sides by the envy of *Saul*, like a wild beast, met with refuge and employment under *Abimelech*. S. *Athanasius* sanctified the places of his banishment by the sanctity of his virtues. S. *Hilary* pulled out of his Bishoprick, lighted in *Phrygia* upon a silent repose, which gave him leave to write his learned books of the Trinity. S. *Thomas* of *Canterbury* rested between the arms of *France*, whilest *Henry* of *England* thundred sentences, and proscriptions of death against him. If one countrey become a step-mother, another proves a Mother; and the Divine Providence (the world's great Harbinger) ever findeth some petty work to entertain its elected.

But if there be no means to escape; and that servitudes must be undergon, prisons, and chains, & that scaffolds must be bloudied to satisfie the revenge of an enemy: Then is the time, when a spirit well habituated in the continual exercises of virtue entrethinto the centre of the soul, & beholdeth as from a high fortress, the vicissitude of human things, which here below have in them nothing immovable, but their proper unstedfastness. Then it is, when despising these veils of body composed of our inferiour elements, it now entreth in thought into the region of Intelligencies. Then it is, when it accosteth the legions of so many Martyrs, who on their bodies have received as many wounds as they had members, and have moistned the sacred palms of their victories in the effusion of their blood. All which is humane, yieldeth to the Tyranny of persecutors: but the immortal spirit makes it self a large way all bordred with lawrels in the Temple of glory and reputation; and like to the dove of the Prophet (whose wings were of silver) taketh a high and exalted flight to declare to all ages the innocency of a great courage, and to make its relicks survive in Cabinets, and in the memory of all good men.

How many have we seen die on Scaffolds, who with the sweetness of their countenances, terrified the most terrible aspects of executioners? They spake, they did, they suffered, they ordered their deaths as matter of Triumph, they comforted others in their suffering, at a time when they had much to do not to complain themselves. They acted together all the parts of wisdom, and came off so well in every one, as if they onely had undertaken this one. It was a great thing for them to do; but to do it so exactly, is that which for ever makes them the more admirable; and it was a matter incredible, that speaking so well, they yet suffered better in an occasion, where words have no credit, works no time, violence no relaxation, nor enmity compassion.

The third Treatise, Of DESIRE.

Sect. 1. *Whether we should desire any thing in the world? The Nature, the Diversity, and description of Desire.*

Whether it be good to have no desire.

THe Sages make a question, whether it be a thing to be wished, to have no Desire? And there are of them who think, that to live happy and contented, we must banish all desires. For they are amusements which perpetually entertain us with the time to come, which put us on the Rack, and burn us by our proper thoughts. Desires are the ecchoes of our loves, which mock us, & counterfeit certain voices, essences, & personages, which ordinarily are made of nought else but wind.

But now (say others) to have no desires, is to have no soul, no sense, no reason: it is to be a fly, not a man. The Seraphins in *Isaiah* stand by God's side, yet cease not to clap their wings: to signifie unto us, there is no soul so perfect and contented, which hath not the heart still excited with some generous desire. Trees are purified by the winds agitation, rivers are cleansed, and purged in their perpetual currents, and the heart by desires. If we would have no desires, we must not talk any more of eating and drinking; we must no longer have this young lover sigh after his beloved; we must not then admit learned men to make love to wisdom. That wrastlers burn with affection of prizes due to their valour; and that the souldier covers himself with his wounds to embellish his garlands, all ought to be indifferent to us; and that is the way quickly to run into the nature of rocks and stones.

We must here make a notable distinction of desires, insomuch, some are natural, given by God to man for the preservation of himself: Others are artificial, which arising out of an exorbitant will, are nothing but flood and ebb, but agitations and tempests. Desires are like number, one cannot name any so great, but that it is capable of addition.

The world replenished with desiring souls. Psal. 50. v. 12. *Tabescere fecisti animam meam (alia versio) liquescere fecisti, ut tuam desiderium ejus. Est felicitas ingrata subtrahi ut semper pleni spei, vacui commoderum. Præsentibus carere dum futura prospectant.* In Psal. 92. Richardus de S. Victore in Psal. 8.

Hence it proceedeth, that the world is replenished with desiring, and suffering souls: and that there is not almost any one who is not in expectation, and breathes not the air of the Region of desires. The most part of men resemble the moth which gnaws a garment, and in gnawing, eateth its own house: For by the eagerness of desiring the future, they lose all the pleasure of the present, and demolish their fortune by their greediness to raise it. That is it which the *Panegyrick* wittily expressed, pronounced before *Constantine* the son. Felicity glideth by us, as the water which streameth along under bridges, when still, full of hope, we rest unfurnished of contentments.

Desiring hearts (saith S. *Augustine*) are as those great-bellied women to whom the eternall word hath denounced a curse in the gospel. All the world would be but a morsel in the mouth of man's heart (saith *Richardus de sancto Victore*) since its wishes are infinite; and that it is evident that in Infinity what part soever you assign, you are stil at the beginning.

An excellent picture of desire.

If you desire that I make you a picture of the nature and perquisites of Desire, I will tell you it is a strange country, whereunto the prodigal Child sailed, when he forsook his fathers house to undertake a banishment: a Country where corn is stil in grass, vines in the bud, trees perpetually in blossom, and birds always in the shel. You neither see corn, fruit, nor any thing fully shaped; all is there onely in expectation. It is a Country full of figures, phantasms, illusions, and hopes, which are dreams without sleep: a Country where the inhabitants are

never without feavers, one is no sooner gone, but another cometh into its place. There dwelleth covetousnes, a great woman, meagre, lean, starven, having round about her a huge swarm of winged boyes, of which some are altogether languishing, others cast her a thousand smiles as she passeth along; upon her self she hath an infinite number of horseleeches, which suck upon her to the marrow. Time looketh upon her a far off, and never cometh near her, shewing her an inchanted looking-glass, wherein she seeth a thousand, and a thousand false colours, which amuse her; and when she hath sported enough, she hath nothing to dinner, but smoke.

The explication of the picture.

Behold the table of Covetousnes grounded upon Theology, and the Philosophy of *S. Thomas*. I say, to explicate my self, that the countrey thereof is the country of the prodigal child; and that famine is perpetually there, Desire being nothing else but a hunger of the good it wisheth: or indeed, *a motion of the appetite towards the thing it loveth, and the first degree of love.* All is in blossom in this Countrey, and never in fruit; insomuch, as he who desireth, possesseth nothing, as yet, but in imagination: and such is the nature of Desire, that coming to the end of its career, it sinks: since where the good is preseot that is affected, there is no further desire. The inhabitants there, are continually in feavers; since wishes are but feaverish servours. All there is full of phantasmes; because all those blessings are meerly imaginary. Covetousnes is necessarily hungry, being perpetually in pursuit, never overtaking nor eating: but if it do overtake and eat and gluts its heart, it ceaseth to be covetousnes. Verily it hath round about it little laughing boies; those are gandy, and sparkling desires: some sad, they are frustrated desires: Many bloud-suckers, which suck it, they are troublesom, and turbulent desires. I add, that time (ever distant from it) entertaineth it with an inchanted mirrour: For it seeth nothing but in the future, and sees many Chymera's and illusions, after which it is tormented, As Tygers, who beholding the looking-glass which hunters have set in Forrests, imagine it to be a creature of their own kind shut up in a prison of glass; and so long they scratch it, till they break it, and deface their desire. Lastly, I conclude, that they are served at dinner with smoke, all worldly desires being nought else but wind, and smoke.

Desiderium est motus appetitus in amabili, & inchoatio amoris. S. Thom. 2 sent. dist. 26. q. 1. art. 3.

Sect. 2. *The disorders which spring from inordinate Desires, and namely, from curiosity & Inconstancy.*

Ose. 13. 3. Erunt quasi nubes matutina, & sicut ros matutinus præteriens, sicut pulvis turbine raptus ab area, & sicut fumus de fumario.

O God! should one imagine the misery of those who dwell in this Countrey of Covetousnes, and who live in worldly desires, and perpetual disturbances, he could not have any thing more efficacious to give him a distaste of it.

Three disorders of desire.

I observe, ill-rectified desire causeth three disorders in the soul, which are, sterility, ardour, and unquietnes: Sterility; for, perswade your-self, all the inhabitants of this countrey, which are now adays many, are empty hollow souls, void of the solid and eternal good for which they were created, and are filled with imaginary windings, and labyrinths: Ardour; since they are hearts inflamed like fornaces, which dart forth desires, as Coles do sparks; hearts, which as the Eagle-stone, are still big, but produce nothing: Unquietnes; for that they live like Hedg-hogs all environed with sharp quils. There is onely this difference, that sharp quils serve the Hedg-hog for a defence and sharp-pointed desires kill, and consume those who have them.

You see men who all their life-time lie at anchor, and expect a wind, never saying; men, who are continually in fetters like prisoners; Men, perpetually like to languishing Amorists, or to truantly scholers who vehemently desire play-days; some, the most spiritual, thirst after books, and libraries; others please themselves with Idea's of dogs, of birds, of apes, and of horses: Others, in imagination, handle pieces of chrystal, pictures, diamonds, and pistols: Others cut out garments at their pleasure, of the richest stuffs which fancy can furnish them with; some are eager after hunting, and traffick; others, after courtship, and game: Some, go to the Temple of Honour; others mind nothing but money. It were a very hard thing to reckon up all the feavers, purgatories, and pains of those passionate souls; For indeed, natural desires are not limited by nature which made them; but those which consist in opinion have no limits, as Imagination which produceth them, hath no measure. But although men be very different in desires, they agree all in one point, which is, never to be contented, alwayes to desire some change, and novelty; and so ardently to desire it, that there are those to be found, who for a ruff-band, or a shoe, would gladly hasten the course of the sun, as they set forward the hand of the diall.

The passion of Curiosity, a kind of Desire.

But among these symptoms, which are frequent with persons infected with such like diseases, I discover two other passions of curiosity, and inconstancy, the companions of desire. Note, that Truth sitteth in a Throne all repleniished with lights, and is of very difficult access, if one have not wisdom for direction. For ordinarily curiosity way-layeth such as go about to approach to it, and involveth them in vast labyrinths of errours. This curiosity (if you desire to know the nature of it) is nought else but irregular appetite to know things either vain, unprofitable, or evil. It dwelleth in a Countrey fertile in apparance, but very barren in effect. It hath in its dominion many spirits (to speak truly) neither dull nor stupid; for they all have smartnes and vivacity: but the most part have a great want of judgment and discretion, to serve as a counterpoise to their levity. They will know all, and in an instant ask more questions then the seven Sages of *Greece* could resolve in ten years; so likewise they are of the nature of those Stars which raise tempests and cannot calm them, since they frame a thousand casualties, a thousand difficulties in affairs, and never derive a good conclusion. You may say, if you well weigh them, that they have a worm in their wits which gnaws them; that they are men sick in health, and living dead-men, who neither know what they would, what they do, nor what they are. Curiosity, seeing they have so much disposition to receive its impressions, entertaineth them in the winding ways of truth, like a Mountebanck, who put a multitude upon a gaze, by letting them see infinite many dainty colours in a Triangular glass: and in the conclusion sends them away dinnerless, with hunger in their teeth, and illusion in their eyes.

Curiositas motus animæ mortua. S. August. Confes. l. 13.

After these slight amuzements, this evil Mistris turns them over to anxiety, anxiety delivers them to new desires, and new desires to servitude, servitude to ignorance, ignorance to presumption, and presumption to unquietnes of mind. From thence they who are deeper plunged into this poison of false wisdom, take the way of impiety, others of misery & poverty, some of choler, of envy, of slander, and despair; the best provided are like the *Danaïds*, who do nought but fill and empty their tub, but to

Omnis anima curiosa, indocta est. Augustde agone Christiano. c. 14.

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Nulla curiositate videant quæ sunt in sanctuario. Num. 4.

no purpose. All are not sick of one same disease; for some have a curiosity, black & faulty, as those who seek for a Master in matter of Religion, and would gladly talk with a devil to learn news from Paradise: or such as those who strain curious Sciences so hard, that they squeeze black and maligne vices out of them, as Magick, or the trick of coyning false money: or as those who are mad to hear, to see, to know the vices, or mischiefs of others. Others have a more innocent curiosity, one of medals, another of Tulipa's, some of voyages, others of companies; and indeed, of all things which may serve for incentives to Concupiscence.

There are of them who are much disquie ted with matters which little concern them, they are curious to know all that passeth in the world in the *Indies*, in *Japonia*: how many elephants the great *Mogull* keeps; who is to succeed the King of *China* in his Empire; whether the great Turk armeth; whether the *Persian* stirreth; and what forces *Prester John* hath for the preservation of his State. they think within themselves, what a face they would set upon it, if they were Kings or Popes: They in their heads dispose of Kingdoms: They raise Republicks; they rig forth ships; they pitch battels; and after they have doated, they find nought but nothing in their hands. Others advance not their aims so high, but rest satisfied with inferiour thoughts, and petty cares; as how to trot up and down the streets to visit houses, and to ask of all they meet, *what news do you hear?* As also to observe post-dayes, and to visit their friends round, by a list-roll indifferently, to heap together the bruits of the City, to vent them again without any consideration. There are some who make vows of pilgrimages, not out of devotion towards Saints; but from a purpose to content their Curiosity. They know all the Indulgencies wch are throughout all the Churches of the Province, and beyond: all the houses that are built, all the christnings every day, all the weddings celebrated, all the childbirths of male or female, all the merchandizes newly brought in, all the strangers who arrive, all the suits determinated, all the charges given, all the offices sold, all the pamphlets cryed up and down the streets: Their heads are wonderful Fairs, whither merchants come from all sides; there is not a moment of repose: and solitude with such is accounted a petty hell.

Inconstancy followeth the multitude of desires. *The kingdom of inconstancy.*

This multiplicity of desires is waited on by another Malady of Inconstancy, which is properly a levity, & an irresolution of mind wch sheweth it self in his manners, actions, & words, who is touched with it. To say truth, this passion is a devil, who inhabiteth in a land of quicksilver, where Earthquakes are almost perpetual, winds blow on each side, and blowing, make many weather-cocks to turn to & fro, & every moment change posture; In this place, an admirable creature is to be seen, who is not what she is, & is that she is not; so many faces & figures she hath: She likewise is still upon transformations, & seems to do nothing at all, but to make, & unmake her self. One while she is great, another while little, one while gross, another while slender, one while affable, another while harsh, one while serious, another while gamesome, but ever slippery; and if you lay hold of her, you catch nothing. She goes forth of her lodging to appear in publick, as if she came into a Theatre, clothed, one while in changeable Taffaty, another while with different pieces set together out of a singular fantastick addleness of wit. She alone representeth all personages, talks with all kind of voyces, and in all manner of languages. After her we behold a million of petty phantasmes, imperfect in shape, and which seem to be but pieces roughly begun, which we may say, are her works.

If you a little observe the men which inhabit this kingdom of inconstancy, you shall find, they are people whose humours consist much of air and water; for they are always supple and pliant to all manner of objects, they have a spirit which brooketh not busines with a strong and solid penetration, to see the bottom of it; but onely scratch them with a little bodkin which is blunted, & broken presently. If you could see their heart and brain, you should behold in the one, huge squadrons of thoughts wch scuffle together like *Cadmus* his souldiers: in the other, a mighty mass of desires and indigested purposes, which renders them very unable to receive the impressions of the Divinity, as S. *Basil* hath observed upon that Prophet *Isaiah*. It seemeth all this kind of people have a wil of wax, & that any man may work it which way he list. Their passions are sharp, and ardent in the beginning: so that they transport judgment, which is either notably weak, or much benummed; but they last not: for they instantly are troubled at things present, and ever turn their face away from the future, never (as it were) being where they are, and stil being where they neither are nor can be. You shal see they every day begin to live, yea, when they should make an end; and if they do any good, they do it but by halves, never allowing themselves leisure to lick their Beat (as they say) nor to finish their work; so precipitate they are by contrariety of different desires, which draw them this way and that way, and destroy all the abilities of their wits. You shall note in them a great greedines after novelties, & continual changes of manners, study, apparel, of wearing their hair, of their manner of living, gate, of voice, of conversation, of sports, exercises, counsels, loves, of amities, words, & of mouths wch at once breathe forth hot & cold. To conclude, their life is nought else but the flood and ebb of a continual *Euripus*, it is repleni shed with shadows, giddines, and illusions, which in effect make it miserable; For commonly it is waited on by disesteem, grief, shame, anxiety, and great shipwracks of wit and renown.

Τὸ ἀνθρωπάριον μᾶλλον τῷ βίῳ εἰς ὑποδοχὴν δέχεται πάθη ἐπιτηδειότερα, ἢ ἀρετήν. S. Basil. Hom. 1. in Isaiam.

Sect. 3. *The four sources out of which ill-rectified desires proceed.*

Four sources of desires which toil us.

YOu must know, that those restless desires which toil us, proceed from four sources: the first and principal whereof is, a heart void of things divine; there being not (saith S. *Augustine*) a more manifest sign, that a soul is not well with God, then, when it entertaineth a multiplicity of desires. *Moses* pulled off his shoes before the burning bush, where he saw his eyes cleared by the rayes of the Divine Majesty; (in my opinion) to teach us, that his heart was at an end of its journey, since he had found the Centre of eternal rest. Whilst the soul of man is out of the limits which God assigned it, wel it may find Ins to lodge in, but it never finds a home: But he who knows the way how to accommodate himself, in all things, to the wil of God, hath found the industry of an infinit good, in the accomplishment of his desires.

It is to live like *Cain* in the region of instability, & to walk upon a quagmir, daily to entertain so many fresh appetites. Their multiplication witnesseth enough the barrenes of their purchase, but when one wel tasteth God, & finds him to comprehend all relishes, he forsaketh all to follow him, and the heart hath no more to do, but to please him who is the source of its contentment.

The second cause of desires is a promptitude, and a vivacity of the Minde, which bends much to levity, and is not at all balasted by solidity of judgment, whereby the soul is set at liberty to flie after all manner of objects, as bees do after flowers. I wil deliver unto you an excellent doctrine, which will teach us, that between a ship and the heart of a man (if we consider them well) there is much resemblance. The ship is a house of the sea, and the heart is the habitation of the soul, whilest it is in the ocean of this mortal life. The ship goes on the waters, and the heart upon abysses: The ship hath its sails, and the heart its aims: The ship is guided by the rudder, and the heart by prudence: The ship expecteth winds, and the heart the divers motions of its thoughts: The ship feeleth tempests, and the heart passions: the ship feareth rocks, and the heart obstacles: The ship suffers shipwrack under water, and the heart under the gulf of iniquity. The ship in the haven, and the heart in tranquillity.

A comparison of a ship, and the heart of a man.

Now as in the Scripture there are three sorts of ships specified; so there likewise are three manner of hearts. Some compared to ships which carry fruit, are such as are replenished with affections and desires; with pleasures and contentments of the world; which are enemies of the present, and perpetually sigh after the future. Others, are ships of traffick, which are continually full of affairs, disturbances, great and little cares, that steal the repose of life from them. The rest are the ships of *Tharsis* in the Mediterranean sea, which carry great designs, great earthly ambitions, and are very often tossed by most impetuous winds.

Naves pomo pariatis. Job. 9.

Naves institoris. Prov. 31.

Naves Tharsis. Psal. 47.

The third source of our Appetites is a hot and sanguine Complexion, which in our heart enkindleth many desires like unto a fire made with straw, violent enough in the beginning, but of no lasting: as on the contrary, cold people have fewer desires, but are more pertinacious in the pursuit of them.

It is said we must beware of a man, who hath but one thing to do, because his thoughts being perpetually bent upon one and the same object, he becomes extremely troublesome to those from whom he desireth the accomplishment of his designe: so must we defend our selves from a man who hath but one desire, especially when it is inordinate; For we may easily escape from such as have many cares. Time wasteth them as fast as he produceth them; it is needless to oppose, or much to contradict them: let their minds rest, and you shall find the purpose they had in the morning, to be quite gone by the evening, like the Ephemery, which lives but one day. Now as for those, who have amassed together all the strength of their soul upon one desire, they are immeasurably urgent, and cease not to persecute you untill they have put their wish in execution.

The fourth is a certain crooked winding of a heart, which is (as it were spungy and insatiable) joyned to a debility of spirit which apprehendeth want and necessity, and this makes it to fasten upon any thing to help it self.

Interpellat ad desiderandum finis ipse desiderandi. Tertul. lib. de panitent.

Tertullian saith, that all these wandring souls have no other profession in this life, but to be in wish, where they cannot be personally in presence. The end of one desire provoketh them to begin another. Their desires resemble fruits that pass away, which in their latter season retain some beauty of their first vigour. There are many who esteem it a bitter business to expect, and who had rather see their hopes cut off, then to find out the way how to prolong them; but such are born to desire, they are not pleased with a victory already gotten; you do greatly wrong them, instantly to give what they ask, they love even things unlawful, because they are such, and so soon as they are permitted them, they lose that place which they had before in their heart.

Sect. 4. *That the tranquillity of Divine Essence, for which we are created, ought to rule the unquietness of our desires.*

AGainst this passion, I have two remedies to propose in two Reasons; the first whereof is drawn from the first model, which is the heavenly Father; and the second from the second, which is the Incarnate Word; since in them are the most efficacious ways for reformation of the table of the soul. As for the first, I say, that our soul being made to the Image of God, and for the possession and fruition of God, it will never rest but in the conformity of its understanding and will, with the understanding and will of its Creatour. Now, what think you would God desire, if he were capable of desire; what would he wish to see, to know, and to have? nothing but himself: and insomuch as he is eternally and inseparably with himself, he is not capable of any impression of desires whatsoever. We cannot be like unto God without desires, whilst we are in the world; but we may, and ought to have but one main desire, which is God himself.

Reason against vain desires drawn from the Divine tranquillity.

Imagine your heavenly Father to be a great sea of Essences, of perfections, & of contentments, a sea which hath neither bottom nor shore; a sea wherein all the vessels of curious souls suffer shipwrack. Imagine with your self an Exemplary world, a vast world of wisdom, of sanctity, of intelligencies, of lives, of reasons, and of forms. There God inhabiteth within himself, being to himself, (as saith *Tertullian*) place, palace, world; there he is absorpt, as in a huge abyss of delights, not to be imagined. He from all eternity hath his felicity purely perfect, and concentred in his own bosom; seeing he from all eternity hath his Son, his great and onely Conception, which emptieth him without his emptiness, which issueth from him without issuing forth, which abideth in him without distinction of Essence, or confusion of Persons.

Nazian. in Natalitia. Πέλαγος ἀϊδὲς οὐσίας ἀγαθοῦ καὶ ἀπεράντου.

Tertul. in Praxeam, cap. 5.

He hath all his loves within himself, since he hath his holy Spirit, a substantial flame of love, enkindled in his heart by his proper will, which is the eternal and unquenchable fornace of all chaste affections. He hath all his desires limited and replenished, since, as he sees nothing out of himself; so he cannot desire any thing out of himself. If you imagine the sea (saith S. *Augustine*) it is not God: If you imagine the earth with so many rivers which moisten it, so many herbs and flowers which enamel it, so many trees which cover it, so many living creatures which furnish it, so many men which inhabit and cultivate it, it is not God. If you in your thoughts figure the air, with all its birds so different in shape, so various in plumage, so diversified in their notes, it is not God. If you go up to those Chrystaline and Azure vaults, where the Sun and Moon, and so many Stars perform their career with such measure, it is not God. If you behold in heaven innumerable Legions of Angels, Spirits of fire and light, resplendent before the face of God, as lamps of balsamum lighted before the propitiatory, it is not God: but God is he who comprehendeth all that, who bounds it, and incomparably surpasseth it.

Nec intelligentiam admittit solitudinis, nec diversitatem divinitatis. Magist. Sent. lib. 1. d. 2.

Mare vastum, non est hoc Deus; omnia quæ sunt in terra homines & animalia, non est hoc Deus. Aug. in Psal. 85.

All things (say Divines) are in God by way of eminency,

eminency, as in the Exemplar Cause which moulds eth them, as in the Efficient Cause which produceth them, as in the Final Cause which determines them: but they are in a manner so elate and exalted, that those same which in themselves are inanimate, in God are spirit and life.

Quid factum est, in ipso vita erat. Joh. 1.

All the Creatures we have seen produced in the revolution of so many ages, are as Actours, which, God (who is the great Master of the Comedie which is acted in this world) kept hidden behind the hangings in his Idea's, more lively & more lustrous then they be on the stage. The world strikes the hour of their Entrances, and Exits of their life and death: but the great clock of God in his Eternitie, hath at one instant strucken all their hours. Nothing to him is unexpected, nothing unknown, nothing new: All that which tieth the desires of the most curious; all that which suspendeth the admiration of the sagest; all, which inflameth the hearts of the most passionate, Lands and Seas, Magazines of Nature, Thrones, Theatres, Arms, and Empires; all are but a silly drop of dew before the face of God.

Ecce gentes quasi stilla situlæ & quasi momentum statera reputatæ sunt; ecce insulæ quasi pulvis exiguus, & Libanus non sufficeret ad succidendum. Isa. 4. 16.

Then how can God but live contented within himself, since the smallest streams of the fountain which springs from his bosom, may suffice a million of worlds? O ungrateful and faithless soul! the same Paradise which God hath for himself, he hath prepared for thee; he will, thou beholdest thy self, that thou contemplatest thy self, that thou reposest thy self in his heart; yet thou fluttrest up and down like a silly butterfly among so many creatures, so many objects, so many desires; perpetually hungry, ever distant from thy good, ever a traitour to thy repose and glorie. Beggarly soul, which beggest every where: Miserable soul which in everie place findest want in abundance: Ignominious soul, upon whose front all loves have stamped dishonour; when wilt thou rally together all thy desires into one period? When wilt thou begin to live the life of God, to be satisfied with Gods contentment, and to be happy with Gods felicity?

Sect. 5. *That we should desire by the imitation of Jesus Christ.*

2. Reason of the only desire which Jesus had in seeking the glory of his heavenly Father.

THe second Reason that I draw from the second Model, which is, the Word Incarnate, the Rule and Example of all our actions, is, that *Jesus Christ* hath no other desire on earth, but to suffer, to be dissolved, and to annihilate himself for the glorie of his heavenly Father, by subjecting rebellious powers to his Scepter, and by gaining souls, of which he infinitely was desirous, even to the last moment of his life. The Philosopher *Plato* in the Book of the order of the Universe, writeth, that all the Elements naturally desired to evaporate themselves in the Celestial Region, as it were therein to obtain a more noble, and more eminent stare of consistence. Now the deaf and dumb desire, which things inanimate have, to be transformed into a nature most delicate, is most apparent in the sacred Humanity of the Son of God, which, although it always remained within the limits of its Essence; it notwithstanding had an ineffable sympathy with the Divinity, being totally plunged therein, as iron in burning coals. It in all, and through all, followed its motions, will and ordinances, as true dials wait on the Sun; nor had it any desire more ordinary, then to make a profusion of it self, in all it had created.

Plato lib. de ordine universi apud Viennam.

Theology teacheth us, that albeit, the will of God were necessitated in certain actions, as in the production of the love which sprang from the sight of God; notwithstanding in others, it was altogether free, able to do, and not to do such, or such a thing according to his good pleasure; as at such or such a time to go, or not to go into *Jury*. Able, of two good things which were presented, to chuse the one or leave the other; as, to do miracles, rather in *Jury* then in *Sidon*. Able, also to do the things ordained him by his heavenly Father out of motives and reasons such as his wisdom thought best to chuse: In all those liberties, never pretended he ought but the glorie and service of his Father. Good God, what sublimate is made in the limbeck of Love, what evaporations, and what separations of things even indivisible, are made in the five great annihilations which Theologie contemplateth in the person of *Jesus Christ*!

Non volebat in Judæam ambulare. Joh. 7. 1.

First, the inseparable Word of God seemeth to make a divorce, but a divorce of obedience; and to separate it self, but with a separation always adherent by the condition of a forreign nature transplanted into the Divinitie. Secondly, he, by a new miracle permitteth, that this humane nature tied to the Divine nature, be separated from its subsistence, its last determination and substantial accomplishments. Thirdly, that Glorie be separated from the estate and condition of Glorie, yielding his glorious soul up as a prey to sadness. Fourthly, he separateth himself not only from the signs and conditions of a Messias, but almost from the resemblance of a man, being become as a worm.

Radius ex sole, portio de summo, de Spiritu spiritus, & de Deo Deus. Tertul. Apol. 2.

Lastly, he draws himself into the interiour of his soul of his own accord, and wholly melts himself as Incense in the fire: in such sort, that S. *Gregory* very well saith, That he is the Amber of the Prophet *Ezekiel* enrobed with the heat of flames. But better saith *Origen*, who calleth him the Perfume which is annihilated for us; comparing the will of the Son of God to a viol filled with an aromatick liquor, which one hath turned up side down to empty it to the last drop; so the desires and affections of *Jesus* are poured forth in the bosom of his heavenly Father. But most especially on the day of his Passion, for then was the time when the Prophecie of *Habakkuk* was accomplished: *Is it thou who mountest upon the light-horses, and who beareft salvation in thy mysterious chariot.*

Greg. l. 28. mor. cap. 2. *Quasi ignis effulgens, & thus ardens in igne.* Origen in Cant. unguentum exinanitum.

Hab. 3. *Qui ascendis super equos tuos & quadrigæ tuæ salvatio.*

I now leave those who interpret this passage of the chariot of God triumphing in those ugly darknesses of Egypt. I leave those who refer it to the second coming. I follow the Interpretation which S. *Ambrose* presenteth unto me, who calleth the Cross a Gibbet of Triumph, and others who term it the true chariot of the glorie of the God of hosts. I consequently say, that the light-horses of our Saviour are his winged and flaming desires, which bare him more gloriously then *Elias* unto the throne of Honour, where he hath made a full consummation of himself, by the separation of his bloud and soul in that great Sacrifice, which put Heaven to mourning, the Sun into eclipse, the Earth into quakings, and Men the most stupid into affrightment. O, with what obedience, with what resignation did that dying Swan then appear, when all the stars (as *Dydimus* relateth) about three of the clock afternoon were seen in the heavens to enlighten his death! O, with what union of his will to Gods will, he spake these words, O my God, O my Father, behold me on the Pile to be sacrificed to thy Divine Majesty; My God, I have desired it from the first moment of my conception, I have had the law of obedience engraven

Ambros. in Luc. *Patibulum triumphale.*

Deus meus, volui & legem tuam in medio cordis mei.

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in my heart with a chizzel of fire and an eternal character, and at this time (O my celestial Father) I wish it, I would it, and will protest it whilst my soul shall be on my lip, to have but one only desire in the world, which is to annihilate my self in accomplishing thy will!

Sect. 6. *The condemnation of the evil Desires of the world, and the means how to divert them.*

Against evil desires.

AND yet thou (O disloyal soul) wilt in thy heart entertain a mass of Desires, thou wilt rather live among feavers and burning coals, then tie thy self to the will of God! Rebel, thou hast prostituted thy self on high and below, upon the mountains and under trees, under cedars, and on the hyssop; so many great and little Desires have possessed thy heart. Thou miserable man, to have affection in store for a deceiving creature, who hath put the sword of division into thy marriage, to cut asunder a knot tied before the face of Angels and men! Thou unfortunate maid, unlucky victim, to fill all the sails of thy Desires for a man more light then the wind, and more faithless then ice; whose words are but promises, promises but perjuries, perjuries but forsakings, and forsakings but disasters; and to have neither heart nor thought for God, a Father so benign, a Saviour so affectionate, a Lover so loyal! Thou, to burn alive with black and shameful flames of ravenous avarice; & to have no feeling for him, who hath the beautie of fields, the enamel of meadows, the extent of seas, the riches of metals, and all the magazins of the Universe in his bosom! Thou, to run at random after transitorie honour, which glisters like a worm in a piece of rotten wood, and which pricketh like a thorn; and not to hold sympathy with him who crowneth the heads of his Elect with eternal garlands! Thou, to live daily in fits of fire and ice for a slight toy, for a gorget, for a chopino, for a little dog, a parachito, for all that which I neither can nor dare to express! O what a shame is it, that all creatures serve for snares and prisons to hearts moistned with the blood of *Jesus*; and they not to be softned by this venerable shower, able to break rocks asunder, and dissolve anvils!

In omni colle sublimi, & in omni ligno frondoso tu prostituta haris, meretrix. Jer. 2. 21.

You will ask me what you should do to be delivered from this tyrannie? First, accustom your self to cut away all superfluities, whether of apparel, diet, vain company, or other delights which fight against the law of God. *Reduce your appetites to a small cost, and take more care how to end them, then to cherish them.* Resolve with your self to lop off all your superfluities, and to be contented with little, holding it for a thing most assured, that by how much the less you shall depend on your greedie desires (which are most forward mistrisses, to whom you have prostituted your Christian libertie) so much shall you be the more near to God.

Desideria tua parvo redime, hoc enim tantum curare debet ut desinant. Senec.

Secondly, if you feel in your heart some seeds of desires to sprout and disquiet you; seasonably prevent them, one while diverting them by some laudable employment, another while by pulling them up with main strength in their first tenderness, and never to let them to get strength to your prejudice. *It is much more easie to defend ones self in the beginning from a passion, then to moderate the violence of the exorbitancy, when it is lodged in your heart.*

Non obtinebis ut desinat, si incipere permiseris. Sen. ep. 116

Thirdly, follow *Aristotle's* counsel, and look on all the objects of pleasure; not such as they are, whe they at first sooth sensuality: but such as they be whe they turn their backs to forsake us. Lastly, exercise your self continually in the desire of joys eternal.

Voluptates abeuntes, sivella fessa & pœnitentia, plenas, quo minus expidit reperiantur.

Behold all those things which environ you, all those honours, those riches, those pomps, as deceitful and momentarie things; Behold them as a flitting companie; Each day undo a knot of your slaverie; Put your self into the libertie of Gods children; Place your self in such a nakedness of spirit that you may say, *One, and no more.* Blind soul, how canst thou live one sole moment with so many desires, which are as so many daughters to marry? what a care must be had, well to bestow them? what a fear, to bestow them ill? what a grief, that they are ill bestowed? Stupid soul, canst thou rest with so many blood-suckers fastned to the marrow of thy bones, which draw thence all thy vital humour, and make thee have a life which hath nothing less then life in it? Temerarious soul, who hast dared to think, that forsaking thy Creatour, thou elsewhere shouldst find a better match! Go, and see the obstacles which daily meet with those who hunt after honours, favours, and wordly wealth. Go, go, behold, and thou shalt see a thousand fishes swim in a pond after a rotten worm. How many battels must thou wage, how many sweats of death, must thou sweat; how many iron-gates must thou break through, to content one only of thy desires? O how often will the Heavens and the Elements conspire against thy affections, which thou so unworthily, so disastrously hast placed?

O what bloodie sorrows at thy death, when God shall draw aside the curtain of the citie of peace, and shall shew thee an infinite number of souls in the bosom of Beatitude, for having well disposed their Desires; and on the other side, burning coals to expiate affections ill managed!

O what horrour, what terrour, and what despair, if the Angels come and say with a voice of thunder, *Foris Canes*, and that we must wander up and down in affection with a hunger everlastingly enraged, after a good we so many times have despised! O *Jesus*, the desire of Eternal mountains, draw to thee all my desires, since thou art the Adamant. *Jesus*, the love of all faithful souls, take all my affections, since thou art the Center of all hearts. *Jesus*, the Joy and Crown of all the Elect, stay my floating hopes, since thou art the haven of hearts, stretch out an assisting hand to so many errours, and set me in a place where I may desire nothing: but let it be such a place wherein I may love that which is infinitely amiable.

Apoc. 22. 15.

The fourth Treatise, OF AVERSION.

Sect. 1. *The Nature and Qualities thereof.*

The essence and nature of Aversion.

AVersion is a passion apprehensive, disdainful of distastes, which is shut up as a snail in its shell, and hath no inclination to any thing in the world. Covetousness presenteth it many objects, to see if it can snare it with a bait; but it doth nothing but fly away, and turn the face to the other side: and albeit it seems not to desire ought of all is offered unto it; it nevertheless coveteth good, but goes towards it by by-paths, and flight from all that which seems opposite to its felicitie.

Well, to understand the nature of this Passion, we

How Aversion is formed.

we must know, that as in motions of affections, there is first made in the soul a love wholly simple, which is an inclination and a complacence towards some object; from thence Desire is created, by which we consider the same object, not only as good and convenient, but as a thing absent, and out of us, which we must endeavour to have, and to bring within our power: But if we have the good hap to possess it; from thence joy ariseth, which is a perfect complacence, raised upon the possession of the thing desired. Likewise in passions which resist and oppose our heart; first, a simple hatred is created, which only importeth an Antipathy; and a certain dissenting from the object, which the understanding proposeth to the will, as disagreeable or hurtful: Thence we come to consider this object, either as far distant, and hard to be avoided; and then Fear laies hold of our heart: or we behold it more near at hand, and very easie to be repelled, being wholly unable to make any great or strong impressions upon us, as Fear doth, and then it is properly called Aversion: but if the evil happen to be present, it is a vexation and a trouble; and when it is past, there remains a horrour, which we call Detestation.

The character and true image of a spirit subject to Aversion.

We may say, this passion which is disgusted with all, hath nothing so distasteful as it self. There you behold a soul oppressed, still apprehensive, still retired, and ever harsh; and as nothing pleaseth it, so easily it displeases all the world. If there be cause to name one, he will never call him by his name; but will say, of whom speak you? of that wretch? of that sluggard? of that miser? of that ignorant fellow? Or, if he hath some deformitie of bodie; of that crooked piece? that crump-shoulder? of that unfortunate caitiff, who is much duller then a winter's day, or the snows of *Scythia*? If a book be to be censured, there is nothing worth ought in it, they are discourses and words ill-placed. If merchandize be to be bought, the shop and store-houses of a merchant shall be turned over and over, and nothing found that gives contentment. If he be in his own house, he makes himself insupportable to his domesticks: this garment is ill made, this chamber is ill furnished, this bed too hard, these dishes unsavourie; the wind at a door, the creaking of a casement, the crying of a child, the barking of a Dog, all is troublesom to him. If a man of this condition be to be married; there is not a maid in the world worthy of him, he must have one framed out of his own rib, as God did for the first Man: or suffer him to raise his love in imitation of *Endymion* and *Caligula*, up to the sphear of the Moon. But most especially, women of this humour are extremely troublesom; They have no small business to do, who are to find them out maid-servants and nurses; this is too rustical, she hath nothing amiable in her eye, she speaks too big, her body is not slender enough; the other is a piece of flesh not worth ought: needs must she be perpetually upon change; and out of too much curiositie to meet with a good service, be the worst served of any woman in the world. Behold one distasted with professions, conditions, and offices, all displeaseth him; Shall he become a Church-man? that seems a slaverie to him: Shall he betake him to a sword? It is hazardous: To an Office? It costs too much: To traffick? Little is to be gotten: To a Trade? He cannot find a good one. Lastly, it troubleth him to be a man, and would gladly entertain the invention of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, to be transformed into some other kind of creature. There are young wenches, who have much ado with themselves: Shall they marry? There is not any match likes them; this man is unhandsom; that other is but simple; this man too wayward; that, too melancholy; one, too wild; another hath not living enough; nor that other, good alliance; an Angel must be fetched out of heaven to marry them. In the mean time, some amorist learneth to dance his cinque-pace, and to powder and frizzle himself to please this coy piece, whom nothing contenteth but her own distastes. If, on the other side, this creature looks towards Religion; she will multiply her paces and visits, and will run over all the Monasteries, and find none to content her; one is too indulgent, and another too austere; the habit of this pleaseth, but the manner of living is distasteful; the flesh draweth upon one side, and the discipline drives away on the other; and her wavering mind can resolve on nothing, nor irresolve on nothing, but irresolution.

That admitted and established in this manner; I say, there are two sorts of Aversion, the one whereof is tied to things, the other to persons, and both of them are of power much to disturb us, if we seasonably seek not to give remedie thereto in our most tender years before these dispositions wax old in us, and strengthen themselves to our prejudice. Now, I observe we may find very good remedies out of the consideration of the Divine proceedings of God, as I intend to let you see in the sequel of this discourse.

Humour of coy women.

Sect. 2. *The sweetnesses and harmonies of the heart of God, shew us the way to cure our Aversions.*

The consideration of the love which God bears to his creatures, is a powerful remedy to cure Aversion.

Diligis omnia quæ sunt & nihil odisti eorum quæ fecisti. Sap. 11. 25.

Sin corrupteth the goodness of essence in intellectual creatures.

Cypr. de Idol. vanit. *Spiritus impuri & sophistæ, & qui post eos quasi terrenis vitiis immersi sunt, & à vigore cœlesti terreno contagio recesserunt, non desinunt perdita perdere.*

FIrst, we see that God loves all things except sin, and hates nothing he hath made. Essence, Goodness, and Truth, follow one another by the necessitie of consequence; and God hath put nothing into being, which is not in the state of some Goodness; yea, the devils will burn in hell having something good, having somewhat of God. They have being and substance, understanding, and will; all which, considered within the limits of Nature, cannot but be good. There is nothing but sin which altereth and depraveth it by the ill usage of it. S. *Cyprian* hath well noted it, when he saith of Devils, That they were "spirits impure and sophisticate, who having lost their sinceritie and heavenly vigour by the contagion of the vices of the earth, and who being once lost, cease not to ruine men. From thence we behold, that as in adulterated merchandize and false money, there is alwayes some good mixed with the bad; so in these unclean spirits, there is an Intellectual nature of it self verie good, which hath been corrupted by sin. God cannot but love in them all that is his, as much as he detesteth all which proceedeth from their rebellion; But if there be any thing lovely in creatures so miserable and forsaken, which is worthy to entertain the heart of God; how can we have an Aversion against so many other things which rest (as yet) in innocencie?

God in his Essence accordeth the diversitie of all Essences.

It is an admirable thing, that the heart of God is as the Father of Harmonies, and doth within it self accord things the most opposite. For we know all the world in this soveraign being, is more beautiful, better coloured and more flourishing then it is in it self; yet there is no contrarietie. Water resisteth not fire; heat, cold; drouth, moisture; because it is a Sanctuarie of Peace, where all diversities conclude in Unitie. Greek Histories make mention of certain Temples, as was that of *Adonis*, where-

Marvellous Temples, where lions were tractable.

wherein lions were tractable; that might come to pass from the Industry of men, and not out of the virtue of the place, as *Elian* the Historian supposeth: but here we must say, The bosom of God is a true temple of Peace, which makes lions familiar with lambs, and which uniteth all to it self.

Ælian. de animal. l. 12. cap. 25.

The sympathies and antipathies which God hath wisely impressed on Essences, end in union.

But to witness unto us, beside, the intention which God hath to dispose us to sympathy, hence is it, that not satisfied to have united all the parts of the world, as those of an Egg, he giveth even to creatures insensible, certain Bands and dumb Amities, which cause them to seek one after another, and to link themselves together by complacence, as we see to happen in the load-stone and iron, in the amber and the straw, whether it be done by a substantial form which is hidden from us, or whether it be by a transpiration and effluxion of their substances, as the Philosopher *Empedocles* thought. And which is more, if this sovereign Workman permit Antipathy among creatures, he hath reduced all to the good of communitie, since it serves for the conservation of Species which compose the beautie of his Universe. So the contrarietie between the Lamb and the Wolf is a perfect incitement to the conservation of this creature, necessarie for humane life.

How we ought to govern our Aversions. Nature necessarily brings with it its sympathies and antipathies. Fracast. de sympath. & antipath. l. 1. c. 13.

Some one may here say, that by perswading too much, I perswade nothing: for, if we admit sympathy for all which God had created, we then must love serpents and poisons; we must miserably satisfie our hunger with all impure viands, which cannot be done without destroying the principles of nature which necessarily hath its appetites to good, and its Aversions from many things contrarie unto it. To that, I answer, we cannot wholly live without Sympathy and Antipathy: For we well know that the knowledges of the Senses, of the Imagination, of the Understanding, come to us by the help of Species which represent unto us the quantitie, figure, form, habit, motion, and the rest of things; but above all, the accord, and dissonance from whence commonly arise in our soul two affections, the one of Dilatation, and the other of Restriction. For as the soul dilates and spreadeth it self to things which are delightful to it; So it draws back, and foldeth it self up at the sight of all is unpleasing to it, verie well witnessed even in the members of the bodie; which extend or contract themselves, according as matters are agreeable or disagreeable to the heart. We do not here intend to stifle all the first motions which are not in our power, insomuch as they are invincible and inevitable. It were to no purpose to make long discourses to a man to exhort him, not to have some small quaking in his bodie, when on a sudden, cold water is thrown upon him, or not to wink with his eyes when a glittering sword is presented, as it were to strike him, or not have some dizzines in the head, by beholding a precipice from a place on high: For all that is natural, and may happen to men the most moderate.

The first motions are for the most part inevitable. Senec. l. 2. de Ira c. 2.

We do not likewise say, that we must not fly, not only by the first Motives of Nature, but also out of Election and Reason, all that which is hurtful to the bodie and health. *No man* (saith the Apostle) *hateth his own flesh, but cherisheth and entertaineth it as long as he can, therein imitating the tenderness of affection which Jesus Christ hath for his Church.* I add, that it is not also my intention to perswade, that one should not seek in the care of his life, things the most commodious, so much as Justice and Reason wil permit. *We must bear with servitude* (saith this fore-alledged Oracle) *if we be engaged in this condition; but if one can become free, I advise him rather to make choice of liberty.* Yet we are not ignorant, but that there are many good men who by the power of virtue afflict their bodies, and prefer contempt above all which the world esteemeth, that they may conform themselves to the sufferings of our Saviour.

One may reasonably fly that which is in any wise hurtful. *Nemo enim unquam carnem suam odio habuit, sed nutrit & fovet eam, sicut & Christus Ecclesiam* Eph. 5. 25.

But to rest within the limits of civil life, I say, that although we may innocently use the blessings of God, and put nature to its small pittances; yet we must take heed of becoming too suspicious, too nice, and too apprehensive of those things which are not according to our appetites; for otherwise there happen great disturbances, and irksome confusions of mind, which thrust the health of our soul into uncertainty.

To seek by lawful ways ones petty accommodations, is not a thing of it self to be alwayes condemned. *Servus vocatus es? non sit tibi cura, sed si potes fieri liber, magis utere.* 1 Cor. 7. 21

a One must take heed of being too curious.

First, when a spirit is too much tyed to its skin, and too much bent to flie all the contrarieties of nature; it is very beggarly and suppliant towards its body, which is not done without much care: For life being repleniished with great and little incommodities, from which Kings themselves cannot be wholly exempt: If one apprehend them too much, he must live like a man who would perpetually shut his eyes for fear of flies, and employ (almost) all his time, which is so precious, in the service of the flesh.

It is an hard thing not to feel some incommodities, life being so full of them.

God himself permitteth it also. *Timor quem timebam evenit mihi, & quod verebar accidit.* Job 3. 25.

Secondly, God for punishment of this niceness, will suffer, that all we most fear shall happen to us: a man many times falleth into mischiefs even by fearing them. Death seems to be onely for cowards; and when one seeks for liberty by unworthy ways, then he is involved in the greatest servitude.

One puts himself upon the hazard to live always in insupportable anxiety. *Debitores sumus non carni, ut secundum carnem vivamus.* Rom. 8.

Thirdly, one is in danger to fall into much discouragement, and into sad despair, when he sees himself slipped into matters troublesom, and very vexing, since he sought to avoid the lightest. For which cause the Sages counsel us, willingly to accustom our selves a little to evil, and of our own accord to harden our selves, to the end, that when it shall come, necessity may make that more supportable, which we have already assayed by prudence. *We owe nothing to flesh, to live according to flesh,* saith S. *Paul*: and S. *Jerome* in the Epistle he wrote to *Aglasius*, clearly giveth him to understand, *That the Profession of Christianity is not a Profession nice and lazy; a true Christian every day beareth the Cross, and renounceth himself.* S. *Bernard* said as much in one of his Sermons upon the Canticles: *Fly* (saith he) *to your beloved persecutour, that you may find the end of your persecutions in the accomplishment of his wil.* It is a determination from heaven, that we should see before our eyes so many great religious men and women, most austere, whom the divine Providence seems to propose unto us, to extend and glorifie the Cross of *Jesus Christ*; and shew, that all is possible to the love of God.

Hier. in ep. ad Aglas. *Non ist delicata in Deum, fecura confessio quotidie credens in Christum, tollit Crucem suam, & negat seipsum.* Bern. ser. 85. in Cant. *Fuge ad illum qui adversatur, per quem talis fias, cui jam non adversetur.*

Sect. 3. *The Consideration of the indulgent favours of Jesus Christ towards Humane Nature is a powerful remedy against the Humour of Disdain.*

IF we be not yet throughly perswaded by these reasons; the example of our Saviour ought to make us ashamed: For when we more nearly consider his life, we find that he only did not shew an Aversion from things despicable, but chose the most abject, and contrarie to Nature.

The example of our Saviour serves for another strong remedy to sweeten our Aversions.

I ask of you, what attractive was there in humane nature, to draw him from the highest parts of the heavens to its love? What saw he in it but a brutish bodie, a soul in the most inferiour order of Intelligencies, all covered over with Crimes, wholly drenched in remedilesse miseries? and yet laying aside

aside those beautiful Angels who did shine as Aromatick lamps in his eternal Temple; he came upon earth to seek for this lost creature, prodigal of his substance, a foe to his honour, injurious to his glorie: and not content to reconcile it to his father, he espoused it, and united it to himself with a band indissoluble, putting it into the possession of all his greatnes, to surcharge himself with its miseries. This is it, which is so notably described by the Prophet *Ezekiel*, when he sets before our eys a miserable ungracious wretch, cast forth upon the face of the earth, wallowing in ordures, abandoned to all sorts of injuries, and scorns, whom the Prince of glorie looketh on with his eyes of mercie, taketh him, washeth, clotheth, adorneth, and tieth him to himself by the band of marriage.

Erat nuda, & confusione plena; & transivi per te, vidi te, & expandi amictum meum super te, & operui ignominiam tuam. Ezech. 16.

Displicentes amati summe, ut fieres in nobis unde placeremus. Concil. Arausican.

We naturally have so much Aversion from persons misshapen, nastie, and infected, that we cannot look upon them: but if with these defects, we also there find a soul wicked, ungrateful, an enemy to God and men; we then conceive such horrour, that one had need to be more then a man to endure them. Now, we were in this estate, which I speak of; for besides the misfortunes and calamities which encompassed us on all sides, we were enemies to God, by having been too much a friend to our selves; and which is more, we could not have one silly spark of love for him, if it were not inspired into us by himself: mean while he accepteth us, and appropriateth us to himself among all these contrarieties. He out of his goodnes will not lose him, who through his own malice delighteth to lose himself; he then stretcheth forth his hand unto him, when the other turns his back; the one flyeth, and the other pursueth this fugitive with the pace of his charity, even into the shadow of death. He calleth him, he flatters him, he courteth him; and not content to pardon him a crime, he promiseth him a Kingdom. What may one say of so profuse a Bountie!

Nec peremptum perire patitur, nec ab averso avertitur; sed fugientem paterna charitate insequitur, te vocat, blanditur, & reverso non solum crimen ignoscit, sed & regnum promittit. Franco. Abbas l. 5. de gratia.

The humours of the world are quite contrary to the designs of God.

How can we in the world so greedily seek for all the contentments of nature, seeing the God of nature so roughly handled in the world, which he built with his own hands? we cannot abide the stinging of a fly, a noise, a smoke, the sight of a thing which is in any sort displeasing: a world must be made of gold and silk to satisfie our desires. *Jesus* is the sign of a Contradiction, reverenced in appearance, and effect, used as a thing of nought. O how divinely hath Saint *Augustine* expressed the humour of a worldly man, an enemy to the life of God, in the book he wrote of the Christian Combat! *Jesus* was not wise enough, according to the opinion of the world; He hath indifferently taken upon himself all that which his heavenly Father would, not shewing any Aversion from things the most distasteful.

Displicet avaro quòd non corpus aureum habuit; displicet impudicis, quia ex virgine natus est; displicet superbis quòd consumelias sapienter pertulit; displicet delicatis quòd cruciatus est; displicet timidis quòd mortuus est; & ut non vitia sua videantur defendere, unum in hoc dicunt sibi hoc displicere sed in filio Dei. Augustin. de agone Christiano.

This is it which is hard to digest; It displeaseth the covetous, that he coming into the world hath not brought with him a bodie of gold and pearl. It displeaseth the luxurious, that he was born of a Virgin. It displeaseth the proud, that he so patiently suffered injuries: It displeaseth the nice, that he endured so many afflictions and torments: Lastly, It pleaseth not the timorous, that he died. Prophane spirits cease not to say, but how can that be done in the person of God? and instead of correcting their vices (which are verie great) they find cavils at the perfections of *Jesus Christ*, which are most innocent.

Sect. 4. *The Conclusion against Disdain.*

It is a shame to have an Aversion against one for some defect of body, or some other deformity of nature, when we are bound to love him.

Will we still out of humour love things pleasing to sensualitie, and have a perpetual distaste against all which may maintain virtue?

A Father and a Mother, to have an aversion against their own children, under colour that they have some defect in nature; and instead of regarding them with an eye full of pity and compassion to comfort their infirmities, wipe away their tears, and provide for the necessities of their life, to leave them at random in the storm: and if out of necessitie we must do them some good, to throw them out bread in an anger as if they had committed a great crime to come into the world, in that rank which the providence of God had prepared for them; what a shame is it to entertain amities and pettie loves only to please flesh and blood; that if the eyes find not contentment, the heart will no longer observe fidelitie!

This creature, which had heretofore been so much beloved, is now forsaken, rejected, and used like an excommunicate, having no other crime but some deformity of body, some infirmity or other accident, nothing at all in its power to remedie.

A husband, traiterous to Altars, and to the Sacrament of marriage, barbarously useth a wife who brought with her the wealth of her parents, and her own heart and bodie, in lawful wedlock: but now this carnal man taken in the snare of his lust by a wretch and a prostitute, rejecteth a lawful wife as if she were a serpent, or the froth of an enraged Sea, elsewhere to satiate his brutishnes, to the prejudice of his reputation, and the death of his soul. Must I here produce the actions of Infidels, to confound ours?

Lucianus in Toxaride.

A generous act of a Pagan, who teacheth us powerfully to command over our Aversions.

One *Mnesippus* relateth in *Lucian*, How that he one day, seeing a man, comely, and of an eminent condition passing along in a Coach with a woman extremely unhandsom, he was much amazed, and said, he could not understand why a man of prime qualitie, and so brave a presence should be seen to stir abroad in the company of a monster. Hereupon, one that followed the Coach, overbearing him, said (Sir) you seem to wonder at what you now see; but if I tell you the causes and circumstances thereof, you will much more admire. Know, this Gentleman whom you see in the coach, is called *Zenothemis*, and born in the City of *Marseilles*, where he heretofore contracted a firm amitie with a neighbour-citizen of his, named *Menecrates*, who was at that time one of the chief men of the Citie as well in wealth as dignities: But as all things in the world are exposed to the inconstancie of fortune, it happened that having (as it is thought) given a false sentence, he was degraded of honour, and all his goods were confiscated. Every one avoided him as a Monster, in this change of fortune; but *Zenothemis* his good friend as if he had loved miseries, not men, more esteemed him in his adversitie, then he had done in prosperitie; and bringing him to his house, shewed him huge treasures, conjured him to share them with him, since such was the laws of amitie: the other weeping for joy to see himself so entertained in such sharp necessities, said, he was not so apprehensive of the want of worldly wealth, as of the burthen he had in a daughter, ripe for marriage, and willing enough, but blemished with many deformities. She was (saith the historie) but half a woman, a bodie misshapen, and limping, an eye bleared, a face disfigured; and besides, she had the falling sickness with horrible convulsions.

Nevertheleſs this noble heart ſaid unto him. Trouble not your ſelf about the marriage of your daughter, for I will be her husband. The other aſtoniſhed at ſuch goodneſs, God forbid (ſaith he) I lay ſuch a burthen upon you. No, no, replyeth the other, ſhe ſhall be mine, and inſtantly he married her, making great feaſts, whilſt the poor Father was rapt out of himſelf with admiration.

Having married this miſerable Creature, he honoured her with much regard, and made it his glory to ſhew her in the beſt company, as a trophey of his friendſhip. In the end ſhe brought him a goodly ſon, who reſtored his grand-father to his eſtate, and was the honour of his family.

O good God! A man of the world, to ſpeak, and do all this for worldly Amitie! to command over himſelf in all the great averſions of nature, to content a friend! to act all theſe admirable prodigies, in ſight of all the world for the ſatisfaction of a moral virtue! And can it become us to play the nicelings, and ſo much to give way to our averſions; to forſake the law of God, Nature, and our own ſalvation! Will we never underſtand the ſaying of Saint *Juſtine*; That to live according to the propenſions of Nature, is not to live like a Chriſtian?

The fifth Treatiſe, Of DELECTATION.

Sect. 1. *That Delectation is the ſcope of all Nature: Its Eſſence, Objects, and Differences.*

God hath made all creatures to have Delectation.

GOd ſeemeth to have made all things for *Delectation*; ſince even Creatures which have no ſoul nor reaſon have a dead Delectation applyed to the place, and end for which they were made. Had fire ſenſe, it would triumph for joy to ſee it ſelf in an eminent place: and a ſtone would receive contentment to be below: the Iron would ſmile to feel it ſelf enchained by the arms of the Adamant; and a ſtraw, to behold it ſelf caught by the Amber.

Now for as much as theſe things are without judgement; all their joy conſiſteth only in the ceſſation of their motion, which is done when they are arrived at their proper elements. Creatures the moſt eminent have a ſenſitive knowledge of things agreeable to them, and do infinitely rejoyce in their poſſeſſion and fruition; But, man, who worketh by more powerful and exalted engins of reaſon, is created to participate in Joy, not by a dead Action, but by an underſtanding, and a reaſonable fruition. And that you may the better conceive, wherein the joy of a real man conſiſteth, you muſt know,

Four things compoſe the ſolid delectation of man.

it is compoſed of four things; the firſt whereof, is, that, to receive; one muſt have an object pleaſing and delightful, which is as the baſis of rejoycing: and ſecondly, a facultie capable to conceive, and know this object, which in it ſelf naturally diſpoſeth to *Delectation*; from whence it cometh to paſs, that a Beaſt will hear the braveſt and beſt Luteniſt in *France* without any pleaſure; becauſe, it hath not ears to judg of it: thence we muſt go to a third degree, which is an affection toward this object; otherwiſe, had it all the perfections in the world, there is no contentment taken therein: from

Why devils love not God, whom they know to be ſo amiable.

whence it cometh that devils, albeit they have a certain preſence of the ſoveraign of all objects, which is God, and have a certain knowledge of him; they cannot find any repoſe therein, becauſe they love him not. To conclude; the accompliſhment of pleaſure is the preſence, poſſeſſion, and fruition of the good which is known to us, and which we love: for from thence proceedeth a ſweetneſs vital, lively, and delicious which poureth it ſelf forth into the bottom of our ſouls, and diffuſeth it ſelf upon our ſenſes, as a gentle dew falling on plants. See what joy doth, if you have never well tryed it; which is indeed nought elſe but a ſatisfaction of the ſoul in the enjoying what it loves.

But now at this preſent, to expreſs all the objects, and particular cauſes thereof, is a diſcourſe which rather extendeth in length, then eſtabliſheth any ſolid veritie; Yet, I think one may undertake to affirm there are three ſorts of joy: ſome are

Three ſorts of joy.

wholly divine and inſpired, as thoſe of holy Confeſſours, Virgins, and Martyrs, who rejoyce in the practice of virtues, in auſterities, and torments; others are indifferent, partly humane, and civil, as are the pleaſures we take in the beautie and diverſitie of natural things, honeſt amities, and ſciences, in honour and eſtimation, in the ſucceſs and proſperitie of affairs, and in the exerciſe of great charges: Others come from the Baſe Court, and from animal nature, as are the pleaſures of eating and drinking, of feaſts, of banquets, of love, of dancing, of ſports, of plays, and of jeſting.

Contentments are rather in the will, then in pleaſing objects.

Every one meaſureth his likings by his own nature and condition; and one may truly ſay, that pleaſure is not properly in things exteriour, but in the interiour of our wils and appetites. See we not, that all colours have no luſtre in the night-time, and that neceſſarily light muſt awaken, and put them in poſſeſſion of being coloured? ſo, all objects in the world are of the ſame nature; they are dumb, dead, and inſenſible, unleſs the ray of our will reflects on them to actuate them, to ſet them a work, and of them to make matter of our delight.

If pleaſure ſprang from the qualitie of creatures, it would be alike in all hearts; and never would any thing, which is pleaſing to one, be irkſom or diſtaſteful to another: but ſith we ſee ſo many diverſities in the contentments of particulars, and that one ſelf-ſame man is ſometimes diſpleaſed with that he hath moſt affected; we may well ſay, there is ſome ſecret in joy which is not derived from any thing elſe, then it ſelf. *Chiron* could not endure to be a feigned God, becauſe he daily ſaw the ſame things. *Polycrates* was impatient to have Felicitie fixed upon him, and ſought, of his own accord, to become unfortunate, as one glutted with his own happineſs.

There are a thouſand fantaſtical tricks in a ſpirit over-much contented with worldly bleſſings, needs muſt our appetite in the ſame tone meet with objects, to accompliſh our felicitie: Wherefore it much import to habituate it in delight, which ariſeth from things good, and laudable, to purchaſe its joys at a low rate, to have them continually within ones ſelf, without begging them from elſewhere, which will never happen but by flight from unlawful luſts, and by the application of our minds to things divine. For which purpoſe I will here repreſent unto you the reproach of evil pleaſure, that you may adapt your ſelves to the ſources of the delights of God.

Sect.

Sect. 2. *The Baseness and Giddiness of sensual Voluptuousness.*

The essence of this Passion.

WIcked pleasure is an inordinate delight in sensual things, proceeding from a soft, nice, and effeminate soul which adhereth to its flesh, and excesively loveth it, and which also oft proceedeth from a spirit become cold in the love of God, and darkned in the knowledge of other blessings of the other life, from bad education, and from many vicious habits contracted in youth: strange is the dominion of flesh, and admirable the sway of pleasures.

Delubrum voluptatis. Isa. 13.21.

Figure unto your self that you in a Table see that Edifice, which the Prophet *Esay* calleth, *The Temple of pleasure.* It is a house of delight, where one entreth in by five gates, which are all crowned with roses, and carry the badge of youth, and prosperity. The five gates are the five senses, by which all the passages are made into carnal pleasure; and which according to their nature are perpetually but upon sensual pleasures, and vain delights of the world. When one entreth into this house, he instantly feels the smoke of meats, he heareth a great noise in the kitchin, and mixed with it a consort of dissolute people, who chant, that, which those miserable souls sung in the book of *Wisdom. Come, let us enjoy present blessings, and let us not torment our minds with the time to come; let us make much of creatures while they are in our power; let us take prosperitie by the wing whilst youth smileth on us. Let us spare neither rich wines, nor perfumes; the flower of time flyeth away, lay hold of it who can: Let us make coronets of roses before they wither, and let there not be a meadow wherein our sensuality wantonly sporteth not.*

Venite, fruamur bonis quæ sunt, & utamur creatura tanquam in juventute celeriter, vino pretioso & unguento nos impleamus: & non prætereat nos flos temporis; coronemus nos rosis, antequam marcescant, nullum pratum sit quod non pertranseat luxuria nostra.

Then we behold a great number of those drunkards, of whom the Prophet *Esay* speaketh, who are upon the side of a river, called the *Forgetfulness of God*: some of them are frizzled, powdred, musquified; others smoke-dried, high-coloured, and Fiery-faced; others pale, meager, and out of countenance: some drink, eat, and make good chear so prodigiously, that Nature doth even burst for anger: some toy, sport, and trifle among women of their own humor: others fumble upon a Lute, sing airs, and prattle to please themselves: others shuffle Cards, shake dice, and pitch battels at the sound of money: others design strange new dances in their fantasies: and to conclude; all of them have no other aim, but the satisfaction of sense, and the slaverie of the flesh.

The image of nice ones.

You see likewise among these heaps very many of suspicious nicelings, who have as great a care of their health, as if the Species of men were to fail in themselves. There are many people, who never by experience knew of what colour the Crisping of day was; and who as well also may vaunt, as the Sybarite, that they never saw the sun either rising or setting. Alchymists labour to turn copper into gold; but these men commonly turn day into night, and seek for elements apart to distinguish themselves from other men, as being not made of the same matter with the rest. They perpetually pick quarrels at the air, the winds, the seasons; and there is scarcely a day clear enough for them: they must keep their chambers, learn the trick of dining in their beds, to beware of Planets and Moons (as great enemies) and to fear the *Serene* as if it were some flying serpent, which came to rob them of their life: heat, cold, moisture, drouth, travel, the way, are hostilities with them, against which they proclaim an everlasting war. All these kinds of people would willingly make *Epicurus* his vow, which is never to have any trouble, nor ever would they be dispensed with in it. If there be the least shadow of some sickness; Physicians upon Physicians must be consulted with, all the world must be entertained with an imaginary evil, remedies must be sought for, on all sides; Drugs every hour, of all kinds sent for, so long, until they have made an Apothecaries shop of their bodies. But if really they be sick; *Hippocrates* and *Galen* must be raised again, to feel their pulse, so few Physicians they find to their liking; and then battels must be waged, to take a medicine, or to receive a prick of the lancet, if peradventure the apprehension of it be lodged in the giddiness of their brains. When Death comes to look on them, he must have a gilded Mask on, and be cloathed with a garment of white sattin, embroidered with pearls, and a little sythe of Christal put into his hands, or a silver dart; for they extremely fear the stroke.

Lastly, to be short, you in this lodging observe infinite many who never make use of their feet, and as little of their head, but to trouble all the world: such as cannot eat one morsel but with silver forks, nor cannot spit but upon the same metal; such whose viands must be more choice then were used in those antient feasts of false gods: There is not a Cook, a Groom, nor a Maid-servant can content them; so many fashions, singularities, and services there are about them: you would say their life is a continual sacrifice repleniished with ceremonies; everie day they must be upon change of officers, and he who accomodateth not himself to their humour, is their open enemy. Were it not better for one to die a thousand times, or to live all the dayes of his life attending the most skittish Mule that is, then do such service to his bodie?

Sect. 3 *The Sublimity, Beauty, and Sweetness of Heavenly delights.*

Remedies; True contentment is in God.

WRetched Soul! if thou yet art not grieved to lead a life, an enemie to the Cross, odious to Reason, unsupportable to men: and if thou seekest joy and contentment, for which, it seems to thee, we are born; lift up thine eye, and behold delight in its source, which thou wilt never find but in the house of God. The wine of Palms makes all other wine unsavourie, and men to be temperate; So the contentment which cometh from things divine, blotteth out the memory of all sensual delectations.

Melior est racemus Ephraim vindemia Abiezer. Judic. 8. 2.

One grape alone of Ephraim is better worth then all the vineyards of Abiezer. One sole pleasure taken in heavenly objects, is a thousand times more to be esteemed then all the contentments in the world, whose delire is nothing but fire; fruition, but disturbance; and loss, but repentance. All the pleasure of God is in God himself: he hath his Halls, his orchard, delights, his Cabbinet, and his Paradise in his own bosom: he alone is an infinite good to himself, and sustinent in all the latitudes of its beatitude: he enjoyeth it from all eternitie, having no need of any creature, to augment the pleasure of it, and to accomplish the glorie of it: and, if of necessitie he must have company, and amitie to make up an accomplished good; he never needed more then the most sweet and lovely societie which he found before all Ages in the Trinitie of persons, amongst whom there is a sovereign Communication of blessings, joy, counsels, and nature. Now, it is an admirable thing that the same good which God out of necessitie hath for himself, he hath prepared for us through Charity;

God possessing himself, enjoyeth his contentment.

and will we have any other Paradise, then himself! Masters will not have any thing common with their servants, and if they could, they would not breath the air which ordinary people daily draw in without any difference; but would create another more pure and delicate, for their own use. God, all good, and all bounteous, doth quite contrarie: For, all that, which is greatest, most rare, and most to be wished, is beatitude which boundeth the desires of all the world; and he hath shared it with us, not dividing it, sith he will, that every one of us possess it without division, as he enjoyeth himself without distinction of felicitie between persons. O what a shame is it, that a soul created for the delight of God, beggeth its contentment from an ape, from a parrot, from some sauce, from a dance, or other thing more contemptible!

Three considerable qualities in the blessings of God.

The blessing of God hath three things, observed by S. *Thomas*, which marvellously recommend it, to wit, that it is most general, most intimate, and most durable. If we found the like qualities in the pleasures of the flesh; I should think they were wise, who provided themselves of them: but if there be nothing less in them, then all that which a well-rectified soul may desire; why pursue we them, to inflame our thirst and provoke our appetites? As for what concerneth Generalitie; the benefits of sense have this want; they never generally delight, sith the train of the Peacock, which pleaseth the eye with its diversified paintings, contents not the taste at all; and that which pleaseth the taste, doth not necessarily please either the touching or smelling. Otherwise doth Gold recreate, and otherwise delight; everie creature hath its propertie and nature, which limiteth the virtue thereof with a certain circumference: God is the the object which gathereth together all delights, as he uniteth all blessings. O man, thou callest here under the little of Contentment, all that pleaseth thee: *Thy gold is thy contentment, and thy Farm thy contentment, and thy life thy contentment; but God is a contentment which includeth all other pleasures: among these objects which charm thy senses, that which is silver cannot be gold, and that which is wine cannot become bread, and that which is light cannot serve thee for drink: but thy God is that alone which containeth the models of all pleasures to be imagined.*

Agrum tuum pax est, prædia tua pax, Deus tuus pax; quicquid hic desideres, paxtibi erit; quia hoc, aurum quod tibi est, non potest esse argentum: quod vinum est, non potest esse panis: quod tibi lux est, non potest esse potus; Deus tuus totum erit tibi. Aug. in Psal. 36. serm. 1.

Secondly, if we regard the manner of delighting; all pleasures of sense pass but to the outward skin: and if they come to penetrate farther; they beat down our senses which are not long able to bear an object so violent, although it be gustful and pleasing. Our soul alone, as it is in its nature, is not mingled with that matter which tieth things corporal: It hath a capacitie almost infinite of not being wearie of its object; and God who is a spirit-Creator pierceth in into the bottom, and overfloweth it with eternal felicities. For, as for the third consideration, we see all sensual delectations pass along like a torrent which runs through a valley: but the blessings of God ever flow with an affluence which never dryeth; and therefore *Hugh* of S. *Victor* verie well compared the favours of heaven to a miraculous oil, which the Prophet *Elizeus* obtained by his prayer for the good widow: for as ordinarily oil daily decreased in the vessels wherein it was put; this, quite contrarie, so multiplyed through the blessing of the Saint, that the woman was enforced to say, she had no more vessels to put it in. And how many see wee in the world, who keep a wicked slight pleasure as a drop drop of corrupt oil which comes to nothing, and fadeth away as if it be not spent; whereas the consolations of heaven do sometimes so fruitfully overflow upon faithful souls, that they confess they have not a heart large enough to contain them! O soul really penurious, worthy of all the poverties on earth; whom the riches of heaven cannot suffice! what hast thou to do with those standing puddles of Egypt which do only inflame thirst in thy veins? wilt thou never seek for thy refreshment in the Cisterns of *Bethlehem*!

Hugo l. 1. Miscellaneorum. tit. 3. *Ad oleum mundi vasa deficiunt, oleum mundi in vasis deficit.*

Sect. 4. *The Paradise, and joyes of our Lord, when he was on earth.*

Our Lord passed all his life in contentments which were necessarily due to him, to give us an example to wean ourselves from them. *Hic est filius meus dilectus in quo mihi bene complacui.* Mat. 17. 5. *Totius potestatis summa, thesaurus virtutum, flos delitiarum, amnium deliciarum, convivium Angelorum.* Aug. hom. in exurgens Maria.

LEt us, in the second instance, behold what joys and what pleasures the incarnate word made choice of in this life; since it must serve us for a model. Verily, were there a man in the world worthy to live in perpetual delight; it was he, in whom the heavenly Father had chosen to place his heart, his joys, and contentments: It is he, who is called by Saint *Augustine, the summary of all power, the Treasury of virtues, the flower and quintessence of contentments, the sweetness of delights, and the perpetual banquet of Angels.* As supremely potent; he might afford himself all the pleasures of Monarchs: as correspondently virtuous; he might sanctifie them in his own person: As being in possession of the most pure delight (in such sort that the only aspect of his face served for a delicious feast to all the blessed souls;) he seemed to be inseparable from joy; He notwithstanding would take so poor a part in the comforts of the world, that he, who would consider and behold the whole Table of his life from the time of his birth to his death, shall find he chose the life of a Halcyon who liveth among thorns, whereof her nest is made, and on the trembling agitation of waters, which serve it for a moving chariot. The life of *Jesus Christ* was a thorny life among a thousand difficulties which environed it on all sides, a life tossed with a thousand afflictions which afforded him no rest, a life like unto a piece of Tapistry wrought with threds of gold, wherein there was nothing but thickets of briars and brambles. Good God! if we be threatned by some evil; we try all manner of helps, we offer vows to all the saints, and make heaven and earth to conspire (if we can) to free us from it: we beseech God to do miracles in our behalf, that we may suffer nothing; and he doth a perpetual one in himself, to endure all which a supreme crueltie could invent, & an equal patience suffer. He permitted sadness to seize on him; even in the bosom of Beatitude, as if a King should give a sergeant leave to bring him a summons in the midst of the pleasures of his Table. The two most triumphant days of his mortal life seem to be, that of his Transfiguration, and that whereon he made his magnificent entrance into *Jerusalem*; And yet on this he wept, as moistning his triumph with tears from his eyes: and on the other, *Moses* and *Elias*, who appeared by his sides, to serve as Oratours in his praises, spake of that he was to fulfil in *Jerusalem* (to wit) of his excessive sufferings, as if one had proclaimed to *Cæsar* the sentence of his death, at the instant when he entred into his Ivorie chariot to be drawn by four white horses. *Jesus Christ* was at that time in a body all resplendent with lights, which was as a chariot to his soul; and he would, to be entertained with his passion, mingle the Cypress with the Lawrel. I do not wonder the Fathers have applyed to him the passage of *Genesis*; *I will put my Bow in the clouds.*

This,

Arcum meum ponam in nubibus. Gen. 9.

This, verily, was the Raiobow of the Celestial Father, which shone, & showred both at one time: for, we see, this goodly meteor, all composed of clouds of glory which serve as a Mirrour for the sun, ceaseth not to pour down it self in rain upon our heads; so, the Saviour of the world in the pavillion of the Beatitude of his soul all covered over with fires and lights, had eyes weeping over the sins and miseries of men. Where think you were his joyes? S. *Augustine* will tell you. The soul of *Jesus Christ* was perpetually content, because it was drenched in God his father, as a drop of dew in the Ocean: It was ever in the place of pleasures which were born with it. All it thought, all it did, all it aimed at, was nothing but God: and from this so perfect union, waited on by immortal ardours of his love, it derived its Immutability.

Aug. l. de Incarnatione Verbi.

The soul (besides these delicious Torrents of beatifick vision which overflowed it) drew its consolations from the very sufferings it endured for the glory of the Divine Majesty. It drew them from the destruction of Idols, and from the confusion of devils which yelled, being now despoiled under its feet, from the exaltation of the Church, in sufferings and persecutions; from the glory of so many souls who sailed from the red sea of their bloud to eternal rewards; from so many holy Virgins who were to follow the standard of the purity which his Mother did first of all place on his Altars; from so many Doctours who should be born to beat down heresie in so many battels, which were to be waged throughout the revolution of Ages; from so many Confessours who should bedew themselves with tears of pennance, and burn themselves in a Holocaust of sweetness. All was presented unto it, as in a burning glass; the rayes whereof reflected in diametre upon its heart to set it all on fire, in such sort, that it was then like to the great Angel of whom the Prophet *Zachary* speaketh, who sat upon a red horse among gardens of Myrrhe, which are the Hieroglyphes of love; his red horse was the ardour of his celestial affection, and the branches of Myrrhe so many elect souls, which were even then in the Book of Prescience, wherein he took unspeakable delight.

Zach. 1.8.

Sect. 5. *Against the Stupidity and Cruelty of worldly pleasures.*

AND now, (O disloyal soul) to be called to the society of the joyes of the celestiall Father, and of the Son of God; and to despise them for a miserable fansie of pleasure! Ah, illusion! Ah witchcraft! What sense is there to feast perpetually, and to live in the profuse excess of Taste and gourmandize, which you shall one day have more cause to curse, then cherish; whilst so many poor Widows, so many little Orphans, and people heretofore fortunate, now necessitous, even to the extremity of penury, have not dry bread to moisten it with their tears, before they eat it? When have you inquired after their Calamities? When have you opened an eye to behold them? When have you so much as made a ray of mercy to reflect on so pressing and deplorable miseries? *Go (O thou ungrateful to God) traitour to thy own salvation, enemy of the poore, scorn of the rich, and prison of humane Nature,* who keepest it shut up in thy bowels of brass, not suffering it so much as to behold its like. What wilt thou answer to the voice of the bloud of so many poor, who will plead against thee at the day of judgment, if thou from this time resolvest not to cut off thy superfluities, to comfort their afflictions? Where wilt thou find any to receive thee into those celestial mansions, if thou dost not visit the poor in their Hospitals, and Cabbins, abandoned by all the world? Where wilt thou find rewards from heaven, if thou sowest not liberalities on earth? O thou nice wanton who wiltst perpetually be observed according to the giddy fancies of the exorbitant spirit; and the many sufferings which have covered, and swallowed up the third part of man-kind, never to enter into thy thoughts! Of what flesh, of what bloud, of what bones dost thou think thou art made; to desire here to be served like a demy-God, and to walk on the heads of men? Ignorant of thy self, nay Hang-man of thy self, who canst not live without so much prodigality, superfluities, and services; not knowing that the first imitation of God, is, to depend little in the world on ought which concerneth the service of the body. O thou old raven of the Deluge, who still art tied with a long chain of servitude, to a wretched piece of carrion, which hath exhausted the wealth of thy purse, and brain! Is it then infamous pleasure for which thou hast renounced the delights of heaven, for which thou hast betrayed thy salvation, and trampled under foot the bloud of the Testament; and thou not yet so vouchsafe to open thy eyes, to see the headlong ruine which threatneth thee? Unhappy Bacchanalians, who make Temples to be consecrated among Christians to Idolatrize you; where will you find any place to lodge you in, unless you mean to leap, and skip upon the blood of the lamb? Hence with riot, curiosity, sports, feasts, and dissolute delights; I pronounce it, I publish it aloud, They are the Apostacies of Christianity, if you dayly go about to countenance these libertinismes.

Traiterous pleasures, pleasures enemies of the Cross; see, see at the door of the house of these Syrens the sepulchres of Concupiscence which stink, and smoke still with the disastrous carrions of those unsatiable bellies which made war against heaven, to have dainties, which they no sooner received into their throats, but the anger of God fell on their criminal heads: and do you think, that following their steps, you shal have better success? See, see *Lot's* wife turned into a statue of salt, who still cryeth out, with an eternal voice, over the burning ruins of *Sodom*, and saith, For having looked back on a voluptuous City, yea, on the flames of my punishment, behold me changed into a pillar of salt, that all posterity may know, that bodily lusts are like unto salt water, which well may irritate thirst, but never can quench it. See, see likewise those Princes glutted with delights, crucified right against the sun, which at their death reproacheth them with their crimes. O voluptuous! O carnall creature! the time will come, when those members which thou wouldest not crucifie by a holy mortification on the Cross of *Jesus Christ*, shall be crucified on the Cross of the bad thief, by the pains and torments which the Justice of God shall send thee, and it shall be said, Crucifie, Crucifie him against the sun, that he dying, may see him whom he hath despised; that he may see the sun of Justice, against which he hath spit; that he in Idea may see the splendour of eternal delights, which he hath left, to tie himself to a dunghill; that dying, *Jesus* may reproach him with his sensualities, his dissolutions, and ingratitudes. O God! rather hair-shirts, sackcloth, ashes, sacks, thorns, fasts, austerities, and sharp rasours, then to fall into such ignominy.

Num. 11. 34.

Genes. 19. 26.

Num. 25. 4. Tolle cunctos Principes populi, & suspende eos contra Solem in patibulis: quia exfornicati cum Moabitibus comederunt sacrificia Beelphegor.

Ingrate Deo, sibi molesta, hostis pauperum, divitum nota, carcer naturæ. Chrysol. serm. 104.

Hic ure, hic seca modò in æternum parcas.

Sect.

Sect. 6. *The Art of Joy, and the means how to live contented in the world.*

The art of Joy.

ONe of the best arts in the world is, how well to rejoyce, and the man who finds out the mistery of it, doth more, then if he had discovered the fountain-head of *Nilus*, or the Countreys which produce gold and diamonds. I will give you a brief method of it, to conclude, the Treatise of Delight; and place your soul (if you wil take so much pains as to obey reason) in the state of a most sincere tranquillity.

You must first of all imagine with your self, that the earth whereon we live is not the region of joyes; and what industry soever we may use, we shall not any long time of our life be impenetrable to cares, and Sadness, which commonly grow from our condition.

Damascen.

It was a fansie in King *Abenner* to be desirous to breed up his son in continual pleasure, never suffering him to be touched with the least impression of so many discontents, which occurre in the course of mans life. For which purpose he caused him to be educated in a pallace, which seemed to be consecrated to merriments, and delights: All, which art and nature could do to make a man contented, was shut within this circuit, and the Father permitted not any thing to be presented before his sons eyes, which might have the power any way to displease him. In the end, this happy creature was troubled at his golden Cage, and delicious prison. He had a desire to behold the world: and having before never seen about him but flourishing troups of youth, endowed with strength, garb, and health, enjoying full prosperity; he, at his going out of the palace, met first a begger, then a leper; lastly, a man all worn with age; which sight instantly moved his heart, touched with much compassion of the miseries of mans life.

Cares enter into us by the gates of the senses, let them be never so well guarded: and if we have not wherewithall to be contristated; our own felicities displease us. Upon which *Symmachus* hath very well observed. That, *We are born in the world much rather for sorrows then joyes; pleasures which accost us; stay not long with us, they have wings to forsake us, but to say truely, sweetest things in the world are given us for an use as short, as the sense thereof is feeble.* And that which the more is to be lamented, is, that wits the most subtle are ordinarily the least satisfied; they are more greedy of the time to come, more distasted with the present, less forgetfull of evil past: They burn themselves with their proper light; and many times, to avoid an honest captivity, they frame themselves a thousand fetters. It is no disgrace; but, the desire of many, to be a beast a little, to live the more in repose; and to leave the tree of Knowledge, to gather the fruit of life. Now, albeit we cannot arrive in the state of this present world to a fulness of felicity; yet there are means somewhat to manage our life, and to lead it in innocent contentments. To reach this happiness, it is necessary first of all to have a conscience very clean, and free from remorses, from crimes, and from sins, never well expiated; for that is it which lighteth up torches, and which causeth furies, and tormentors in the midst of a heart troubled with spectres of its own wickedness. What joy hath a man who hath God his enemy; and who feels the Divine Justice to shoot lightnings, and shake thunder over his criminal head? nay, may we not say, there is not a moment of his life which is not steeped in the bitterness of his thoughts? There is not a Thunder-clap which seemeth not to roar for him: There is neither an anger in the heavens, nor a menace on the Earth, which seems not to conspire to his ruine. If you have passed your life very innocently; give thanks to God who is the Father of innocency, and the source of Sanctity.

Symmach. ep. l. 1. Sic nati sumus ut sapius adversa fungamur, & bona nostra quæque tei nam brevis usus, quam levis sensus est.

But if by mishap you are fallen into some very grievous sin; (following the Counsel of Cardinal *Petrus Damianus*) *Mount up to the Tribunal of your understanding, lead your soul to judgment, let your thoughts accuse you, let your reason judge you, let your conscience lift up the sword, let it strike home, let the blood of tears be seen to stream from the wound, and be you a Martyr of penance, to become a witness of the mercies of God.*

Damian. serm. 30. Ascende tribunal mentis, & temetipsum pertrahe ad judicium quæstionis, cogitatio accuset, animus judicet, pœnitens conscientia vulnet. Carnifex feriat, lachrimarum rivus vultum tergat: Sic per Martyrii similitudinem ad veram pervenies Martyrii dignitatem.

It is to mount very high, to come to this first degree; but we must yet pass to the second, which is mortification of passions, because a soul perpetually mastered by its appetites, cannot freely breathe the air of the children of God. It was in the confusion of stirs, that the Prophet *Nahum* accomplished his Prophecy. *The voice of the whip, the voice of the impetuosity of wheels, of the neighing horse, and the flaming chariot, of the corvetting horseman, of the glittering sword, and of the lightning lance, where we see nothing but death and ruine.* There is nothing but wars in a passionate spirit, the whip of Gods Justice scourgeth, the wheel of inconstancy there circumvolveth continually, there concupiscence neigheth. Pride walks in Triumph, anger shooteth its envenomed shafts, there virtues are ruined, and vices walk in pomp. And what pleasure can you have in these tumults, and in these nights, drawing so near to Hell!

Nahum. 2.

Salmeron in Parab. Evang.

It is held, that pearls have a thick film which darkneth all their lustre: but when they have passed through the entrails of a pigeon which concocteth them by its heat, this skin falleth off, and they get a radiance infinitly beautious. The like hapneth in the matter of a soul troubled with some evil passion; it loseth the lustre wch is imprinted thereon by the finger of God, & fadeth in the obscurity of its concupiscence; but if it throw it self into the heart of God, wch is the holy Ghost it self, it tempreth the unrulinesse of passions by his divine ardours, & is clothed with the most pleasing lights of the Empyreal heaven, wch are the sources of the most innocent delights. What a spectacle is it to see a man master over himself, who walketh according to the levels of God, as the hours by the degrees of the sun, who prefers conscience before riches, virtue above honour, who wil not be knowing, but to understand his own ignorance, who desireth not to be potent, but to do good, who of his words maketh decres of wisdom, & of his life a continual harmony! Must we not confess that he entreth into a fortress, where envy no longer hath a tooth to hurt, calumny no serpentine tongue tosting him, nor fortune darts to strike him? It is not a simple word, but an Oracle of the 70 Interpreters, when they said, that a man who hath wel mastred his passions, is the Physician of his own heart.

Add to this victory over pasions, a good choice of professions and vocations, which are to be exercised in humane life, wherein we necessarily must play some part, and have some reasonable employment to entertain our selves, otherwise Idleness oftentimes becoms the seminary of unquietness. There are men, who be in the world, as dislocated bones in the body, They have hit ill by the mishap of their choice, they are not in the place, where the divine Providence would have them. A storm of pasion hath peradventure thrust one into a Cloisterian infirmity

Πραΰθυμος ἀνὴρ καρδίας ἰάσεται. Eccl. 30. 23. Vbi vulgata. Exultatio viri est longevitas.

of

of flesh hath bound another too basely to some poor wedlock: those are bands which wisdom cannot break, although Imprudence hath many times tied them with its hands, we must sweeten them by reason, since they vex us by their necessity. A heart galled by some ill chance, which it knoweth to be incorrigible, hath much ado to find any joy; it must be created by art, seeing we cannot attain it by good luck: It will not be so genuine, but perhaps generous enough. It is a great mystery in matter of contentment, prudently to order the course of ones life, and not to put ones self upon bad businesses; to be guided rather by counsel, then by passion, to dispose his persons, and family within limits, civilly well rectified, neither to make matter for a Comedy of his name, nor for a Tragedy of his manners: to settle his little fortune in a pure tranquility; not to be offensive, nor to have any enemies but such as have proclaimed enmity against reason. Great estates are much more uncapable of contentment then mean; they have too great a Train, and in the great extent of their appurtenances, they fall the more often upon all kind of hazards; their felicity is a body composed of a million of members, multitude burdeneth them, and the want but of one afflicteth them. We have seen Kings and Princes, who could not be merry, but by stealing themselves from themselves, and by forsaking the ensignes of their dignity, to descend to the conversation of more inferiour conditions.

There are many in the world, who are incited by great worldly ambitions, but who having met the golden mean, habituate themselves in their condition, and there to adapt them, as Halcyons to their nest: They have the dew of Heaven, and the fat of the Earth, wealth, children, inheritances, houses, money, health, and friends; they manure the gifts of God, in an assured repose; it seemeth contentments are onely made for such men. Such is the felicity described by the Poet *Martial*. *Wealth which comes by Succession, not by pains-taking; land which affords a good revenew; a perpetual fire, no suit, no servitude, a mind contented, a body sound, and conveniently strong; a prudent simplicity: friends suitable, domesticks obsequious, a Table without art, night free from cares, and not burthened with wine; A bed not sad, but chaste; sleep which makes the night seem short; to desire to be what one is, and to reach at no more; neither to fear the last day of our life, nor to wish it.* Behold the bounds of humane happiness, which are well enough expressed, according to the opinion of the world; and such as walk these wayes, readily sequester themselves from all the disturbances of care, and would not in any sort approve the ceremonious customes of the *Jews*, who commonly carried panniers and Hay along with them in a journey, to put them in mind that their Ancestours had carried earth and mortar in *Egypt*. But yet we must tell you, it were to make life too beggerly, and too much depending on fortune; to think felicity is included within so narrow bounds. There needeth but a moment to pull down a nest, which a bird hath built with time and pains: nor needeth there also but one misfortune to dissipate all the little Oeconomy of humane prudence.

Martial. Epig. l. 10.

Cumen. l. 1. de Rep. Hebr.

Learn a good lesson of contentment, which shall be, not to rejoyce much at vain and mutable things; to unloose your self, what you may, from sense, and to fly into the region of Angels, therein to find your contentment. There is ordinarily much satisfaction in the commerce one hath with God, in great and worthy actions, in good conversations and pure amities, in the estimation which proceedeth from virtue, in the contemplation of total Nature, therein to find the God of Nature, in the last of the Maxims and verities of our Religion, and (if you be of capacity) in Eloquence, Poetry, Painting, Musick, the Mathematicks, in Games which are most spiritual, Histories, Books, meetings of good wits, woods and solitudes. Discharge your delights (as much as you can) from matter, to approach unto those of Paradise. Fix them not on things which are hard to atchieve, and easie to be lost; practise your spirit, to find them in your heart, as a good father of a family, who ever hath wherewith to live, and to feast his guests in his own house. Forget not in the time of fair weather to prevent the storm of humane accidents, and daily think how you may put your self under covert within your self; but, which is more, into the bosome of God. When *Gyges* his ring was turned towards the world, it made him visible to all there present, but when he drew it back towards himself, he became invisible, and impregnable against such as wished him ill. If your quality cause you to look towards the world, and pompously to propose you to the eyes of beholders; remember you must have a Retreat, and innocent invisibilities to vindicate your self from the throng of importunacies.

When you shall have well-grounded the matter of your contentments, then neglect not the form and fashion of them. Imitate not those, who on a sudden drench and drown themselves in pleasure, with a voluntary drunkenness, which presently deprives them of all pleasure; Distill your joyes, like unto a heavenly dew; moisten your heart, but overflow it not; otherwise it is to be feared in such as are of a very soft temper, lest the approach of excessive joy, may cause a great evaporation of spirit, and leave the heart destitute of heat and vigour: which caused *Zeuxes* the Painter to die laughing, as he beheld the rough draught of an old woman, which he was a finishing; and the Poet *Philemon*, by seeing an Ass that came to eat figs on his Table.

Howsoever it be, distaste sticks to the extremes of the greatest pleasures, as Cantharides on the fairest Roses. Resemble not those who overflow in their favours, who publish their own prosperities, and tell them to all the world: which raiseth them many envious and maligne spirits, who stir up tempests in their imaginary tranquillity. Rejoyce (said an Ancient) in your bosome; do all the good you practise from morning till night, with pleasure; and when any misadventure befalleth you, ever think, it is a great favour from God it went no further, and that the Divine Providence is satisfied with a little hurt. Call sometimes to your memory the ill days and dangers you have escaped by the goodness of God, that you with the more gust may taste your repose. If you be fortunate, hold you there, and be not like the dog in the Fable, who let go his piece of flesh to catch a shadow. The foolish Idolaters of *Egypt*, after they had Courted their god *Apis* in so many studied fashions, after they had found him with so much satisfaction, after they had received him with so much applause, killed him, to put another in his place. That is it which all senseless worldly spirits do; they disturb their own pleasures, and themselves, to live to become the conquest of a Chymera of honour, or of some pleasing thing, which keeps them in a perpetual

perpetual famine. You are permitted to love the gifts of God, to derive a little tribute of contentment out of all creatures, to restore it to the Authour, to avoid discontented humour, spirits troublesome and complaining, to please your self with good company: But if you desire to know the mystery of mysteries in pleasure; understand, you shall never find it but when you shall learn to rejoyce in tribulations, out of a desire you have to conform your self to *Jesus Christ*. That is the joy which all the Saints have studied with pain, have found with delight, and have tasted with glory. That is it which S. *Peter* calleth, *The ineffable, and the glorified*; That which S. *James* said contained the consummation of all comforts: That which S. *Paul* found in Caverns, S. *Laurence* on the Grediron, S. *Katharine* on the wheel, S. *Apollonia* in flames; Lastly, That which cometh from the throne of the Lamb, and which with its eternal streams watereth all the plants of *Paradise*.

Exultabitis lætitia inenarrabili & glorificata. 1 Pet. 1.8. *Omne gaudium.* Jacob. 1.2.

The sixth Treatise, of SADNESS.

Sect. 1. *Its Description, Qualities, and the Diversity of those who are turmoiled with this Passion.*

The Essence and Image of Sadness. *Cujus initium cuncta obtinet, progressum labor, dolor exitum, error omnia.* Petrarch. de remedii.

A Wise man said that man entreth into life as into a career, where, in the beginning, blindness putteth a scarf over his eyes, then delivers him over to labour, which giveth him a heavy stone to roll all the length of the life, labour placeth him in the hands of sorrow and sadness; sorrow (which properly is a dislike had against objects contrary to its inclination) exerciseth him principally in the body: Sadness, which is a passion of the reasonable Appetite, that filleth the heart with acerbity by the privation of amiable objects, and by the representation of things grievous and opposite to nature, works upon the soul, which it incessantly afflicteth. Some are slowly wasted by perpetual languours, others are many times seized on with so much violence, that they suddenly die of it, as it happened to a son of *Gilbert*, Duke of *Montpensier*, who yielded up the ghost on the tomb of his father.

This passion hath for nurse, softness of spirit, seeing a soft soul is ordinarily eaten by anxiety, and gnawn by perplexity, as iron is consumed by Rust: It is seated in melancholy; for the melancholick are they who most feel the burdens of life, the spirit being deprived of alacrity, which useth to season things the most bitter. Faintness and discouragement are ever by its sides to torment it: because they are the two passions which dry up the *Humidum radicale*, quench the heat, drain the source of spirits, and constitute the whole state of its mischief. Round about it fly cares, discontentments, and annoyes; since these are its companions, and most ordinary entertainments. The heart of it is filled with an infinite number of desires, being our discontentments do multiply according to the measure of our desires; and that he who desireth nothing, quarrels at no body, nor is impatient at the burdens which the providence of God layeth on his shoulders. It liveth on gall, as being nourished by continual acerbities: It looketh back far off after contentment, which flieth from it; insomuch as its onely torments consisteth in desiring, and not enjoying: It beholdeth it self in a pond of standing water; because such are the objects of sadness, which the impatient set before their eyes, to stir up in them many troubled and uncollected fantasies. Lastly, it is one while little, crouching, and loutish, with a countenance of lead, and weeping eyes; another while also it is furious, inflamed, and fretfull; to signifie unto us two sorts of impatient men, whereof the one silently bites the bridle, having no means to come to the end of their pretensions: and the other breaks out into extraordinary fury, with intention to tear asunder the obstacles which oppose their designs. Behold the picture of sadness drawn out of Philosophy and reason. Now, I may well add, following the conceits of the wise, that I see infinite many in this picture who have not all the same liveries; For the kingdom of this Passion, is an admirable Purgatory, where punishments are divers, and every one participates of them according to the quality of his apprehension, and the diversity of objects. *Such* (saith S. *Ambrose*) *is the condition of our life; Roses, which before sin grew without thorns, are afterward on all sides armed with sharp-pointed prickles, to teach us that the most smiling fortunes take part in the cares, and miseries of the condition of mortals.*

Spina sensit gratiam floris, tanquam humanæ speculum præferens vitæ, quæ suavitatem perfunctionis suæ finitimis curarum stimulis sæpe compungit. S. Ambr. l. 3. Hexameron.

Impatient of divers qualities.

I observe nice impatient ones, who have been bred, as it were, between silk and cotton, and who never beheld the miseries of the world, but through shadows and clouds, and therefore the use they have taken to be served from their childhood according to their humour, causeth patience to be a matter very extraordinary with them. So you see that upon the least occasion presented of suffering, their weak spirit shrinks within it self, and their tender flesh makes resistance. These are they of whom the Prophet *Baruch* spake, *My nice ones have walked through hard and rough ways.* And of whom *Seneca* hath aptly said; *They are ulcers which are irritated when they are lightly touched, or that you make but a shew to do it.* I on the other side observe suspicious impatient ones, who skirmish with flies, and are tormented upon shadows of affronts which never were, continually ruminating on some slight cold countenance not purposely shewed them; or some word spoken, meerly out of freedom of speech: on the other side, I see of them that are prompt, and sharp, whose bloud quickly comes into their faces, whose eyes sparkle, voice is shrill, fashion turbulent, and veins wholly bent upon revenge; so that they do not long dispute with a yoke: but break it, and run at random, where they oftentimes commit as many errours as they go steps. I observe others, who are more bitter then sharp in their impatience; and in this number I behold many wayward, and prying old men, who still have some accusations to make against the actions of youth. I see many Courtiers discountenanced, many intranced lovers, many officers, servants male and female dismissed, many suitours rejected in their pursuits, many envious, who repine at the prosperity of their Neighbour: on the other part I behold many persons afflicted in the world, one with sickness, another for the death of a friend, one with contempt, another with slander, one with poverty, another with deformity of body; some with indispositions of mind, and other temporal mishaps. It is of this sadness whereof the Wise-man speaketh, when he saith,

Delicati mi ambulaverunt viam difficilem. Baruch. 1. 26.

Proverb. 25. Sicut tinea vestimento, & vermis ligno, ita tristitia viri nocet cordi.

saith, that *Even as the moth marreth a garment, and a little worm gnaweth wood, so sadness insensibly eateth the heart of man.*

Lastly, I see many miserable creatures, who cease not to find fault with their vocation, and to complain of those who govern them, to accuse the Age, and seasons; and oft-times to call God in question. Some tell their evil to all the world, like unto those sick persons who sought for remedies from all who passed by the gates of their Temples: others hatch their discontent in the bottom of their heart, and have much to do, that it be not seen in their faces; others publickly drag their Cross through currents of water, with murmurs and imprecations, of which the Scripture saith: *That the clamour and noise of their exclamations openly break forth.* Others cannot rest in any place, being weary of all manner of sports, recreation and company: others are vexed at themselves, are doutish, melancholick, frightful, as if they had some evil spirit in their heart, so much oppression of mind they feel: they neglect all the offices of civil life: yea, and the functions of natural life, loth any longer to eat or drink, as if they already were in their graves: From thence proceed black fancies, illusions, despair, and a thousand agitations of mind, which cannot be sufficiently expressed. It is sadness which in Scripture is called *a general plague.* Verily it is a lamentable thing to see, how we are here handled by the unhappiness of our passions. I am not ignorant, there are dolours so great, and sadnesses so deep, that an extraordinary grace of God is necessary to free a soul from it which is touched with it, and to set it at liberty; but we must likewise say, that we often betray our Repose and Conscience, by suffering so many bad seeds to grow up in our hearts, which we might kill with some resistance of virtue, and some ordinary help of the grace of God.

Tumultus murmurationum non absconditur. Sap. 1.

Omnis plaga. Eccl. 25. 17.

Sect. 2. *Humane Remedies of Sadness, and how that is to be cured which proceedeth from melancholy and pusillanimity.*

WHilst the great Genius of Physick, *Hippocrates*, drave away maladies by his precipes, and almost snatched bodies out of the hands of death, one *Antiphon* arose in *Greece*, who envious of his glory, promised to do upon souls what the other did on mortal members, and proposed this sublime invention, which *Plutarch* calleth the art of curing of all Sadnesses: where we may truly say, he used more vanity, promises, and ostent of words, then he wrote good effects. Certainly it were to be wished, that our age (which is so abundant in miseries) should likewise raise great comforters to sweeten the acerbities of the times, to pour oil on the peoples yoke (as the Scripture speaketh) to enter into the interiour of so many poor souls, beaten down with sadness, and wasted with cares, to draw them out of the shadow of death with the first raies of some felicity. Another *Helena* were needful to mingle the divine Drug of *Nepenthe* in the meats of so many afflicted persons, who moisten their bread with their tears before they eat it.

Τέχνην ἀλυπίας. Plutarch. in vita Rhetorum.

Isa. 10. 27.

For my part, I think, that to apply a remedy to sadness, there must a diligent consideration be had of its nature, kind, and quality, for fear that going about to give it comfort, the evil be not exasperated, or that a medicine be unprofitably applied.

Four kind of Sadnesses.

There are sadnesses which come from humour, there are which proceed from pusillanimity, others are caused by scruples, others by an infinite many of those some objects which happen in the chances of humane life.

As for those which grow from Melancholick humours, they are deep rooted as being the inheritances of Nature, and the effects of Temperature. They may notwithstanding be greatly moderated by prudence, discretion, and study, which one may use in overcoming them. It were not to be desired to cut off all manner of melancholy at once, when it is born with us, and proportioned to the functions of our mind, and motions of our body. It is a land which seemeth somewhat dry, but it hideth great treasures. What would become of subtlety of wit, weight of judgment in conceits, invention in sciences, indefatigable labour in affairs, constancy in resolutions, a corrective for light humours, beseemliness in modesty, perseverance in devotion, strength in meditation, constancy in serious life, patience in contempt, exercise of humility; if the melancholick temperature, and Saturnian influence did not thereto contribute solidity? Is that which maketh great Captains, sage Counsellours of State, divine Philosophers, and the most famous Religious: From whence it cometh, that the Antients called it the passion of demy-gods. Onely heed must be taken it run not into some excess, and render not nature sharp, critical, presumptuous, inflexible, and odious; For by that means, certain spirits too much do soothe their own humour, using therein not any correction, make themselves among company, that, which Aconite is among plants. They are insupportable in conversation, and oft times mingling vanity with sharpness, there is not any thing wherein they will not find somewhat to reprehend in words, in sciences, in affairs, in sport, in recreation, in voice, in garb, in habits: and because nothing pleaseth them, they many times displease all the world. It is a great prudence in such as feel themselves naturally disposed to melancholy, to cultivate their mind, and to take from it all which may make it harsh by a perpetual counterpoise of sweetness and mildness. The wicked *Rutilius* thought all the Anchorets and Religious men were sick of *Bellerophon's* disease, which is a furious sadness; but he is grosly deceived. For it is undoubted, there are great Religious persons, who drawing nought out of melancholy, but solidity and constancy, do associate unto it, out of virtue, a singular serenity of life, so that it is a hard matter to find any of a humour more pliant and pleasing. *Palladius* in his *Lausiac* History, maketh mention of a famous Abbot named *Apolon*, who was the father & master of about 500. Monks, whom he maintained in so perfect alacrity, that their countenances seemed to bear the characters of Celestial tranquillity. There were none sad, and if any one seemed to be touched with heaviness, the good Abbot drove it away by his discourse, as swiftly as the Northern wind dispelleth the clouds, saying unto them, It was for Jews, for Gentiles, and for sinners to be contristated; but good religious men ought to entertain an eternal commerce with Joy.

Utility of melancholy.

Saturnus si fuerit optime constitutus, largitur scientiæ profunditatem, Abdias.

Ἡ φιλόσοφος μανία. Gellius l. 18. cap. 7.

Sad spirits.

Rutilius in Itinerar.

Pallad. in hist. Lausiac.

S. Athan. c. 40. in vita S. Anton.

S. *Athanasius* saith of Saint *Anthony*, that his face was a looking-glass, wherein God caused the sanctity of his mind to be resplendent, and that he always seemed cheerfull, as if the bloomings of his heart had put his venerable face all into blossome. So much saith *Denis* (sirnamed the little.) Saint *Pachomius* (a man very eminent, who, in body altogether dissolved with austerities and maladies) did in conversation retain the

Dionysius Exiguus in vita S. Pachomii.

vigour of holy alacrity. It is an imitation of the Saviour of the world, who, according to the Prophet *Esay*, was to be neither sad nor tempestuous.

Non erit tristis neq; turbulentus Isa. 42. 4.

And as pious *Anna*, of whom is spoken in the first book of Kings, forsook all the countenances and crabbed looks which sadness caused in her, so soon as she had conceived the little *Samuel*: so we must

1 *Regum. Vultus ejus non sunt amplius in diversa mutati.*

infer, that a soul which is honoured with the spiritual conception of *Jesus* formed in his heart, is able to drive away all the disturbances of dolour. Otherwise, if this evil humour of sadness be cherished, without breaking it upon all occasions by convenient diversions, and the direction of reason, it encreaseth with age, and being aided by evil dispositions of body, it often degenerateth into shamefull follies and hideous frenzies. From thence are come those Melancholicks of whom *Galen*

Gal. c. 8. l. 3. *de locis affectis.*

speaketh, whereof one thought himself to be an earthen pot, the other imagined he was a cock, and ceased not to crow and clap his wings; the other feared that *Atlas* would let the heavens fall. And

Trallian. l. 1. cap. 16.

Trallianus assureth, there was a woman who continually kept her hand very closely shut, fearing lest the world, which in her opinion was held between her fingers, might escape her. Such Melancholies (saith S. *Jerome*) stand more in need of *Hippocrates* his remedies, then the discourses of Philosophers.

But laying aside these Sadnesses of natural Melancholy, it is fit to know, that which proceedeth from a tedious anxiety of heart, is very hurtfull to the practice of virtue, and may be cured by the resolution and courage of a well-disposed will. It is the malady which the *Grecian* calls *Acedia*, a-

Cassian. lib. de spiritu Acedie.

gainst which *Cassian* wrote a whole book, shewing, it fasteneth very easily upon persons who make profession of Devotion, if they use not labour and study to divert it.

And verily, there are people in no sort fit for Religion, nor the exercises of Meditation, who, nevertheless are therein embarked through levity or ignorance, never having well weighed the greatness of that vocation. But if they meet some spiritual Directours, either indiscreetly zealous, or little experienced, they wil raise them from earth, & instantly apply them to the highest contemplations, drawing them from handy-labours and employments of civil life. I would willingly ask what can they else do but fall into the passion of slothfulness, into anxieties & languours, w^ch^ make life unprofitable to them? In the mean time they who have undertaken the charge to guide them in their Labyrinth, make them many times believe these dryenesses and distelishes are the visitations of God, who will try them; and that they must go on and not faint, nor suffer the honour of their crown to wither. And there are, who living as beasts in a meer lazyness of spirit, imagine it is an *Inaction*, which causeth a cessation from all the functions of their soul, to let the Spirit of God to work in them. Hereupon, we see some Devoters so well practised in this mystery, that they abandon all correspondencies due to a husband, all the care of their children, all the providence they ought to have for their family and houshold affairs, to satisfie the fancies of their mind. It is not Devotion which teacheth them this, nor is it fit that Libertines hereby take occasion to condemn the exercise of piety. It is an errour must be corrected, and speedily, such spirits must be reduced to labour and care for affairs, to cure their sadness. It is the counsel which the Apostle gave to

1 Thes. 4. the Thessalonians: *We entreat you (my brethren) to profit more and more, and to endeavour to be peaceful, and that attending your affairs, you take paine with your hands, as we have appointed you, that you by your conversation may edifie those who are none of ours, and that you may need nothing.* The fore-alledged Authour notably deduceth this Text of S. *Paul*, with many other which he citeth, shewing, that a singular remedy for sadness, caused by Idleness, is, the occupation of the mind and body.

The scrupulous.

For my part, I am perswaded, that by this means many scruples might be cured, wherewith divers minds are now-adayes miserably turmoiled. For they no sooner enter into the great representations of Gods judgment, of sins, and of the torments of the damned, but they presently bear all Hell on their shoulders. The thunders of the divine Justice roars not, but for them, and for them the lightning-flash; they build scaffolds in their heart, whereon their imaginations walk; they nail themselves on voluntary Crosses, and bind themselves on Racks, making an executioner of their mind, and a continual punishment of their life. All they think (in their opinion) is sin; all they do, nought but disorder; and all they expect, meer malediction. They never have made a good Confession, they have ever forgotten some circumstance, they have not well summed up the number of their sins, the Confessour hath not well comprised what they would say: they must eternally begin again, and for trifles of no value: they must run and weary all the tribunals of Confession, and employ more time then would be needful for a man who should manage all the great affairs of *France*. It is a pitiful thing, and verily tyrants never invented so rigorous torments, which superstition (witty in the fruitfulness of its own tortures) surpasseth not. It so toileth the mind, that the body is extremely weakned, which is seen in a face discoloured and wan, a brow heavy, an eye troubled, a heart sobbing, a countenance ghastly, a loss of sleep and appetite, a forbearance of all recreations and pleasures of life.

Remedies for scrupulous minds.

To speak truly, these poor souls are worthy of compassion: for they are perpetually in most painful Purgatories. Efficaciously to comfort them, they must be put into the hands of some prudent, charitable, and resolute man, who may enter into their heart, and may be (as it were) the soul of their soul. They must be drawn from this indigested and too frequent devotion, from all those general confessions so often reiterated; they must not be permitted to accuse themselves of all the vain imaginations of their interiour, but of the transgressions which pass to the exteriour. They must be made to account their doubtful sins for not sins, since ordinarily the scrupulous have a mind wakeful & adverse enough to themselves, not to doubt of any grievous sin; great conceits must be put into them of the goodness & mercy of God: their courage must be raised: and they, in stead of sins, caused to set down in writing, or otherwise, their good works, & the favours they have received from God. It is sometimes fit to change meditations into good broths; to excite them with some generous thought; to stir them up some difference or suit, if it be needful: to hold them in business interlaced with honest repose, & convenient recreation; to handle them sometimes a little severely; to teach them to believe, & to suffer themselves to be directed, and to accustom them to brave this scrupulous conscience, & to vaunt to have despised whatsoever it dictateth. Lastly, to perswade them there is one who hath answered for their soul before God, & that if there be any ill in his direction, he shal

be

be damned for them, and no hurt come to them thereby. To commend them for their docibleneſs when they obey, to let them ſee the fruit of their obedience in the conſolation of their ſoul, to exhilerate them, to heighten them, to take them from themſelves, and to turn them into other perſonages. Many have been abſolutely cured by theſe kindes of proceedings, many much ſweetned. For there are of them who ſuffer all their life time, their thoughts being as devils ſettled in ſome poſſeſſion which never fully forſake them; but they muſt be let to underſtand, the croſſes ordained them in this life; and that undertaking a good reſolution for patience, they ſhall multiply their merits.

Sect. 3. *The remedy of Sadneſſes, which proceed from divers accidents of humane life.*

HEnce I diſcover very long dilation of pleaſures daily framed in ſo many divers occaſions, which makes it ſufficiently appear unto us, that as of all living creatures, there is not any more delicate, more ſenſible, & which is waited on with ſuch a train, as man; ſo there is none more expoſed as a Butt for all accidents, which are of power to occaſion trouble, then he. Alaſs! what is man, who maketh a crime of his birth, a ſlavery of his life, and an horrour of his death? To ſalute day-light with his tears, to come into the world to be inſtantly crucified, his mouth open to cryes and hunger, to bring a barren mind, a frail body, enraged concupiſcences, to be a beaſt ſo many years, then an infant, to feel his miſery; to ſee his poor liberty fettered, to live under the fear of rods in a perpetual reſtraint of will; then to enter into Adoleſcency, followed by youth, which cauſeth loud ſtorms of paſſions to bear along with them the ſeeds of all his miſeries. After that, a ſervitude of marriage, an evil encounter of wives and husbands, of affairs, of cares, of poverty, of children, of ſlanders, of quarrels, affronts, of contumelies, of bodily pains, of faintneſs of ſpirit, of ruines of families, of poiſon, of puniſhments, of privation of all one loveth, of vexations by all one hateth, an old age contemptible, ſick, and languiſhing. Death a hundred times invoked, to fly from the miſerable, and to lay hold of the fortunate. With all this, to ſee abyſſes of fire, and torments prepared for ſins, ordinary in worldly life. Who is it that trembleth not, thinking upon all theſe objects? and who ſaith not, that one muſt be either well fortified with prudence to divert his evils, or have patience to bear them?

Miſeries of humane condition.

Note, that all which may afflict us, is reduced to the loſs of goods, of credit, of friends, of incommodities of body or mind: and that our miſeries, which we think to be infinite, are confined within three ſmal limits. For all the ſadneſſes which may ariſe from theſe five ſources, God hath given us five remedies: Senſe, Reaſon, Time, Neceſſity, and Grace. There are many dolours which grow from the ſenſes, and are likewiſe cured by the ſenſes. We muſt not think all ſadneſſes have ears patiently to hear the diſcourſes of Philoſophers. There is queſtion how to help the ſoul by the body, an 100. ſhillings are of more worth then a hundred reaſons to a poor wretch who hath need of ſuſtenance and refreſhment to ſolace his pains; a little good uſage, meat, apparel, a Croſs upon gold or ſilver, remedieth many Croſſes of needy people. If they to whom God hath given worldly wealth, took the pain to imitate ſo many honourable perſonages, and to accuſtom themſelves to viſit the ſhamefaced poor, they would daily do miracles, they would drive away the devils of melancholy, bad humours, ſpectres, deſpairs, and maladies, they would pull millions of ſouls out of the hands of their evil fortunes, and would be more to men then were the demy-Gods of Antiquity.

The ſubjects of our afflictions.

Five remedies for all ſadneſſes.

How many herbs, ſimples, compoſitions of phyſick, how many lenitives; what powerful effects of Chyrurgery, being well ordered, do cure ſtrange infirmities, and do pluck one from out of the gates of death? But as the cure and eaſing of the ſenſes is neither preſent nor efficacious with all the world; what ſhould a man do who hath never ſo little heart, but try to cure himſelf by reaſon? It is it which God hath given unto man in ſtead of ſo many offenſive and defenſive arms, born with other creatures; why ſhould we not uſe its help? It is it which teacheth us, that grief is nothing elſe but an apprehenſion of diviſion; and that as we are out of exceſs tyed to all pleaſing things in the world: ſo the want of them becomes very ſenſible, in ſuch ſort, that our ſadneſſes ordinarily proceed from our love; Experience ſufficiently ſhewing, that all ſuch ſpirits as moſt are in love with themſelves, are the moſt tormented: but if we come to leſſen thoſe great affections which ſtraightly tie us to conceits, and accounts as loſt all which may be loſt; there is no doubt, but we ſhall begin to find a wholſome medicine for all the afflictions of life. A mother, grieved for the death of her ſon, ſaid in *Quintilian*, That all her evil came from loving too much what ſhe might loſe, and that our paſſions are inſenſibly moſt ardent for things which muſt quickly be taken from us, as if our grief were to take revenge upon the exorbitancy of our love. It is reaſon that weakneth the opinion of evils, which many times torment us more then their effect. It, which giveth light to things obſcure, order to confuſed, vigour to languiſhing, and reſolution to deſpair; there is nothing for which it finds not a lenitive; if poverty make you ſad, why complain you? Ignorant of thy ſelf, (ſaith it unto us) it is not poverty, it is thy fancy which tormenteth thee. No man is ever ſo poor as he is born. Haſt thou brought gold in thy veins, and pearls in thy entrails, that thou complaineſt of the change of thy condition? why doſt thou ſet thy ſelf upon the rack for a thing, whereof *Jeſus* made boaſt, and ſo many wiſe-men make vows? Expect a little, Death will make thee as rich as *Cræſus*. If thou thinkeſt thou art poor, for that thou haſt not what thy covetouſneſs deſireth, it is an illuſion. If thou wanteſt neceſſaries for life, after thou haſt lived commodiouſly and happily, it is ſomewhat pitiful: but make thy ſelf a good poor man, ſince God will have thee ſuch; ſuffer a while without murmurring, and the divine Providence will not fail to raiſe for thee the mercy of ſome rich man to become thy ſteward. Pray, be patient, endeavour, take pains, live meanly, thou ſhalt become rich by learning to live contented. If a ſuit be loſt, what cares, what apprehenſions, what pains, what toils are in the ſame inſtant loſt? If it be according to Juſtice, endure it; if againſt Juſtice, thoſe who have loſt their conſcience in making thee loſe thy cauſe, have more cauſe to be ſorry then thou. If thou haſt loſt much in game, it is a leſſon of wiſdom to cure a folly; If thou haſt loſt all, give thanks to God that thou ſhalt never loſe any more ſo baſely, & that thou haſt means to purchaſe a little in this occaſion. If fire and water, winds & tempeſts, harpies & theeves take away thy goods, what wilt thou do againſt chance, violence, & iniquity, but preſerve ſubmiſſion & innocency? The

The comfort derived from reaſon.

Aug. l. 9. de liber. arbitr. cap. 23. Quid eſt enim aliud dolor niſi quidam ſenſus diviſionis, vel corruptionis impatiens.

Amabam miſera periturum.

We moſt ardently love the things we moſt loſe.

How it remedieth all human accidents.

Poverty.

A ſuit.

Loſs of money.

whole mass of worldly wealth is a torrent, which swelleth now upon one side, and then upon another: let that go with patience which thou canst not hold by force. If slander assail thy renown, and condemn thee, perhaps it doth that thou oughtest to do, hadst thou more virtues. Many by despising themselves have prevented all contempts. Tongues cannot hurt thy conscience; we stand before God such as we are, and all the teeth of calumny, take not from us one sole atome of perfection. Others have but one tongue to say, and thou hast two hands to do. Perfect thy life since it hath censurers: verity will force light through those vapours of maligne spirits, and derive glory out of thy proper confusion. If thou beest discountenanced by great ones, put thy self into the good favour of God, who is above all greatness, and after thou hast made thy self a slave to men, live a while a master over thy self. Thou shalt find envy will have consecrated thee, and that thy punishments will make a part of thy felicities. If thou entrest into sadness for being frustrated of some expected good, wherefore art thou so earnest in thy desires, and so credulous in thy hopes? and wherefore makest thou crosses to thy self out of thy own thoughts? If it be for the absence of a beloved friend, thinkest thou he must continually be tied to thee, as if he were a second body? It is in absence where our imaginations oftentimes render all that we affect most present; we enter into the bottom of our soul, and there find the images of our friends despoiled of matter and body: we practise the best amities in mind, where the envious watch us not, the jealous observe us not, and the troublesome interrupt not our discourses. If this good friend be gone into the other world, we every moment run after him, and each hour draw near to him. Let us be satisfied that his death is the cause that death hath nothing terrible for us, and that for him we begin to desire what we most fear.

Slander. Disgrace. Absence of friends. Death.

If we in body must suffer chains, imprisonment, maladies, sharp pains, hunger, thirst, the sword, fire, and all the hostility of nature, we must needs say, all which toucheth the skin, toucheth us very near; and that there are few charming words that can well cast these serpents asleep which devour us; but we must likewise confess, that if our griefs be short, they deserve not so great complaints; and if they be long, their lasting fashioneth us to patience. All is formidable to a body full of long health, but the accustoming to things unpleasing causeth the contempt of them.

Bodily pains.

Nature hath destinated the most nice and tender to great dolours, as women to that of child-bearing; to teach us, that what we fear most, is not always to be most feared. When our courage faileth, all torments insult over us, but if it makes some resistance, we much the less feel our pain. There are who fight even to blood out of bravery, others receive wounds for a very litttle money, others run to the burning chaps of cannons for a smal salary; there are others to be found who have jested at a gash; and others who have plaid on a lute, whilst their member have been slashed with keen razours; to shew, that if there be an evil in nature, there is much more in our opinion.

The Philosopher *Zeno* sought out torments to taste pleasures, and said they were nothing if they were not thus seasoned. Pain and pleasure interchangeably sway in us, as do day and night our Hemisphere. If we must die, it is but a moment of adversity to enter into a perpetual repose. Evil taketh up all the parts of our life, but death hath only one instant of time. It is so conformed to the most part of the world, oppressed with so many afflictions, that as *Zaleucus* the Law-maker said, an Edict should fitly have been made, to die, if God had not imposed a necessity upon it. To be born, maketh us tributary to all miseries: but death alone freeth us from ill imposts. *Socrates* saw his death coming whilst he was a Philosophizing: *Anaxagoras* in pleading: *Calanus* braved it, out of temerity, and *Canius* jested at it, out of merriment.

Notable speech of *Zaleucus*.

If your evil be in the mind, is it chiefly sin or folly which tormenteth you? Why forbeat you to chastise the one by penance, and the other by the credit you will give to the judgment of the wise? By this means you shall find, that Reason will remedy almost all evils without much violence.

The evils of the mind.

Where Reason is surprized and darkned by the violence of torments, Time quits the medicine. There is no evil immortal: for the mortal, let us make our selves tractable by not thinking on our evils, and they cease to be evils, according as time stealeth them away from us. Think not to dry up the eyes of a mother who hath lost her son, or of a wife, from whom death hath taken her husband, on the day of the burial suffer them to weep, let the wound bleed, and think how to cure it, rather by prayers then by discourses: The most pertinacious dolours disband with time, and we are all amazed that we find our selves above our afflictions, as if we had climbed up thither from out of the bottom of abysses. He who should see the mount *Ætna* big with flames and thunders, would not think there were any means to approach it, but its furies pass away with time, and we pursue little tracks, which insensibly lead us to the top, where we find verdant grass, and blooming flowers. The like happeneth to us, when we in the beginning consider our evil fortune, it seems our mind can never associate with its disasters; but in the end, the Divine Providence discovereth wayes unto us, (which ere we think on't) bring us to the top of patience, where we gather the fruit of our travels.

Comforts which proceed from time.

Insensible comforts.

Who would not admire the goodness of God, to say, That time doth our business without our trouble, and if we must be sad, we find (I know not what) in our sadness that pleaseth us? so that we prefer solitude and silence before the most eloquent consolations. The friends of *Job* seeing these his deep miseries, were seven dayes without speaking to him; they let him discourse with his own thoughts, and gather some ease from his own dolour, as we draw remedies out of scorpions.

I (to this purpose) observe an excellent invention in the Emperour *Julian*, of the Philosopher *Democritus*, where it is said, that *Darius* King of *Persia* had lost the Queen his wife, & that excessive melancholy made him disconsolate. The wisest men of *Greece* were called to him to mitigate his torments; but it was to play on a lute to the ears of Tygres & Panthers, to go about to cure by words fitly applied, a grief, which had had more of fury then mediocrity in it. The Philosopher let all these great comforters to pass on, and put himself upon time to expect some disposition in the heart of this Monarch; and seeing his mind tired out with his tears, began to relent, he promised to raise the Queen again if he would furnish him with things necessary for his purpose: the other extremely rapt with this proposition, said, he therein would employ all the riches of the world, which were at his dispose; but the

Julianus Imperator in consolat. Amerii, ep. 37.

An excellent observation of *Julian*.

Τεῶν ἀνθρωπίνων ὄνειρα.

the Philoſopher only demanded of him three names of ſuch as had never felt any grief or ſadneſs, to engrave them on the Queen's Monument, which could not in any ſort be found, after a long ſearch throughout the whole kingdom of *Perſia*. Then *Democritus* taking his opportunitie: Alas Sir! we may well ſay, the rubies and diamonds of this diadem reſplendent on your head, dazzle your eyes, and hinder you from ſeeing the miſeries of your poor ſubjects, not to be able in ſo great and vaſt an Empire, to meet with three happie men; and yet you wonder, though born under the condition of mortals, that death is entred into your palace. He added many grave ſayings, which the Emperour for his conſolation liked verie well. Whereby we are taught, that we muſt ſometimes make uſe of time to remedie Sadneſs.

If time doth nothing, and that it be an evil neceſſarie which we cannot remedie, (as it happeneth in death, and in other accidents, which thoſe Antients called the blows of Deſtiny) why do we reſiſt againſt heaven, and cenſure the divine Decrees? It is a goodly thing indeed to ſee a man to afflict himſelf with a fatal neceſſitie, which indifferently involveth Monarchs and Peaſants. Muſt God revoke his laws? and muſt he create a world apart to content a ſimple creature, and ſerve it to its liking? But is it not much better to go along with the ſtream of this water, and follow the great current of the divine Providence which maketh all the harmonie in the world?

Necessity forceth patience.

Sect. 4. *That the Contemplation of the divine Patience and Tranquillity ſerves for Remedies for our Temptations.*

LAſtly, let us behold the aſſiſtances of Grace, which is incomparably above Nature, and let us from the example of the Divinitie take inſtruction how to demean our ſelves.

Remedies and helps of Grace by the contemplation of things Divine.

Let us look on our firſt model, and conſider a ſtrange thing able to make our impatiencies wax red, not with anger but with ſhame, to ſay, that God all impaſſible (as he is) of his own nature not obnoxious to ſword, fire, ſickneſs, or any other exteriour violence, would in all times ſuffer men more violent then the ſword, more ardent then fire, more irkſom then ſickneſs, and many times more cruel then ſalvage beaſts.

It is ſaid, there were heretofore made very goodly mirrours of ſaphyr, which were for Princes and Monarchs: let us not covet thoſe which cannot much avail us; but let us contemplate the admirable ſaphyr enchaſed in the Throne of the living God, in the Prophet *Ezekiel*, and let us therein ſee and compare our impatiencies, with the mildneſs of the Creatour. It ſeems, that by how much the more a dignitie is ſovereign, by ſo much the leſs ought it to be expoſed to injuries, becauſe the fear which is had of its power ſhould ſtamp in hearts that reſpect, which love (weak) cannot imprint; yet God (a ſovereign Majeſtie, a ſupream Greatneſs, an abſolute Juſtice) hath endured, and doth daily endure ſo many contradictions of men, that it ſeems, that to give credit to his mercie, he occaſioneth ſome preſudice to the terrour of his Divinitie. *Many men* (ſaith *Tertullian*) *believe not in God, becauſe they cannot perſwade themſelves he is angry with the world, ſince they ſee it in ſo peaceful a ſtate.*

Ezek. 1. 26. *Quaſi aſpectus lapidis ſaphyri ſimilitudo Throni.*

Plures idcirco Dominum non credunt, quia ſeculo iratum tam diu neſciunt. Tert. de patient. c. 2.

What is there more important for God and men, then the knowledg of his Divine nature, then the fear of his Juſtice, then the much to be adored reverence of his ſovereigntie? Notwithſtanding, as if he preferred the glorie of his patience before his own Being, he rather choſe patiently to ſuffer ſo many faithleſs, ſo many wicked ones, ſo manie ſinners, and that the lips of Blaſphemers might dare to ſay there is no God; then, that taking revenge, in the heat of crimes, by puniſhing everie ſin, it ſhould be ſaid of him, Verily there is a God, but he is perpetually armed with lightning and terrours, ever inacceſsible to the prayers of men, as thoſe mountains which throw forth their inflamed bowels. Nay, much otherwiſe; he would be ſirnamed the God of mercie, and the Father of goodneſs: whereupon Saint *Gregory* hath judiciouſly ſaid, that his patience walks ſtill hand in hand with his charitie. Wherefore, as the love of God towards men is incomparable; ſo his patience, to endure the faults and infirmities of ſinners, admits no compariſon. How many Pirats are there daily for whom God openeth ſeas? How many Idolaters, for whom he cauſeth ſtars to ſhine, fountains to ſtream, plants to ſprout, harveſts to wax yellow, and vines to ripen, as well as for the faithful? How many ungrateful and rebellious children are there, who everie day receiving ſo manie benefits from him, take them as Hogs do Acorns, ſtill grunting towards the ground, and never caſting an eye towards heaven? How manie ſpirits (enemies of truth, and light diſturbers of publick repoſe, tranſgreſſours of laws both Divine and Humane) do daily frame obſtacles againſt the will of their ſovereign Maſter, and yet he ſuffers them, as if he had no other buſineſs in the world but patiently to bear, and vanquiſh by benefits, the malice and ingratitude of men? *Hieruſalem is the ſtone of burthen* (ſaid the Prophet) which layeth a burthen upon God himſelf. What will this Oracle of God ſay, but the ſame conceits which Saint *Hierom* ſuggeſteth unto us upon this paſſage, when he writes, that there were ſeen, in places where the Antient wraſtlers did exerciſe, huge ſtones, or certain bowls of Iron or Copper, with which they made trial of their ſtrength: and he witneſſeth that he in a liſt ſaw one of thoſe bowls which was ſo heavie, that he could not liſt it up from the ground, although others robuſtuous of bodie, and eminent in thoſe exerciſes, could eaſily carrie it. Now mark my conceit, and ſay, that as thoſe champions of antiquitie had for object of their ſtrength thoſe weightie bulks, on which they daily exerciſed themſelves? So likewiſe, God, that ſtrong Giant, and great Wraſtler, as if he ſtood in need of exerciſe, takes the ſphere of this great Univerſe, which he beareth, and lifteth it up with all facilitie. He takes the Maſs of ſo many mortals whom heaven covers, and the earth beareth, and there he findeth much reſiſtance: he takes his people which he hath choſen and ſanctified above all the nations of the world, and hence ofttimes verie many ſenſible diſpleaſures come. A true ſtone of burden is that Chriſtian, that Eccleſiaſtick, that Prieſt, that Religious, who belyes his profeſſion, who throws diſorder and ſcandal among the people by his ill example; yet God tolerateth him, God protecteth him, God continually obligeth him: and if needs he muſt draw the ſword of Juſtice out of the ſcabbard, it is with delays, conſideration, and exceſſive Clemencie. O infinite Goodneſs! And who is that man, now, that will not bear with a man? and who is he that ſeeing God of nature impaſsible, buſie in the world, as about his ſtone of burden from the beginning of Ages, cannot bear a ſmall burden, whereto he finds himſelf tied by dutie, by condition, and by nature!

Patet miſericordiarum Dominus; Dominus, Deus miſericors, & clemens & patiens, & multæ miſerationis, &c. Deut. 5. *Quantum laus mens fuerit per amorem, tantum erit & patiens longanimitatis. Totus genitura tributi dignis & indignis patitur ſimul occurrere.* Tertul. de patient. c. 3

Hieruſalem lapis oneris. Zachar. 12.

God is buſied about the world, as his ſtone of burden.

Sect.

Sect. 5. *That the great temper of our Saviour's soul in most horrible sufferings, is a powerful lenitive against our Dolours.*

AS for the second Model, which is the *Word Incarnate*, the true mirrour of Patience, and only reward of the Patient; It is a very strange thing, that all nature being so bent upon its conservation as to suffer nothing, *Jesus Christ* did miracles incomprehensible to the spirit of Angels, only of purpose to suffer for man! For, how could dolour have laid hold on a God, of his own nature impassible, if it had not passed through all the heavens to take the divine word in the sanctuarie of the Trinitie, which otherwise was meerly impossible! but, the son of God, considering this Impossibilitie, and being fixed in the desire to sustain for us, took the bodie of man to suffer all that which the most cruel could invent, and all whatsoever the most miserable might undergo. Verily, it is an effect of so prodigious a love that it found no belief in senses, perswasion in minds, example in manners, nor resemblance in Nature. We have heretofore heard of a Prince, who desirous to offer himself to death for the preservation of his subjects, took the habit of a Peasant to steal himself from his greatness, and facilitate his death. All histories say he laid down his purple, and crown, and all the ensigns of Royaltie, retaining none but those of love, which caused him to go into his enemies army, where he left life to purchase an immortal trophey for his reputation. But I must tell you he had a mortal life, and in giving it, he gave that tribute to nature, which he owed to nature from the day of his birth, and which of necessitie he was to pay; yea, he gave it to buy the memorie of posteritie, and to beg honour, which is more esteemed by generous spirits, then life. But in what historie have we read, that a man glorious by birth, immortal by condition, necessarily happy, hath espoused humilitie which all the world despiseth, mortalitie which the most advised apprehend, miserie which the bravest detest; for no other occasion, but to have the opportunitie to die for a friend! And this is it which *Jesus Christ* did. He was by nature immortal, impassible, impregnable against all exteriour violencies, he took not the habit of a peasant, as *Codrus*, nor a bodie of air, as the Angel-conductour of *Tobias*; but a true bodie, a flesh, tender and virginal, personally united to the word of God; to quail it with toils, to consume it with travels: and lastly, to resign it as a prey to a most dolorous death; he casts tottered rags over his royal people, and takes pains to stoop down to pull me out of the mire where I lay, and to take my miseries upon him, not sullying himself in my sins.

Absconsit purpuram sub miseriæ vestimento; ad lutum ubi jacebam, inclinatur, non mergitur. Abbas Guerricus.

My God! what a prodigie is this? All ages have observed a thousand and a thousand industries of men which they found out to avoid the pains and torments of life; but never have we seen a man who sought to invent means, and to offer violence to his own condition; to become suffering, and miserable, according to the estimation of the world, since there are day and night so many gates open to this path: yet thou (Oh God of glorie! O mild Saviour!) hast done it, Thou hast found a way how to accord infirmitie with sovereign power, honour with ignominie, time with eternitie, and death with life. *It was not possible that sole God should endure death; or that sole Man could vanquish it; but man hath abided it, and God hath overcome it.*

Mortem nec solus Deus sentire, nec solus homo vincere poterat, homo suscepit, & Deus vicit. Faustus l. 1. de lib. arbitr.

As for the qualitie of pains; it sufficeth to say, that if men judged of the greatness of Giants by one of their footsteps impressed on the sand: and if we likewise measure the course of the sun by a small thread of shadow; one may have some grosse knowledge of so great a mysterie, by the figures which forewent it. Now, all the sacrifices of the Mosaick law, and so many travails and sufferings of the antient Patriarchs were but a rough draught of the passion of *Jesus Christ*: from whence we may imagine what the original was, sith the Copies thereof were so numerous and different throughout the course of all Ages. The quality of the sufferings of our Saviour.

The perpetual sacrifice which was evening and morning made in the Temple, the twenty two thousand oxen, and the hundred and twenty thousand sheep which were sacrificed by *Solomon* at one feast of the dedication of the Temple (so much blood shed, that it seemed a red sea to those who beheld it) was to no other end but to figure the blood of the immaculate Lamb, and of all its members which have suffered after it. But if so much preparation and profusion were needful to express one sole shadow of his passion; what may we conjecture of the bodie, and the thing figured! Besides, if all the antient Patriarchs who were so persecuted in times past, and all the Martyrs who (since the death of our Saviour have endured torments almost infinite in number, and prodigious in kinds) made but an essay or trial of the dolours of this King of the afflicted; what an account shal we make of his pains, which ever ought to be as much adored by our wills, as they are incomprehensible to our understanding! The Lamb was sacrificed from the beginning of the world (saith Saint *John*;) He was massacred in *Abel* (saith S. *Paulinus*;) tossed upon so many waves, in the person of *Noah*; wandring, in that of *Abraham*; offered up, in *Isaac*; persecuted, in *Jacob*; betrayed, in *Joseph*; stoned, in *Moses*; bruised on a dunghill, in the patience of *Job*; blinded, in *Sampson*; sawn in *Esay*; flayed afterward, in the person of Saint *Bartholomew*; roasted, in that of Saint *Laurence*; thrown out to Lions, in that of Saint *Ignatius*; burned, in that of Saint *Polycarp*; pulled in pieces by four horses, and cast headlong into a ditch full of Serpents, in that of Saint *Tecla*; drowned, in that of S. *Clement*; exposed to wasps, in that of many other Martyrs. From whence it cometh that the passion of *Jesus* is called a short *Consummation* by the Prophet *Esay*, and that Saint *Paul* hath said to the *Hebrews*, *That by one sole Sacrifice he hath consummated those which were to be sanctified for all eternitie.* And S. *Hilary* clearly confesseth, *That, Jesus Christ the only Son of God desirous to fulfil this great and mysterious Sacrament of his pretious death, did pass through all imaginable dolours which were (as it were) melted and distilled together; to make of it a prodigious accomplishment.*

3 Reg. 8. 63 22000 bullocks, and 120000 sheep sacrificed for the dedication of Solomon his Temple.

Apoc. 13. 8 *Agnus occisus est ab origine mundi.*

Our Saviour hath suffered in the person of all the just & the martyrs.

Consummatio abbrevians Isa. 10. 22. *Una oblatione consummavit in sempiternum sanctificatos.* Heb. 10. 14. *Unigenitus Dei ad peragendum mortis suæ sacramentum consummavit humanarum omne genus passionum* Hilar. l. 10. de Trinit.

Jesus is the stone with seven eyes, whereof the Prophet *Zachary* speaketh, which the heavenly Father sayes he hath cut and engraven with his own hand, thereon figuring all the most glorious characters of patience. He is an Abyss of love, of mercy, of dolors, of ignominies, of blood, of lowlinesse and greatness, of excess, of admiration, and amazement, which swalloweth all thoughts, drieth up all mouths, stayeth all pens, and drencheth all conceptions; Who now then, will dare to complain that he suffereth too much, that he doth too much, that he is treated with less tenderness then he deserveth?

Zach. 3. 9.

serveth? O our coldnes, and remisnes! whence can it proceed, but from not studying enough on this incomparable Book which comprehends all secrets? we at least should consider the divine Providence in the matter of the burdens of all the world; to diminish our niceness, to gain opinion and understanding which may alter our judgment.

Senec. l. 3. nat. quæst. *Præferri scies quid deceat, si cognoveris ubique errorum suum.*

A sage Roman shewing to an impatient man the whole world surrounded in a great deluge of miseries, said unto him, *I assure my self, you would not so much play the milksop*, nor have soul so effeminate, if you would think that the whole world swimmeth in a dreadful sea of calamities. All things conform themselves to the nature of their original; and we have elsewhere said, that Bees bred in the dead bodie of a Bull carry the resemblance of their Progenitour, pourtrayed by certain little lineaments in their proper bodie. The world hath produced us, and *Jesus* Christ hath regenerated us by his Death and most precious Blood; never should we rest until we carry upon us some token of nature wailing, and of a God suffering: according to S. *Paul's* precept, *Glorifie, and bear the Image of God in your body.*

Bees bear the figure of a bull on their bodies.

Glorificate & portate Deum in corpore vestro. 1 Cor. 6.

Sect. 6. *Advice to impatient Souls.*

IMpatient Souls, to you I speak; I ask you, Is it a small motive to you to suffer that have the Universe for a Companion, God for an Example, and God for the Guerdon of your Patience? All creatures (saith S. *Paul*) sigh, groan, and are, as it were, in labour, expecting that day wherein all things shall be glorified in the resurrection of bodies; and will you be of so abject a courage as to be like unprofitable burdens, with arms across in the midst of a suffering world, and before the eyes of the God of suffering? Is it not a scandal to the Religion we profess, often to afflict our selves with great and heavy sadnesses, for causes most light? To see too, you would make one think the Law, the Sacraments, and *Jesus Christ* himself, were cast away: Where is the Consolation of holy Scriptures, the fruit of Preachings, the sweetnes of Prayers? Where is that huge cloud of Examples of so many Patient ones, whose courages you so often have admired? where are good purposes, good thoughts? where are so many resolutions so well taken in the time of prosperity? must the least adversity make you to shrink back? Verily, Ideots and silly women who have neither the wit nor knowledge which you have, do many times bear no slight burdens with much courage; and you, after so many good instructions, lay down arms, and make it appear, that stupidity hath more force with them, then all the precepts of wisdom have power over your weakness. People who live according to nature find remedies for their sadness in nature it self; Bathings, Wine, Plays, Balls, Hunting, open Air, and so many other recreations make them pass away their evil. Is it possible, but that the consideration of the first veritie, and the divine Providence should mitigate yours? What is it can have such power over you? It is strange that things the most frivolous torment you. Call back into your thoughts what I have said to you concerning the matter of your pleasures. It grieves you, you have not thrived in this affair, nor have had the success of reputation which you expected! what a folly is this? as if I should be troubled that the air and winds were not at my disposé. Will you never cease from usurping that which appertaineth not to you? will you never order your own house, without taking care for things out of it? You afflict your self for a word spoken of you! wretched (that you are) to tie your felicity to the condition of tongues. *There would almost be no slander, if it were not made slander by thinking thereon.* You torment your self for the loss of health, or of some other good which was very precious with you? Impute your cross to your affection, so excessively to have loved a blessing which you might lose, and to have coveted all good things without you, to have an ill guest within your own house. You put your self upon the rack with the fear of the future: why do you set your foot into the possession of another? why do you not leave the future to the divine Providence? why do you reap dolours in a field, where you are not permitted to sow? you incessantly complain of povertie, of sickness, and other inconveniences of life; if you think to live here free from pain, you must build a world a-part, and not be contented with the elements which served your ancestours turns. God here distributed burdens, as the Father of a Family doth offices to all his domesticks: everie one must bear that which is allotted him, otherwise if he do not, he is a bastard, and not a legitimate child: and if having one, he bear it with a perpetual vexation, he deprives himself of the crown of patience, the value whereof is as inestimable as the force thereof hath in all times been judged invincible. Have you forgot what S. *Paul* said? *If you be* (saith he) *out of the number of those who live in a regular discipline, and who daily have their petty charge in God's family, wherein they are subjects. I assure you, you are not used like children of the house, but as very bastards left to live at random.* Believe me, our burdens are like the stone of the Sybils, which to some, weighed like lead, and to others as a feather: oft-times the weight or lightness of your evils proceeds from nought but your own disposition: Imagination hath made you believe it, nice breeding (which hath been bestowed on you) and evil habits wherein you have been perpetually nousled, fail not to accomplish your miserie. Accustom your self a little to do that work well, for which you came into the world. Learn, that you must bear the miseries of man's condition, since you participate of humane nature, and that (thanks be to God) you are not a monster. When you have learnt to suffer something; you will begin to enter into the possession of your soul, in which alone you shall find all felicities, if so you be united to your beginning. Courage, poor impatient one, raise your self a little above your self by the grace which is given you from on high, and so many good assistances, which you can never want. The God of patience and consolation will confirm you, will fortifie you, and will give you the reward of your fidelity.

Ad communem hanc Rempublicam, quisque pro modulo suo subvenire quod debemus, & quasi canonem passionum inferimus. S. August. in Psal.

Very true.

Quod si ille disciplinam extra participat filii sunt omnes, ergo adulterini, & non filii. Heb. 12. 8.

Div. Chrys. orat. 12. Marvellous stone of Sybils.

The seventh Treatise, Of HOPE.

Sect. 1. *The Description, Essence, and appurtenances thereof.*

The Image and nature of Hope.

HOpe is the gate of a great Palace repleniſhed with riches. It is in my opinion the place which *Tertullian* termeth, when he calls it, *the portreſs of Nature*. It looketh on, and conſiders upon one ſide pearls, which are (as yet in the ſhell) and on the other upon Roſes in the midſt of thorns, which it thinks it may enjoy with ſome labour. Such is the nature of Hope according to S. *Thomas*; It is a motion of the appetite, which followeth the knowledg one hath of a good future poſſible, and ſomewhat difficult. It hath two arms with which it endeavoureth to purſue, and embrace objects, whereof the one is called Deſire, and the other Belief, to be able to obtain what one deſireth. Thus doth learned *Occham* define it. It is not ſufficient to ſay that a thing is beautiful, pleaſing, and profitable to create Hope, unleſs it be ſhewed it is poſſible, and that one may arrive thereunto by certain ways, which are not out of his power, who hopeth. So Hope, if it be reaſonable, hath ordinarily wiſdom, ſtrength, eloquence, amitie and money for it: for theſe are the things which raiſe its courage. At the gates of this paſſion we ſee huge heaps of people of all manner of diſpoſitions, who flatter it, and behold it; of one ſide lovers, who ſeek for a mate, For *Philo* ſaid, it was the virtue of lovers: on the other ſide, Courtiers who run after favour; on the other, aſpirers, who canvas for offices, and dignities; on the other, Labourers and Merchants: but above all, there are many young men bold and reſolute, who therein have a great ſhare; becauſe, (as ſaith *Ariſtotle*) they have little of the paſt and much of the future. On (as S. *Gregory Nazianzen* affirmeth) for that nothing is hard to a fervent ſpirit. Moreover it ſitteth upon a Peacock, and its face is encompaſſed with a Rainbow, by reaſon, it infinitely charmeth, and recreateth the minds of ſuch as follow it by verie pleaſing ſemblances: and (as King *Mithridates* ſaith) it hath, I know what kind of ſweetneſs, which pleaſeth even then, when it deceiveth; but if you obſerve it, you ſhall find, it holdeth an Anchor in the right hand to fix the deſire of the wiſe: as on the contrary, it carrieth in the left hand an enchanted mirrour, where it letteth fools ſee a thouſand ſlight trifles, all which turn into ſmoke. Pleaſure waiteth on it, whilſt we hope; for it is that which ſweetneth all the labours of life; and which ſerves for a ſpur to all great and generous action. But if it fals out that things happen not as they were figured in the imagination; then are all theſe Courtiers delivered over to a furious Monſter called Deſpair, which drags them down to the foot of a mountain, and oft-times drencheth them in gulphs and precipices. Behold in few words the nature, definition, difference, compoſition, object, ſubject, the cauſes and the effects of hope. Let us now ſee, how we may govern this Motion.

Nature jealous.

S. Thom. 1. 2. q. 40. art. 2.

Occham. quodlibet. 3. q. 9.

Philo. lib. *Quod deterius, &c.*

Ariſt. l. 2. Rhet. c. 12.

Nazian. de vita ſua.

Πάντα τὰ ἥδιστα τῆς ζώσης τῶν ἀνθρώπων.

Mithrid. in epiſt. Græcis.

Sect. 2. *That one cannot live in the world without Hope, and what courſe is to be held for the well ordering of it.*

THey are of too haughtie a ſtrain who never friendly entertain Hope, and think there is no life for them, if Felicitie be not always at their gate. The condition of creatures is ſuch that all their bleſsings never come to them all at once. It were to go about to expreſs a word without letters, to compoſe a happineſs without joys and contentments ſucceeding one another. How can hope be baniſhed from earth, ſith Heaven, which is ſo well content, hath not renounced it! The bleſſed ſouls, after the viſion of God, do yet hope ſomething, which is, the Reſurrection of their bodies, to which they moſt ardently wiſh to be reunited: thoſe which are repreſented under the Altar in the *Apocalypſe*, who ask vengeance of their blood at the tribunal of the Divine Juſtice, are inſtantly clothed with white garments, in token of this moſt bright fleſh which is to be joyned to their immortal ſpirits. Heaven, which expecteth nothing for the perfection of its beauties, ceaſeth not to revolve each moment of the day and night, to diverſifie them. But we muſt confeſs that earth is the place of Hopes, which are as ſeeds of our Felicities, from whence it cometh, that what the Grecians call *to ſow*, we name it *to hope*. Our ſoul here reſembleth the *Firſt Matter*, which is perpetually enamoured of new forms: and as the underſtanding of Angels (according to the ſaying of a great Philoſopher) is all that, which it ought to be from the beginning, and becometh not new at all; Contrariwiſe Humane underſtanding is nothing in the beginning, and becomes all in proceſs of time. So our will is like unto white Writing-tables wherein we eaſily write, or blot out all we will. The eſtate of perfection muſt be expected to imprint it with a laſting Character. So many young plants, ſo many little living creatures, ſo many children, ſo many imperfections, ſo many wiſhes warn us that we may live here with hope: we have ſo little of time preſent, that we are inforced to dilate our ſelves upon the future. This inſenſibly delighteth us, and ſtirs us, as Trees which ſeem to take pleaſure to be rocked by the winds. It being reſolved that we neceſſarily muſt expect and hope whilſt we are in the world. It remaineth to conſider, how we may well employ this paſſion in hoping good things, and hoping them by wayes verie direct, and in an orderly manner.

Apoc. 6.

τὸ σωθήναι. Spem.

Carolus Bovillus de intellectu humano & Angelico.

The good husbanding of hopes.

Firſt, It is a ſhameful thing to ſay there are ſuch who hope all that, which is to be feared. One promiſeth himſelf the death of a Kinſman; the other, the confuſion of a family; another, to ſeduce ſome ſilly maid; another, to debauch a married wife; another, to ſatisfie his revenge; another, to ſcrape together as much as his avarice can wiſh; and ſo many other things which are moſt unhappy Hopes, the ſucceſs whereof God ſometimes permitteth, when he will chaſtiſe wicked men. What a horrour is it to hope for crimes, and to feed ones ſelf with anothers evils, as if one ſought nouriſhment from coals and ſerpents! If our thoughts be not alwayes ſo high as the glorie of heaven; at leaſt, let us not abaſe them ſo low as Hell. If they cannot be divine; let them not be inhumane; let them tie themſelves to bleſſings permitted, and not to objects ſo unworthy. One may expect wealth, children, health, knowledge, honour, an office, a marriage, and ſo many other things which are commodious for humane life; without

without desiring disasters: notwithstanding, it is not enough to will good, unless one therein observe circumstances and measures requisite for its accomplishment. One of the best rules for the passion of which we treat, is, to adapt ones self to his hopes, to see what comports with his birth, his breeding, his capacity, his genius, his knowledge, his power, his credit and his pains; and not rashly to be stirred up with the desire of things above his strength, unless he will disturb his life, and hasten his death.

To adapt our selves to our hope.

The world is a great Sepulchre of so many little *Phaetons*, who will guide the sun and hours, although their life be but a continual deviation: they have no other honour but to be fallen from on high, and to have used more temerity in affairs then abilitie: such hopes also are very well compared by the Wiseman, to those little dowls of flowers scattered in the air, to the froth which floateth on the water, and is instantly dissipated by a tempest, to smoke which vanisheth under the blast of winds, & to the memory of a traveller, who passes by an Inn.

Spes impii tanquam lanugo est, quæ à vento tollitur, & tanquam tenuis spuma quæ à procella dispergitur, & tanquam fumus qui à vento diffusus est, & tanquam memoria hospitis unius diei prætereuntis. Sap. 5. 15.

By the sight of a bird we judge of her flight, by the genius of men we make conjectures of their fortunes; needs must there be much extravagancie, when a man in all kinds little, proposeth to himself nothing but great things. I well know, the divine Providence, the worker of wonders, delightes sometimes to strike a stroke with its own hand, drawing out men of most base extraction, to bear them to the highest tops of worldly greatness. It is that, which forged a Diadem for *Pupienus* upon the same anvil whereof his father hammered Iron: That, which changed *Martianus* his spade into a Scepter: That, which taught *Valentinian* to make crowns by twisting ropes: That, which shewed *Justin* in a Carpenters-shop how to build a Throne for himself: That, which drew *Petrus Damianus* from the midst of sheep, to be made a Cardinal; and *Gregory* the seventh out of a Joyners house, to give him a Popes Mytre. But, one Swallow makes not a summer, nor one accident, from an extraordinarie hand, which happeneth scarcely in an age, makes not all fortunes. S. *John* saith, that the measure of an Angel is the measure of a man; but this is not, but in the celestial City of *Hierusalem*, where we shall be as the Angel of God. Here our thoughts are high, our aims great, but the limit of our power little. He who doth well understand what he can, wils, but what is reasonable, and shall find that the modestie of wishes makes life more commodious, and happiness more undoubted.

Vulgosius l. 3. c. 4.

Idem l. 6. c. 10.

Apoc. 21. 17.

To this first rule of the moderation of hopes, we must add a second, which is, to give them good foundations, to the end we be not constrained to see the indiscretion of our desires punished by the small success of our pretentions. There are some who infinitely confide in the words of Astrologers, and to speak plainly, it is a prodigious thing to hear the predictions they make upon the life & fortunes of men, which cause amazement among the wise, and love in the curious: as at the time when they answered to the Edict of the Emperour *Vitellius*, who commanded them to leave the citie, that they would obey on such condition, that he instantly should leave life, which so fell out. Yet we must say that although God should write down in the book of stars the successes of our life, which cannot be easily agreed unto; yet ever would they be extremely encumbred, nor ever happen out of a fatal necessity. That is the cause why for some presages which hit right, there are many other notably false, which makes it sufficiently appear that God hath reserved to himself the full knowledg of what shall befal us. Among other qualities, wch the holy *Canticle* gives him, it forgetteth not to say, He had hair as black as the feather of a Crow. Where you shall observe the hairs mystically signifie the thoughts, and when the Scripture termeth them black, it will declare the obscurity and depth of God's counsels over the wisdom of men. *Tertullian* said, man was the care of the understanding of God, who provideth for all, and who cannot be a prevaricatour of his own providence. Can we think men are permitted to enter into those great abysses of knowledge, and to take the rains of nature into their hands? think we that a man who doth not alwayes very plainly see what lies before his feet, can assuredly behold that which is infinitely exalted above his head? Where have not Astrologers sowed lyes? where is it that great ones who hearkned unto them as to their Gospel, were not filled with disastrous successes? By their saying, all which is born at Rome comes into the world like unto little *Zara*, already marked with red. There are some who consume themselves with anxieties and cares of their life-time, to verifie the words of an Astrologer, and who instead of scarlet find (perhaps) in the other world a Robe of flames. It is a wretched support to tie ones hopes to so great an uncertainty. I find the favour of great and powerful friends is much more certain; for God establisheth them on earth as his images, to be the treasurers of felicity, and distributers of good hap. When they be just, upright, and grateful; men of merit have some cause to hope of their good affections; and an Antient said, that we must approach near to the Destinies and the Gods, and honour the happy. But how many are there, who, adhering too much unto men, make to themselves an arm of flesh without bones, and a fortune as frail as Reeds? Others make themselves brave fellows with their sword, and expect all from their valour. Others from their wit and eloquence. Others from their gold. Others from dexterity in businesses. All this may do well, when a great integritie of long services puts these good qualities into action: but if it happen you have some ray of hope grounded upon some good title; do as *Job*, and keep it hidden (as long as is fit) in your bosom, for fear that discovering it you lose the pretended effects thereof. There are, who tell all their designs to the whole world, if they see themselves either contraried in the pursuit, or contemned in the small success of them. The Scripture observeth how that a *Saul* seeking for Asses found a Kingdom, when he met *Samuel* who foretold him, he was to be the first King of God's people. A meer peasant, though he were, he was so prudent, that an uncle of his examining him curiously of the particularities of his journey, he gave him account of the Asses, and other such mean things; but never did he open his mouth to declare the hidden mysterie. This is the third precept which is to be kept in the ordering of this Passion. To which we will gladly add a fourth, which is, not too soon to reject, nor over slowly to press forward in the pursuit of your hopes; by reason that there are some who are extremely impatient, and presently despair, if all happen not to their wish: Where, they well shew, they are never to make a great fortune, sith this search after good luck is a war, wherein Time is of more use then Arms. There are dayes which be step-mothers, others, be mothers; there be years which are spent with much pain, and little harvest: But there cometh a good one, which recompenseth

Comæ ejus nigræ, quasi Corvus. Cant. 5. 11.

Tertul. *Homo divini cura ingenii. Deus in omnia sufficit, nec potest esse sua perspicacia prævaricator.*

Gen. 38. 27

Powerful friends may serve for a support for Hope.

Fatis accede Deisq; & cole fulgentes. Lucan.

Maledictum homo qui ponit carnem brachium suum. Jer. 17. 5.

Prudence of *Saul.*

De sermone autem regni non indicavit ei. 1 Reg. 10. 16.

Theodorus Metechista hist. Rom. fol. 86.

To ground them well.

To hope without vanity.

Not too soon to reject, nor too late to put forward.

penseth all sterilities, and with a full hand casteth fruits into our bosom. A good Fisher catcheth some fish, or still keeps the hook in the water; so, vigilant Courtiers either get favour, or incessantly watch the hour of their good hap, to cast themselves into the fish-pool, when the Angel hath stirred the water. Fortune was at *Galba's* Gate with a diadem, complaining she was wearie of attendance, and would be gone to another, if he took not heed thereto. Felicitie hath wings of an Eagle for some, and towards others, she comes with a leaden pace. There are times and ages, when one may reasonably expect her: but it is [illegible] life a lamentable thing to be tormented all ones life, to run after a fancy of honour and wealth which flouteth us, and never to account, that, as lost, which for us is but a nothing. There are who have lost all their discretion, opinionatively to pursue a hope, and have profited nothing by their labour, but to give a solemn testimony of their unhappiness.

Sine se ante fores sessum, & nisi ecum receperetur, cuique alteri prædæ futurum. Suet. in Galb. c. 4.

It is here most expedient to make use of the precepts which the Nightingale gave to the Fowler in the Fable of S. *John Damascen*. For he wittily feigneth that this poor bird being taken in the snare would redeem her self by three good words she spake in his ear who had captivated her pretious liberty. The first was, *Not to be light of belief, nor inconsiderately to be transported with the first appearance of objects*. The second, *Not to pursue that, which one cannot attain*. The third, *To put out of your memory those evils, the remedy whereof is not in your power*. Upon these instructions the bird is delivered, which desirous to make trial of the docibility of the man, told him in her language, he was very simple, to dismiss her so easily; for that if he had ripped up her belly, he had found a precious stone which had made him rich for ever. The Fowler, vexed at his own avarice and curiosity, begins to pursue her through the woods and forrests a very long way, till seeing she was out of his reach, he afflicted himself with his ownfolly. But the Nightingal said unto him. Art not thou a miserable man to have observ'd with so little constancy the precepts which concerned thy Happiness? Thou didst imagine there were Diamonds in the belly of a Nightingale; who misled thee but thy own credulitie? Thou most inconsiderately hast followed me, not observing that thou art a man, and I a bird: that thou art an inhabitant of the earth, and I, of the air: that thou hast natural weight, and I, wings. Lastly, thou art out of hope to be able to catch me; and it had not been much better to believe what I told thee, which was not to trouble thy self for an Impossibilitie? Behold, how this great Divine personates *Æsop*; to give sage directions to Courtiers in love with Hope, whence they may learn the means how to hope well. But, as for others who mock the world, and perpetually promise to those who serve them rewards which end in nothing; they deserve to have the same punishment inflicted, with which the Emperour *Alexander Severus* chastised an Impostor of his Court, who made very advantageous promises to many honest men, without ever coming to performance; for which, he caused him to be choked with smoke, the Cryer proclaiming *aloud, He who sold smoke is punished by smoke*. It were better to cut off at a blow the hopes of many, then to draw them at length in insupportable languours. But it is time we pass from humane manners, to divine perfections: and behold, how, by the examples of our heavenly Father, and the practices of the eternal Word, we may rule and settle this Passion.

Damascen. in Barlaam. A witty Fable of S. John Damascen.

Petronius apud Lampridium.

Sect. 3. *That God being not capable of Hope, serves as an eternal Basis to all good Hopes.*

GOd hath this property, that being uncapable of Hope, he is capable to support all hopes. I say, he is uncapable of Hope, not through the want of ability, but out of a singular excellency, and a most abundant plenitude of all perfections. Hope, is of good to come, and no man hopeth for what he possesseth. Now, God expecteth not any thing in the future, since he from all eternity hath felicities perpetually present. It were good to hear S. *Zeno* speak of the sufficiency of the eternal God. *What is it which God may Hope, sith he hath nothing out of himself. And from whom can he Hope, being he alone is the origen of all things? Who hath no other beginning then himself, shall he expect any good from one elder then himself? And know we not he is before all things, since he shutteth all things within his own bosom? All that he is, he is of himself; and no man well knows what he is, but himself. He alone is perfect, because nothing can be added to him, nor taken from him. He is never damnified, but always equal to himself, because he admitteth not Age, but is one day composed of Eternity.*

God is not capable of Hope, sith he possesseth all. Jac. 1. *Apud quem non est transmutatio, nec vicissitudinis obumbratio.* Zeno Veron. serm. 1. de gener. verbi. *Solus Deus est principium, qui ex ipso dedit sibi principium; solus ante omnia, quorum in se unum ejus inclusa sunt omnia: solus est quod est; solus perfectus, quia non potest illi addi, nec minui: Solus indemnabilis, ac semper æqualis, quia in se non admittit ætatem.*

One may object here, that to hope for any thing from another; it is not alwayes necessary he be absolutely greater, or more worthy then we. We hope from artificers, we hope likewise from our servants, the performance of businesses which we put into their hands; and therefore one might inferr, that it is not a proposition contrary to reason, to say, that God can hope something from us, as are the praises and service which we are bound to render to him, as were likewise our conversion. To that I answer, it is true, that the greatest Monarchs of the earth may hope from the meanest persons of their kingdom, because they are men, and have dependence of men: and in this, God greatly humbleth great men, when he makes them see that all this glorious pomp of their fortune which seems to afford matter of jealousie to heaven, and of new laws to earth, subsisteth not but by the commerce of merchants, and by the labour and sweat of peasants: all which makes no impression on the Divinity. It expecteth (say you) our praises; as if God were not his own praise to himself; as if he stood in need of a mortal mouth to honour an Essence immortal. Were all the lips of men the most eloquent at this present covered under ashes, what would it concern him? *All the world is before him no more then the turn of a balance. Hath he not the morning stars round about his awful throne? I mean those great Angels all replenished with lights and perfections, who praise him incessantly. And were the world annihilated, and the very Angels confounded in the mass of stars and elements; he would ever be God, always as great as himself: and even left alone to his thoughts; in his own thoughts he would find heaven.*

God is independent of all creatures, and the source of his felicities proceedeth from the infinity of his perfections. *Tenuem momentum flatere, sic est ante te orbis terrarum.* Sap. 11. 23. *Resoluto mundo & diis in unum confusis, cessante natura acquiescit sibi cogitationibus suis traditus.* Senec. ep. 9.

But yet you will say, he may expect our conversion, which partly dependeth on our selves; since he, who made us without us, will not save us without us. It is easie to reply thereupon, that God hath no need of the conversion of men, to augment his glorie; but to establish their salvation: and should he have need; he continually hath his elect before him in the book of his prescience, without blotting forth, or thereunto adding any names. Think you he expecteth till we have done to judg of our works? He knoweth from all eternitie what we must do in such or such an occasion, his prescience

God hath no need of our conversion, to increase his glory. *Fasciculum super terram fundavit.* Amos 6.

science not imposing any necessitie upon our free-will. *This great God, sitting in the highest part of heaven continually beholdeth all the actions of men; and the eternity of his vision perpetually present, infallibly meeteth with the quality of our merits.* It letteth us go according to the current of the stream, and the choice of our liberne; but if he would proceed with absolute power, there is no will so determinate upon evil which can resist him. And therefore we must conclude, his account is alreadie made both within himself, and without himself; he not any whit depending on the future.

Mens spectatur cultorum Dei, visionisque ejus præsens æternitas cum nostrorum actuum qualitate concurrit. Boet. l. 5. p. 6.

It is more clear then the day, that God cannot hope; but it is likewise most manifest, that he supporteth all good hopes by reason of the capacitie of his Essence, of his power, & of his goodnes: and therefore *Esay* spake very notably. *You have put your hope in our Lord, who is in eternal ages, In our Lord (I say) the true God, whose strength is not limited by length of time.* Men are weak; and God is the God of the strong: Men sometimes preserve for a time; but God guardeth us eternally: Men have their wills as changeable as their power is limited; but God (besides that he is of a constancie unshaken) exerciseth a power unbounded. Where, then, may we better lodge our hopes then in the Divinitie?

God supporteth all good hopes, by reason of the infinite capacity of his Essence. *Sperastis in Domino in sæculis æternis, in Domino Deo forti in perpetuum.* Isa. 16. 2.

There it is where our second Model (I mean the holy humanitie of *Jesus*) placed all his Hope. *My God, my Hope; I did cast my self between thy arms, so soon as I began to be born to the world, and at my going from my mothers bosom.* But one may here ask of Theologie, If *Jesus* had the virtue of Hope; what is it then he might hope? I answer, that if he might pray, he might hope. For, prayer, and (namely) a request is not made but with hope to obtain that we seek for. Now, who doubteth but that *Jesus* prayed on earth? and doth he not also pray now in heaven? He prayed (saith Theologie) for four reasons. First, for the exercise of his virtue which is most excellent. Secondly for our example. Thirdly, for the accomplishment of his commission; and lastly, for necessitie. I am not ignorant that S. *John Damascen* hath said, that Christ prayed not, but in appearance, insomuch as prayer being properly an ascension of the mind to God, it could not be that the soul of *Jesus Christ* should amount anew into the Divinitie, since from the day of his Conception it was there (as it were) enchased, not being able to be separated from it, one sole moment. But this question is satisfied by saying with *Vasquez*, that it is true that our Lord, in regard of the person of the Word, could not pray, having in this kind no superiour: but by reason of the Humanitie, which might be wanting and indigent without the help of the Divinitie; therefore he mounted up to the source of the word, not by vision and *beatifick love*, which he alreadie enjoyed; but by the knowledge of science infused, and by a new desire to impetrate something of his heavenly Father.

We must place our hopes in God, by the example of the holy Humanity of Jesus Christ. *In te projectus sum ex utero, spes mea ab uberibus matris meæ.*

For what reasons our Lord prayed on earth.

Damascen. l. 4. de fide.

I say, he alreadie had Beatitude, and that he was (as it were) engulphed in lights of glorie; he notwithstanding had not yet glorification of his bodie, exaltation of his name, extent of his Church from one pole to the other: which made him pray, and to say with S. *John, I beseech thee (O Father) make me glorious and resplendent before the face of all Creatures, as I was from all eternity in the source of thy divine lights, even before thou hadst enlightned the beauty of this Universe.* And it is to no purpose to oppose against this, That he had nothing to do, to pray, and hope for, since all he asked was fully assured him. For, it is evident that hopes, though certain, fail not to be hopes although they depend on the future. But, which is more; the eternal Father had so tied our salvation to the prayers and hopes of *Jesus Christ*, that we could not obtain it, but under this condition. He prayed and hoped for us; but whilst he was yet hanging on the breast of his most blessed Mother, he shewed us we must pour forth all our hopes on the firm rock of the power and goodnes of God. And to speak truly; what are all the hopes of the world, but reeds without support; shels without pearls; seeming colours of the Rainbow without solidity? O! how well doth S. *Augustine* speak when he compareth hope to an egg? saying, that all Beasts bring forth young ones, but birds produce nothing but hopes, which are the Eggs; we are true Birds whilst we are in this miserable life, still hanging upon leaves, still troubled at time passed, ever uncertain of the future, ranging hither and thither, and perpetually restless, and finding punishments in the greatest contentments of Nature. We brood weak hopes like unto Eggs, which promise us to bring forth wonders, and produce nought but wind. Hope is a marvellous Egg, whereof some eat the shell; others the white; but very few the yolk.

Clarifica me tu, Pater apud temetipsum, claritate quam habui, priusquam mundus fieret apud te. Joan. 17.

The hopes of the world are very deceitful, and have no solidity. S. August. Serm. 28. de verbis Domini. c. 5.

This very well figureth unto us three sorts of Hopes, whereof some are harsh and irksom; others, vain; the rest, in the end good and nutritive. If you desire to see the harshnes of worldly hopes, which we have set in the first place of this division; consider, first, that hoping much, we must have much dependence upon another, which taketh away from us that sweet liberty, which is a good inestimable. *To hope is not a thing which dependeth upon our power, but on the liberality of another.* It is much, that Hope, which is so slender and scanty, is not wholly ours. If we hope for a good, and expect it from our own forces; we are in danger to become presumptuous, vain, and ridiculous. For, how many see we in the world who daily are undone, by having too much presumed on their own power? How many little Birds with feeble wings, have sought to take a flight which hath only served to render their fall the more notable? If we must expect this good hap from another (besides the submission of dependence which hath alwayes somewhat distasteful in it) I see we most depend on men, some whereof want power; others, will; others, both together; but, if the one, and the other meet for a while, they are not of long continuance. The nature of blessings, which we hope for in the world, is, frail & more frail they from whom we hope them. We oftentimes hope for health from them, who are as sick as our selves; life, from mortals; riches, from creatures, who are all in the povertie of nothing. If we reckon up our evils, our maladies, our suits, our injuries, & our persecutions, we shal find many who will compassionate us, but very few to afford remedy. And that which often most vexeth us, is, that if there be some who are able, after they have promised us so much favour, and so many good turns, they in our cause are sparing of a step, and of the very wind of a word.

Three sorts of Hopes.

Sperare non est possibilitatis nostræ, sed largitatis alienæ. Paul. Orosius in Apol. de lib. arbitrio.

Others sell us under pretext to succour us. These are Hercules's, to whom we offer sacrifice to drive away Wolves, and they torment us more then the Wolves themselves. O how often are we enforced to say with the Prophet, *Babylon my well-beloved, is set before mine eyes as a miracle*: And then presently, that, which is in the same Text, according to the

Isa. 21. 4. *Babylon dilecta mea posita est mihi in stuporem.*

Crepuſculum deſiderii mei poſuit mihi in horrorem.

Hebrew, *Miſhap is the cauſe, that the bright-day-break of my deſire is turned into the horrour of my thoughts?* This Babylon of wordly hopes ſheweth in the beginning, as a miracle; but if we proceed further, we find that thoſe deſires that were as pleaſing as the dawning of day (which at its firſt ſpringing appeareth all over ſtudded with Emeralds and Rubies) turn at laſt, and are changed into the horrours of a ſad Tempeſt.

Cremata fortuna lenocinantis perfidiæ, fatis, & viram, ut ſcorpius, ultima parte percutit.

Many ſeemed to be already arrived at the end of their hopes, when good ſucceſs forſook them in the beginning of their riſing fortune, and if others went towards the end, they fell: that, albeit it had honey on the lip, and light in the face, it carried poyſon in the tail, like unto Scorpions. The vain hope of the world ſuggeſteth us, what the Emperour *Zemiſces* ſaid to a Patriarch of Conſtantinople, *Thou wirt but an oven, and I have made thee a palace, but I will bring thee back to that ſtate from whence thou wenteſt.* And all the ſplendour of thy falſe greatneſs ſhall only ſerve to make thy fall the more miſerable. Good God, that thoſe are conſtrained to eat the egg-ſhell, who after they have hoped great felicities, ſee themſelves thrown down, and roughly handled with pains waited on by ignominy, and confuſion!

Sidon. l. 2. ep. 13. *Ego te, fumum, ædificavi, ego te, favum, deſtruam.*

They hit not upon a much more favourable cond'tion, who eat the white of the egg, and who after they have hoped for great comforts in worldly proſperities, find the acquiſition is painful, the fruition uncertain, and the taſte moſt unſavourie. Never are the hopes of the world ſpecious, but when they are far from us, and all the pleaſure we take in them is like to that of dreams; from whence it comes that they very well are called dreams without ſleep. What pleaſure is it for a thirſty man to dream all night, that he is on the brink of a moſt delicious fountain, if, being awakened, he find that he ſtill hath the fire of thirſt on his lips? *Libanius* the Orator ſaid he would gladly cite his dreams to appear in judgment, and ſee them condemned as very impoſtours, which many times promiſe golden mountains, and perform nought but matter of ſorrow. By a much ſtronger reaſon we have cauſe to ſay the ſame thing of all worldly hopes which deſiſt not to deceive us, till we be aſleep, but ſurprize us open-eyed; Yet we ſhall do wrong to queſtion them; for they are innocent: but we are culpable to make ſo ill uſe of reaſon, as to run all our life-time after fancies. One of the wiſeſt men of antient times uttered a matter verie remarkable, related by D. *John Chryſoſtom*, to wit, that all man-kind is tied with a great chain, compoſed of two ſolds of links, which in great number all our life-time are multiplyed, and interchangeably follow one another. One is called joy, and the other ſorrow. But beſides this, there are ſome (ſaith this Wiſe-man) who have fetters on their heels, being tormented with harſh hopes, which, under the ſhadow of ſweetneſs, inſult over them, and hold them as long as they live in a painful ſlaverie. There is a file (addeth he) called Reaſon, which is very excellent to file our fetters; but, there are none, but the moſt conſiderate who find it: fools are enforced to languiſh all their life-time in this Martyrdom, and as they have lived in the fervours of a feaver, they alſo die in illuſion.

Aut poterit cœnabi inſultum, quod non ejus fale condiatur. Job 6. 6. *Et ſicut ſomniat, ſitiens, & bibit, & poſquam fuerit experrectus inane habet ſitiri.* Iſa. 29. 8. Libanius declar. 37.

An excellent paſſage of a wiſe man mentioned by *Chryſoſtom.*

Then let us learn to make an eternal divorce from all thoſe frivolous wordly hopes, and to look on *Jeſus* as a pole-ſtar always immoveable, under whom all mobilities move. What a ſhame is it to ſpend the better part of our age after ſmokes and phantaſtick ſemblances, which pay us with nothing but griefs; and not to hope in a ſtrong God, who ſupporteth the earth with three fingers of his power; in a merciful God, who loveth us tenderly as the apple of his eye! Shall we never learn to ſay, *Be our arms in the morning, and our ſalvation in the day of Tribulation?* Let us not flatter our ſelves with theſe goodly ſemblances of honour, of greatneſs, of riches, of pleaſures, which by heap preſent themſelves to our imagination; but let us ſay, Lord I will expect the *Saviour thou haſt promiſed me.* Let us leave men of the world who unbowel themſelves like Spiders by drawing out their entrails to catch flies: but let us imitate thoſe little ſilk worms, who caſt forth precious threads, whereof they make a rich bottom in which they ſleep, and come not forth but to take wings and ſoar in the air. Let us go and produce hopes which are as ſo many threds of gold, that involve us here below in precious repoſe, and a certain expectation of Beatitude, until charity hath perfected our wings to take our flight to the City of peace; where ſo many choſen ſouls ſtretch out an arm unto us. Let us take a very ſtrong comfort, ſince we put our ſelves between the arms of hope, (which we hold as a firm, and an aſſured anchor) to ſtay all the diſturbances of our mind, going forward in our way till we paſs the veil, and enter into the Tabernacle of the Sanctuarie, whereinto *Jeſus* our Precurſour hath made his entry for our Salvation.

Eſto brachium noſtrum in manè & ſalus noſtra in tempore tribulationis. Iſa. 33. 2. *Salvare tuum expectabo, Domine.* Gen. 49. 18

Fortiſſimum ſolatium habeamus, qui confugimus ad tenendam ſpem quæ ſicut anchoram habemus animæ noſtræ, tutam, ac firmam, ingredientes uſque ad interiora velaminis, ubi præcurſor pro nobis introivit Jeſus. Heb. 6. 19.

The eighth Treatiſe, Of DESPAIR.

Sect. 1. *Its Nature, Compoſition, and Effects.*

The image of Deſpair.

HE who would ſet forth the picture of Deſpair (methinks) ſhould do well to repreſent Hope in the manner of ſome bird variouſly diverſified with curious-coloured feathers, & endowed with a moſt melodious voice, that were purſued by a man with much eagerneſs; but when he ſhould think to touch her with his finger, ſhe ſhould inſtantly vaniſh away in the air, and leave, inſtead of her ſelf a black and ugly Hobgoblin, which ſhould poſſeſs all the paſſages both of the Palace, & Throne of this goodly hope. In this property, behold what the definition of Deſpair meaneth, which according to S. *Thomas*, is a receſs from a good impoſſible, or which one propoſeth within himſelf he can never attain unto. From whence it cometh, that there are two acts which compoſe this miſerable Paſſion: the firſt whereof is a determinate judgment made upon the impoſſibility of the good that is ſought; whether it be loſt, or whether the means to arrive unto it be taken away, or whether it be ſo difficult, that the wit of man cannot purchaſe it at any price. Thence followeth a ſecond Act, of grief and ſadneſs, to ſee it ſelf driven back from the deſired object, without any hope of coming near unto it: for which cauſe, we may wel repreſent the diſmal ſpectre of Deſpair, tumbling ſo many Courtiers with frivolous hope down the mountain into the bottom of a valley, where ſome gnaſh their teeth, ſtamp with their feet, & pull themſelves by the hair. Some run to the ſword, to precipices and halters: otherſlie flat on the ground, drowned in their tears, & drenched in dull ſadneſs, like people wholly ſenſleſs & walking in the way of a Tomb, as having almoſt nothing at all to do with the living. But the thing moſt admirable is, that there are ſome to be ſeen, who, being come to the extremity of miſeries, find themſelves

S. Thom. 1. 2. q. 4. art. 40. *Receſſus vitalis à bono ob ejus difficultatem vel præciſam impoſſibilitatem.* There are two ſorts of Acts in this paſſion.

themselves in an instant faln into a happiness unexpected, so that despair seems to have been for them the source of all their hopes.

Sect. 2. *The Causes of Despair, and the Condition of those who are most subject to this Passion.*

THey who are of a Melancholick humour, are infinitely disposed to the effects of this direful passion. For to say truth, Melancholy is the Pit of the Abyss, from whence issue forth an infinite quantity of evil vapours, which cause night in the most cheerfull brightness, & make the most pleasing beauties of Nature to be beheld with affrightment.

They who are turmoiled herewith, easily resigning themselves over to Despair, are perpetually upon complaints and lamentations; they see publick calamities coming afar off, and, like birds of an ill presage, do prognostick nothing but disasters. They have a singular inclination to believe the worst news, to augment it in their imagination, to amplifie it in their discourses, and to affright the whole world (if they could) with panick terrours, & imaginary fears. The least mishap which befals their family, is (in their opinion) a general ruine: Menaces are blows; blows murthers; the least sparkes are Coles; Theaters strewed with flowers, are scaffolds covered with black for them; and all the actions of men are nought but Tragedies.

Wise *Plutarch* said, All little Courages were naturally full of complaints. They are like the river of *Silias*, wherein all sinks to the bottom, and nothing floteth: all passeth with them into the bottom of the soul, nought staies in the superficies: wch is the cause that the heart repleniſhed with cares & apprehensions, discharged it self (what it may) by the tongue.

Besides the material cause of despair, which is observed in melancholy, we find others efficient, which ordinarily fasten upon great and strong passons of love, of Ambition, and of Avarice. All histories are full of miserable people, who having settled their affections upon objects, whence they could not with reason expect any satisfaction, after an infinite number of languours, toils and pursuits, have buried their love in despair, and drowned their ardour in the blond of their wounds. Some have hanged themselves at the gate of their Mistrisses, others have thrown themselves headlong down into ruines, others have been exposed to salvage beasts, rather chusing to suffer the fury of tigers and lions, then the rage of love without fruition.

Dido profuga in alienos folg, ubi nuptias regis ultro optasse deberat. nè tamen fecundas experiretur, maluit è contrario uri, quàm nubere. Tertul. *in exhort. ad castitatem.*

The Poet *Virgil* did her wrong, to put *Dido* Q. of *Carthage* into the number of the Unhappy, saying, she sacrificed her self to the sword and flames, out of a Despair conceived to see her self deprived of her *Trojan*. *Tertullian* justified the ashes of his Countrey-woman, assuring us she was one of the most chaste Ladies in the world, and did more in the matter of Chastity then S. *Paul* prescribeth. For the Apostle having said, *That it is better to marry then to burn*; she rather chose to burn then to marry, making her own funeral alive, and rather entring upon the flaming pyle, then to comply with the passion of a King, who sought her in marriage after the death of her husband whom she had singularly loved.

The passion of ambition is no less violent in proud and arrogant spirits (who having been long born as on the wings of glory, and seeing themselves on a sudden so unfortunate, as to be trampled under foot by those who adored them) cannot digest the change of their fortune, anticipating that by violence, wch they ought rather to expect from mercy.

Such was *Achitophel*, accounted to be one of the greatest States-men of his time, whose counsels were esteemed as of a Deity, when seeing himself faln from the great authority he had acquired, after he had set the affairs of his house in order, he took a halter with wch he hanged himself. And it is thought *Pilate* followed the like course, when he saw himselfe to be discountenanced after the death of his master *Tiberius*, & banished by *Caius Caligula*, the successour to the Empire. This calamity seemed unto him so intolerable, that he sought to shorten his miseries by hastning his death, wch he gave himself by his own hand. Yet *Eusebius*, who seems to be the chief authour of this narration, and who is followed by *Paulus Orosius* & others, doth not assure it, as a thing undoubtedly true, but as a populat rumour. For my part, I think it not amiss to believe *Tertullian*, who conceiveth, that after the death of our Saviour, *Pilate* was a Christian in his conscience, when he in writing expressed to the Emperor *Tiberius* the things which occurred in the person of our Saviour with so much honour for our Religion, that from that time the Emperour resolved to put *Jesus Christ* into the number of the Gods. But if the opinion of this Author were true, *It could not be credible*, that a man who had a tincture of Christianity should have ended his life by so *furious a despair*.

1 Reg. 17. 23.

Tentis, irrogante Cæsare, angoribus contractus est, ut sanguis transverberantium malorum compendium mortis celeritate quæsierit. Paul. Oros. l. 7. c. 4.

Pilatus jam tunc pro suâ conscientiâ, Christianus, Tertul. in Apolog.

Yet, that it might very well; as many examples testifie.

Avarice in this point wil nothing at all give place to Ambition, for there are many to be found, who (seeing themselves unexpectedly deprived of treasures wch they kept, as the griphons of *Scythia*) would no longer behold the sun, after the sun had seen the gold wch they hid in the bowels of the earth. Witness that covetous man of the Greek Anthology, who strangled himself with the same halter wherewith another man had determined to hang himself, who by chance having found this caitiff's treasure, was diverted from it. This may very well teach us, that it is very dangerous, passionately to affect the objects of the world, because (as saith S. *Gregory*) one cannot without immeasurable grief lose all that wch with unlimited love is possessed. The evil spirit, who soundeth each ones inclinations, and discovereth their dispositions, powerfully intermedleth in them, and layeth snares for men in all the things wherein he observeth them to be with the most fervour busied. To these occasions of despair, fear of pain & shame is added, which is very ordinary, and is the cause that many hasten their end, before they fall into the hands of their enemies, or are laid hold on by Justice, wch is as much as if one should die, not to die. This was very common among Pagans, who esteemed that a glory, which we hold the worst of crimes: and the like opinion crept very far into the minds of the Hebrews, who thought themselves to be sacred persons, & imagined they did an act generous and profitable to the glory of God, to kill themselves, before the hands of Infidels were bathed in their blood. This is the cause if we believe the ordinary Gloss of the first Book of Kings, and the ancient Interpreters of this Nation, that we cannot conclude the damnation of *Saul* by an infallible demonstration for having strucken himself; seeing, that according to their opinion, he was not sufficiently illuminated by the lights of the antient Law, that it was a Mortal sin to hasten his death to save the honour of his Religion, & to deliver himself from the scorn of Infidels. Nay, they assure us, that he in this occasion ordered himself as a treasure of God, refusing to deliver up unto enemies a head honoured with sacred unction to be alive defiled by their profane hands. They add that he had before him the example of *Samson*, who

Gloss in 1 Reg. 31. Dicunt Hebræi, & antiqui etiam Christiani, quod interfecerit seipsum ne inimici Dei honoris, nè vituperium eorum contra ipsum proprio corpore redundet in Dei omnipotentis sacrum timebat Saul, non esse illusi nunc.

was

was admired by all his own Nation for being overwhelmed with the *Philistims* under the ruines of a house. And that after him *Razias*, esteemed a Saint, and a courageous man, gave himself the stroke of death, and threw his bowels all bloudy from the top of a turret on the heads of his enemies. But now at this time we stand in a clear light, communicated unto us by Councils and School-Divinity, and know it is not at all lawful, so far as that a decree hath decided, that a Virgin ought rather to suffer the loss of virginity of body, by a manifest violence, then of her own accord to tear out her soul. Yet Doctours do not condemn him who throws himself down headlong to avoid a burning, nor him who putteth fire to the powder of a ship taken with Pirats, wherein he cannot doubt but he must perish; but he hasteneth his end to take a prey from his enemy, and to sacrifice himself for a Publick good.

Macc. 1. 12.

Placuit, ut qui sibi ipsis salutarem violentam intulerunt mortem, nulla precessa in illis insania obtinere commemoratio fiat. Ita Concil. Brocarensis primi. c. 34. Conf. 29. q. 3. in Glossa. Leyn. p. 116.

The Doctrine which blameth every other act of Despair, is conform to the opinion of the best Philosophers, who held, it is to die like a licentious beast, to go out of this life without his warrant, by whose leave we entred into it. *Seneca*, who had been of another opinion, changed it afterward at the end of his dayes, nor would he use violence against himself, wherewith *Nero* was amazed, and sent him the sentence of death, which he received with a marvellous courage; shewing, that if he sealed not his former opinion with his bloud, it was not for want of resolution, but that he had acquired more light. For my part, I probably think he was at that time a Christian, although not declared; and it is to no purpose to alledge, that he in his last words maketh mention of a *Jupiter Liberator*, since he explicateth it in his writings, shewing, that by this word he understands no other God, then the sovereign Monarch of the Universe.

Eundem quem nos Jovem intelligunt Illiberem universi, cui nomen unum convenit.

We ought not to take this glory from him, since S. *Hierome* so clearly giveth it him, placing him in the number of Christian Authours and Confessours of *Jesus Christ*. And that *Flavius Dexter*, a notable Historian, who flourished in S. *Augustines* time, & who wrote the History of Christianity from the birth of Christ our Saviour, to the year 430. expressly saith in the year 64. *De Christiana re bene sensit, fallúsque Christianus occultus.* But if this be so, it cannot have been but in the last year of *Seneca's* life, which is 66. of our Lord, when the holy Apostles, S. *Peter* and S. *Paul* returning thither the second time, made Christianity in that place to be resplendent. From whence it comes, that they much labour in vain who alledge many passages out of *Seneca's* book, composed in his Paganism, to disapprove our opinion.

Nat. quæst. lib. 3. S. Hier. l. de Scriptoribus Eccles. fast.

Sect. 3 *Humane Remedies of Despair.*

THe cause of despair, and the condition of those who despair, being sufficiently known, we must fortifie our selves against this pernicious passion with all the courage and prudence we can use. If we consider the humane Remedies, they will teach us, that the inconstancy of things on the earth which overwhelme us, may raise us, that the state of this inferiour world is as a wheel, whereon we do nought but go up, and come down; and that when we have the most happiness, then is the time we fall to the lowest degree of misery. When the unfortunate are descended into abysses, the prosperous leap up in their places. We have seen of them, as the Wise-man observeth, that have mounted to Empires from the deep dungeons of a prison, as did *Michael* the Emperour, who was unexpectedly snatched out of the hands of *Leo*, when he had resolved to burn him alive: was taken from black Caverns, born to the Palace as yet nasty & all horrid, and on his Imperial Throne made to file off the fetters on his feet, for that the key of them could not be found. The proud *Sesostris*, King of *Egypt*, who pompously walked along in a chariot, harnessed out with Kings, was diverted from his insolency by one of those miserable Princes, who taught him a lesson of the revolution of humane things, by the resemblance of the wheels of the chariot of triumph, whereunto pride had lifted him. Experience will tell us, that many for having lightly believed their evil fortune, were deprived of very great prosperities; and became unfortunate for no other reason, but that they thought themselves such before their time.

De exitu casuúsque innumerabilium qui egressi sunt ad regnum. Zonaras. in Michael.

Perseverance will instruct us, that in worldly affairs, as are marriages, offices, benefices, suits in law, commerce, good turns, and recompenses; we must not shil fall off out of mood, but patiently expect the hour of our good hap, whilst there is any reasonable likelihood. *Scardion* in the third Book of his History, recounteth an excellent passage of Pope *Innocent* the seventh, who employed a famous Painter, named *Andrew Mattineus*, in adorning his Chappel of the Vatican. This brave workman bent himself to it with affection, and therein used his most exquisite inventions, hoping that he who set him a work, would largely requite his merit in so notable a power to oblige all the world. He notwithstanding saw his labours daily to go on, but felt no rewards coming, which one day put him into Choler, with a resolution to be revenged by some trick of his Art. The Pope had commanded him to paint the seven deadly Sins, but he in stead of taking his proportions for seven places, added thereunto an eighth, wherein he purposed to make a hideous Monster. *Innocent* more fully informing himself of his design, the Painter answered, he left this place there to represent Ingratitude, as the most capital of all Vices. The Pope well understanding what he would say, smiled, and said, *Mattineus*, I give consent thou paint Ingratitude as ugly as thou pleasest, but on this condition, that thou place Patience directly over against it, which of all Virtues is the most courageous, from which thou art very much alienated, being unable a little to expect patiently the good I have resolved to do thee: and presently he gave him a good Benefice for his sons preferment.

Lastly, commonly fame will shew us there are people, whose ears are like those gates through which nothing was suffered to pass but direfull things. They burden themselves with all the worst, and becom eloquent in the mishap of their friends, as if they infinitely obliged them by learning their disasters. We shall easily find a remedy for the evil we apprehend, by not being over-credulous in giving ear to these new-carriers, whom Poets will have to be the messengers of Hell. Constancy will assure us, that the evil opinion one hath of his own affairs troubleth the whole business; that we must persevere to the end, and albeit the tempest turmoil us, never to forsake the helm, though tossed in the midst of surges. If it be a last necessity which assaileth us, we must put on the countenance of a Saint to receive it; and confidently believe, that if it take all Hope from us, it will by little and little take away also all our Despair. It is very dangerous at that time to trust our own thoughts, and to entertain dotages of the mind: rather

ther, we should seek (by the comfort of a confident Confessour, and by other good friends) to strengthen our selves against the storm which most commonly, onely threatneth us in the haven.

Sect. 4. *Divine Remedies.*

Remedies for this Passion.

IF our soul have leisure to take wings, and to raise it self above it self, let us look upon Divine Remedies, whereof we may make use to divert, or vanquish this direful Passion; which is verily one of the most poisonous of reasonable nature. And first of all, let us consider, how God being neither capable of Hope nor despair, faileth not to invite us to the one, and to withdraw us from the other, by the operations which he exerciseth on the visible world.

An excellent saying of venerable *Bede.*

Venerable *Bede* saith excellently wel in his observations, that he hath three sorts of habitations, wherein he hath lodged six divers things. In heaven he hath placed Verity & Eternity. On earth, Curiosity & Repentance. In hel, Misery & despair. Why should we then take to us a Passion of the damned, wch is not made for the world wherein we live? It is a remarkable thing, that God to make us hope, hath oftentimes strained the laws of nature, doing things wch seemed impossible to all humane judgments; & in works of grace he daily also produceth miracles, drawing to salvation & glory people meerly desperate, according to the opinion of the world. How could we have one sole touch of despair, were we truly faithful, since God engageth even his goodnes & power, to make us hope all that, wch according to Man, is desperate. *There is nothing impossible to the omnipotency of God. He did but speak a word, and it was sufficient to vindicate from nothing all this vast world of Creatures. So soon as he ordained it, so soon it was done, and he hath indifferently let us know his greatness, as wel in the production of the least things, as in the creation of the most noble and eminent.*

Non est impossibile apud Deum unum verbum. Luc. 1. Ipse dixit, & facta sunt; ipse mandavit, & creata sunt. Psal. 148.

There are three things wch are opposite to admirable works: 1. The weakness of the Agent created, 2. The indisposition of the subject. 3. The frequency of things seen and used. But God takes away these three obstacles to do miracles in nature. He gives to active creatures a strength meerly particular, & wholly Divine, to work above their force. He gives to Passive, a power of submission, & a capacity to receive the supernatural impression of agents, and brings forth effects, which are not onely great, but wholly extraordinary. And which is more, we therein observe five excellencies, which are as five raies of their glory: to wit, Efficacy, Durance, Utility, the End, and the Means, which render all these works of God infinitely recommendable. It is by his cōmand, that burning pillars walk in the air to serve as a standard for 600000 fighting men. That the sea parts in sunder & divides it self into two banks of Chrystal, to make a rampart for his people. That the clouds of heaven shower bread of Angels. That Rocks open their sides to pour forth fountains. That armies of flies and caterpillers destroy legions all of iron and steel. That the sun stands still in the midst of his career. That whales make a temple of their belly for a Prophet. That Sepulchres yield forth the dead alive. All this is done in nature by the ministery of Angels, and the service of men: but, by the virtue of God alone, to whom it belongeth to do miracles; the soul of Jesus Christ it self having not been but the instrument of the World united to it in such like operation. What is it we ought not to hope from a God, from whom we can despair of nothing, & who holdeth total nature at his service to help our confidence? But, not content with it, he passeth to miraculous works of grace, wherein he causeth unexpected productions. I will give you an excellent consideration, to encourage you never to despair, either of your own salvation, or that of other sinners. It is, that God, albeit, by his prescience he cannot be ignorant of the success of souls wch are out of the sweetness of his predestination, and who are not reckoned in the number of his elect; yet whilst they are involved in bodies, he treateth them as his own, not shewing that he despairs of their happiness.

What hindereth the production of admirable works.

God when he pleaseth takes away all the obstacles which oppose thereunto

The wonders which God maketh to appear in the Old Testament by the help of his creatures.

S. Thom. 3. q. 13. 2.

God indifferently treateth elect souls as reprobate, during life, without shewing that he despaireth of their salvation.

God never faileth, with necessary succours, and sufficient Grace, to save us. Psalm. 18. *August. ibid. Non est qui se abscondat à calore ejus.*

Divines teach us, that there is not any one destitute of the help of sufficient grace to work his salvation; not any one who is not visited with inspirations necessary for this purpose. Thus doth S. *Augustine* interpret the presage of the 18. *Psalm, There is none who can hide himself from his heat.* The ardour of the *Word Divine* pierceth through the coldest shadows of death. The sun is very general, and there is not a creature in the world so little, which hears not news of him: yet all night long he retires from us. And there are many people who are plunged in nights so tedious and irksom, that they seem to be (as it were) eternal. But this son of grace penetrateth into the darkest obscurities: It finds out men who have nothing of man but skin and figure, and speaketh to them with its raies, which are so many tongues from heaven: It spake to *Herod* after the murder of 14000 innocents: It spake to *Nero*, in the agitations of a mind troubled with the image of his crimes: It spake to the Emperour *Theophilus*, when dying he held between his hands the head of *Theophobus* his Constable, to satiate his revenge: Lastly, It makes us pronounce aloud the excellent saying of S. *Clemens Alexandrinus, There are no Cimmerians for the Word of God.* He makes allusion to certain people, whom we now call *Georgians*, or else to those who anciently inhabited in the territory of *Rome*, in places under the ground, such as that which we now adays call *Sybilla's* Grot, and it is thought the sun never reflected into their caves; but it is not so in the visits of the holy Ghost: *The great sea of divine light is ever at hand, and abundantly overflows him favour of such wils as wil participate therein.* I am not ignorant, that certain Divines have said, that some sinners arrive many times to such exorbitancy of crimes & ingratitudes, that they in the end are totally abandoned by God, and have not all the rest of their time, one sole good thought. But the most moderate say, that this happeneth for certain time, and certain moments, albeit, one cannot generally say, that a man may come to an estate so desperate, as to be wholly impenetrable to the graces of God: *It is an errour to say, that a crime so detestable may happen in the world, of which she cannot have remission. We cannot set limits, nor bound time in the infinity mercies of God. Moses* the *Ethiopian*, who was so black of body, so stained in conscience, so wicked of life, that he was accounted a devil incarnate, was so changed by the grace of God, that he became an Angel of heaven. An infamous thief having obtained his pardon of the Emperour *Maurisius*, was put into the Hospital of S. *Samson*, where he so plentifully bewailed his sins in the last agonies of death, that the Physician who took care of him, coming to see him, found him unexpectedly dead, and over his face a handkerchief bathed with his tears. & soon after he had a certain revelation of his Beatitude. To this purpose Pope *Celestine* said, *That a true Conversion made at the last end of life, is to be measured by the mind, not by the*

Desperate people whom God visited to their end.

ὡδὶς ἐν λόγῳ κιμμέριος. *Clem. Alex. protrept.*

S. Dionis. de Hierarch. celest.

Bellarm. l. 3. de Grat.

S. Thom. 2. 2. q. 86. *Dicere quod peccatum sit in hac vita de quo quis punitere non possit, erroneum est. Misericordiæ Dei nec mensuram possumus ponere, nec tempora definire.*

S. Leo. ep. 89. Admirable conversions of such as seemed desperate. Celest. 1. ep. 2. c. 2. *Verè sub Deum conversio in ultimis positum in mente potius est existimanda quam tempore.*

the time. God cauſed a thief to mount from the gallows to Glory, to teach us, that as there is nothing impoſſible to his power, ſo there is not any thing limited in his mercy. It is onely fit for him to deſpair, who can be as wicked as God is good.

Sect. 5. *The Examples which Jeſus Chriſt gave us in the abyſs of his ſufferings, are moſt efficacious againſt puſillanimity.*

The ſight of our Saviour teacheth us to perſevere in our good hopes, and not to deſpaire.

BEhold the conſolations we may derive from our firſt model: but if we will conſider the ſecond, we ſhall find that our Lord, who did all for our inſtruction, witneſſed ſtrong hopes in the great abyſs of dolours, wherewith he was all covered over on the Croſs, to encourage us to hope well in the moſt ſenſible afflictions.

That you may well underſtand this point ſo important, you muſt conſider, what then was the ſtate of the body and ſoul of *Jeſus Chriſt*: the body was ſo full of wounds, that they, who could not be ſatisfied with his pains, did more in him torment his wounds, then his members. He had almoſt no part about him entire, whereof he on the Croſs could make uſe, but his eyes & his tongue, His eies not being pulled out (as *Samſon's* & *Zedekiah's*.) there was nothing left for him, but to ſet before his view the Martyrdom of his good Mother, who was faſtned on the Croſs by love, and who imprinted in her ſoul, by a moſt amorous reflexion, all the torments which the King of the afflicted bare on his body. His tongue, which he had reſerved free to be the organ of heavenly harmonies in thoſe fervent prayers he ſent to his Celeſtial Father, was wholly drenched in gall.

But, all that was nothing in compariſon of the dolours of his Soul: For, he was deſtitute for a time of all divine Conſolations, abandoned to himſelf, delivered over as a prey to all the outrageous ſadneſs which may grow in our minds. It was a horrible blaſphemy in *Calvin* to ſay, that our Lord deſcended into Hell, there to endure the pains of the damned, without the ſuffering of which, he was not in a ſtate to be able to redeem the world. This (ſpoken in the manner as this abominable Noveliſt hath dared to write) woundeth, and offendeth the moſt obdurate ears. But if we will ſpeak with the moſt eminent Divines, we may ſay, that it is very likely that the Agonies of our Saviours ſoul might in ſome ſort enter into Compariſon with the ſadneſs of the damned: not by reaſon of their condition, but of their exceſs. And certainly ſome have thought, that our Saviour ſtirring up in his bleſſed ſoul a Contrition for all the ſin of the world in general, and of every one in particular, was wounded with ſo piercing a ſorrow, that it in ſome ſort exceeded that of devils and the damned. For, all the ſadneſs which may be imagined in hell conſiſteth in acts, which are produced from principles that ſurpaſs not the force of Humane or Angelical Nature: but the pain which our Saviour endured for the expiation of our ingratitude, was derived from the heart of God, according to the whole latitude of the grace and charity of the word *Incarnate*.

Calvin. l. 2. Inſtit. c. 16. Suarez. in 3. q. 46.

Fieri poſſit ut intenſior eſſet major: an ita de facto fuerit non poteſt certiore.

The exceſs of the contrition and dolour of our Lord.

The three ſadneſſes of our Saviour.

For which cauſe, it is conformable to reaſon to ſay, by Allegory, that this bleſſed ſoul entred into three kinds of ſacred and honourable flames, and of pains wholly Divine. The firſt was, in the garden of Olivet; when he ſaid, *His ſoul was ſad to death:* The ſecond, when he pronounced on the Croſs, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* Complaining, not of the ſeparation of the Word (as ſome antient Writers have underſtood it, little conform to true Theology) but of receſs from protection (as S. *Athanaſius* doth explicate it in his Book of the Incarnation; and S. *Auguſtine*, in his 47. Tract. upon S. *John.*) The third was, at the going forth of the incomparable ſoul of *Jeſus*, when there was not ſo ſmall a filament of a vein in his body, which reſented not the abſence of this divine Sun.

Mat. 26.

Mat. 27.

Vox recedentis verbi Dei contemplatus diſſidium. Hilar. can. 33. *Athan. lib. de Incarn. Aug. tract. 47. in Joan.*

Notwithſtanding, among all theſe great convulſions which put heaven into mourning, and earth into quakings under his feet; he ſtood firm, and with an eye bathed in bloud beheld the rayes of Glory which were to crown him after ſo exquiſite torments: ſo, that in the 21th Pſalm (which it is thought our Saviour wholly recited, when he hanged on the Croſs) having reckoned up the dolours which environed him on all ſides; he raiſed himſelf up as the palme againſt the weight of his afflictions, and ſaid. *I will declare thy Name to my brethren in the midſt of the whole aſſembly of the faithful. Yea, my God, all my praiſe ſhall be in thee, and for thee. I will pronounce thy marvels in thine own houſe, and I will offer thee my vows and ſacrifices before all thoſe that make profeſſion to honour thee.*

Narrabo nomen tuum fratribus meis, in medio Eccleſiæ laudabo te. Apud te laus mea in Eccleſia magna, vota mea reddam in conſpectu timentium eum, Pſ. 21.

Sect. 6. *Encouragements to good Hopes.*

AND will we then in ſo great light of Examples, in ſo eminent protection of divine Helps, reſign our ſelves over to ſadneſs and deſpair among ſo many accidents of this tranſitory life? Deſpair onely belongs to hearts gnawn with dull melancholy, and to ſouls extremely in love with themſelves and the commodities of the world, or to maligne ſpirits who have loſt all the ſparks of good conſcience, or laſtly, to the damned.

Why ſhould we deprive our ſelves of an ineſtimable treaſure of good hopes, wch the eternal Father hath kept for us in his omnipotency, of wch the word Incarnate hath aſſured us on the Croſs with his bloud, & the reſt of his life? Is it not a goodly thing to ſee people who bear the Character of Chriſtianity, to lay down the buckler, and to throw away arms at the firſt approach of ſome affliction whatſoever, to grumble and murmur againſt God and men; to cruciate themſelves like *Prometheus* on the rocks of *Caucaſus*, to torment themſelves with a thouſand imaginary evils? *Wo to you Apoſtate and fugitive children, who have made reſolutions without me, and who have weaved a web which was not warped by my ſpirit. It is no extraordinary matter* (ſaid S. Chryſoſtom) *to fall in wreſtling; but to be willing to lie ſtill ſtretched out at length on the earth. It is no diſhonour to receive wounds in fight; but, to neglect them, and to let the gangrene through lazineſs to creep in, is a folly inexcuſable.*

Væ, filii deſerentes, dicit Dominus, ut faceretis conſilium & non ex me, & operiremini velamen, & non per Spiritum meum. Iſa. 30. 1. Chryſoſt. ad Theodoram.

We entred into this life, as into a liſt, to wreſtle; as into a field of battel, to fight: why are we amazed, if God uſe us as he did his moſt valorous champions? Let us look upon life on all ſides, and we ſhall find it preſerved by good Hopes, and is totally ruined by Deſpair; Behold, men build after ruines and fires; ſee, others (after they are come all naked from amidſt waves, rocks, frothy rages of the ſea) gather together in the haven broken planks of their unfortunate veſſels, to commit their life to an element whoſe infidelity they know by experience, and taſte proſperous ſucceſs onely by very ſlight hopes. Yet fly they like Eagles into dangers, among all the images of death, after they therein have been ſo ill treated. When *Alexander* was ready to enter into the *Indies*, one ſaid unto him, Whither wilt thou go? Beyond the world? where

where dying nature is but a dul lump: where darkneſs robs men of heavens light: and the water hath no acquaintance with the Earth. What ſhall you ſee, but frozen ſeas; prodigious monſters; maligne ſtars; and all the powers of life conſpiring your death? *To what purpoſe is it to haſten to ſail over new and unheard of ſeas? Inconſiderately to interrupt the peaceful ſeat of the Gods? But, replied he, Let us couragiouſly go on, let us diſcover thoſe forlorn Countreys: Thus did great* Hercules *deſerve to win heaven.*

Alienis quid æquora remis, & ſeras violamus undas, Divinumque quietas turbamus ſedes? Eamus, inter has ſedes, Hercules cælum meruit. Senec. ſuaſoria 1.

Hope cauſed *Rome* to ſet Armies on foot after the battel of *Cannas*: and *France*, to triumph over the *Engliſh* by the hands of a ſilly ſhepherdeſs: wherefore will we deſpair of our ſalvation, ſith the mercy of God was never extinguiſhed, nor can he ceaſe to be what he is? what a thought of a devil is it, to deliver ones ſelf over to deſpair in the ſight of a *Jeſus*, who beareth our reconciliation on his ſacred members, and pleadeth our cauſe before his eternal Father, with as many mouths as our ſins in him have opened wounds? Know we not, *We have a Biſhop, who cannot but compaſſionate our infirmities, ſeeing he himſelf hath pleaſed to paſs through all thoſe trials*; and to make experience thereof to his own coſt and charges? It is not the deſpair of our ſalvation which tempteth us, but that of temporal goods; this ſuit, and that money, is loſt: here is the thing which afflicteth this deſolate ſoul, and makes it hate its proper life. O ſoul, ignorant of the good and evil of thy life! It is thy love and not thy deſpair alone which tormenteth thee. Thou then haſt fixed thy Beatitude on this gold, this ſilver, on thy profit by this ſuit; and thou lookeſt on it, as on a little Divinity. Doſt thou forget the words of the Prophet? *Silly partridge, thou brooded eſt borrowed egs, thou haſt hatched birds which were not thine: let them flie, ſith thou canſt not hold them.*

Non habemus Pontificem, qui non poſſit compati infirmitatibus noſtris, tentatum per omnia. Heb. 4.

Perdix ſovit, quæ non peperit, fecit divitias, & non in judicio, in dimidio dierum ſuorum derelinquet eas. Jer. 17. 11.

That, which thou eſteemeſt a great loſs, ſhall be the beginning of thy happineſs: thou ſhalt ever be rich enough, if thou learneſt to be ſatisfied with God. But, this perſon (whom I more dearly loved then my ſelf) is dead, and all my purpoſes are ruined by his death. Wherefore doſt thou reſolve with thy ſelf to ſay now he is dead? began he not to die frō the day of his birth? Muſt he be looked on as a thing immortal, ſince both thou and he have already received the ſentence of your deaths from your mothers wombs? If thou onely griev eſt for his abſence, thou wilt quickly be content; for thou daily goeſt on towards him, as faſt as the ſun which enlightneth us; there is not a day which ſet thee not forward millions of leagues towards thy Tomb. I am content that *they bewail the dead, who can have no hope of Reſurrection; they who believe they are dead never to live again. Let them bemoan the loſs of their friends as long as they will: as for us, we ſhall ſoon ſee one another, and re-enter into the poſſeſſion of thoſe, whoſe abſence we awhile lament.*

2. Kur. ſus. S. Hieron. Flean. mar. mos ſuos qui ſpem, reſurrectionis habere non poſſunt, fleant mortuos ſuos in quos in perpetuum æſtimant interiiſſe, in brevi viſuri ſumus, quos dolemus abeſſe.

It is not abſence (ſay you) which moſt afflicteth me: but, to ſee my ſelf deſtitute of a ſupport which I expected, that is it vexeth me. Enter into thy heart, lay thy hand on thy thoughts, and they will teach thee, that all thy unhappineſs cometh from being ſtill too much tied to honours, ambitions, and worldly commodities. I would divert thee as much as I might poſſibly from deſpair, but I at this preſent find that the remedy of thy evils will never be, but in a holy deſpair of all the frivolous, fair ſemblances of the world. O how wiſely ſaid *Vegetius*. That *deſpair is in many a neceſſity of virtue.* But more wiſely S. *John Climachus*, who defining the life of a perfect Chriſtian, which he calleth the Pilgrimage, did let theſe words fall, *True, and perfect Religion is a general deſpair of all things.* O what a happy ſcience is it, to know how to deſpair of all, to put all our hope in God alone? Let us take away thoſe deceitful and treacherous props which beſiege our credulous minds, and ceaſe not to enter into our heart by heaps: Let us bid adieu to all the charming promiſes of a barren and lying world, and turning our eyes towards this celeſtial *Jeruſalem* our true Countrey; let us ſing with the Prophet, *All the greateſt comfort I have in this miſerable life, is, that I often lift up mine eyes to the mountains, and towards heaven, to ſee if any neceſſary ſuccour comes to me from any place. From whence can I hope more help or conſolation, then from the great God omnipotent, who of nothing created this univerſe, and hath (for my ſake) made an infinity of ſo many goodly creatures? Should I ſee armed ſquadrons of thunders & lightnings to fal on me, I would have a ſpirit as confident, as if there were no danger. were I to paſs through the horrours of death, being in thy company, I would fear no danger. Moreover, I hold it for a ſingular favour, and it ſhall be no ſmal comfort to me, when thou takeſt pain lovingly to chaſtiſe me for my miſdeeds, & to favour me with thy viſits.* Happy he, who hath raiſed his gain from his loſſes, his aſſurance out of his uncertainties, his ſtrength out of his infirmities, his hopes out of his proper deſpairs, and who hopes not any thing but what is promiſed by God, nor is contented but with God who ſatisfieth all deſires, and crowneth all felicities.

Vig. 24. c. 5. Neceſſitas quædam virtutis eſt deſperatio. Clym. gr. 3. Peregrinatio vera eſt omnium propriſus rerum deſperatio.

Levavi oculos meos in montes, unde veniet auxilium mihi. Auxilium meum à Domino, qui fecit cælum & terram. Pſal. 120. *Si conſiſtant adverſum me caſtra, non timebit cor meum* Pſal. 26. 3. &c.

The ninth Treatiſe, Of FEAR.

Sect. 1. *The Definition, the Deſcription, the Cauſes and Effects thereof.*

The nature of fear, and the bad effects of it.

FEar is the daughter of ſelf-love and opinion; a paſſion truly horrid, which cauſeth all things to be feared (yea, thoſe which are not, as yet in being) and by making all to be feared, hath nothing ſo terrible as it ſelf. It falleth on a poor heart, on a miſerable man, as would a tempeſt not fore-ſeen, or like a ravenous beaſt practiſed in ſlaughter; and confiſcateth a body which it ſuddenly interdicteth the functions of nature, and the uſe of forces. It doth at firſt, that with us, which the ſparrow-hawk doth with the Quail. It laies hold on the heart, which is the fountain of heat, and ſource of life; it ſeizeth on it, it gripes it, it tortureth it in ſuch ſort, that all the members of the body extremely afflicted with the accident befallen their poor Prince, ſend him ſome ſmall tributes of bloud and heat to comfort him in his ſufferings, whereby the body becomes much weakned. The vermillion of cheeks inſtantly fadeth, and paleneſs ſpreads over all the face, deſtitute of the bloud wherewith it was formerly coloured; the hair hard ſtrained at the root with cold, ſtares and ſtands on end; the flames which ſweetly blaze in the eyes, fall into eclipſe, the voice is interrupted, words are imperfectly ſpoken; all the organs and bands are loſened and untied, quaking ſpreads it ſelf over all, eſpecially the knees, (wch are the baſis of this building of nature:) & over the hands, wch are frontier-places, moſt diſtant from the direction of the Prince, who is then toiled with the cōfuſion of his ſtate. This evil paſſiō is not content to ſeizeon our body, but it flieth to the ſuperiour region of our ſoul, to cauſe diſorder; rob-

bing us almost in a moment of memory, understanding, will, courage, and rendring us benum'd, dull, and stupid in our actions. This notwithstanding is not to be understood but of an inordinate fear. And that we may see day-light through this dark passion, to know it in all the parts thereof; I say first in general that there are two sorts of fear, Moral, and Natural. Moral which comprehending filial, and servile, is not properly a passion: But a virtue, which S. *Barnaby*, (according to the report of *Clemens Alexandrinus*) called the *Coadjutrix of faith*. S. *Ambrose*, *the rudder of the soul*. And *Tertullian*, *the foundation of Salvation*. Of this very same it was S. *Zeno* spake so eloquently. *O necessary fear! which art to be procured by care and study, and not to be met by chance, voluntarily, not out of necessity, and rather by overmuch piety, and tenderness, then by the occasion of sin, which brings a guilty soul vexation enough.*

The sorts of fear.

Calvor animæ fluxus animi. Amb. de Paradis. Tertul. de cultu fœmin. O necessarius timor! qui times artis non casu, voluntate non necessitate, religione non culpa. S. Zeno.

Natural fear is properly an apprehension of a near approaching evil framed in the soul, whether it be real, or seeming, to which one cannot easily make resistance. It is divided into six parts, according to the doctrine of S. *John Damascen*, to wit, Pusillanimity, Bashfulness, Shame, Amazement, Stupidity, and Agony. Pusillanimity feareth a labour burthensome, and offensive to nature. Bashfulness flyeth a foul act, not yet committed. Shame dreadeth disgrace which ordinarily followeth the sin when it is committed. Amazement (which we otherwise call admiration) is caused by an object we have of some evil which is great, new, and not expected, the progressions and events whereof we cannot fore-see. Stupidity proceedeth from a great superabundance of fear which oppresseth all the faculties of the soul. And Agony is the last degree which totally swalloweth up the spirit in the extream nearness of great evils, & greatly remediless.

Six sorts of natural fear.

The causes of fear.

Forasmuch as concerneth the causes of this passiò. if we wil reason upon it, we shal find, that the chief, and most considerable, is self-love, wch is ever bent upon the preservation of it self, & the exclusion of all things offensive, from whence it cometh, that all the greatest lovers of themselves are the most fearful, and the most reserved in the least occasions of peril, as are ordinarily persons rich, full of ease, and nice; who resemble the fish, that hath gold on his Scales, and is the most timorous creature of the sea. The second, wherein many particular causes meet, is the evil to come, namely when it is great, near, inevitable, and that it tends to the privation of our being. From thence arise a thousand specters of terrour, as are poverty, outrages, maladies, thunder, fire, sword, inundations, violent deaths, wilde beasts; and above all, men powerful, cruel, revengeful, wicked; especially when they are offended, or that they have some interest in our ruine, and that they can freely be revenged without any fear of laws, or punishment. Add to these, the envious, corrivals, greedy heirs, friends treacherous, provoked, or timorous, motinous, quarrelsome, violent, and greedy. The third motive of fear, is, the ignorance, and little experience we have in the evils of the world: for, all that which is covert and hidden from us seems the more terrible, as are solitudes, Abysses, darknesses, and persons disguised. From thence cometh, that women, children, and men, bred in a soft, and sedentary life are more timorous, sith the knowledge of dangers, whereof they are deprived, is a great Mistress of fortitude. The fourth source is coldness, and consideration, which is the cause that the wisest justly fear perils, where hair-braind young men, fools, and drunkards carelessly jeast, and make sport: and that was the cause why *Sylla*, finding himself many times too considerate in the foresight of evils, did endeavour to drown his apprehensions in wine. The fifth is observed in a nature cold, melancholick, imaginative, and distrustfull, which sometimes happeneth to Hypocondriacks, such as was that of the ancient *Artemon*, who caused a buckler continually to be carried over his head by two lackeys, fearing least something falling from on high might hurt him: or that of *Pisander*, who feared to meet his own soul: or that other frantick fellow, who durst not walk for fear of breaking the world, which he perswaded himself was wholly made of glass.

Ælian. l. 12. de animal. ὁ χρυσόφρυς ἰχθὺς δειλίᾳ.

The sixth, lastly comes from an ill conscience. For there is not any thing so turmoiled, so torn, and so divided as a soul which hath alwayes before it the image of its own crimes. This was it which made the *Nero's* and *Domitian's* to tremble: This which caused *Apollodorus* (of whom *Plutarch* speaketh) to have horrible visions, so that it many times seemed to him in his nightly sleeps that the *Scythians* flaied him alive, and threw his chop'd members one after another into a boiling Cauldron, and that he had nothing alive but his heart, which said to him in the bottom of this Cauldron, I am thy wicked heart, It is I, who am the source of all thy Disasters.

Semper enim præsumit sæva perturbata conscientia. Sap. 17. 11. Plutarch. de sera numinis vindicta.

Sect. 2. *Of the vexations of Fear, its Differences, and Remedies.*

Fear, a troublesom passion.

WE may wel say this passion is one of the most troublesom and vexing among all the motions of our mind; because it is extreamly ranging, sith, not content with the evils which are on the sea and land, yea in hell, it forgeth new which have no subsistance, but in the perplexity of an imagination quite confounded. Besides this, it more spiritually tormenteth us, making our judgment and reason to contribute to our vexations, and many times so long turmoyleth us, that it maketh us to fear, half an age of time, that, which passeth in a moment. For which cause, I account it a loving clemency of God to hide from us the greatest part of the things which befal us, the knowledge whereof would continually over-whelm our wretched life with sadness, and affrightment, and not give us leave nor leisure to breathe among the delicious objects of nature. If so many great and eminent personages, who being mounted to the highest degrees of honour, have been throwndown into abysses, had continually beheld the change of their fortune, and the bloudy ends of their life; it is not credible but that the joyes of their triumphs would have been moistned with their tears, and by a perpetual fear of an inevitable necessity, they would have lost all the moments of their felicity.

The ignorance of our evils is a stratagem of the divine Providence.

Now, in some sort to remedy a plague so general; I finde the troubles wch comes to us this way either are natural timidities, or fears of things very frequent in the condition of human life, or are affrightments upon some terrible and unusual objects. Forasmuch as concerneth timidities wch we see in fearful natures, they proceed either from the disposition of body & melancholick humour, or frò the quantity of heart which is sometimes too great, & hath little heat; or from idleness and effeminacy of life; or from a base birth, and from a sedentary breeding, or from small experience, or from overmuch love of reputation, & ease both of mind & body. Some are timorous in conversation, and fear to approach men of quality, they dread the aspect of those whom they have not accustomed

Three sorts of fear.

Timidity, its causes and symptomes.

accustomed to see, they quickly change colour, they have no consequence in their speech, no behaviour, no discourse, their words are broken, the tone of their voice is trembling, and their countenance nothing confident; which very often happeneth to young men timorously bred, and little experienced. Others fear all occasions of Ceremonies, of pomp, and splendour, to see and to be seen, and would willingly borrow the veil of night to cover themselves from them. Others are very bad sollicitours of businesses, daring not to say, nor contradict any thing; and if they must needs ask a question, they do it so fearfully, that in asking, they shew how they should be denied. There are, who more fear to speak in publick, then one would a battel: which hath happened to many great wits, as to *Demosthenes*, *Theophrastus*, and *Cicero*, who protesteth that being already of good years, he stil became pale, & trembled in the beginning of his discourse: which in my opinion proceeded from an excessive love of honour, which these men seemed to hazard when they made orations before Princes, the Senate, and people. A block-head exposeth himself with much more confidence, because he hath nothing to lose, and is like a Pilot who steereth a ship fraught with hay: But these were Masters who guided vessels furnished with pearls, such credit and authority they had purchased. *Æschines*, a man well-behaved, a great talker, and a huge flatterer, triumphantly spake before King *Philip*, and the *Macedonians*, where poor *Demosthenes* had much a do to deliver his mind; so that one might have taken the one for an Ideot, and the other for an oracle: yet there was no comparison, seeing the one had high and sublime thoughts, the other trivial and very vulgar, which were onely made good by the utterance of voice and gesture. Some there have been so afflicted, to have failed in a publick oration, that they thereby have fallen into despair: it so happened to *Herod* the *Athenian*, (the proudest Orator of his time) who being gravelled before the Emperour *Marcus Antonius*, was like to die with grief: yet judicial hearers, do not the less value a learned man for the misfortune of these accidents: Whilst popular spirits account them for disgraces, which more truly fall upon those who intrude themselves out of temerity, where they are not called out of duty, and striving to gain glory, do lose all the little they might have acquired. This happens to some by a precipitate imagination, who think upon the middle, and end of a discourse, when they are (as yet) in the beginning: To others, out of a light and skipping spirit, which in despite of them doth over-flow: To others, by unexpected accidents, as it happened to the learned *Oporinus* of the University of *Basil*, to whom it was given in charge to receive the famous *Erasmus*, by offering him presents of wine in the name of the City: He was prepared for it with a brave and a long Oration; but being trained up to the School (which had little curiosity & quaintness in complements) going about to kiss *Erasmus* his hand full of the gout, he did it so roughly, that he hurt him, and made him to cry out of the pain he had put him to, by this kiss: which made the good Professour lose himself, nor could he ever hit upon the beginning of his discourse, untill they plentifully had powred out some of the presented wine for him to drink, so to awaken his memory.

Certainly we must needs tell you, it is like a dancing on a rope to recite a long oration by heart, and there are many rocks for those who are naturally fearful. There is not any thing which so much correcteth these timidities, as to break them in ones youth; to put ones self upon hazard when he hath not so much to lose; to cry out, to declaim; to take on in the theaters of a Colledge; to accustome ones self to see good company; to be fashioned for entertainments, discourses, replies; to learn the garbs of the time and Countrey; to study the art of penetrating spirits; not to be out of countenance with ill success at the beginning; fairly to put on a business what one can, and not to becom impudent by striving to resist fear. For it happeneth that such as were very timorous, become many times so bold by complacence, that they must master their passion which is grown a little too insolent. One would not believe how resolute and fearless a man is, upon all occasions, who hath been accustomed to declaim.

When *Luitprand* Bishop of *Cremona* was sent in Embassage to *Constantine* son of *Leo* the Emperour of *Constantinople*, he gave him audience sitting in a throne which suddenly was lifted up to the roof, and was inviron'd with Lions of brass, who by art began to roar, of purpose to astonish him; but he gave not over to speak as confidently, as if all this spectacle had been but a childish sport, because he had overcome himself before in a thousand occasions.

But they who after they have in youth tryed to correct these natural fears, seeing they therein very little profit, should do well to withdraw from great conversations of the world, from the embroilment of affairs, from specious offices, from negotiations (which must be treated with bold, and quick spirits) from warfare, from the Court, from Ceremonies, from orations; to cultivate a sweet repose, without being stired up by wordly ambitions, and to set themselves on the rack to be successfull in a profession, whereunto nature stands indisposed.

This did *Isocrates*, who had an excellent wit, and very capable of eloquence notwithstanding, finding himself destitute of countenance, gesture and Confidence, he never durst to speak in publick, contenting himself to teach even to his decrepit dayes; and commonly saying, he taught Rhetorick for a thousand Ryals, but would give more then ten thousand to him who would teach him Confidence.

Remedies for timidity in declaiming.

Timidity sometimes turns into Insolency.

Fearfull Orators.

Ælian. l. 8. variæ Hist.

Philostratus in Sophistis.

Theodorus Zingerus.

The courteous meeting of *Erasmus*, and *Oporinus*.

Luitprand. l. 6. de rebus in Europâ gestis.

How perverse timidities should be handled.

Sect. 3. *Against the fear of the Accidents of humane life.*

THe second manner of fear is more troublesom, as poverty, scorns, chains, imprisonment, pains, maladies, and of death which assaulteth us in a million of objects plentifully diffused throughout total nature. But we must confess that of all evils there is not any one so terrible to man, as man himself. An enemy powerful, factious and wicked, he employeth all the instruments of terrour, to serve as arms for his iniquity; he inventeth crafty tricks, he whetteth swords, he mingleth poysons, he prepareth fetters and dark dungeons, he tieth tortures, he raiseth gibbets to satiate his revenge: and it seems he holds all the Furies and Divels under hire, to torment the miserable.

Fear of accidents in the world.

Man terrible above all terrible.

What shall a poor beast do which sees it self menaced by many mischiefs, greatly contrary to nature? Think you it is a rock, or an Anvile, which is moved at nothing? we must not brave it on paper, and with a stock at inkstand as *Phidanis* his Bull, and *Rhodamont*'s courser. All these fears of things adverse to our nature may fall into the life of men the most constant, namely when hostilities (which assail us) are sudden,

The shelf of Orations.

and violent, that the iſſue of them is irreparable.

Remedies againſt accidental fear. Senec. ep. 13.

Notwithſtanding, it much helps to ſweeten this paſſion, to conſider what *Seneca* ſaith, *that often we fear too much, or to ſoon, or without cauſe.* We fear too much by fearing things mortal, as if we were immortal. We have infinite apprehenſions of pains which end with a life ſo ſhort. It is to be ignorant of the things of nature, and to make an ill divident of our thoughts, to caſt perpetual cares upon an evil which is not many times ſo ſoon come, but that it ceaſeth to be an evil, taking away the ſence by the violence, or fortifying it by its faintneſs. We fear too ſoon by apprehending things far diſtant from us. There is but too much time to be miſerable in this life: Let us not haſten to anticipate it, nor let us loſe one ſole moment of preſent happineſs, for imaginations of the future. We fear without cauſe, when we dread things which will never happen; and if they do happen, it will peradventure be for our advantage.

There are who eſcape out of priſon by fire, others who are fallen into precipices very gently, and have in the bottom found their liberty; Others, to whom poiſons are turned into nutriment; others, to whom blows of a ſword have broken impoſtumes: ſo true it is, that the ſeeds of good hap are ſometimes hidden under the apparances of ill.

To take things at the worſt.

Beſides this, give your ſelf the leiſure to find out the whole latitude of the evil which ſtrikes you: Take (if you think good) all things at the worſt, and handle your ſelf as an enemy; yet you ſhall find that this evil is not ſo bad as it is ſaid: that many have gone that way before you; and that if God permit it, he will give you ſtrength to bear it. The fear it ſelf (which is the worſt of our evils) is not ſo great a torment, ſince it affordeth us precaution, Induſtry, and fit means, and ſuggeſteth us wayes to fear no more. If you never have experienced evil you have much to complain, that you ſo little have been a man; and if you have ſome experience of the time paſt, it will much ſerve you to ſweeten the apprehenſion of the evils to come. Vanquiſh your own conceits as much as you can, and pray them not to preſent unto you under ſo hideous a maſk, thoſe pains, which women, and children have many times laughed at: If you in the beginning feel any horrour and the firſt rebellions of nature; loſe not courage for all that, ſince the Poet painted Boldneſs with a pale viſage. We have often ſeen great Captains (as *Garcias*) to quake in the beginning of dangerous battels, becauſe their fleſh (as they ſaid) laid hold of their courage, and carried the imagination into the moſt hideous perils. Laſtly, be it how it will be, you ſhal find the remedy of your fears, in the preſence of that which you fear, ſince there are ſome who in the irreſolution of ſome affair do endure a thouſand evils, and ſo ſoon as the determination thereof ſucceedeth, though to their prejudice, they feel themſelves much more lightned. Many priſoners who ſtand on thorns in priſon expecting the iſſue of their trial, go very reſolute to execution, ſeeing it is better to die once, then to live ſtill in the apprehenſion of death. *David* ſhook with fear, wept, and faſted, lay on the ground for the ſickneſs of his young ſon: But after the death was denounced him, he roſe up from the earth, changed his habit, waſhed and perfumed himſelf: then having worſhipped in the houſe of God, he aſked for his dinner; and firſt of all comforted *Bathſheba* upon this accident: whereat his houſhold-ſervants were amazed. But he taught them, we muſt not afflict our ſelves for thoſe things, whereof there is no remedy.

Fidicle pallent, Statius Theb. Rodericus Toletanus rerum Hiſpan. l. 5. c. 23.

2 Reg. 12.

I conclude, with the laſt kind of fear, which comes from things very extraordinary, as are Comets, Armies of fire, Prodigies in the Heavens and the air, Thunders, Lightnings, Monſters, Inundations, Fires, Earthquakes, Spirits, Spectres, Devils, and Hell. Good God! what terrour is there in this miſerable life, ſince beſides theſe which are ſo ordinary with us, we muſt expect other from places ſo high, and ſo low? But howſoever, we notwithſtanding do find courages which ſurmount them with the aſſiſtance of God, although it do not ordinarily happen without ſome impreſſions of fear; otherwiſe we muſt be far engaged in ſtupidity. Comets, Eclipſes, flying fires, and ſo many other Meteors, do not now-a-dayes ſo much affright, ſince we have diſcovered the cauſes, which is a powerfull proof, that ignorance in many occaſions makes up a great part of our torment. *Pericles* ſtrook a fire-ſteel in an aſſembly of his Captains and ſouldiers (who were aſtoniſhed at a thunder and lightning happened in the inſtant of a battel) ſhewing, that what the heavens did, was that he was doing before their eyes, which marvellouſly ſatisfied them.

Stratagem of *Pericles*, *Polyænus* l. 1.

Superſtition makes a thouſand fantaſies to be feared, whereat we might laugh with a little wiſdom. The *Egyptians* were half dead, when the figure of a huge dragon, which ſometimes of the year was ſhewed them, did not ſeem to look well on them: and the *Romans* fell in their Courage, when the Cocks which governed their battels did not feed to their liking. *Hecatæus* an ancient Hiſtorian, telleth that *Alexander's* whole Army ſtood ſtill to look on a bird, from whence the augur went about to derive ſome preſage, which being ſeen by a *Jew*, named *Moſellan*, he drew an arrow out of his quiver, and kil'd it, mocking at the *Grecians* who expected their deſtiny from a creature which ſo little knew its own. As we laugh at this preſent at theſe fopperies, ſo we ſhould entertain with ſcorn ſo many dreams, and ſuperſtitious obſervations which trouble them enough who make account of them. Wild beaſts, inundation of rivers, productions of mountains big with flames, ſulphur and ſtones, are other cauſes of terrour; nor hath there ever been ſeen any more hideous, then that which happened theſe late years in *Italy*, in the laſt fireing of Mount *Veſuvius*, which is excellently deſcribed by *F. Julius Recupitus*: Then it, there can be nothing ſeen more able to excite terrour, unleſs in an inſtant the bottom of hell were laid open, and all the hideous aſpects of the torments of the damned. Yet it is a ſtrange thing, how among waves of fire which ran on all ſides, clouds of aſhes which appeared like vaſt mountains, continual Earthquakes, counterbuffs of hillocks and of houſes, of Abyſſes, of Gulphs, and of Chaos's; there were people to be found, who yet thought upon their purſes, and took the way towards their houſes to lay hold of their ſlender ſubſtances; which makes us ſee, that there is nothing ſo horrid where the ſoul of man (returned to it ſelf) findeth not ſome leiſure to breathe. The monſters of the *Roman* Amphitheater, wch in the beginning made the moſt hardy to quake, were in the end deſpiſed by women, who were hired to combat with them. Things not ſeen, which (it ſeems) ſhould moſt trouble the mind, becauſe they are moſt hidden, are alſoin ſome ſort ſurmounted: ſince we read how that many great Anchorets lay in Church-yards infeſted with ghoſts & ſpecters, and about ſolitudes, in forreſts & wilderneſſes the moſt retired, in the midſt of ſo many illuſions of evil ſpirits; as it is written in the

Euſeb. l. 1. de prepar. Evang. c. 7.

Herodot. apud Cuſan. l. 2. de Rep. Hebræorum.

The burning of *Veſuvius* in the year 1631. *Julius Recapitus.*

The fear of poverty cauſeth ſtrange boldneſs.

the Acts of Saint *Anthony*, S. *Hilarion*, and S. *Macarius*. There is nothing but the day of Judgment, Hell and the punishments of the damned, we should reasonably fear, and not out of visionary scruples, to free us from all fear.

Sect. 4. *That the Contemplation of the power, and Bounty of God ought to take away all our fears.*

Remedies. The power and providence of God which preserveth us, ought to drive away all our fears.

BUt if these reasons (which I more according to humane nature have deduced) enter not sufficiently into your mind; lift up your thoughts to things divine: and when you have contemplated all the devastation of this passion, learn a little to deplore your misery, which causeth you to fear almost all, except that which is able to deliver you from all fear. Behold, in our first model, the power and providence of God, which are two perfections able to fortifie our weakness, dissipate all our faintness, and encourage all our pusillanimity. The omnipotency of God not only sets free from the surprisals of fear; but assures all which is under its power & protection, to which we voluntarily have submitted. What should he fear; nay what should he not hope, who hath a God for protectour, and a God absolutely powerful? His power, and his essence walk hand in hand, insomuch as power in God is nothing else but the effective Essence of God.

Apud Deum non erit impossibile omne verbum. Luc. 1.

We need not fear, that his jurisdiction is only extended to certain places, since it is without limits, and embraceth all places: That it is limited to a certain number of Ages; since it is eternal and involveth all Time; That it is greater at one time then at another, in that which interiourly concerneth it, because it is immutable: That it looseth any thing of its vivacity in the revolution of so many years; for that it hath an infinite vigour which comprehendeth all the perfections of Essence. As much as the divine understanding can comprehend, so much the divine power can execute. Both have no measure: and both always go in the same proportion; equalling their greatnesses, whilst nothing equalleth their worth. What Abysses, and what treasures of power must He possess, who hath within himself so inexhaustible sources, and such communications, as are in God, who can endlesly communicate himself in the orders of vegetative, sensitive, and intellectual nature; and lastly in grace and glory, where he doth so many wonders, never emptying, nor limiting his virtue. All this great world, where the sun (as some Astrologers say) is an hundred and fourty times greater then the earth, and progresseth in twenty four hours more then twelve millions of leagues; where there are fixed stars which go in the space of an hour more way, then a Horsman could in seventeen hundred, and twenty six years: All the great variety of this Universe (where there are creatures without number, beauties without end, and greatnesses to our eyes immeasurable) is but an effect of his word; He made it with the least blast of his mouth, and with the least breath of his mouth can unmake it, and instead of it build up an infinity of other worlds much greater and more perfect then this. Good God! what say we, when we say God? when we say the power of God? All that is, and moves in nature, actuateth not, but by this predominant power; and should he once draw back an arm, total nature would cease from its operations, and dissolve into nothing. All those vast armies which made ostent to tear down smoking Cities, and dry up seas, to render mountains navigable, to turn the whole course of nature topsie-turvie, were overthrown by the hand of God, who for this purpose made use of Grashoppers and Flyes, which he calleth his *Great Forces* in the Prophet. It is he who circumvolveth the heavens, who supports the earth, who distendeth the waters, who quickneth the whole world with his fire and his breath, who darkneth the air with tempests, when he pleaseth; who maketh clouds to pour down in deluges, who swalloweth up the fleets of petty *Pharaohs*, who flyeth upon the Curlings of waves, who inflameth lightnings, and maketh blood and scorpions to rain upon the rebellions of earth. O power of God! what do we say, when we tell your wonders? Is it not sufficient to strike terrour into the wicked, and to occasion confidence in his children; since it hath an eternal alliance with this great providence which governeth the world? For, in a word, we are in his hand, both we, and all our designs, and all our poor providence: as for him he powerfully actuateth from one extremity to another, & sweetly disposeth of all, without any trouble. What assurance would a good soul have if it would attentively consider it self all covered under the wing of God, all looked upon with the eye of the divine Providence which protects Scepters and Crowns, not forgetting the silliest worm of the earth?

Locusta fortitudo mea magna. Joel 2. 25.

In manu enim ejus nos, & sermones nostri, & omnis sapientia artifex à fine usque ad finem fortiter, & disponit omnia suaviter. Sap. 7.

It shielded the little *Moses* under the waves, and the three children in the flame: It likewise shielded all the just, nor doth it ever permit them to suffer, but to derive lights out of their Eclipses, and glory from their torment. If we speak with S. *Thomas*; we will say, it is the unchangeable rule of all the alteration, in the world: If with S. *Denys*; it is a fountain which overfloweth from the highest part of the heavens upon the least creatures of the earth: If with *Clemens Alexandrinus* it is the superintendent of all this great circle which we call the world: If it be the rule; why do we wander from it? If it be the fountain; why do we deprive our selves of its savour? if it be all eye; why do we departs from its lights? Blind that we are, if we forget it, living daily in its bosom, & between its arms; Disloyal, if we forsake it; unnatural, if we betray it.

Opusc. 2. c. 23. S. Dionys. de cœlesti Hierarch. c. 4. Clemens Alexandr. in protrept.

Sect. 5. *That the Example of a God-Man ought to instruct us, and assure us against the affrightments of this life.*

Nempe in semet manens quod habet, est; quod est semper unum & eadem modo est. In eo & multa in unum, & diversa in idem redigentur, ut nec numerositate rerum summi pluralitatem, nec alterationem de variatione sentiat. Bernard. in Cantic.

The Sun is an hundred and fourty times bigger then the earth; and in twenty four hours goeth more then 12. millions of leagues.

Prodigious course of some stars.

LEt us cast our eyes upon the second model, and add to these two great Motives which we go about to deduce the example of *Jesus*, which should serve us for a Bulwark of Adamant against vitious fear. He was the strong of strongs, and the most noble Courage which ever fell into the strongest Ideas of Angels. The holy Scripture likewise calleth him by the name of a man, and a strong man, from his mothers womb. And as heretofore in the sacrifice which was made for the expiation of sins, the old law admitted not any but males; so it was fit to seek out for a man perfectly man, to celebrate this great and eternal sacrifice which was once made, and which is renewed every day for the redemption of the whole world.

The example of our Saviour ought to encourage us against fear.

Femina circumdabit virum. Jer. 32. 22. Num. 18. 10. *Mares tantum offerentur.*

All Divines and Philosophers agree, that Fortitude, (which properly resisteth fear and pusillanimity) is a courageous and a considerate dealing in great hazards, conjoyned with a patience in great misadventures. For it hath two arms, whereof the one assaileth, and the other supporteth; and the whole extent of its wonders is very aptly contracted within the circle of four vertues, which are Confidency, Constancy, Patience, and Perseverance. For which cause we may truly say, that the champion that combateth in the honourable list of Fortitude, giving

What true fortitude is, and the parts thereof.

giving notable proofs of his courage by every one of these virtues, with reason, election, and intention (which are the conditions required by Saint *Thomas*) is arrived at the highest period of honour, generously triumphing over all the Images of terrour. Now this it which *Jesus Christ* did with incomparable transcendencies for our instruction. For first, he would not out of infirmitie of nature, but through a dispose of the sacred oeconomy of our redemption, be assaulted by the most furious object of fear which ever fell into the mind of man; permitting fear to invade the most elate part of his soul, and to surprise it, as in the Sanctuary of the Divinity.

All the greatest subjects of apprehension which ever men the most valorous had, concluded in the loss of a miserable life; and if they did apprehend an evil to come, it ordinarily was the space of some very little time; and when they exposed themselves thereto, it was by fits out of necessity, and with feeble intentions, and interessed in self-love. But if they had the worst in the beginning of the hazards which they confronted, their confidence was quickly changed into Distrust, their Constancy into Levity, their Patience into Fury, and their perseverance into Smoke. These are the vices which we observe in the comportment of *Alexanders* and *Cesars*, and of all the valiant men of the earth: but, *Jesus*, the true Model of valour, gave up for us a life of God, which is no small object of Fear; for, otherwise feareth the Merchant who is fraughted with slight merchandise; otherwise he who carrieth gold, and precious stones. Should a man to do a generous Act hazard all the lives of men, if they might be confined within his heart; he should endanger nought else but a little straw or stubble: but, our Saviour exposeth a life created, rooted in a life increate; which did as much excel all the lives of men, as the sun doth rushes. He exposeth this life, not to common and ordinary torments, or to mean tortures, but he delivered it over to exceeffive pains throughout all the parts of his body, to unheard of scorns, and to exectable cruelties. He contenteth not himself to have once had them in sight a little before his death, but he looks them in the face from the first day of his conception; so soon as his blessed soul is poured into his body, he seeth two abysses, the one of dolorous pains, the other of deep ignominies which he was to undergo in the undertaking of the reparation of the world; There is not a man who had not rather fall once, then to be three dayes only in the Fear one should be in, to see himself upon the point to fall into a precipice; and yet *Jesus* would live thirty three years in the object of his pains; nay not only of his, but of those which in so long a revolution of ages were to be practised on all the Martyrs who were members of his body.

Gen. 7. *Noah* seems to have been one of the greatest courages that ever was, since he was chosen out by God among men to sail in a frail vessel in a general deluge, and to sustain the shock of the fatal convulsions of the world; but the Scripture teacheth us that God with his own hand shut the window of the Ark wherein he was enclosed, and that he saw not any of the deaths and disasters which then happened, to the end fear might not take away his life. There is none but *Jesus* for whom the Curtains are drawn-aside, to whom all the gates of lights and knowledges are opened to let him see the issue of all his labours; He accepteth them with a powerful reason, a full liberty, and most glorious intentions; He entreth into them with a generous confidence: He remains in them with an unshaken constancy, he endures them with an incomparable patience, he persevereth in them with an entire consummation of love, of sufferings, of virtues, and of mysteries; wasting himself, as the victims of the old Law which were to burn all night till morning. So did he burn in this transitory life, until the Aurora of the great Eternity. This true *Joshua* never laid down the bucklers until he saw the profane City of *Ai* the City of the wicked) overthrown under his feet, and the Church established in his blood. And that which also raiseth the merit of his magnanimity in all this, is, that in all the greatest terrours and sharpest dolours to which he resigned himself for our sakes; he did all which concerned our instructions with an entire judgment, in a manner deliberate and resolute, and a spirit equal. He prayed moystned with his sweat and blood in the agony of the garden of Olives, he exhorted his disciples, he went out to meet the souldiers, he delivered himself up to Executioners, he gave order for the safety of his Disciples in the peril of his own person, he healed the wounds of his enemies, he gave lessons of virtues, he rendred Oracles of wisdom, he meditated and preached the Cross; and whilst all heaven was troubled over his head, and the earth trembled under his feet, he was immoveable expecting the time of the Consummation ordained by his heavenly Father.

Levit. c. 6. *Cremabitur in altari tota nocte usque ad mane.*

Josh 8. *Locus Cypressus quod in manu ejus contra urbem Ai.*

O the greatness of the Combats of *Jesus*! O the force of the resistances of *Jesus*! O the Excess! O the Example! shall we not be ashamed, if from the spectacle of his splendours we cast our eyes upon our own pusillanimity? We now-adayes fear all in the world, and fear not the sovereign Master and absolute Governour of the world. All creatures which should be the objects of our contentments, are the subjects of our fears, ever since we made a divorce from the Creatour; it being a matter very reasonable that God make use of all manner of arms to prosecute a fugitive from his providence, who seeks to save himself in a region of nothing.

Dominus exercituum, ipse Pavor vester, & ipse terror vester. Isa. 8.

O poor soul! thou fearest the poverty which thy *Jesus* hath consecrated in the Crib, and in Clouts: Thou fearest the reproaches which he hath sanctified in the loss of his reputation; thou fearest the dolours which he hath lodged in his virginal flesh: thou fearest death which he overcame for thee: thou fearest the false opinions of the world. And what fearest thou not, since thou dreadest fantasies which are less then the shadow of an hair! There is but one thing which thou fearest not; to lose innocency and sanctity which thou exposest to so many liberties, and alluring occasions; so prodigal thou art of a good which thou hast not. O thou well-beloved of God, although the most ungratefull to the love of God! wilt not thou dress thy wounds? wilt not thou apply some remedies to those vicious fears which gnaw thee and daily devour thee?

Resolution against fear.

Nulla enormitas, nisi quod timemus, non adipiscamur, aut non admittamus, ne amittamus. Aug. q. 33. & 83.

If thou wilt follow my counsel, thy first resolution shall be to regulate the love of thy self, not to have so indulgent, and passionate a care of all things which concern thee, as if thou wert an only one in the species, and that thy death were waited on by the Sepulchre of the world. Thy aim should be to unloose thy self as much as thou maist from so many ties and Dependencies which multiply thy slaveries. Thou must (as it were) live here a life of *Nabatheans*, which were people of *Arabia*, who neither planted nor sowed,

Diodor. l. 6.

ed, not built; but by expreſs laws, flew from delicious and fruitful Countries, for fear that riches might ſubjugate them to paſſions and the commands of great ones. But if we cannot come to this heighth; at leaſt let us have our heart well deveſted from theſe ardent affections which we have towards wordly enablements; and behold them as one would an inconſtant moving of ſhadows and ſpirits which glide before our eyes with a ſwift courſe, and which ever move with the ſtep of time and of the Sun; to account as already loſt whatſoever may be loſt; to caſt your immortal cares upon an immortal ſoul, and to place it in the firſt rank of your affections. But if natural love do yet tie us to health, to life, to honour, and to ſlight pleaſures, to the preſervation of our own perſon; to whom ſhould we intruſt all this, but to the Divine Providence, with whom ſo many juſt have depoſited their goods, their reputation, their life, their blood; and have loſt nothing by this confidence, but have tranſmitted their purchaſes and conqueſts to the boſom of eternity? In all which happeneth to us, let us look toward this eye of God which perpetually beholdeth us, this puiſſant hand of God, this amorous direction: Let us behold it as our Pole-ſtar, as our flaming pillar, as our great intelligence which manageth all the treaſures of our life: Let us learn to repoſe us in his boſom, to ſlumber upon his heart, to ſleep between his arms. Upon the firſt accident which befalleth us; let us readily bend our knees in prayer; let us adore the ordinances of our ſoveraign Maſter: Let us behold with a confident countenance all which is happened, or may happen: Let us ſay, God knoweth all this, God permitteth all this, God governeth all this; He loves me as his creature, he wiſheth me well as one who hath given himſelf to him; he can free me from this affliction, if it be his holy will. He is all good, to will it; he is all potent, to do it. Nay, he is all wiſe, to will, and to do, all that which is beſt. Let us not meddle with the great current of his Counſels. He maketh light, in the moſt darky nights, and Havens in the moſt forlorn ſhip-wracks. Were we wish him in the ſhades of death; what ſhould we fear being between the arms of life?

Qui te tibi committit: meliùs te poteſt ſervare qui te potuit, antequam eſſes creare. Aug. ſerm. 8. de verbis Apoſtol.

Secondly, let us not be corrupted by opinions which invade us with a great ſhew of ſpectres and terrours, and make us ſo often to fear things which are not, and which ſhall never be. It is to be too ſoon miſerable, to be ſo before the inſtant: and if we for ſome time muſt be ſo; let us conſider that all the bleſſings, and evils of the world are not great, ſince they cannot long time be great. Let us take away the maſk from theſe fears of Poverty, of Sickneſs, and above all from humane reſpects, as one would from him who goes about to affright children. Why fear we ſo much ſuch and ſuch accidents, which, they who are made of no other fleſh and bones, than we, do daily deſpiſe? The acquaintance with perils hardneth to perils: and there is nothing ſo terrible, as the ignorance of real truths. Laſtly, let us hold for certain, that a great part of our Tranquility dependeth upon our conſcience: Let us ſettle in it repoſe by a good Confeſſion, let us conſtantly undertake the fear of God, who will cure us of all our fears, ſince the Anchor of the floating underſtanding is the Honour of the *Divinity*.

Nullus eſt miſerrimus modus, ſi timere quantum patiſ. Senec. ep. 13.

Anchora mentis poſitus timoris S. Gregor.

The tenth Treatiſe, Of BOLDNESS.

Sect. 1. *The Picture, and Eſſence of it.*

The picture of Boldneſs.

BOldneſs is very well depainted in the boſom of power, ſhewing a heart in its hand, all encompaſſed with ſpirits and flames, its viſage is repleniſhed with confidence, its habit altogether warlike, and countenance undaunted. It looketh upon good all invironed with dangers, as a Roſe among thorns, or as the golden fleece among dragons, and is no whit amazed; But it is on fire to fly through perils, and to beat down all obſtacles which oppoſe its conqueſt. Good hap walketh before it, by its ſides innocency, benignity, ſtrength, experience, and other good qualities which excite courage. The preſence thereof diſſipateth a thouſand petty Fancies which are loſt in the obſcurity of night, not able to endure the ſparkling of its eyes.

Its Eſſence.

All this natively repreſenteth unto us the nature and condition of boldneſs, which is properly an effect of good hope, and a reſolution of courage againſt dangers. It is no wonder, if power hold in its boſom, ſince all the boldneſs a man comes to him from the opinion he conceives to be able enough, not to yield to the accidents which may aſſault him. This heart of fire, in which ſo many vigorous ſpirits ſparkle, is a token of the bold, who commonly have more heat and vivacity; from whence it cometh that young-men have herein more advantage then old, were it not that they drive more aſſurance from ſome other part, then from the weakneſs of their age. The Eye, Port, and Habit ſuitable to warriours make it ſufficiently appear, it is a virtue wholly military; and if it regard good environed with perils, we may thence conclude, it is the proper profeſſion of Boldneſs to haſten to the conqueſt of a good, but of a good very difficult. For it will not gather palms and crowns but in a field watered all over with ſweats. All thoſe virtues which are by its ſides ordinarily ſhew us ſuch as are the boldeſt, as are thoſe, who have their conſcience moſt clear, who are not offenſive; and therefore leſs fear to be offended; who are underpropped by ſome great favour, and namely the protection of heaven; who are well diſpoſed both in mind and body; who have experience of other hazards from which they ſucceſſively have vindicated themſelves, and the good hap which hath alwayes accompanied them. Thoſe aiery fantaſies which fly from Boldneſs, are fears and affrights which are ſcatered by the firſt ray of its eyes.

Sect.

Sect. 2. *The Diversity of Boldnesses.*

LEt us now more enlarge our thoughts to consider the differences, causes, effects, qualities, and appurtenances of this Passion.

It is hard enough to make a sound judgment of a man truly bold, so many illusions there are of boldness which present themselves to our eyes, and would have us make that to pass for virtue, which is meer crime and stupidity.

There are sottish and bestial boldnesses which proceed from the ignorance of dangers, and which consider not what is good or bad, hurtful or innocent, perilous or safe in humane life.

This it which makes such, as know not what seamasters are, to laugh many times, and to take delight to scoff in occasions which cause pilots, the most experienced to become pale.

This makes little children sport and dally upon the brink of a precipice; that drunkards and fools go together by the ears, hastening to sword, and peril; and that those who walk, and are active in sleep, to scramble upon house-roofs, passover rivers, and precipitate themselves into accidents; able to make the most hardy to tremble. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil costs us very dear: It setteth before our eyes all the extent of our hazards and miseries; it draweth our evils at length; it frames in our thought, that which shall never happen in effect; it armeth our knowledges against our selves; and, as as Basilisks kill themselves by the reverberation of the mirrours they behold; so very often we cause the death of our selves by the reflexion of our lights.

A primo descendit origo mundi confusum series, atque omnia fata laborant si quidquam mutat esse velit. Lucan. l. 6.

There are in the world who have Turkish opinions, and who believe a fatality in our lives, thinking the hour of death is fixed; and that the heighth of rocks, the descent of precipices, squadrons bristled with swords, desarts full of serpents, flames issuing out of the bellies of scorched mountains, all poisons and contagions hasten it not one sole moment: and that on the other side; brazen walls, sentinels full of terrour, fortresses and castles, flights and coverts cannot deferr it one silly instant. This opinion is very contrary to reason, because it taketh from life all discourse and discretion: and were it true; we need not eat nor drink, make use of arms, of garments, of munitions, of counsel, of Industry, of punishment, or of reward; but to let all our actions loose in a general defection, which is wholly impertinent: and yet those maxims help Generals of armies, and are the cause that Turks throw themselves with a brutish boldness into the most dreadful dangers, and suffer themselves to be killed like flies, out of perswasion of this Destiny. It is very true, that God knows the number of our dayes, and that he likewise by his Providence stayeth the course of our years: but on the other part, he obliging us to a reasonable preservation of our selves, if it happen that out of some temerity meerly extravagant we run into an evident danger of death, and that we therein persist; well is our death according to Gods calculation, but the cause is an effect of our folly and presumption, for which God reserveth a chastisement in the other life. So, that such blind boldnesses, being in no sort laudable cannot have any place among actions of virtue.

There are others which are absolutely impudent, and which deserve the title of shamelesness, as are those bold askers who offer up armed supplications, and will have demands the most disadvantageous to be assented unto: as are those also of deceivers and impostors, who readily lie to ensnare the goods of another. They invent a thousand crafty tricks and guileful impostures which they distribute piecemeal, as seriously, as if they were the most confessed truths of all the world. Some who are men of no account, make themselves noble and illustrious, even to the pretending of their being descended from Demygods: others feign riches in picture, and firname themselves from Barronies and Marquisates, which are no more in being then Chymera's and flying stags: others seem valiant like unto Rhodoments, and would willingly say in the tone of Romances: *That they have had brave Combats with* Rowland, Oliver, *and the Knight of the burning sword.* Others are bablers, offensive, and seem to be only born to affront men of worth. There you find throats stretched wide, affected countenances, dissolute tongues, crooked fingers, hands exercised in thests and robberies. There are likewise some who go up the gallows with a countenance as confident, as if they had learned no other trade all their life-time, but the practice of this kind of punishment; others blush not at any crime whatsoever, living in a strange prostitution of renown; and pursuing this course, frame to themselves other diabolical Boldnesses of cut-throats, who out of an overflow of enraged furies, dare attempt upon the sacred persons of Kings and Bishops; esteemed nothing to be safe from their mischief, nor impossible to their daring.

All these manners of proceeding are most abominable, and in no sort deserve the title whereof we treat in this discourse, wherein I intend to speak of generous Boldnesses, which are necessary for humane life; and wherein there are some Military, others, Civil, others, Holy and Religious.

Sect. 3. *Of laudable Boldness.*

IS it not a wonder to behold, that, which is so illustrious in combats, and is the inseparable companion of true valour, to which so many valiant men have in all times made love, sacrificing themselves in so many members to the honour thereof; to be glorified with such crowns by its liberality? It is it which enkindled a brand of fire in the heart of *Alexander*, and gave him wings to fly into the thickest squadrons of his adversaries: It, which *Cæsar* looked on, boldly swimming amidst the roaring waves, fearless of the hail-shot of his enemies arrows: It, which sparkled with ardent flames in *Attila's* eyes, when at the seige of *Aquileia*, seeing himself all alone unexpectedly set upon by a number of souldiers; he slew some of them in the place with his own hands, and scattered the rest with the lightning flashes which reflected from his face: It, which crowned *Pirrhus* in two duels: It, which made *Constantine* appear like a thunderstroke in the battel against *Maxentius*: It, which animated *Scevola*, when (left alone in the streights of an Island by the Ebb of the sea, he withstood a whole Army of Barbarians: It, which accompanied *Sicinvius* in a hundred and twenty pitched battels, and affixed on his body fourty five

Olaus in vit. Attila.

Plutarch.

Valer. l. 3. cap. 2.

Plin. l. 7. cap. 28.

five wounds, as so many Rubies: It, which caught *Cynegirus* after his hands were cut off, to lay hold of a vessel of his enemies fleet with his teeth: It, which caused a souldier of the Roman Army seeing himself lifted on high, and born with his armour upon an elephants Trunk, unaffrightedly to strike him with so strong and violent a blow that he made him let go his hold, and alone become victorious over a beast which carrieth turrets and houses on his back. It is more easie to number the stars in the sky, then to keep a register of so many valorous men who have been throughout all ages. Women and Virgins have had a share in glory of this kind among many nations, envying the Laurels which crown the heads of brave Captains. The Scythian *Saxametes* married not their daughters until they brought the head of an enemy. The Lacedemonian women defeated the army of *Aristomenes* who had assailed them at a sacrifice, and they massacred them with spits.

Babel. l. 7. Ennead. 6.

Alexander ab Alexandro. Pausanias in Messeniacis.

Lybissa slew seven men in a battel with her own hand. *Semiramis* was in a Bath, when hearing the news of the rebellion of a Province of her Empire; she speedily hastned thither not taking the leisure to put on her shoes, or dress her; and brought it to obedience. She caused to be graven on a pillar of her tomb, That Nature had made her a woman, but that Valour had equalled her to the most valiant Captains; that she had made rivers to run along according to the current of her liking, and her likings, by the course of Reason; that she had peopled desart lands, hewed with the sword through rocks, with silver-sowed fields which were unknown but to salvage beasts, and that amidst all her affairs she ever had time for her self, and for her friends.

Æneas Sylvius in historia Bohemix.

Herodot.

In the fore-going Age in the wars of *Hungary*, we read of a young Christian woman at the siege of *Agria*, who with her mother and husband fought against the Turks, and the husband being slain, the mother advised her daughter to retire, and to interr the body of her dear spouse. But the valorous Amazon having answered, It was no time for funerals, took the sword of her dead husband, thrust her self into the thickest of the troops, killed three Turks with her own hand, and in the end bare away the body of her wel-beloved on her shoulders in despite of so many enemies, who ceased not to shoot at her. What may one add to this Military Boldnes? Do we not daily see examples of it in our French Nobility, who fight upon occasions, as if every man had a hundred bodies to lose?

Ascanius Contorius lib. 5. Bellar. Transylvan.

There is another, which hath place in civil life, and which maketh men bold in conversation, forward in affairs, courageous in occasions, and patient in adversity. Many who have not this great heart, are content to be eternally what they are, and do cultivate a little life within the limits of modesty. But others breath nothing but businesses, but bargains, but forreign commerces, but sea-voyages; fearing neither storms nor shipwracks. When this hardiness meets with great States-men, it maketh them pillars of Adamant, which a thousand countrebuffs cannot shake. All the malice which is in corrupt minds, impiety in profane, inventions in the factious, daring in the insolent, terrour in the potent, threats in the passionate, and cruelty in the bloody, doth not make them go back one step. They think with wisdom, they speak with liberty, they act with courage; nor have they any other fortune in their heads but the law, other life but innocency, other aim but truth, other reward then glory. Of this temper was the magnanimous *Papinian*, (the honour of Lawyers) to whom the Emperour *Severus*, dying, recommended his two sons with the government of the Empire. But the impious *Caracalla* having embrewed his hands in the blood of his own brother *Geta*, and desirous this great man should set some Colour by his eloquence before the Senate & People upon an action so barbarous; he freely answered him, it was more easie to commit a paricide then to justifie it, uttering this truth to the prejudice of his head which this wretched Prince caused to be cut off, and which the posterity of great men hath honoured with immortal Crowns. Of the like constancy was *Aristides* the Locrian, in the Court of *Dionysius* King of *Sicily*, who would have married one of his daughters, but the father stoutly answered, he had rather see her in her sepulchre, then in the bed of a tyrant; which cost him the life of his children: nor for all this did he repent him of his free Boldnes. Such also was the great Oratour *Lycurgus* who managed the affairs of the Athenian Common-wealth, with such equity and constancy, that, being ready to die, he caused himself to be carried to the Senate to give an account of all the actions of his life; and to satisfie all those whom he might have offended in his Government: but such a life, instead of stains, had nought but palms and lights. To this may be joyned the boldnes of Saints, who have so often defended the truth with the peril of their life against the rage of tyrants: as, that of *S. Athanasius*, against the Emperour *Constantius*: That of *S. Ambrose*, against *Maximus*: That, of *S. Chrysostom*, against *Eudoxia*: That, of *S. Basil*, against *Valens*: Of *S. Stanislaus*, against *Boleslaus*: Of *S. Thomas*, against *Henry* King of *England*. With this, a million of Religious are to be found who have undergone, and do daily undergo the labours of Giants, who forsake the smiling favours of their native soil, to go into places, whither it seems nature hath been afraid to come. Thither they pass through an infinity of dangers, tempests, and monsters; there they live in forlorn wildernesses, among tombs of ice and snow; there they feed upon that, which, to the curious and nice, would be a death to taste. All sweetness and pleasures of humane life are thence banished; rigours, toils, and miseries there perpetually reign; their eyes see none but barbarous visages, their ears hear nought but outcries and yells, their taste finds only bitterness, their travels nought but thorns, their repose but torment, life but anxiety, and death very often a tomb of water. And yet holy Boldnes reserveth to it self courages which it leadeth forth, as it seems, beyond the sun, time, and seasons, to conquer souls to God. Must we not say, this passion is infinitely generous, & that it mounted to a height of virtue almost prodigious?

Notable Boldness: Spartanus.

Voyages of Canada and the Indies.

All are not created to come to the most eminent degree of its excellencies; Nature must therein have a part: and verily in my opinion, the divine Providence prepareth bodies greatly adapted to those daring souls which in them he resolveth to enclose.

Their temperature is hot, their heart little in bulk, but a true furnace of heat, the members well composed, the speech strong, and the arm sturdy. Education and Custom create another nature, which hath alwayes been observed to be extremely

necessary in the children which are to be trained up to valour. Those people of *India* must in some sort be imitated, who set them on the backs of certain great birds to carry them in the air, whereat these little Cavaliers are at first astonished, but in the end, they so fashion themselves thereto, that they despise all other peril. The Romans daily made them to see lions and elephants in the Amphitheatre, and the blood of sword-players shed almost as ordinarily as wine; others lead them out to the sea, among monsters and tempests; others practiced them to Combats, where they quickly learn'd the art of giving and receiving wounds, and to beat men down. *David*, *Theseus*, and *Brasidas*, began the profession of war very young. The son of King *Tarquin*, at the age of fourteen years, slew an enemy with his own hand. *Scipio* saved his father in the confusion of a battel, being then but seventeen years old. *Probus* was without a beard when he was made Tribune in the Army. *Alboinus* very young, in duel, vanquished the son of *Thorismund* King of the *Gepides*; which was the cause that his father, who before bred him among his servants, did set him at his own table.

Cranz. l. 3. Dania.

Study lessneth not courage.

Some think that study and learning are very much opposite to military Boldness; and it is very little to be doubted (if it be excessively pursued in the vigour of years, which are proper for the exercise of arms) but that it will endanger mens Courages to become timorous. But it is of infinite use for Princes and young Gentlemen, who are to be disposed to actions the most elate. For by a laudable temperature it sweeteneth all that, which a warlike humour might have contracted of roughness and incivility; it awakeneth wisdom, it enlightneth counsel, it renders Boldness intelligent and magnanimous; it polisheth the tongue; it gives authority in charges, grace in conversation, invention in the cabinet, Honour among the wise, and glory with Posterity.

Nec nisi bis imperat, nec pro successu timidus festinavit mori, sine ratione medium metuis nosse habenis. Claudian.

After nature and education; to become bold, he must be sensible of Honour, which enkindleth the most timorous; he must vigorously exercise himself in the toils of Military Discipline, and the practice of brave pieces of service; he must not be either vaunting, scoffing, captious, or offensive; but prudent, reserved, active, and laborious; he must very little fasten his affections upon things of the earth, compose himself to the contempt of death, make account one is not born but to die for his Prince & Countrey, and to esteem no life in the world more precious then *Glory*.

Sect. 4. That true Boldness is inspired by God, and that we must wholly depend on him to become bold.

Why Boldness is not in God.

But besides this, to raise ones self to something more excellent, we must look upon the divine virtues which ought to be the perpetual sources of ours. But if you now ask me wherein we may be aided by our first model, to acquire Boldness; I do not affirm we may properly say, that Boldness is in God, because this passion is essentially conjoyned to a regard it hath towards a thing very difficult and encompassed with dangers. Now we know, that nothing can be difficult or dangerous before God, by reason of his sovereign power and most accomplished felicity. God (to speak perspicuously) can neither be timorous nor bold, but it is he who makes all those who are truly bold within the limits and lists of virtue. Certainly *Aristotle* saw much, when he said, that the most bold were such as were most in Gods favour.

Aristot. 2. Rhetor. Audaciam esse quæ ratio se habeat ad divina.

I will make good this proposition in the first part of this discourse, and shew a most manifest reason, which teacheth us, that every able man considering what he is, cannot be hardy of himself, by reason of the incapacity and weakness of humane nature, and therefore we must say, that if he have some boldness, it necessarily comes to him from above.

Seven things able to humble a man. Apulei de Demonio Socratis. Homo levi, & cassa umbra pronus & obnoxius corpore fœ similis erroribus, dissimilis moribus, cassis laboribus, fortunæ vanissimus, nullâ sapientiâ, cita morte.

The Platonists said, there are seven things able much to humble a man; the First whereof, is, that his spirit is captive, thorny, and light. Secondly, that his body is brutish, and extremely exposed to all the injuries and impressions of exteriour violencies. Thirdly, that being so inconstant in his manners, he commonly is very constant in his errours. Fourthly, that his endeavours are infinitely vain, and that many times being ready to enter into his tomb (when he comes to behold and consider his whole life already past) he finds it to be full of spiders webs which he with much labour and industry hath spun, but not to purpose. Fifthly, that his fortune is of glass, and many times catcheth a crack when its most resplendent. Sixthly, that if he find wisdom amidst so many errours, it is but too late, and when he scarcely hath time left to use it. The seventh, that wisdom coming so slowly death fails not to make haste, and to surprise a man, when his heart is embroiled with divers designs, and with certain knowledges of having done ill, with uncertainty of doing better. Besides Reason, doth not the Scripture in many places teach the weakness of man, and the necessity he hath of divine succor for his subsistence? *Behold, you are but a nothing, and all your works are as if they were not. Man is the very image of vanity, and a sherd of an earthen pot; Hay, that withers at the first rising of the hot sun. The name of God, is a strong and most assured tower, the just shall there have their refuge, and there shall be exalted.* Isa. 41. Psal. 143. Isa. 45. Jacob. Prov. 18.

Hence we see, how, all those who have appeared in the world with some eminency have ever had some particular favours from heaven to authorize their actions, and to make men believe, they had somewhat above man. So *Moses*, *Joshuah*, *Deborah*, *Gideon*, *Samson*, *David*, *Solomon*, and so many others sent by God for the government of his people came with certain characters of his Divinity, which gave them an admirable confidence, and framed in their souls notable perswasions of their own abilities. And it is a thing very remarkable, that such as were not in the way of true Religion, and who consequently could not have those assistances and singular protections from heaven, sought at the least to fortifie themselves with some semblances. All which filled *Alexander* with Boldness, was, that they had perswaded him he was of Divine extraction, and that this belief had seized on the souls of the credulous people which was the cause that he was looked on as a man wholly celestial, destinated to the Empire of the world.

A notable observation of *Pyrrhus*.

It is thought that *Pyrrhus* who imitated him, shewed his teeth in great secret to his friends; on the upper row whereof the word ΑΙΑΣ was engraven, and on the lower, ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ; as much as to say, He was a King as generous as a lion: but that which most made this Elogy good, was, that these letters were thought to be formed by a Divine hand, to give a testimony from heaven

heaven of the greatneſs of this Monarch: And this being ſpread among the people, it made them to expect prodigious things from him. *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who changed the face of the Common-wealth into Empire, mounted on the Throne of the Univerſe by the ſame means. For it is ſaid, that his father *Octavius* whilſt he ſacrificed in a wood, having ſhed a little wine on the altar, there came a flame from it which flew up to heaven, whereon the Augur foretold him, he ſhould have a ſon who ſhould be Emperour of the world. It is added, that this Prince, being yet very young, in his child-hood, played with Eagles, and made Frogs to ceaſe their croaking by a ſilly command; and that as he entred into *Rome* after the death of *Julius Cæſar*, the Sun was encompaſſed with a Rainbow, as a preſage of the great Peace he ſhould produce in the Roman Empire. *Veſpatian* had never dared to aſpire to the Empire, without the favour of preſages, and namely of that which happened to him on Mount *Carmel*, when ſacrificing in the ſame place, and being in a great perplexity of mind, what reſolution he ſhould make in this affair; the Prieſt bad him to be of good courage, and the ſecret hopes of his heart ſhould have very good ſucceſs. The world hath not been content to afford theſe favours to men alone, but it hath alſo given it to famous places. *Rome*, for good lucks ſake, was termed, among other titles, *Valence*, by the name of Valour; and *Cephale*, as much as to ſay (Head) to ſhew it ſhould be the Head of the world. Preſently alſo it was flattered with the opinion of its Eternity, ſo that many termed it the *Eternal City*, which was the cauſe that the Romans in their greateſt deſolations would never forſake the place.

Adolphus Occo.

Suetonius.

Preſages of the generoſity of *Cæſar*.

Dio, & Ziphilinus in Auguſto. Cornel. Tac. hiſtor. l. 2.

Elogies of the City of Rome.

Solinus l. 1. Gergythius. Ammianus l. 15. c. 6.

It appears out of all this, that men having not the power to be ignorant of their own weakneſſes, never think themſelves ſtrong enough, if they have not ſome (I know not what) of Divinity; wherefore we muſt conclude, that the true means to have a generous & ſolid boldneſs, is to be well with God, and to tie ones ſelf to this moſt pure ſpirit by purity of heart; for if a little opinion of Divine favour ſo much encouraged Kings and people, what will not the teſtimony of a good Conſcience do?

The moſt bold are ſuch as have a clear conſcience.

Sap. 17. *Ipſi ergo ſibi tenebræ graviores erant.*

The Egyptians amidſt ſo many plagues from heaven, and that dreadful night which took away their firſt-born children, were dejected, and couched low on the earth without any ſpark of courage, becauſe their evil conſcience was more weighty upon them then all their miſeries, as the Book of Wiſdom obſerveth.

Carnifice occulto in auctorem ſceleris tormenta deſeruiunt. Pelag. ad Demetr. S. *Baſil* in Iſa. *ὑπερασπίσμα.*

What aſſurance can one have in perils, when after he hath committed ſome crime, he feeleth a little Executioner in his heart with pincets and hooks of iron? Contrariwiſe, a good Conſcience is well compared by S. *Baſil* to that little Kell which environeth the heart, and which continually refreſheth it with its wholeſom waters; to ſignifie unto us that the heart of a good man abides in perpetual ſolace, which among dangers preſerveth it from diſturbances. I ask you, with what aſſurance ſtood the good *Malchus* with his holy wife at the entrance of the lions den, when of one ſide the glittering ſword was preſented them, and on the other, they heard thoſe ſalvage beaſts to roar, and they notwithſtanding remained immoveable? With what arms? but with thoſe which S. *Hierom* gives them, when he ſaith; They were encompaſſed as with a ſtrong wall, which they found in the teſtimony of their innocency, whereof they were moſt certain. With what confidence went S. *Macarius* to lie in the ſepulchres of Pagans, and (wholly fearleſs himſelf) to ſtrike terrour into the ſpirits of the damned! was it not the aſſurance of his holy life which furniſhed his heart with all this reſolution? And ſhall we then doubt but that the true means to be repleniſhed with a holy Courage, is, to ſet the conſcience in good order, and to make entire Confeſſion of ſins to preſerve ones ſelf afterward, in all poſſible purity, from our infirmities?

Hieron. in Malcho.

Pudicitia conſcientia quaſi muro ſepti.

Sect. 5. *That Jeſus hath given us many Pledges of a ſublime Confidence to ſtrengthen our Courage.*

Jeſus Chriſt acquired us Boldneſs by his fear.

LEt us next contemplate our ſecond Model, and conſider a thing very remarkable, which is, that *Jeſus Chriſt*, who putteth us into a holy dread by the conſideration of his greatneſs, hath acquired us boldneſs by his proper fear. Theſe are the words of great S. *Leo*. *I have borrowed fear from thee, and, I have furniſhed thee with my confidence.* He expreſly would admit the agony of Mount Olivet in his ſacred Humanity, to encourage our puſilanimity; that we in mildneſs being Lambs, might become Lions by courage: and this is the courſe he hath obſerved in all his actions in this great contexture of pains and dolours, of puniſhments and glory. He deſcended from heaven like a rich Merchant laden with great treaſures, he came to lodge in a wretched cottage among mortals, whom he held for his brethren. He was charmed with a love ſo powerful, and entranced in a manner ſo prodigious, that he made a change, admirable to all the world; taking upon him our infirmities to give us ſtrength; our affronts, to conferr his dignity upon us; our wounds, to beſtow his health on us.

S. Leo hom. de Paſſ.

Chriſtus voluit ſuſcipere infirmitates noſtras, & ſuas nobis conferre virtutes, humana, quærere, præſtare divina, accipere injurias, reddere dignitates: quis mirabilius qui non ferit infirmitates, curare neſcit. Chryſol. ſerm. 150.

When I here below behold a man, well may I have ſome ſmall impreſſion of his example, but I thereby become not enriched with his merit. Now Jeſus hath this property, that beſides the benefit of the celeſtial Doctrine which he communicateth to us, beſides that of example (which is infinitely raviſhing) he maketh in us, under the title of Adoption, a powerful infuſion of his Graces. *He continually poureth his virtue on ſouls who are in the poſſeſſion of Juſtifying Grace: as the head on the reſt of the members, and as the root of the vine ſendeth nouriſhment to all the branches which depend upon it.* He is our *Aaron*, who (as it is ſaid in the Book of *Wiſdom*) is crowned with veſſels of virtue, ſince the treaſure of his merits are ſo many veſſels of ſanctity, which flow over the whole maſs of mankind.

Tanquam caput in membra, & tanquam vitis in palmites ſic ipſos juſtificans ingerit virtutum influxa. Concil. Trid. ſeſſ. 6. c. 16. Eccl. 45. 9.

Note, that he communicated to us three Pledges of his ineſtimable Love, to give us confidence; that is to ſay, his Name his Croſs, and the Sacrament of his Body and his Blood. Good God! What daſtardlineſs would not be animated, and what courage not raiſed in the preſence of three ſo much to be adored Aſſiſtances? The name of *Jeſus* is the Name of Names which we ſhould grave on our fore-heads, as the character of our Chriſtianity, and the aſſurance of our ſalvation againſt all hoſtilities. This is the Name, which the high Prieſt of the Jews bare on his Myter. It is the name, in ſight of which, *Alexander*, when he went out to beſiege *Jeruſalem*, became a lamb of an enraged lion, breaking all his choler at the feet of a Prieſt, as waves are daſhed againſt

Three powerful ſuccours of our Saviour to animate our conſtancy.

The power of the name of Jeſus.

Facies laminam de auro puriſſimo, in qua ſculpes opere calatoris ſanctum Domino. Exod. 28. *Oratio Manaſſis.*

Conclusit Abyssum, & signatis eam terribili & laudabili nomine suo.

the rocks. It is that Name, which made *Daniel* to take his refection, whilst he was in the paws of lions, with all tranquility. That Name, which the flames of the Babylonian Fornace acknowledged. That Name, which God maketh use of to seal up the Abysses.

The admirable effects of the Cross of Jesus Christ.

And what shall I say of the Cross, and of this Royal Standard of the Monarch of Monarchs, said the voice of heaven to *Constantine*. It is he under whom so many brave Collonels of Christian souldiery have flown from one pole to another as Eagles, fain like tempests upon the armies of Sarazens, cut like keen razours, consumed as with coals all powers opposed against Christianity. How often hath this sign lifted up dejected Courages? How often hath it thrown terrour among legions of Infidels? How often hath it driven away Devils? *On this wood, God established his Throne. Jesus Christ* (as saith S. *Augustine*) *fought with his Cross. He by it, defeated the Kings and Monarchs of the earth; and having gloriously overthrown them, hath made them to carry the Cross on their fore-heads.* O how unhappy be we if we resemble vipers who bear the Cross, but, hidden under their jaws! It is to do like the brood of vipers, to blush at the Cross, and to be ashamed at the venerable scorns of the Passion of our Saviour. But it is our work to bear it in sight of all the world, and to regard it as the sign of our Redemption, and the harness of our protection.

Dominus regnavit à ligno. Aug. in Psal. 91. *Pugnando Cruce sua Christus vicit Reges & subjugatis eis ipsam Crucem in fronte fixit.*

Raymund. in Antechristo.

The courage we may derive from the help of the holy Sacrament of the Altar.

What shall we not do with it, and with this adorable Sacrament of the Altar, which maketh us present with God, and God so present to us? Is it not from thence, that so many Saints have gone forth as lions casting fire and flames out of their mouths? as (saith S. *John Chrysostom*) The learned S. *Gregory* of *Tours* teacheth us, that antiently the holy Eucharist was kept in Churches in a little tower of silver. In my opinion, to signifie, that this pledge of the love of God, is a fortress inexpugnable, against the assaults of our enemies, That is it, which at all times fortified Virgins against the ardours of Concupiscence and the importunities of carnal lovers who would have bereaved them of their honour. That, which made Martyrs run to flames and wheels, as others, to delights. That, which made them to look with alacrity upon their streaming blood, and to hold it more precious then oriental pearls.

An excellent observation of S. *Gregory*.

Numb. 33.

The Scripture telleth us, that the Children of *Israel* being departed from *Marah* (as much as to say a place of Bitterness) arrived at *Elim*, where they found twelve Fountains and seventy Palms. And I must tell you, that when, after mortification of the flesh, the afflictions of the world, the fears of so many accidents which menace us, we come to this divine Sacrament; there we meet with fountains which stream from the wounds of our Saviour; there we gather palms and victories, numberless. Who then would not learn holy Boldness in the school of *Jesus Christ*? But alas! It often happens that instead of profiting in so good a school, and in the Doctrine of so great a Master; we are bold for the world, and timorous in the affairs of God. What a prodigy is it to see now adayes so many who are only bold, to do ill? If a falshood be to be averred, if a wretched maid to be debaushed, if a revenge to be put forward, even to the effusion of humane blood, if lawful Powers to be resisted, if laws both Divine and Humane to be spoken against; there Boldness and Confidence appeareth. But what say I? Confidence? yea, Impudency, fomented by the mildness of laws and impunity of so many crimes. But, in undertakings made for God, we have hearts of wax, and souls trembling like leaves under the breath of winds.

O detestable Boldness! which art not born but to serve as an instrument to mischief; dost thou not know, there is no assured power against God, who in the twinkling of an eye overthroweth the children and race of Titanians? O senseless man! canst thou not be bold, but from the presumption of thy strength? And hast not thou yet learned, that the things, which according to the opinion of the world, are most strong, are confounded by the weakest? Lions have been fed upon by flies, and wretched rust wasteth the hardest metals. If we must be bold; let it be in things honest; let it be for virtue; for verity; for Gods cause. *Should the heavens fall in thunder-claps upon our heads, their ruins have not power to astonish a mind courageous. Turn a square stone which way you will, it ever stands immoveable upon the solidity of its Basis*, said S. *Augustine*. One would have me do an ill act, and if I consent not thereto, I am threatned with the loss of a suit, of a ruine, of my affairs, and with poverty, the worst scourge of all. Let my enemies vomit forth all their rage on me, they cannot make me poorer then I was when I was born. I came not into the world glittering with precious stones, and it was not gold which instead of blood ran up and down my veins; let poverty come against me with all the train of its terrours. When I behold on the Cross a God all naked, who in his nakedness giveth all things; I say, we should account it a glorie to die poor, for a God so despoiled. They threaten me with banishment; the Spirit of God teacheth me not to care what land be under my feet, when my eyes are fixed on heaven, and on the most blessed repose of the living which concludeth all evils in a beatude infinite.

Si tellus illabatur orbis impavidum ferient ruinæ: Quadratum lapidem quo vertis stat. Aug. in Psal. 86.

We must fear nothing in the world, to the prejudice of our soul.

They threaten me with imprisonment, fetters, gibbets, and death, the terrible of terribles. I expect not till it fall on me. I look on it afar off with an eye strucken with the first rays of felicity. What can death take from me but a miserable carkass subject to a thousand deaths, but a life of pismires and flies? And what can it bring unto me, but a cessation from so many relapsing actions, and from a wretched embroilment, which every day endeth, not, but to begin again? O how little are all things mortal, with him who looks on a God immortal! I will walk in the shades of death with a firm footing, and a confident countenance, since it cannot separate me from the source of *Lives*.

The

The eleventh Treatiſe, Of SHAMEFAC'TNESS.

Sect. 1. *The Decency of Shamefac'tneſs, its Nature and Definition.*

Shamefac'tneſs a very reaſonable Paſſion.

SHamefac'tneſs is a humane Paſſion, more reaſonable then the reſt: becauſe (being properly *A fear of Diſhonour*) it makes diſtinction between that which is decent or undecent; laudable or blame-worthy; glorious or infamous; which appertaineth to the Court-hall of Judgment and Reaſon: It hath this priviledge, that it takes its Origen from two very eminent ſources; which are Conſcience and Honour: ſeeing the things which cauſe ſhame in us, are ordinarily vitious, or naught in the common underſtanding of men.

Its ſources, honour, and conſcience.

1 Part. q. 80. Conſcience (which, according to S. *Thomas*, is a naturall habitude that exciteth us to good, and maketh us to diſapprove evil) inſenſibly ſtirreth in us ſhame ſo ſoon as any of our thoughts, actions, or words tranſgreſs its laws. Honour, on the other ſide, caſts forth a ray from the circuit of its glory which viſibly figureth unto us the blemiſhes that darken its beauty. The love of Reputation is powerfull. It ſeems to be ſome Atome of Divinity which enters into hearts the moſt generous, makes men very deſirous to be wel-eſteemed, thinking by this means to lead a pleaſing life in the mindes of many: which is much more prized then the life of bodies, ſeeing there are ſome who daily ſacrifice themſelves for Punctillio's of Honour, to bloudy deaths, in the moſt exalted heighth of their proſperity. This reputation pompouſly marcheth before Conquerours, and cauſeth a million of Trumpets to be ſounded to make them famous: It cultivateth the verdant Laurels of great Captains: It encourageth the moſt heartleſs ſouldiers to Combat: It cheriſheth the learned, and ſweetneth the toils of their pens: It awakneth arts: it raiſeth the moſt excellent Ladies, as it were, on the wing of glory, by ſingular praiſes of their chaſtity: It entreth into places the moſt infamous, as the ray of the Sun into a puddle, and makes even thoſe who have renounced Honour ſtill to ſeek ſome rag of Renown to cover their reproach. S. *Auguſtine* ſaith, men are ſo ready to make themſelves be known, that thoſe who cannot be known for their goodneſs, make themſelves many times to be talked of for their wickedneſs, as if they thought, it were as good to be nothing as to ſee themſelves deprived of the knowledge of the living. S. *Ambroſe* ſaith admirably well, I am not ſo great a man, as to be ſatisfied with my own Conſcience. I have this infirmity that I cannot endure the leaſt ſtain of ſhame without waſhing it off. This is the cauſe, that the whole world endeavoureth to preſerve for it ſelf (as much as it can) an inviolable eſtimation among ſo many different opinions of judgments, paſſions, favours, diſgraces, intereſts, and revolutions of the world. Manners (ſaith S. *Bernard*) have their colours, and their odours, which are good examples. So ſoon as Reputation is wounded by the object of ſome diſhonour; the ſoul is moved, all the bloud is ſtirred, ſpreading it ſelf over the face with a ruddineſs, as if it proceeded from this wound. It is a favour from heaven, when we have our ſenſes tender in this kind: and I finde the antient Orator *Demades* ſpake right, when he ſaid, Shamefac'tneſs was the Citadel of beauty and virtue. Likewiſe, the Oracle of Doctours, S. *Auguſtine* writeth, that a more acceptable ſacrifice we cannot give to devils, then to offer them up our Shamefac'tneſs; for ſo much as if that be once extinct, there remains nothing but to expect a general inundation of all wickedneſs.

The love of reputation is a ſtrong ſpurr.

S. Auguſt. in Pſal. 19. *Heroſtratus* and others. *Non ſum tantus, ut ſum conſentus conſcientiæ mea.* Ambr. l. 1. Offic. c. 48.

αἰδὼς ἐστὶν ἀρετῆς ἀκρόπολις. *Demades. Aug. Ep.* 202.

Sect. 2. *Divers kinds of Shamefac'tneſs.*

NOw we muſt here obſerve, that there are many kinds of Shamefac'tneſs, one whereof is Holy, the other Humane, and the third Evil. I ſay, a holy Shamefac'tneſs (as that which being a moſt faithfull companion of Chaſtity) cannot endure the leaſt thing contrary to this holy virtue, but that it becomes much intereſſed therein. This moſt evidently appeareth in ſo many good men, in ſo many virtuous women, and chaſte Virgins who cannot hear an unchaſte word but that it fixeth a wound in their hearts. *Tertullian* ſaid, Virgins ſhould bluſh even at the good they poſſeſſed; meaning, that albeit their virginal body bear nothing upon it but the characters of honour: yet ought they not to permit the view of their beauty, as a pillage, to curious eyes, fearing leaſt every glance might ſteal away ſome tender bloſſome of amiable Virginity. There are ſome who eaſily bluſh at the approach of another ſex, and at words too freely ſpoken, not that they feel themſelves guilty of any thing; but out of a naturall ſhamefac'tneſs, which cannot ſuffer the leaſt thought of things reproachfull: and many times alſo out of the fear they have to be ſuſpected in matters, of which they in conſcience have no remorſe. This is a ſign of a good ſoul, and it is neceſſary for ſuch an one as will preſerve a chaſtity inviolable; to avoid the leaſt approaches, and all which may prejudice Decorum. *Libanius* an excellent Orator obſerveth, that a Painter one day deſirous to paint *Apollo* upon a board of Laurel, the colours ſeemed to be rejected, and could not be laid thereon. Out of which, this curious wit invented an excellent rarity, ſaying, That the chaſte *Daphne* (who according to the fiction of the Poets was turned into a Laurel-tree, flying from *Apollo* who would diſhonour her) could not endure him, yea, even in painting; although ſhe now was nought elſe, but a piece of inſenſible wood. Whereupon we may infer, that chaſt bodies fear the leaſt images and reſemblances of impurity, and do, even beyond a Tomb, preſerve ſome ſence of integrity. It is read in the life of S. *Epiphanius*, that he gave a kick with his foot, after his death, at a curious man who looked too near upon him. And we alſo ſee many who expreſly by their will forbid themſelves to be opened, and to have their entrails pried into by diſſections, which ſomewhat favours of inhumanity. We muſt not be too curious in theſe matters, when we make no profeſſion of them. For, ſometimes many maids are more knowing before marriage, then is requiſite for chaſtity. *Marcia* daughter of *Varro*, who was one of the rareſt wits of her time, was skilful in all arts, yea, even in Painting; but never would ſhe paint naked

Three kinds of ſhamefac'tneſs.

Holy ſhamefac'tneſs.

Virginibus, etiam ipſum ſuum bonum erubeſcendum eſſe. Tertul. de Velandis Virginibus. cap. 3.

An excellent obſervation of *Libanius*;

Simeon Conſtantinop. in Epiphanio.

Fulgoſius l. 6.

ked men, leſt ſhe might offend modeſty. Is it not a brave ſight to behold a Chriſtian, whoſe bloud flyeth up into his face when he heareth blaſphemies vomitted forth againſt God, as a good ſon would bluſh when the aſhes of his father were defamed! What a goodly thing is it to ſee a vice rejected, which, a diſſolute brazen-face, or a confident corrupt ſpirit ſuggeſteth to a young tender ſoul of an Angelical ſhamefac'tneſs, that draweth bloud from the face, and makes uſe of this vermillion as of myſterious ink, to write down the condemnation of diſhonour!

Humane and intereſſed ſhamefac'tneſs.

The ſecond kind of ſhamefac'tneſs is much more humane, and more intereſſed, which is daily obſerved in a thouſand occaſions in the world, when one bluſheth, out of an apprehenſion of incurring ſome blemiſh of a good reputation, in what concerneth Extraction, Body, Wit, Profeſſion, Integrity, Virtue, Condition, and eſtate. Some are much vexed at their own birth, and when they ſee themſelves raiſed to ſome degree of honour, they are aſhamed that their enemies reproach them with the baſeneſs of their beginning; but, they ſhould remember, that Birth is a buſineſs whereunto they are not called; that it is no more in our power then are the ſtars and the winds; and that many great perſonages have boaſted they have mounted higher by Virtue, then their Anceſtours had deſcended by the obſcurity of their extraction.

Obſcurity of birth in great perſonages.

Porus the Monarch of the *Indies* was the ſon of a Barber: *Bradyllus* Prince of the *Sclavonians*, of a Collier: *Ortagoras* Duke of the *Sicyonians*, of a Cook: *Agathocles* King of *Sicily*, of a Potter: and yet they gloried to have made a large way to greatneſs for themſelves from the recommendation of their valour. *Primiſlaus*, come from the condition of a peaſant to principallity, cauſed his old homely rags to be kept, that he might ſometimes look on them. The Arch-biſhop *Villegeſius* ſon of a Carter, commanded wheels to be painted all over his Scutcheons of Arms. There are none but inferiour hearts which are offended with Gods counſels, who is the diſtributour of Glory. Others are confounded for deformities of body, as he, of whom *Chryſippus* ſpeaketh, who was extreamely diſcontented that he was called *Sea-Ram*: and

Bruec. de conſtantia ſapientis.

Shame of ſcoffing.

Cornelius who wept in full Senate for being compared to a *bald Oſtritch*: but this tenderneſs of apprehenſion proceeded from over-much prizing the body, which is but a dunghill, even in thoſe who are moſt reſplendent in beauty. We ſhould prevent ſuch a ſcoff upon ſo ſlight occaſions, and to take the word out of their mouth, as *Vatinius*, a man much miſhapen, who mocked ſo long at his own throat and legs, that he in concluſion left nothing for *Cicero* to declaim againſt. Others love not to have their age talked of, as if that, which is to be deſired, were a crime. Others muſt not be ſeen in a mean habit, as if they were much greater then *Adam* and *Eve*, who in the beginning of the world were cloathed only with leaves and skins. Others are infinitely apprehenſive to ſeem poor, not conſidering that by hiding poverty, they reproach themſelves, and condemn *Jeſus Chriſt*, who ſpread it over the Crib, as on a Throne of Honour.

Others are dejected with deep melancholy, to ſee themſelves deſpiſed in parts of Wit, Judgment, Underſtanding, Capacity, Induſtry, and Dexterity in matters, whereof they make profeſſion, and wherein they think to excell; namely, when this contempt is offered in company before men of reputation, whoſe good opinion they affect, before their competitours, their corrivals, their enemies, who take a direfull comfort in their confuſion. Then is the time when one ſinketh into the bottom of diſhonour, and when ſhamefac'tneſs covers all the face over. *Cronus* was ſo abaſhed, that he was not able to ſolve a Sophiſme at King *Ptolomy*'s Table, that he died with diſcontent. A *Polonian* Prince ſtrangled himſelf upon an oppreſſion of Ignominy, ſeeing *Boleſlaus* the Third, who was his King, had ſent him a Hares-skin with a diſtaff, to upbraid him with his Cowardiſe in a battel againſt the *Muſcovites*. But we muſt ſay truly, that all this proceedeth from an enraged deſire of punctilio's of honour which ought never, to ſuch extremity, take root in the ſoul of a Chriſtian.

The ſtrange ſhame of contempt. *Laertius. Cromerus lib. 6.*

Laſtly, there be who are touched with ſome ſhame for vices, not thoſe which they know do diſpleaſe God, but for ſuch as are accounted ignominious in the opinion of men: as to be a Villain, a Miſer, a Lier, a Traytour, Falſifier, an Impoſtour, a Thief, Unjuſt, Ungratefull, Baſe, and exorbitant in the exceſs of bodily vices, eſpecially when thoſe exorbitances are waited on by ſhamefull puniſhments and publick infamy. All this is able to confound one one who hath any feeling of honour; but if ſhame happen for ſin, it muſt be driven away by virtue; nay, it is much better to take ſhame, then to be taken by it; for the one flyeth the ſin before it be committed, and the other bluſheth to have committed it. There are others to be found who make a little account of grievous ſins, with which they defile their conſciences, and diſhonour their reputation: But if there be any blemiſh, or ſome ſuſpicion concerning the honour of their wife, that thruſts them into deſpair: as it happened to *Valerius* a man of eminent quality, who was wounded with the moſt ſenſible arrow that ever he received, when the Emperour *Caligula* reproached him at his Table, and in the preſence of many, with ſome ſecret defects which he ſaid were on his wives body, which was indeed to publiſh an Adultery, and the contempt of a Lord one of his deareſt friends, and of a man of his own nature, fierce enough to take revenge, as it happened a while after, when the inſolencies of this miſerable Prince bare him to a violent and a direfull death.

Seneca de conſtantia ſapientis.

Let us conclude with a third ſort of ſhamefac'tneſs, which is abſolutely bad, and blame-worthy, when one bluſheth for Devotion, for Chaſtity, for Temperance, and other Virtues, which are not accounted of in the ſouls of Libertines and diſſolute people. How many are there, who, to comply with ill company, attribute ſins to themſelves which they never committed, and vaunt imaginary vices, as if there were no Hell for them, but in picture? Others had rather be found in an ill place, then to be often ſeen at the feet of a Prieſt, or at the Communion-Table, in a time when great ſpirits accuſtome not to obſerve Chriſtian duties. They fear leaſt the reputation of being devout may draw along with it ſome ſuſpicion of weakneſs: they are troubled, that nature hath not made them impudent enough, to ſhake off the ſtings of a good Conſcience. It is a monſtrous ſhame to betray ſo good a Miſtriſs as Virtue, and to eſteem the ſervices ignominious which are done her. They who adulterate metals, and poiſon the ſources of lively fountains do leſs ill, then ſuch as corrupt the pure lights of the apprehenſions we ought to have out of virtue. But, although it be many times ill to be

ſhamefac't;

shamefac'tnesse, yet there is not any thing more intolerable then to be impudent: for, that is it which putteth all vice into authority, and all the noblest actions into a base and bad esteem.

Sect. 3. *The excellency of Shamefac'tnesse, and the ugliness of impudency.*

A notable observation of Clemens Alexandr. 2. Strom.

I Have alwayes made great account of a Curious note of *Clemens Alexandrinus*, who observeth, that at *Diospolis* a City of *Egypt*, on the gate of a Temple named *Pylon*, were seen five figures: To wit, of a child, of an old man, a Hawk, a Fish, and of a Crocodile: A child, to signifie Birth; an old man, to denote death; a Hawk, to represent the eye of God; a Fish, to be the Hierogliphick of Hatred; and the Crocodile of Impudency. And this excellent Authour addeth, that these five statues onely meant this sentence, *O you who are born, and shall die, Know, God hateth impudency.*

Plato de Republ.

Shamefac'tnesse hath been so recommended by all Antiquity, that when one would praise a man of honour by a most special title, he was called *a Man of shamefac'tnesse*, as we see in ancient styles; and contrariwise, to name a man impudent, were to qualifie him with the titles of all vices. The Scripture, which is admirable in representing to the life the propriety of all things, hath not forgotten this: For, willing in two draughts to give the picture of a bad man, in the person of *Antiochus*; it saith, *An impudent, and a crafty king shall arise, who shall seek to understand all manner of subtleties.* And it is a strange thing, that, going about to set forth a man who was as a mass of ordures and blood, it is content to give him, for the chief of his titles, the term of *Impudent in his countenance*; leaving us from that, to conjecture, that he had lost shamefac'tnesse, the nurse of virtues, and the Guardian of the Temple of Sanctity. To this purpose the learned *Melissa* in the sixteenth discourse, speaks two excellent words. *The first of all virtues is Innocency, and the second is shamefac'tnesse.*

The esteem antiquity had of shamefac'tnesse. Ἀναίδεια πάντα πρόσωπα.

Consurget Rex impudens facie, & intelligens propositiones. Dan. 8. 23.

Melissa disc. 61. Πρῶτον ἀγαθὸν ἀναμαρτησία, δεύτερον δὲ αἰσχύνη.

He who hath once lost it, hath nothing entire, since he hath likewise broken the sacred instrument of all virtues, which is Conscience. Thence we may easily understand, that impudency (which is no other then a neglect of reputation, as *Theophrastus* a Disciple of *Aristotle* defineth it) is a great evil: Should I depaint it, I would give it a brow of Brass: What is more impregnable against blushing? I would make it with the eyes of a Frog, black, and bloody: What is more inflexible to modesty? And could I give voice to my Table, I would make the voice of a Scritore to resound from its mouth, who was the most open-throated of men: For, what is more filled with out-cries, or is more tumultuously clamorous? I would give it hands of violence and rapine; for what is more injurious? Wandering feet, for what is more straying? I would set by its side, liberty, and hope of impunity, which are two disorders that support and foment it. Finally, I should bade all vices waiting on it, since he who is not ashamed of doing ill, is capable to produce all manner of monsters. I would figure at its feet a Crocodile, for it is a creature, which, from the least of all, proportionably, becometh the greatest: and impudency, which in its beginnings seems in children but a little spark, doth in conclusion enkindle a huge fire. Besides, I behold in the region of this unhappy passion divers subjects, according to the diversity of Age, sex, and conditions: There see little children, to whom nature hath given a veil of shamefac'tnesse, which made their Native innocency appear upon the first object of malice. And I perceive that impudency by halfe a little breaks in upon them: some have more of it, some less: but all, instantly begin to prattle too freely, and indifferently to take liberty by slight mis-becomming actions. I see others of them at the age of 18 and 20, who have shaken off the yoke of parents, masters, and kinred, tearing away even in a moment the scarf of shamefac'tnesse, and sucking in the breath of liberty, as if they were little wild Asses in a wilderness. O! what dangerous beasts; oh what salvage creatures (saith *Plato*) are children ill bred? Foxes and Wolves are a thousand times more easie to be tamed, then dissolute youth, which hath folly for guide, & Impudency for companion. O God! what a monster see I here? I also discover young maids, and women to whom Nature (as S. *Gregory Nazianzen* saith) had supereminently afforded the goodly veil of virtuous shamefac'tnesse dyed in the richest and most beautiful Incarnadine that may be; yet have they defaced it. When they conceived sin, they had got a little shame: after they had brought it forth, they became extreamly impudent in glances, in words, in conversation, in immodesty and dissolution. I have seen Lionesses, and Panthers taken out of the most salvage wildernesses, which one (well practised in the ordering of beasts) with a little industry lead a long through cities and villages; but I never found a bridle strong enough to curb an impudent woman. A cohabitation with Aspicks and vipers would be more sweet and supportable. I see (moreover) in this Region many deceivers and impostours, many Buffons, and banters after bountifull meals, who have belly-talk perpetually in their mouths and actions, such as were those of the Cynick *Diogenes*, which they colour with a pretext of Nature. Lastly, I see servants banded against their Masters, sons rebellious against their fathers, people revolted against their King, who trample under foot all manner of obedience and justice. I see hideous Monsters of heresies, of impiety and Athiesm, who uncontrolably throw forth blasphemies against Religion. Behold the effects and goodly government of Impudency!

Greg. Naz. Carm. in mulier.

Basil. apud Melissam.

Sect. 4. *Of Reverence due to God.*

Remedies.

TO reform the Image of Shamefac'tnesse, let us reflect on our first original, and see how God would train us up to reverence by an admirable way of his divine Providence. Is it not a thing very remarkable that the apparitions & communications of the Divinity, although they seem to be most important to awaken our faith, were at all times so rare: that God rather chose to permit doubts in the faith of his Essence, and formal infidelities, then to shew and communicate himself upon all occasions under corporal & visible forms, w^ch might cause any diminution in the reverence due to his Majesty? He is in the world, as a king in his palace, who sees all, and is not seen by any. He looketh on us through so many lattice windows, as there are creatures, yet is invisible to our corporal eies. Verily, it was an antient maxim held by the *Hebrews*, to oblige them to the reverence of the divinity, that the majesty of God was so potent, and awfull, that no man might see it without dying in the place, w^ch they inferred upon the passage of *Exodus*, *No man shall see me, and live.* Exod. 38.

The great reverence of the Divinity.

Thence *Manoah*, father of *Samson*, after the admirable apparition of the Angel (the Lieutenant of God) which appeared unto him, said to his wife, *We shall die, for we have seen God.* And *Jacob*, according to the interpretation of some Father, after the notable vision of the ladder, said, not by a motion of

Judic. 13.

Gen. 32. 30.

Divers spirits subject to impudency.

joy,

joy, but out of admiration, *O wonder! I have seen God face to face, and yet I am alive.* And albeit God communicated himself to his greatest favourites under visible figures; yet never did he shew himself properly in his Essence, no not to *Moses*, although S. *Ambrose* saith of him, *that God gave him a clear and most manifest view of his divine presence.*

Clara magis personis Præsentia divinæ dignationis donatur. Ambr. 1. Hexam. c. 2.

We must understand it, in such manner, as that this great law-giver had most resplendent & most familiar apparitions of God, above the other Prophets. For God seemed to speak with him face to face, as one friend talks to another: notwithstanding we must say, with the greatest doctors of the Church, that for all this, he saw not the essence of God. Such is the opinion of Pope *Eusebius*, of S. *Dyonisius*, of S. *Irenæus*, of *Tertullian*; and, the text of S. *John* is therein expres, *No man hath ever seen God*; and the decision of S. *Augustine*, who saith, *That as for those who have seen him, this favour was granted them, because God appeared when he would, and how he would, in such figure as it pleased him to make choice of, his essence still remaining under covert.* Let us also add, for a reason, that as often as God in the old Testament gave to his people visible marks of his presence, he gave them with so much terror and affrightment, that the poor people astonish'd at his approach so prodigious, were enforced to say, *Let not God speak to us.* We know it by the apparition of the mount Sinai, where they saw voices, that is to say exhalations of flames which made a great noise in the clouds, and burning lamps, and horrible smokes, the sound of Trumpets, and Clarions being mingled throughout all this loud din; which made them to swoon, and become pale at the foot of the mountain, and with suppliant hands to beseech *Moses* to speak to them, because the voice of God was too terrible. Wherefore was all this done? but to maintain reverence in the people which were ready enough to let themselves loose to impudency.

Eusebius. Dyonis. c. 4. Hierarch. cælestis. Origen. 2. princip. Irenæus l. 4. adversus hæres. c. 34. Tertul. adversus Marcian. Deum nemo vidit unquam. Joan 1. 18. Illi autem ideo viderunt quicunque Deum viderunt, quia cum voluerit, sicut voluerit, apparet, ut specie quam voluntas elegerit etiam latente natura. Aug. ep. 112. ad Paulinam. Non loquatur nobis Dominus. Exod. 12.

Alass! How can we live under the laws of God with so little respect, and reverence, even in Churches? Have we not still the same signs? the like advertisements? All in this universe, on us, about us, and above us, is marked with the messages of the feat of God. Above us, God reigneth in the store-house of air and clouds; the pillars of the firmament tremble, the heavens are bowed in all their regions under the glory of his steps. The winds are the Courriers, and Postillons of his will, who run along spreading his name throughout the four quarters of the habitable world. The Sun confesseth, he is but a shadow in comparison of the increated light, and presenteth as many fingers as there are rays, to write down the commandments of God upon the brow of clouds; his decrees move with wings of lightnings, & are heard in the roaring voice of thunders. It is so natural to bear a reverence to his Divine Majesty, that there is not a creature in the world, how insensible soever, which feeleth not the touches of this much-to-be-adored greatness. Wilde beasts, who roam up & down forrests with bloud and massacres perpetually under their paws, by naturall instinct quake at the thundering voice of God. Fishes in the bottom of seas, and abysses with horror hear it: enraged tempests (which seem ready to tear the world in pieces) become silent at the command of the highest, and draw in their wings under his throne: waves and floods which makes a shew not to regard this great All, no more then a single element, dissolve their fury upon the sight of one silly grain of sand, which imposeth a law on them by virtue of Gods ordinance. The very devils, all on fire in the flames of their punishment, wch, infinit misery seems to have exempted from fear, cannot free themselves from this sting. O most mighty! O most sovereign Lord of things visible and invisible! O great Eye, who seest all, and art not seen by any here below. Thou art truly worthy! If we with mortal lips may call thee worthy; yea worthy, to whom all intelligent & reasonable nature should give continual thanks for thy inexplicable benefits; worthy, before whò we on our bended knees should all our life-time remain prostrate; worthy, that for thee we should have praises and prayers everlastingly on our lips. And where is that brazen brow which dares to offend thee in the midst of thy Temple of this universe, frò whence thou on all sides beholdest us! O what a monster is impudency, if it persist insensible to such considerations!

O maxime, O summe invisibilium procreator, ajisen invisè, & nullis unquam comprehense naturis, dignus es verè, si usquam dignum mortali dicendum est ore, cui spiritus omnis intelligentisque naturæ, & habere, & agere nunquam gratias desinat, cui tota conveniat vita genu unus procumbere, & continuatis precibus supplicare. Arnob. contra gentes.

Sect. 5. *Of the reverence which the holy Humanity of our Lord bare to his Eternal Father.*

The reverence Jesus bare to that divine Majesty.

Let us look on the other Model, & consider how *Jesus Christ*, uncapable properly either of fear or shamefac'tness caused by any defect, observed all the days of his mortal cóversation so lowly a reverence towards the divine Majesty, that it serves for matter of admiratió to all Angels, & of example for all ages. To understand this wel, I beseech you to take into your consideration two reasons that I wil set before you, which me thinks are wel worthy of your ponderation. 1. That the greatness of actions ought ever to be measured by the end for which God hath instituted them: as if one prove that the actions of understanding are given us to raise us to the knowledg of God, we by the same means infer that those actions are very noble, since they are directed to an end so eminent. Now, wherefore think you, was the eternal word incarnate in the womb of a holy virgin? I say, that besides consideration of human Redemption, & the instruction of all mortals, God covered himself with the flesh of man, that there might by that means be a person in the world able to praise & honor God, as much as he is praise-worthy, & honorable, by a nature create, hypostatically joyned to the divine nature. *Philo*, in the book of *Noahs* plantation, saith, that search was made through the world for a voice sutable to the divine Majesty, to speak, and recount his praises, and there was none found. For although the sovereign Creatour hath been praised from the beginning of ages by the morning stars, which are the Angels (as saith *Job*) yet we must say, that all the praises wch the highest Seraphins may give to the Divinity (if we compare them to the merits of its incomparable greatness) are like a candle in comparison of the sun, a smal drop of water parallel'd with the sea; and an infant-like stutterer who should undertake to declare the prowesses of the most illustrious *Cæsars*. There needeth a lauding God, a reverencing God, and an adoring God, to praise, reverence, and adore God worthily: otherwise there were nothing sutable to his divine Majesty, there being no proportion between the finite & the infinit. And that wch seemed to be impossible is accomplished in the person of *Jesus Christ*. All reverencies of Angels and men are dissolved into him, as if one should melt many smal Bels, to make a great one. And verily all creatures being dumb in his presence, he made himself as a huge bell of the great clock of the world, wch striketh the hours, & resoundeth thanks to his heavenly Father. All our reverencies, our homages, our adorations have neither force, dignity, nor value, if they be not united, and incorporated with the homage, submission, & adoration wch this glorious humanity rendereth to his Celestial Father, even above the vaults of the Emperial Heaven. This is the great Angel of

Philo de plantatione Noemi.

Cum me laudarent astra matutina, & jubilarent omnes filii Dei. Job. 38. 5.

of Counsel, of whom we may pronounce these
Apoc. 8. 3. words of the *Apocalypse, that he came to present himself before the Altar, having in his hand a golden Incensory, and much incense was given to him, that he might offer the prayers of holy Saints on this golden Altar.*

The second reason is, that the reverence and honour we do to one, is justly augmented according as we more clearly know his great and worthy parts; whereupon we may infer, that as our Saviour had knowledges and incomparable lights of the Majesty of his heavenly Father, not only in respect of science increate, but of science beatifick and infused: so had he proportionably resentments of honour so profoundly reverent, that he perpetually lived absorpt in this reverence, as a drop of water in the sea, or a hot Iron in the fornace. There was neither vein nor artery which was not every moment penetrated and overflowed with the veneration he yielded to God his Father.

Men who naturally are dull and sensual, stand in need of exteriour signs to raise them to the reverence of God. For which cause the sages of the world in the falshood of pretended religions, have always affected some tokens of terrour to affright perjured and wicked men. So the *Babylonians*, when they sat on matters of Justice, went into a Philostr. l. 1. c. 16. de vit. Apollonii. Hall of the Palace, made in the form of the heavens, where were hanged the figures of their gods, all resplendent in gold, and where were to be seen on the roof certain forms of birds which they thought to be sent from an high, as Messengers of the Sun. So *Bochyris* a most famous Judge of *Egypt* (ordinarily named as the father and protectour of Equity) that he might powerfully imprint an apprehension of God, avenger of Injustices; when he sate on his throne of Judicature, always had the image of a serpent in embossed work, hanging over his head, as in a readiness to sting him if he pronounced an unjust sentence. This is partly tolerable, partly also praiseworthy among mortal men; but as for the person of our Saviour, he had not any need of exteriour signs, having always a perspicuous vision of the Divinity. And tell me not, this continual sight of God, this so expresst familiarity, might lessen the reverence which ordinarily is preserved in things lesse accustomed. This verily hath some truth: if we speak of men, their perpetual presence many times diminisheth the reverence of those who familiarly converse with them; because being men, their perfections are finite, and imperfections almost infinite, which is the cause they are exhausted like roses, which with their odour cast forth part of their substance. They waste like Torches which annihilate themselves before the eys of beholders, leaving most times nought behind them but stink and smoke. They are to be looked on a far off, and in the dark, as painted women, and adulterate merchandize; but in God, whom S. *Denis* calleth the Hearth and house of Essences, we must not apprehend these limitations, these defects, Dionys. de divin. nominibus c. 1. and these distrelishes, since he, being of his own nature infinite, is never lessened.

The most blessed soul of *Jesus Christ* entred into the consideration of his greatnesses, as into a most spacious Labyrinth all repleniished with lights, perfections, and virtues, which never satiate; but on the contrary give (as in an eternal Theatre) spectacles delicious, immortal, and inexplicable. For there it is, where all the blessed draw their felicity; Always greedy and ever full, always in possession and ever desiring; their satiety is without loathing, and their hunger free from torment; still they eat the bread of life, and never waste it. As S. *Augustine* hath most divinely observed in the Hymn, which Hymn. Dam. de gloria Patr. Cardinal *Damian* hath framed out of his words. Thence I leave you to consider with what reverence our Lord walked on the earth, as a man suspended in heaven, drenched in God, as a spung would be in a vast sea; a man who held not of the earth, but by roots of compassion and mercy. Still he had his eys lifted up towards heaven in doing miracles, still his hands raised towards heaven in prayer, still his heart contracted with sadness for the irreverences committed against the honour of his father. conversation, drinking, eating, sleeping, dissolved not the sweet conversation he had with God. Sometimes even in company being overwhelmed with the impetuous approach of this holy Majesty, he brake forth into words of reverence, of love, of thanksgiving, as it were, saying, *I laud thee my Father, Lord* Mat. 11. 25. *of heaven and earth, that thou hast hidden those goodly lights from men who make account of the wisdome and prudence of the world, and hast made them known to the most simple and little ones; yea dear Father, for such hath been thy most holy will.*

In honour of the lowly reverence which *Jesus Christ* bare to his heavenly Father, Let us resolve to preserve in our selves three sorts of shamefac'dness; of piety, of chastity, of discretion: Shamefac'dness of piety; by observing a holy and religious modesty in Churches, & all those actions which do appertain to the service and honour of God: Shamefac'dness of chastity; by abstaining from all words and actions which render conversation too free and exorbitant, not without some prejudice to chastity. And therefore (O Virgins) engrave in your hearts this document of *Tertullian*, who saith, *That it is fit a Virgin should blush even at virtue.* Lastly, let us have shamefac'dness of discretion in demeaning our selves very circumspectly in all the duties we ought to yield to persons worthy of honour, and namely to those to whom we are tyed by some obligations.

A notable custom of the *Babylonians* in doing Justice.

The custome of *Bocchiris* a Judge of *Egypt*.

Alas! who can endure those that have lost not onely the reverence of a God invisible, but even the shame of men visible? Shamefac'dness is the last shirt of virtue which one never putteth off, but when he is ready to cloth himself with an infinity of vices. It is a strange thing that *Adam* and *Eve*, who bare (as it were) in one vessel all the riches of mankind, after they had made that miserable ship-wrack (the losses where of we yet deplore) after they had lost all that which a wretch might lose, and all that which a happy man might desire; they yet still, in the midst of this great breach, preserved shamefac'dness as the last plank of this lamentable shipwrack. They yet were ashamed to see themselves naked; and by this spectacle of their nakedness, were perswaded to penance. And thou wretched and depraved soul over head and ears; thou feares neither God nor man, father nor mother, neighbour nor kinsman, friend nor magistrate, force, mildness, admonition, menace, nor reputation, either good or bad. Ah Caitif! It is to run to a downfal with veiled eyes, to live in this manner: It is to lift up an armed hand against heaven. Thy conscience justifies thee (sayst thou) and thou carest not at all for men; what conscience, if thou neglectest reputation which is the bridle wherewith God useth to repress all sorts of vice? Thou hast no conscience, which notwithstanding, never forsakes any man, enlightning and stinging theives in wild caves, and in the massacres of men, to expose to light vices (which could never endure the rays of the sun which were confined to darkness and *Gomorrhian* night) to establish them in the conversation of men, to

publish them, to practise them openly before the eys of heaven and earth, and to say we should give nature free liberty. Ah! wicked *Zimri*. Hast thou not read the History in the book of *Numbers*? hast thou not in this picture observed the effects and disasters of impudency? As that of *Zimry*, a Prince of Gods people, who hastening to make love to a *Midianite*, a *Cozbi*, at mid-day, in sight of all the people of *Israel*; cast under foot the Laws of God, the shame of men, the honour of Reputation, the reverence of all Posterity: Wretch, whether goest thou, said one to him? Knowst thou not, the Law of God forbiddeth alliance with strangers? what hast thou to do with this *Midianite*? she will ruine thee. It importeth thee not to say, I will go. But dost thou consider thy quality, and the rank thou holdest, being a Prince of people? Thou well seest, the bad example thou wilt give to all the world, cannot but be pernicious. It importeth not, I will go. Behold thy Parents and neareſt of kin stretch forth their hands to thee, and say; Son, do not our Family this dishonour: Bring not such a crime into our house, which will make us incur the malediction of God, and will overwhelm thee first of all under some notable disaster. It importeth not, I will go. Alas! seest thou not poor *Moses*, who weeps with all the people prostrated before the Tabernacle of God, that he would be pleased to divert such a thought from thee, lest thou become culpable of the anger of God, which will fall on the whole Army, if thou goest to this stranger? It importeth not, I will go. Son, if thou resolvest to sin, then stay till night; make a veil of darkness further to cover thy wickedness from the eys of the world, for fear lest thy example may serve for a rock of scandal to those who are yet novices in virtue. Yet, thou perversly sayest, I will go in full day light: I will enjoy my pleasures; and who art thou that givest me a Law? Go *Zimri*, go impudent man, thou in thy calamity shalt know the salary of thy sin. You know the rest of the History, he goes thither, he accosteth the *Midianite* in sight of all the world. At which time God raiseth a young Prince, as courageous as a Lion, Grand-child of *Aaron* who followeth him armed with zeal and sword, crying out aloud; Ah Traytour! Ah infamous man! He finds him out in the throne of Lust, in the bed of Iniquity, in the heat of Crime; and with his sword transfixeth him and the *Midianite*, making the abominable Bed and their unchaste loves to float all in bloud. O bloud horribly (but justly) shed, which still cryeth out with a voyce of bloud, and saith to all posterity! Men, Women, Children, Great, Little, Poor, Rich; fly from Impudency, fly from Impudency, as the last of vices: otherwise know, there is a revenging sword, and a Judgment of God inevitable to all the Shamelesness of *Sinners*.

Num. 25. The miserable end of an unhappy impudent man.

The twelfth Treatise, Of ANGER.

§ 1. *The origin of Anger, its Nature, Causes, and Diversitie.*

The marvellous effects of fire.

FIre which is a mean between Spirits and Bodies, doth work very diversly according to the matter and disposition it meets withall; In the heavens it enkindleth the stars with flames the most pure in total Nature: it diversifieth clouds with Gold and Rubies: it maketh Bows and Coronets in the air: it entaineth a heat of life in the body of living Creatures, which being maintained in a good temperature, cause all the harmonies of health; but, when it mounteth up into a tempestuous cloud, when it boyleth in Fornaces, and creeps into Cannons, which are as mouths of fire to pronounce war; it maketh so strange devastations that it vanquisheth the most valiant, beats down the most boysterous, mollifieth the hardest, and terrifieth the most daring.

In the same manner we may say, heat, which in our bodies is an admirable work-Mistris, multiplyeth its effects according to the diversity of the stuffs, and occasions it lights on: it conspireth with our spirits, to serve as an instrument for the soul in its great operations: it exciteth the honourable flames of chaste loves: it disposeth courage to generous resolutions: it polisheth the mind to embrace worthy purposes: It secondeth the Imagination in its apprehensions: it makes it self the steward of the vegetative faculties for the generation and production of men; but if it once meet with burnt bloud, and fuming Choler, which is as it were in the hands of the imagination, when it is touched with some displeasure, it insinuateth it self thereinto, as into a cloud swoln with storms and tempests, which throws forth fires, roareth with thunders, shooteth with inflamed darts, and practiseth nought but ruine.

What Anger is.

This is it we call anger, which is properly an ardent appetite of revenge caused by an apprehension of contempt, and injuries. Now this opinion of contempt springeth in some sort from disesteem, or for that they are forgotten and neglected by those of whom they think they ought to be respected: In others, from being crossed in what they desire most, as in their profession, their ambition, and especially their affections: In others, from being depressed in that wherein they imagine they excel, and principally before such, by whom they perswade themselves they are beloved and honoured: In others, from being derided for defects of nature as well of body as of mind, and of extraction also: In others, from being injuriously disgraced, and insolently outraged by base and abject people, and such as they have obliged. As the opinion of injury increaseth, and as it meeteth with a nature disposed, and matter prepared, this ardour is inflamed: and if it be accompanied with a great power, it teareth down smoking Cities, it desolateth Provinces, it swims in massacres, it raiseth scaffolds all sprinkled over with bloud, and hung with black, whereon it acteth horrible Tragedies.

Dum incipit ratio esse. Sen. *de Ira.*

How Anger is formed.

The other passions are augmented by degrees; but this ariseth fully formed, and appears perfect so soon as it beginneth. The opinion of contempt no sooner entreth in by the eys and ears, but it striketh the imagination which promptly communicateth its influence to the irascible appetite; and then, as if fire were given to a Cannon, it becomes Thunder and Tempest, which disfigureth the bravest bodies, turmoileth the bloud and spirits, and bendeth all the veins to vengeance. You would say, the heart is not at that time any other then *Vulcan's* Forge, where the thoughts, like so many *Cyclops*, labour to make Hail-showrs, Lightnings, and Tempests. It is not known in this Country what kind of language Reason speaketh: It is no better heard then words among the *Catadupes* of *Nilus*; strength hath a hand

hand lifted up to employ the sword, and a thousand instruments of iniquity, to commit outrages. This passion resembleth the furious *Martichora*, renowned among Indian wild-beasts, who teareth his members asunder to make of them the arrows of his vengeance; It hath nothing so resolved on, as to destroy all, and to raise unto it self a Tombe in its own ruines. Yet we cannot but say, that there are three very different sorts of Anger, according to the offences and persons who either raise it, or suffer it. In some it is cold in apparance, and more inward; but these oftentimes have the aspect of Virgins, who in conclusion throw forth the fire of Dragons: In others it is fervent and headlong: In others haughty and scornfull: In others dumb and malitious: In others obstreperous and stormy: In some it is frequent and sudden; in others sticking and obstinate. There are some who being offended for frivolous things, cease not to persevere therein for fear some may think they began without reason, in which the less the cause is, the more passionate they become: Others blame their greatest friends for having done them less good then they expected. In some, Anger is but yet in bloom; in others, it taketh great and deep root. Some satisfie themselves with clamour and injuries; others therein employ the hand; others wood and Iron; others would have lightning in their power for some time, of purpose to prosecute their revenge with all advantage. Lastly, this passion thrusts forth all that is hidden in the heart: Which made *Cassian*, according to the Septuagint, to write, that it disentombed sins which were before (as it were) interred.

Divers qualities of anger.

Vir iracundus effodit peccata. Cassian. de spiritu ira. c. 1.

§. 2. *Three principall Kinds of Anger.*

WE notwithstanding can say with S. *John Damascen*, that Anger stirreth up and down in three principall regions, where it produceth very different effects. The first is called the region of sharp choler, the second of bitter choler, and the third of fury. In the first region are all those who have slight heats of the liver; who are angry upon every light occasion, and almost every moment. In this are to be found many women, many children, and lovers; and besides, Hungry, Thirsty, needy, sickly and nice ones, fantasticks and extravagants, as that *Smyndrides*, who, seeing a peasant taking pains before him, said, his body was quite broken therewith. There needs almost nothing to make choler flye up into their faces, so much they are thereunto disposed. The slightest things put them out of the limits of reason; and if no man contradict them, they frame quarrels to themselves with woods and stones, and with other things inanimate which serve their use; and in the end, fall out with themselves, and skirmish against their own shadow. The great *Casarius*, a Greek Authour, saith that Mil-stones, having not corn to grind, strike fire: so we oft-times see in Houshold and Communities, when there is no employment, no gain nor profit; the fire of Anger interposeth between man and wife, between brothers and friends; yea, among religious, who are not througly well applyed to the functions of their profession.

Three regions of Anger. *Damascen. l. 2. orth. c. 16.*

Weak spirits ordinarily cholerick.

Casarius in dialog.

The second Region is that of inveterate choler, wherein malicious souls are engaged, who do nothing else but gnaw their own heart, and envy the felicity of another, closely undermining it as much as they can, both by word and deed. There you behold them all ranked in order, which is nothing but disorder, with a visage ghastly and disfigured, an eye of an owl, a countenance moody, a gate slow, speech wrangling, and most often an enraged silence. O discontented, and dismall Region! I had rather see the Comet which appeared not long since, then to behold a man so composed, who perpetually hath vultures in his entrails, executioners by his sides, and who moreover hath a perty hell within himself. It is of this Anger, the wise man saith, that *A stone was very heavy, and sand weighty: but choler incomparably more*; I had rather roll *Sisyphus* his stone, eat sand and coles, then hatch in my heart such anger. Have you ever observed the unlucky Tree, whereof *Theophylact* speaketh upon the Prophet *Nahum*, which we in our Language call the Yew Tree. It is a Tree of death, which with its shadow alone, killeth the herbs and plants about it. This worthy Interpreter addeth, that it out of a singular malignity devoureth them. And *Dioscorides* noteth, that being once set on fire, it will many months keep a melancholy fire, hidden under the ashes, not, almost, to be quenched. Behold the picture of one who is tainted with the cursed choler of the second region; you see him anxious, and burthensome to himself, dull like an old yew, an old Tree in a Church-yard. He is impotent in effect, for revenge; but hath a furious appetite towards it, which he dissembleth under the meagerness of the Countenance of a dead man, and under the coldness of a maligne passion. The fire is, as under ashes, the space of so many months, so many good friends, so many good advises, so many convincing reasons quench some little spark of it, yet there still remaineth some of it behind. So many powerfull Sermons, so many confessions, so many communions cry out, Fire, Fire, poure on water. Miserable creature! thy house smoketh. It will burn thee when thou art asleep; but he hath no ears. And when this serpentine soul shall be snatched away by a sudden death, if you search into the ashes of its body, there you shall yet find fire. *The earth which shall cover him, shall be like burning pitch; It shall burn night and day, and make black and thick smokes arise, which shal eternally issue out of it.* Preserve your self from this second region, and observe the words of S. *Augustine*; *Choler, which proceedeth from some innocent promptitude, is as a stick; but this is a beam. A stick is the beginning of a beam. For the beam at first is but a stick; if you water it, it becometh a beam: and if you cherish choler by evil suspicions, you turn it into Hatred.*

Proverb. 26.

Grave est saxum & onerosa arena, sed ira utroque gravior.

The property of yew Tree, like unto Anger.

Et erit terra ejus in vicem ardentem nocte, & die, non extinguetur, in sempiternum ascendet fumus ejus. Isai. 34.

Festuca in oculo ira est, trabes vero odium.

Festuca initium trabis est, nam trabes quando nascuntur prius festuca est, rigando festucam deducis ad trabem, alendo iram malis suspicionibus perducis ad odium. August. l. de verbis Domini, ser. 16.

The region wherein are the furious.

The third region of choler, is fury, in which all such are, as play the part of mad *Orlando*, and become as red as the Comb of a Cock, and presently as pale as the dead; who have eyes bloudy like frogs, sparkling like Gorgons, rolling as those of *Cain*; who roar like Lions, who foam like Boars, who hiss like Serpents, who poyson all they see, like Basilisks, who cast forth fire, like *Medea's* Bulls; who tear one another like Canniballs; who sup with lights and lamps of bloud like Cyclops; who walk in the night to strike and commit outrages like Furies; who are perpetually in disturbance like Devils; who do nothing but vomit forth blasphemies; who swear by heaps; who breath nothing but wounds, but plague-sores and revenges; who have no more of man in them, but so much as may serve for food to eternall fire, unless they betake them to repentance. There are of them so ardent that they resemble those dogs of hot Countries, whereof *Xenophon* speaketh, which strike their teeth so eagerly into the skin of a boar, that, together with the gash, they make fire to fly out.

Second region of anger wherein rest malicious and covert souls.

Behold a horrible ſphere of Monſters and Tempeſts, bloody Comets, Horſes, and Arms of fire. It is they, of whom the Scripture ſpeaketh, *Simeon and Levi (you veſſels of war, inſtruments of iniquity, Trumpets of fury and blood) never ſhall my Spirit have to do with you, never will I defile the glory of a peaceful ſoul by the contagion of your company. Curſed be your fury, for it is head-ſtrong; curſed your anger and revenge, for it is wicked, and inſatiable.*

Geneſ. 49. Simeon & Levi vaſa iniquitatis bellantia, &c. Maledictus furor eorum quia pertinax; & indignatio quia dura.

Two things principally are deplorable, in this third Region: the firſt is, That anger is exerciſed, with out-rages and violence upon the renown, eſtate, body, and ſoul of a Neighbour, who crieth for vengeance before God; and above all, it is much to be feared, when great paſſion is linked to great power, where Fortune permitteth all which vengeance deſireth. For fire, water, and greatneſs never over-flow without bearing down the Common-ſhore. Secondly, It ſo bewitcheth ſome infatuated Spirits of theſe times, that they make Tropheys of the greateſt reproaches which are in Nature; and to make their torments everlaſting, they deifie their Crimes. That is it which the excellent Authour *Paulus Oroſius* ſaid; Fury, as it ordinarily walketh without reaſon, will make its dolour to paſs for virtue, and boldneſs promiſeth to accompliſh all whatſoever anger ſuggeſteth it.

Paulus Oroſius lib. 2. adverſus Pagan. c. 16. Expers conſilii furor, dolorem virtutem putat, quantum mediatur, ira, tantum promittit audacia.

§. 3. *The Contemplation of the ſerenity of the Divine Spirit is the Miſtriſs of Meekneſs.*

The Picture of the Tranquillity of God.

LEt us, to this diſorder, oppoſe the ſerenity of God, which we may contemplate when we are far removed from the ſurprizals of this paſſion. If this place would permit me to delineate the Picture of the Tranquillity of God, as the ſublime *Tertullian* hath done, that of Patience, I would give it a viſage wholly angelical. What is more Divine and Celeſtial, then this virtue? I would ſet it in a fortunate Iſland (all tapiſtred with verdure, and enamelled with flowers) where the Sun ſhould ſmile out of all his Manſions. For, what is more delicious? I would place it on a Rock, ſuch as was that of *Egypt*, which was never touched by profane feet. What is more ſtable, and more religious? Thereon I would raiſe a Temple to it, ſuch as was that of *Adonis*, in *Greece*, wherein Lions were tractable. What is more lovely? I would give it a Scepter of Diamond: what is more ſolid, or powerful over the paſſions of man's heart? I would ſet upon the head thereof a Crown of Stars. What is more ſublime? what more majeſtical? At its feet I would hang Harps and Lutes; for it is the Miſtriſs of holy Harmonies. About it ſhould be little Nightingales, Halcyons, and holy Fiſhes, which cauſe a calm every where: what is more peaceful? A good diſtance from it, ſhould be Sea-dogs, ſtorms, and waves which ſhould roar, without troubling its repoſe; ſince it is immovable. It ſhould have eys lifted up to Heaven, and ſhould live by influences flowing to it from the union it hath with God: as it is ſaid, the Bird of Paradiſe liveth on the thinneſt vapours of the air.

But let us in a word tell you, that Tranquillity is the Eſſence of God himſelf, and that all which is peaceful draweth neer towards God. I am not ignorant of what the Scripture ſpeaketh in many places of God's anger: and among others, *David* in his *Pſalms* with a certain admiration; *Who is it knoweth the force of thy anger? and can weigh thy indignation in the terrour of thy countenance?* But this muſt be underſtood by an Anthropopathia, as Theologians do explicate it; which is done when God is repreſented by ſenſible figures, like unto men. For to ſpeak truly, God hath no anger, nor can any wiſe have it, being incapable either of the form or matter of it. The form is an appetite of revenge, and the matter, a boyling of bloud: as appeareth by that we have ſaid before. Now, we underſtand, that in God there is neither bloud nor appetite. If he in all times hath produced Examples of Juſtice (as he did in the Deluge, in the burning of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*, in the Plagues of *Egypt*, in the defeat of *Sennacherib*.) It was with the ſame tranquillity which he had when he made Paradiſe, and the bleſſed by his aſpects. God puniſheth not the wicked out of anger; but the wicked puniſh themſelves by the remorſe of their own conſciences: and if the Divine Juſtice put a hand thereto, the World marcheth in battel-array againſt them, and is all on fire under the feet of its Judge, the Judge being thereby nothing at all inflamed. The puniſhments which fall from Heaven, come not from a head-long precipitation, ſince they are reſolved on from all Eternity.

Quis novit poteſtatem iræ tuæ, aut præ timore tuo iram tuam dinumerare? Pſal. 89.

God, to ſpeak properly, hath no anger.

It was a judicious invention of the ancient Sages, to tell us, there were three ſorts of Thunder-bolts in Heaven; and that the firſt was only to advertiſe, without doing hurt: the ſecond did good, but not without cauſing hurt: the third ruined, and defaced all it met. And thereupon, to ſhew us the mildneſs of God, they ſaid, the Monarch of Heaven and Earth of his own motion ſent the innocent Thunderbolts; but if there were cauſe to throw that which doth but little hurt: (although it were to derive profit from it) he called twelve Gods to counſel: but when thoſe great Artilleries of Heaven were to be ſhot off, which aimed at the ruine of the moſt guilty, it was never done without a general counſel of all the gods. We ſay more then all this; for we affirm that God ſtayeth not a certain time to reſolve on the puniſhment of men, but hath decided it from all eternity, and hath ordained Hell for Crimes, with the ſame Countenance he decreed Heaven for the bleſſed. All is peaceful, and always peaceful in God; from whence it cometh, that men moſt like unto him, as are good Kings, have borrowed the Title of Serenity. Can it then well become a Chriſtian, who makes profeſſion to render himſelf like unto his Heavenly Father, to ſuffer himſelf to be tranſported with the furies of anger, which in man extinguiſh all that is Divine, and leave nothing Humane?

Senec. natur. l. 2. c. 41. Three ſorts of thunder-bolts, which figure unto us, how God proceedeth in the chaſtiſement of men.

§. 4. *That the Example of our Saviour teacheth us the moderation of Anger.*

To know whether our Lord was ſubject to anger. The anſwer. *Aug. l. 14. de civitate Dei, cap. 9. Neque enim in quo ei a verum hominis corpus, & verus hominis animus, falſus erat humanus effectus. An amor affectus eſt hominis? ſed ipſe audiens adoleſcentem ſeipſum de obſervatione mandatorum commendantem, intuitus dilexit eum: an timor? ſed ipſe in anima paſſio-*

ONe might perhaps object for excuſe, that our Lord who ought to be the example of all our actions, was angry, when he with a Whip drave Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple. I to this anſwer with a doctrine of S. *Auguſtine*, very remarkable, which teacheth us, that as our Lord took a true body, when he was born of the moſt bleſſed Virgin: ſo he hath ſhewed himſelf to have real paſſions deſcending for us into the ſhadow of our infirmities, to make us aſcend into the light of his glory. Notwithſtanding, we muſt not think he would undergo all ſorts of paſſions, eſpecially ſuch as carry in them any uncomely miſ-beſeeming: but thoſe he took upon him which were moſt decent, and incident to man. If love (ſaith the Oracle of Doctours) be a humane paſſion; *Jeſus* hath taken it, ſhewing many times tendernes of affections towards perſons of merit: as it is ſaid, that ſeeing a young man, who had ſtrictly kept the commandments of God, from his moſt innocent

nis constitutus vapit pavore & tædio. An gaudium? sed & Lazarus mortuus est inquit & gaudeo propter vos quia non eram ibi. An tristitia? sed & tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem.

cent years, he loved him, and had some compassion of him, for that he entred not directly into the way of the Gospel being withheld by the love of his riches. If fear be accounted among the motions of nature, had not he fear and anxiety when he was near unto his passion? If you look for joy, doth not he say, *Lazarus* is dead, but I rejoyce for your sake? because by this means the Apostles faith must be confirmed. Lastly, if sadness be the inheritance of our condition, hath he not said, my soul is heavy to the death? But there are other passions which he would never admit, as sensual love, hatred of a neighbour, envy and anger.

An excellent observation upon the terming our Saviour a Lamb.

As for that which concerneth this last passion; it is certain that our Lord was more meek and gentle then all men; from whence it came that he would be called the Lamb of God, by a solemn title, and that he in the Primitive Church was represented under the same figure, as it appeareth in the Christning Font of *Constantine*, where the statue of a Lamb of massie gold poured out the water of Baptisme. Never in his greatest sufferings hath he shewed one least spark of anger, or impatience; but was always calm and peaceful, even shewing an incomparable sweetness to a naughty servant, who had cruelly wronged him at the time of his passion. And as for that he did, in the matter of buyers and sellers, that ought not to be called anger, but a fervent and vigorous zeal which caused him to punish irreverences committed against his eternal Father.

Good God! Had we perpetually before our eyes this mirrour of meekness; we need not seek for any other remedies. His aspect would remedy all our anger, as the brazen serpent cured the plagues of *Israel*. This sacred fish would cause a calm whersoever it rested, and the presence of his aspect would banish tempests: but since passion so cloudeth our reason, let us apply remedies more obvious against the motions of anger.

§. 5. *Politick Remedies to appease such as are angry.*

ANger being a jealous passion ever grounded upon the opinion of contempt, ought to be handled with much industry, and dexterity. There are some who very soon are cured by joy, by the meeting of light-hearted people, and by some pleasing and unexpected accident. This notably appeared at the Coronation of *Philip Augustus*, where there was a prodigious confluence of many people, who out of curiosity excessively flocking thither, much hindred the Ceremony. A certain Captain troubled to see this disorder, was desirous to remedy it, ceasing not to cry out and thunder with a loud voice to them to be quiet; but the earnestness of those that thronged, had no ears for Thunders: which made him, being much incensed with anger, to throw a cudgel he had in his hand at the heads of such as were the most unruly; and this cudgel being not well directed, lighted upon three lamps of Christal hanging right over the King and Queens heads, which breaking, the oil abundantly poured down upon them. All there present were troubled at an act so temerarious, but the pleasure of the sight put off their anger. The King with the Queen his wife instead of being offended, laughed heartily, seeing themselves so throughly besmeared: and a Doctour thereupon inferring, that it was a good presage, and that it signified abundance of unction, both of honour and prosperities which should overflow in their sacred persons, they had no power to be angry, out of the Imagination of glory which dryeth up the root of this passion. Verily, there is no better a remedy to appease such as are cholerick, then to flatter them with honour, and submission: which likewise was to be seen in that which happened in the person of *Carloman*. He was a vertuous religious man, brother of King *Pepin*, who had buried himself in humility, that he might courageously renounce all the greatness, whereunto he by birth was called. It fell out, that being in a Monastery of *Italy*, not discovering himself, he begged he might serve in the Kitchin, which was granted him: But the Cholerick Cook, seeing him to do somewhat contrary to his liking (not contented to use him harshly in words) with much indignity strake him. But there being not any thing which more vexeth a generous spirit, then to see him ill treated whom he most loveth; *Carloman's* companion who was present, not remembring himself to be a religious man, entreth into a violent anger, and suddenly taketh a pestle, and throws it at the Cooks head, to revenge the good father who bare this affront with incredible generosity.

Chronicon Casinense.

But so soon as this his companion had declared his extraction, and related all which had happened; the whol Convent fell at his feet who was affronted, and begged pardon of him. Where were to be seen sundry sorts of passions; Some of indignation, others of compassion, the rest, of Reverence. But *Charloman* thought it a thing intollerable, to see himself honoured in such a manner, whilst his Companion laughed beholding the Cook beaten, and the submissions yielded to this Prince.

There are others, who seeing their friends much incensed, feign to take their part, and seem angry with them; saying, this wicked fellow must at leisure be chastised, to render his punishment the more exemplary. Mean while, they give time, and expect the return of reason, and then they perswade the contrary. Many also have in apparence pretended fear, to flatter the anger of great ones, who take pleasure to render themselves awful in this passion, as did *Agrippa* towards the Emperour *Caligula*.

Rigordus.

§. 6. *Moral Remedies against the same Passion.*

I Will descend into more particulars against the three kinds of choler, which we insinuated. As for the first, which consisteth in that hastiness and heat of liver, that breaks forth in motions somewhat inordinate; First, I say, God is offended to see persons who make profession of a life more pure, and whose soul verily is not bad, to be perpetually upon the extravagances of passions, unworthy of a well composed spirit. Besides, it causeth a notable detriment to our repose. For, by being often angry, our gall increaseth (as Philosophers observe) and the increase of gall maketh us the more anxious, weyward, and irksome to our selves.

More particular remedies against the three sorts of anger.

The only means to amend and correct your self, is, to represent the hurt this passion bringeth, by depriving you of wisdom, of justice, civility, concord, virtue, and of the splendor of the spirit of God. The way to lessen the opinion you have of being despised, is, not lightly to believe tale-tellers, and to find reasons to excuse him who hath erred, not to be curious to know that wch may displease you, to fortifie your self in that side you find to be most feeble in you, avoiding objects wch most ordinarily provoke you; to live with peaceable people, to shun cares,

and troublesome affairs, to afford your self convenient solaces; to extirpate petty Curiosities and false opinions which you have of your insufficiency in such sort that you imagine within your self that you ought to be used with great respect, and that you should not suffer any disgrace either by word or deed, but that men and elements must contribute to your likings. Behold from whence your feaver proceedeth, and how you may handsomely remedy it. O soul, infinitely nice! it seemes you were bred in a box, in perfumed Cotton and that you must endure nothing. Broth overmuch salted, a garment too straight, a mustachio ill turned up, the creaking of a door, the wind of a window, the least indiscretion of a servant, puts you out of your self. What do you take your self to be? You believe those flatterers who say, Do you suffer this? you measure not your self by your quality. And yet Kings and Queens, and the Monarchs of the earth have endured, and daily do endure many slight oppositions with great tranquillity: and you, silly worm of the earth, turn against God, when he permitteth any thing to happen contrary to your liking. Frame unto your self a life simple, and free from affectations; take away your wantonness, your pleasures, and petty peevishness. *Choller is engendered by overmuch curiosities of spirit: stifle them, and you immediately extinguish it.* Know that to quarrel with an equal is hazardous; with an inferiour, is contemptuous; and with a superiour, it is foolish. Set before you the Maxime of *Pirrhus*, that great Master of fence who said this passion was a Trouble-Trade; and that whilst you continue the same humour you shall be unable for all good employments. Do as the brave Philosopher *Agrippinus*, of whom *Epictetus* makes mention, who perceiving that when any misfortune befel him, he thereby became hasty and colerick What is this? (saith he) *I play the slave, where I should play the Monarch. O misfortunes! I will deceive you.* Thereupon he wrote the praises of every evil which might happen against his will. If a calumny, the praise of the profit, calumny brought. If an Exile, the praise of exile. If a quartane Ague, the praise of the Quartane ague. And by this means he came to such a heighth of Tranquillity, that, so soon as a fresh mischief assailed him, he met it with a smiling countenance, and said, God be praised, behold the way of my exercise.

Seneca de ira.
Ira voluptatibus generatur, & voluptatum suppressione sopitur.
Seneca de ira l. 3. c. 14.
Ira perturbat artes Agrippinus Epictetus apud Stobæum.

And you who are a child of light, fed with the body and bloud of your master! for Heaven, and the company of Angels, you cannot say (when some little inconvenience befalleth you) praised be *Jesus:* Behold here how the good purpose I have made of patience, is exercised. And then if you feel any rebellion, Take heed you shew it not either by words or outward signs; but get you and lodge at the sign of silence, where the haven of Tranquillity is. Do as those that are ill of the falling-sickness, who retire at the approach of their fits that they may not let any things uncomely appear. Say, *Blessed be our Lord God, who teacheth my hands to fight and frameth my fingers to war.* The Hebrew hath it, *Blessed be our Lord, who is my rock.* To shew you, that God if you endeavour to vanquish your passions, will place you upon the holy rock of Tranquillity, from whence he in his immutability beholdeth the motion of all Ages. Take a goodfriend, a faithful companion, who may divert your passion in its first fit, who may admonish you, and play on *David's* harp to drive away this devil of mad *Saul*, and take you from the occasions of hurt.

Benedictus Dominus Deus meus qui docet manus meas ad prælium, & digitos meos ad bellum. Psal. 143.
Benedictus Dominus super me. Stabilisque manens dat cuncta moveri.

The second remedy for such as long chew on their choler, and entertain aversions irreconcileable, is, that it were good to ponder and consider the words of *Cassian*, *Let us perswade our selves that whilst we are angry, It is not permitted us to pray unto God and to present him our prayers. Let us take each day to be our last; and let us not think that for being chast and continent, for having forsaken the pleasures of the world and despised riches, for macerating our bodies with fastings, watchings, and labours, much is due to us; if at the end of the reckoning it be found we carry hatred, and anger in our hearts, That alone is sufficient to condemn us to eternal punishments, by the sentence of him, who shall judge the whole world.*

The second remedy.
Cogitemus, nequaquam licere nobis orare, nec iratas sundere preces ad Deum; quotidie erdamus nos à corpore migraturi, nihilque, nobis continentia castitatis, nihil abrenunciatione facultatum, nihil divitiarum contemptu, nihil jejuniorum, vigiliarum labori. bus confe-, rendum, quibus propter iracundiam solam & odium ab universitatis judice supplicia promittuntur æterna.
Cassian. l. 8. c. 21. de institutis Renunt.

Take not this as my saying, but take it as an oracle which that great man hath collected from many holy men of his age. When you keep in your heart some hatred against your neighbour, you do a notable wrong to your soul. For first, what have we more sweet, more merciful then altars? There we should seek for mercy, if God had banished it from all the parts of the world; and yet whilst you defer reconciliation with your enemy, you deprive your self of the right of altars: and if you still have some spark of *Christianity*, as often as you approach to them you hear the voice of the son of God, who speaketh to you in the bottome of your heart, and saith these words of the Gospel; *Go first of all, and reconcile your self to your brother, and then you shall come to offer your sacrifice of the altar.* By despising these words of our Saviour, and going on, you commit a new sacriledge; by recoyling back, and avoiding the altar and sacrifice, you fly from pardon, and life. And then in what a state are you? what necessity is there that for sparing a good word, you must perpetually live either a sacrilegious, or an excommunicate person?

Vade prius, reconciliare fratri tuo, & tunc veniens offeres munus tuum. Matth. 5. 24.

The third remedy.

Lastly, you must think you are not immortal: the very moment which is now in your hands you must divide it with death: even the sun (which you to day have seen to rise out of his couch) before his setting, may see you in your Tomb. Moreover, know that should you all your life time have preserved an inviolable virginity; should you have built a thousand hospitals, and spent your whole estate in entertaining of the poor; should you have lived in Hair-cloth, among thorns, and in great abstinencies, if you into the other world carry a dram of resolved and determinate hatred of a neighbour, with unwillingness to hear any words of reconciliation, all, which may be in you of virtue or merit, will nothing avail you; your lot shall be with reprobate souls and devils. O God! what a sentence what a Decree, what a punishment is this? and who would now purposely cherish hatred against his neighbour, unless he had lost all Reason, all sense, and discretion. Let us conclude with the third remedy, against the furious and bloudy, who are not content to fume, but like unto *Ætna*, do throw forth their all inflamed bowels, nor are ever satiated but with outreages & humane bloud. This is it which makes us to behold the goodly duels which have in all times been the profession of servile souls, of fools, or mad men. There we see men, bewitched with a cursed and damnable opinion, seeking upon the least injury to require reparations sealed with humane bloud; to engage seconds to make them complices of their crime, and companions of their misery; to send challenges many times by pages apparelled like women, then to cut one anothers throat with horrible fury; to drag a long chain of allies to make

a pitch'd battel of a single combat; and mothers and wives in the mean time to tremble in expectation of the issue of this butchery. Some slight fellow, who hath a soul miserably shallow and base, to cover his cowardice and acquire reputation, will wash his impurity in humane bloud. It is not courage which puts him forward; he who would behold him a little in the business, should see him ready to swoon, to wax pale, and tremble. If he would follow his own nature, he would fly a hundred leagues off and never look behind him: but for a little vanity, that Hacksters may praise him and say he hath sought a duel, he tormenteth his mind, and especially when he is among pots and glasses he shews himself valiant. Ah (*Rodomont*) Is this your business? you cannot speak, but you must menace to slash a man. Bloudy beast! where have you learnt this, but in the school of Furies and devils? and do not say? he hath put an affront upon me. What affront? a cold countenance, a harsh word, a piece of foppery which you would never have taken notice of, had you not been void of the reason of an honest man. None would affront you, were not you your own affront: behold the root of all these inflamed angers. And he who will give remedy to them, must cut them off in his imagined contempt, where indeed there is none; and therefore it is fit he retire to the haven of silence, and lessen what he may in his imagination, the injury which he thinks he hath received: when you shall have well weighed it, you will find that you of a fly have made an elephant. *The true means to forgive all the world, and to pardon it, is to judge of offences, before we be angry.* There are offences which we should laugh at; others, which we at least should defer; and some we should speedily pardon.

Multos absolvemus, si cœperimus ante judicare quàm irasci. Senec 3. de ira, c. 29. *Terminum etiam maris fluctibus ac tempestatibus fabricator destripsit, arena maris exigua sæpe inter duas acies intercapedo est, si reprimere iram non potui, memento quia indignabundus mare ut altra spumam & fluctuationem effert* Simocatta.

If this stay you not, at least think upon the end, and say, Behold a quarrel which begins to be enkindled, there is nothing wanting but a poor word, fair, and advised; yea verily but meer silence, to give remedy thereto. If I augment it instead of lessening it, I do put fire to dry wood, which will make a terrible havock to consume me first. I must be a homicide, or a sacrifice to death, or live in brawls, quarrels, and eternal divisions, which will involve parents, children, brothers, cousins, and a whole posterity. Behold the goodly fruit which brutish anger bringeth. Since I can prevent all this by a little discretion and patience; am I such an enemy of my own good as willingly to seek my proper ruine! The sea is tempestuous, but then needs but a little sand to repress it; and when it hath made all its menaces, which seemed ready to swallow all the world, it retires back, contenting it self onely to leave froath and broken shells.

The direful example of *Haman*, against the enraged, who are, at a little, offended.

Behold, if you have eyes, the goodly gain which *Haman* made of his anger; & how, seeking to remedy an affront, he transfixed himself with eternal misery. *Mardochem*, whom he accounted a beggar, had not saluted him at his entrance into the Kings palace, for which he must be revenged. His reason suggested to him, he was a man of no worth; why wilt thou take notice of him? No, I will destroy him. What! for not saluting thee: He is a *Jew* by Nation, and peradventure he hath seen on thy garments the figures of the *Persian* gods embroidered, and dares not bend his knee, lest it might be thought he gave this honour to thy gods, and he should be esteemed an Idolater. It is no matter, I am resolved to ruine him. If thou beest gon so far, take then the head of the culpable, and pardon all the rest who are innocent. No, I will destroy him with all his race. See, I have in my hand the King's Signet-ring, and I go to dispatch letters throughout all the Provinces, that all the *Jews* may be slain, which shall be found on such a prefixed day. O God! what! a slaughter for the denial of a silly salutation, to make choler swim in the tears of so many widows and orphans, in the murther of so many mortals, in the bloud of so many Provinces? Dost thou think, there is not a God in heaven to take vengeance upon such torturing cruelties? God may do what he pleaseth. But I must be revenged, my wife, and my friends advise me so. Alas! unhappy wretch! He was then, contriving his direful design, when the vengeance of God fell upon his head. Behold him disgraced, lost, and shamefully supplanted by a woman; coming to the palace of the King his Master, he heard the roaring of a lion which said, Take him away; when instantly, behold, he was hanged on a gallows fifty cubits high which he had caused to be prepared for his enemy; his ten male children were made the companions of his punishments, and his whole race was destroyed. O God of Justice! what thunders, and what tempests fall upon men of anger, bloud, and revenge? O God of the patient, and eternal mirrour of patience! may my soul for ever avoid these three regions of Gall, Hatred, and Fury, to become a Mistris over its Passions which have hitherto tormented it, And may it arrive in that fortunate Island, where divine Tranquillity dwelleth: May it enter into thy Temple; and may the eternal odours of the sacrifice of Reconciliation, of Mercy, and Propitiation mount up to thy throne, which thou taughtest us upon Calvary, in the bitter and sharp dolours of thy body, amidst the sorrow of heaven, the darkness of the sun, the opening of sepulchers, the breaking of stones, the effusion of thy bloud, and the desolation of thy Soul!

The thirteenth Treatise, of ENVY and JEALOUSIE.

§ 1. *The Picture thereof.*

The picture of Envy.

MAtthias Vienna, in the piece of work which he confesseth to have carefully laboured the space of thirty years to make a present thereof to Pope *John* the two and twentieth, giveth us a picture of Envy, when he depainteth it borne on a Dragon, with a Coat-armour wreathed all over with serpents, a Helmet on its head figured with Bee-hives, to signifie, that the envious like unto Bees, carry sharp and sweet; and a Target all over pourtrayed with Batts, enemies of light, as is that which beareth it. Should I amply dilate my self upon his conceits, setting aside all the inven-

ventions of Poets and Painters upon this subject; I would place it, not in the desarts of *Lybia*, where the Sun onely shineth on sands and rocks, but in the midst of Virtues; because such are the objects of Envy: I would give it a fierce eye, a countenance spitefull and dusky; what is more sad and direfull; I would paint it sucking the heads of Aspicks for its ordinary repast, since so, holy *Job* describeth wickedness, nor should I be deceived, it living on poison: I would set two companions by its sides, which S. *Bonaventure* giveth it, the one whereof is called *Oola*, and the other *Oliba*: the one (saith he) signifieth the sadness which Envy hath at the prosperity of another; the other, the ignominious joy it conceiveth upon other mens disasters. I would make it dine and sup by candle light, but they should be serpentine lights, whereof the same Doctour maketh mention, which cause straws to seem like unto serpents; so the slight imperfections of men which are but straws, are by the Envious esteemed the malices of a serpent: I would have Truth present a Torch before its eyes, to dazle those infernal lights; but the miscreant should turn its face to the other side, for it hateth all which is true and solid: I would make virtue appear before it with a branch of Palm in its hand; but this caitiff should vomit up frogs, to marr this brave monument of worth, according to the ingenious model which *Cypselus* giveth us. (Verily, the words of the Envious are as so many frogs which on all sides besiege the benignities of virtue) I would paint round about it scritch Owls, and *Hyena's*, and all manner of maligne creatures. One cannot do too much to expres the malice of it. Lastly, I would make it to feed on it self, as the beast of *Martreas* the Inchanter, and that it should rise again out of its bloud and wounds, ever ready for new torments. For doth not this infamous passion ordinarily do so?

Capus aspidum sugit. Job. 20. 16.

S. Bonavent. in dicta.

§. 2. *The Definition of Envy, its severall kinds, and first of Jealousie.*

Definition of Envy.

But let us leave this pourtraict, and tell you, that Envy (which is a sorrow one hath for the good of his like, thinking it to be prejudiciall to his own ends) ever since by the malice of our enemy it entred into the world, hath many officers, and servitours, who notwithstanding are not alike evil. I see in this Picture some like *Rachel*, who seeing her self barren, and her sister *Leah* very fruitfull, would not really cut the throat of her sisters children; but onely with much earnestness desired to have issue; and for that cause she said to her husband the Patriarch *Jacob, give me children, or let me die with grief*. Many (saith S. *Thomas*) are in this degree, which properly is Jealousie; for they are pensive, comparing their want and imperfections with the plenty and perfections of others: to see themselves reduced to that condition, albeit, they have no purpose to prejudice the prosperity they behold in another; and such are not the worst. In this rank are many old folks who envy the graces, pleasures, and good successes of young people: many men painfull and little prosperous, who are troubled at the great felicities of their likes: many merchants, and handy-crafts-men, many women and maids, who are vexed with some discontent, when they see the beauty, gracefull carriage, gentle behaviour, estimation, and account wherein their companions are: and others also are troubled to observe in them, wit, devotion, and more virtue then they could wish. Others honour these fair parts, but they would that those who have them were wholly at their dispose, without having recourse to any other.

First degree of the Envious.

Gen. 30. *Da mihi liberos alioqui moriar. S. Thom 2. 2. q. 36.*

The great love which many have towards themselves, and the desire they shew of coveting to be in all things the onely of their kind, are the seeds of infinite many Jealousies. So we see old Captains, (who having been eminent in a thousand occasions, and having bred and raised to themselves a flourishing reputation out of a world of labours, and in a very long course of years) are stung to the quick when they hear speech of some new prowesses of young people, daring and fortunate, who find out short wayes to hasten to the Temple of honour, and do in little time that which others could not with much pain, industry, service, and toil. This afflicteth the hearts of men experienced; to whom it then seems that this new-come-man is born as a worm in wood, to gnaw and wither up the Laurels, whence they hoped to gather immortall crowns.

The seed of Jealousie.

This passion very often assaileth Prelates, Princes, Sovereign Monarchs: and by how much the dignity is exalted, so much the more the fire of Jealousie therein finds matter and bait. A man who beholdeth himself on a throne, in the most supreme glitters of glory, who seeth so many powers to bow under his feet; who is the God of Battels, of War, of Peace, Life, and of Death; the distributour of Fortunes, the arbitratour of Differencies; who makes himself an avenging *Mars*, and the pacifier of minds when he pleaseth; who marcheth environed with lightnings of arms, who sendeth thunders and tempests, and calm air in the midst of storms, cannot endure a Companion in this dignity. The least suspicions cause wounds in the mind, which are many times waited on by anger, poison, fury, and massacres. Bloud and affinity is not therein acknowledged, is not assured; virtue hath no credit; parents will have no children, how perfect soever; yea, even those who are worn with old age, borrow vermillion to paint their faces, and still think themselves young enough to command.

Jealousie for honours and dignities.

Diadems and Scepters run the like hazard, and they have but one desire in the midst of Authority, which is, to reserve the appeals of death to themselves, and never to leave the places void, which they have once repleniſhed. This poison creepeth into Ecclesiasticks, into Priests, Religious, Graduates, into the Learned, into Doctors and Preachers, who are willing to bear sway in Letters, in Eloquence and Chairs, and to have none to argue their super-eminency; and when some one out-strips the Course of his years by the lustre of his wit, and in the beginning stands in high esteem, the old Gamesters cannot digest it. Masters spare not to lessen the credit of their scholars. Fountain-heads envy rivolets and the Sun his proper raies; especially, when some barbarous applause of people of slender judgment and little wit, giveth excessive praise to a young man, who discovereth more wind and ostent in brave undertakings then capacity. This frenzy endeavours to insinuate it self into Altars, into Tribunals of Penance, where (without touching so many deserving men, who worthily acquit themselves therein) there are some who are more jealous of their spiritual daughters, then the most passionate husbands of their wives. It seems to some, that now adayes, to have a notable penitent, is to possess a piece of land that yeilds a good revenue, or a fat Abbacy; and that they must have a perpetuall title to it. It is cunning deceit to blind their eies, to captive them, to tie them to a Confession-seat with an indissoluble

Learned men subject to jealousie.

Jealousie goeth to Altars.

indissoluble chain, not to permit then conference nor commerce with any, which may let them see their bondage, to be offended if they change Confessour, to throw out complaints, and to make it to be accounted as if it were a sin of Adultery. God forbid such a folly ever enter into a generous mind, and unworthily prophane the Sanctuary. It is very certain that all good directours imitate the sea which receiveth rivers into its bosome, without asking from whence they come, or what Country they passed through, and when they came from thence; nay, so far is it from being displeased, that it hath not any feeling of it; this being not able to cause any diminution of its greatness: so, a good spirituall Father leaveth all the souls he directeth, not in exorbitant liberty, but in a discreet permission, to go, to come, to absent themselves, to return, according as it shall be most fit for their commodity, and spirituall advancement. He neither feels them almost to come near him, or retire from him, so little is his mind busied in the distinguishment of persons.

Jealousie of marriage.

One may here add the Jealousie of unfortunate Marriages, although (to say truly) it is an effect of the Passion of Love. I am not ignorant that great personages and learned Writers have thought, that Jealousie proceeded not at all from Love, because Love is obsequious, and readily taketh the tincture of the affections of the thing beloved, which the Passion of Jealousie doth not, thwarting the most innocent inclinations of a creature, and framing suspicions upon actions. But it is easie to answer to this objection, and to say, that never hath any one of understanding had the opinion that Jealousie might proceed from a generous and well rectified Love; and nevertheless it followeth not, that it doth not proceed from a Love of concupiscence, bad and inordinate. For it is very reasonable, the definition of S. *Thomas* stand good, as being the most judicious, who said, That Jealousie is nothing else but Love impatient of a Corrivall. And it is to no purpose to say, That there are many jealous Husbands to be found, who notwithstanding love not their Wives. For if their passion be without Love, it is not properly Jealousie, but Malignity, and Envy; because they envy them the sweetness of conversation, the good and honour they might derive from the honest conversation of persons of merit, and do resemble the Dog who eats no hay, nor suffereth the Ox to come near it. The envious man cannot endure it, out of the hatred he hath of anothers contentment; and the Jealous cannot suffer it, through the over-much love he beareth to himself, perpetually fearing least communication of love may not tend to the diminution of the good he possesseth, or pretends to have right to possess. This passion ordinarily is framed out of a dull feaver of indiscreet love; and taketh its originall in minds too greatly in love with themselves, greedy, weak, and interessed; upon one side they have a most strong imagination of the excellency of the thing beloved which they excessively affect; on the other, a certain distrust of their own small capacity, and of the uncertainty of love, which makes them perpetually to apprehend the loss of that which they love. A lover (in *Plato*) seeing the creature he most loved, did use to behold the stars; wished he were heaven, to look on her with as many eyes as there were stars. These eyes in my opinion, would be very proper for good love; but Jealousie is a monster with a hundred eyes which are enkindled with certain flames like to those of hell, dark and mischievous. And besides, it hath very many ears continually hearkning and receiving

The Jealousie of marriages, which may hold the first place among the envious.

Definition Jealousie according to S. Thomas.

Plato in Anthol. Grac.

all, which any one will pour into them. Its loves are rages; benefits, snares; thoughts, crimes; words, outrages; designs, follies; and events, tragedies. So soon as it observeth in the things beloved the least inclination to another, suspicions are framed, distrusts and giddy fantasies in a man who would willingly number his wives hairs on her head, for fear lest she should have laid apart some of them to give them to a lover. And if these suspicions be fortified by some ill accident, or some reports of a venomous tongue, then do we see anger, anxiety, fury, and despair to come forward, which many times run to fire and bloud, to precipices and halters. What is more ugly or monstrous then this passion? Think you not you see the pit of the Abyss, whereof S. *John* speaketh in his Apocalyps, when he saith, *That the pit of the Abyss is open, and the smoke comes out of it as from a great fornace, wherewith the Sun is darkned, and in the midst of this smoke strange grashoppers are seen which waste and consume all that is verdant.* What is the pit of the Abyss, but Jealousie? And what are those smokes, but its suspicions? and what is the darkned Sun, but Reason all over oppressed by Passion? and what are those grashoppers, but the evil effects of cruel Jealousie which over-runneth mankind? Ah! How many innocent Ladies have been wounded by this monster in their honour, more precious with them then life! Ah! How many miserable wives have served for victims to the fury of enraged husbands, who have thrust a sword through the moiety of their own flesh to satisfie their barbarous Tyranny! Our eyes are still moistned with this bloud, and our minds cannot speak of it but with horrour. All the Jealousies men entertain for the goods and persons of the world, have this proper that they presently make their deformity appear in the disorder of sundry passions which tos and turmoil them.

Description of Jealousie.

Compared to the pit of the Abyss. Apoc. 9. 2.

Who could see a jealous heart, should behold a huge swarm of disturbers and suspicions which issue thence, as spirits of Hell, and hasten to whisper in its ear; she becometh cool in love; she was in such a place to watch an opportunity to see such an one. If she be simple, she dissembles; if she be prudent, she is cunning; if she be pensive, she contriveth plots; if she be lightsome, she figureth fruition to her self. Never did a more detestable plague come out of the Abyss to trouble the peace of Marriages; never was any thing seen so unjust, never any thing so cruell. An innocent creature who abhorreth sin as hell, sees her self wounded in reputation, more dear to her then life, transfixed with mortall arrows all covered over with ordure and bloud in the soul of a passionate man: afterward this unhappinesse stretching farther, first filleth the house with division, then the neighbours with curiosity, and the whole City with a tale which trotteth on tongues.

The havock it makes in the heart.

Advice to women.

Many times they pass from sport to actions tragicall, direfull, and diabolicall. It hath happened that Jealous women running up and down the streets and fields, to discover their husbands loves, have been torn in pieces by wild beasts: and husbands have been hanged and strangled for having sought by infamous wayes into the secret of confession. Many times banishments and murders have followed which have put all into combustion: witness *Theodosius* his apple, and *Mariamne*, of whom I have spoken very amply in the first volume of this Book. It is undoubted, that a husband makes his wife loyall, by accounting her such, and that he who suspecteth evil in an innocent creature, gives her occasion of sin. Never doth a generous husband slightly fall into

into these weaknesses. Women also are most injurious when they give cause of suspicion by a licentious life which striketh the understanding of the most stupid man. It is to cast oil into the flame, and to wish it may not burn, when one in all occasions carrieth her self ill, and cannot epdure suspicions, which ordinarily wait on actions too free, as the shadow on the body. And that which is more insupportable is, that certain women chaste enough in their conscience, will needs many times appear Libertines to increase the distrusts of a husband, and to hold his soul in a hell of torments; when they should by all wayes endeavour to divert his Jealousies.

A woman is ill advised to complain of the Jealousie of her husband, when she thinks it sufficeth to have a husband for the Sacrament, and a friend for her own liking; and so that she preserve her self from the extremity of Infamy, that all is permitted her in wedlock. When she imagines it a decent thing to be alone, and (in the obscurity of darkness with men who are not reputed Angel-*Raphaels*, guardians of Chastity) to roam and run up and down the streets, orchards, and gardens; to hearken after appointments, walks, and junketings; to receive and write love-letters; to be quaint, and to desire to be esteemed such; to serve others in their humours, and to wish to be alike served; to wear a wanton garment; to be bare-brested; to talk freely; to live wantonly; to despise all that is said to follow her own pleasure. Doth not all this tend to prostitution of Honour, and to shipwrack of Chastity?

§. 3. *Two other branches of this stock, which are Indignation, and malicious Envy with Calumny its companion.*

Two other sorts of the envious Indignation.

But let us lay aside that which concerneth the Jealousies of marriage. There are others plunged in this passion, who have a perpetual indignation to see those to prosper who are really wicked, or whom they in their thoughts do imagine to be so. They would willingly call God in question, and see not (to speak with S. *Augustine*) that the fish which they esteem happy in the bait, hath the hook already in his throat. I behold others who afflict themselves, and are unquiet, not for these considerations onely, which were more tollerable; but because others are far more excellent then they, either in wit, industry, beauty, or in estate, desirous (out of an irregular appetite of proper excellency, and most palpable ambition) to stand in all things transcendently conspicuous, to the prejudice and abasement of others: and such Envy (saith the most eminent of Doctours) is of all, the most perfect and absolute; and is ordinarily to be found among concurrencies of age, of fortune, and profession. We see others who are not content with simple thoughts, but thrust their passion forward to wretched effects; and I observe that these are disposed to evil by divers motives. Some have a dark and cloudy Envy; as the Philistims who went and secretly filled the pits with earth, which the Patriarch *Abraham* had made with much labour for the benefit of many: so we behold them, who silently seek to frame obstacles against all the good works which they observe to be begun, casting the stone of scandall as far as they can, then pulling back the arm which threw it. Others are possessed with a furious and fantastick Envy; as that of *Saul*, who setting himself loose to the extravagancies of his maligne spirit, sought to transfix *David* with his Launce to the wall, when he for his Recreation plaid on the Harp: so we see mischievous souls, who out of a transportation of frenzy, do brutish acts against such as wish them well. Others have a determinate Envy, and a formall habitude, which proceedeth to rage, to glut themselves in bloud and massacres; such was that of *Joseph's* brothers, and of *Cain* who embrewed his hands in the bloud of *Abel*, out of the jealousie of a sacrifice.

Augustin. in Psal. 91.

1. Reg. 18. 11.

It seldome happens, but that this Fury concludeth in some execrable Tragedy. At least, it hath calumny for a perpetuall companion, which is a hideous monster, whose picture antiently *Apelles* drew. He figureth it unto us a Woman (for it is a feminine vice) to skirmish with the Tongue in the want of courage and virtue. It hath by its sides two waiting-women, one whereof is called *Surprizal*, and the other *Deceit*, because these are the two vices which make Calumny prevail; the one surprizing credulous spirits; the other sophisticating and disguizing Truth. It is very curiously decked and pranked up; for who would not abhor it, if it had not some exteriour attractive to surprize the unwary? It nevertheless shews in its countenance passion and rage; for it is as hard to hide Love and Hatred, as a Cough or Fire. It holds in one hand a Torch, like that of the Furies; and who hath not heard that a great personage called it the *Phaëton* of the world, because it sets all afire, and in combustion? With the other hand she catcheth a poor man by the hair, as if she were ready to strangle him; and albeit he implore heaven and earth to his aid, there is not any one to deliver him out of the hands of this murthereſs. These are the effects of the tyranny of this passion. Before it, marcheth a vast fellow, dry, frightfull, and lean, whose eyes are sharp: He is Envy's Agent, and the inseparable companion of Slander. On the right hand is seen a man with great ears, such as were *Midas's*, who makes a shew to receive this impostress with open arms. Ignorance and Suspicion (seeing the disposition and inclinations he hath) do put a yoke about his neck, and lead him by the nose. Behold just so they are composed who readily hear Detractions. They for the most part are open-eared to receive all poured in; but otherwise suspicious and ignorant. Lastly, Repentance cometh behind, all mourning, and ill clad, saying, What have we done? This creature was innocent, and then with a finger sheweth Truth, which in the Evening presenteth her self to enlighten darkness. It is the misery of humane things, that one never almost repenteth a wickedness, but when it is remedileſs. Nothing may be added to the conceit of this excellent Painter, so happily he hath hit it. I will onely say, that if you desire to know the officers and inferiour ministers of this tyrannicall Passion (they are not all equall in qualities or vices) I find three principall Orders of them.

Lucian, The picture of Slander.

Lipsius de Calumnia.

Divers degrees of Calumniations.

The first is, of those who slander of purpose to vilifie the actions of others, and to weaken their reputation, whether they be disposed thereto by some motive of pride which cannot endure any thing eminent but it self, or through some jealousie; (as it happeneth in concurrencies of professions and conditions) or out of some pretension of interest. These are not gone so far yet, as to black Slander: for they do not report any criminall matters; but content themselves to fall upon some defects, sometimes slight, and sometime sufficiently

ently apparent: yea, they seem to be reserved in matter of Slander; for they do as the Spies of the Land of Promise, who first told its beauties and singularities, before they mentioned its monsters: They lick the person before they bite, they know the number of his virtues and perfections, as if they had undertakē to make Panygerick of them, saying, this man is witty, is sober, is temperate, is just, and other such like; nevertheless there is always a conclusion, which in the end marrs all. You see likewise of this sort, who cover the praises of another under a sad silence; others, who ascribe to chance that which was out of virtue; others, who by comparison of excellent men extenuate the acts of him whom they would blame; others, who punctually decipher all the defects of a good action; others, who say they have great compassion of his imperfections of whom they speak, and would have supplyed them at their own charge, if it were in their power. To conclude, all such have some honest cloke for their Passion.

The second order is much more dangerous; for it comprehendeth those who publickly and confidently speak of defects not common and incident, but important and notable. So you find an infinite number of them in the world, who seem to have studied the lives, the estates, the families, and genealogies of a whole City; and as nothing can exempt it self from the curiosity of their eys, so none escapeth the poison of their tongues.

The third order is that of the Devil, the father of Calumniatours, and containeth such as invent mischiefs and crimes with defamatory libels, to brand the reputation of persons most innocent, and many times very virtuous. And as it is said, that the ink of the Cuttle-fish poured into lamps, maketh the bravest pieces of Painting to be seen with horrour; so these wicked tongues, when they have cast their poison upon the lights of a life the most innocent, make it appear with hideous deformities. One cannot say how damnable this vice is, for it proceedeth from a source of Hell, to ruine and extirpate all the members of humane society: and if there be a disorder which deserveth that all men detest it, and by common consent make war against it, This stands in the first place. Such as forge Calumnies are extremely detestable; but those who lend their ears to receive them, and do easily believe all which is suggested to their credulity (against the same persons whom they have loved, without hearing their justification) grievously offend the divine Majesty, and shew they have little judgment, but much wilfulness. An ear very hard to evil reports, is needful in a time when the tongue is so soft, and streaming in an overflow of words.

§ 4. *Humane remedies of Envy.*

Humane remedies against Envy.

IF you at this present seek for humane remedies which may be applied against the poisonous passion of Envy and Jealousie; I can then tell you that this evil laies hold very often by the eys; and that it is expedient to guard them with a careful heed, and to divert them what one may from objects which are of power to excite many inordinate motives in the soul in this kind. To what purpose is it to be so curious in the affairs of one, towards whom you have no affection; since by understanding his prosperities, you very often learn your own disasters? you look on his lands, his houses, his bravery, his pomp, his family, his alliance, his friends, and all that (entring into your heart through the curiosity of your eys causeth therein fits of a lingring feaver) which wastes and consumeth you. The amorous eye sucketh in a sweet poison, and the envious eye feeds it self with a venome which is full of bitterness. It (peradventure) expecteth, that beholding the parts of the person it hateth, it shall see the mischief it wisheth; but God permits it there, to find what least it would, and that those envenomed aspects serve for a torment to the soul.

S. *Gregory Nyssen* in the life of *Moses* saith it resembleth the Vulture whom carrions nourish, and persumes kill. All the evil it meeteth, prepareth a refection of Serpents for its mind; and all the good, afflicteth it to death. Greg. Nyss. *in vita Mosis.*

Accustome not your self likewise easily to believe those tale-tellers, who (to gain your good liking by base servitude) relate the vices and disasters of the party whom you envy: for, that much avails to foment your Pasion. *Prosper* hath sagely said, that the envious are ready to believe all the evils in the world which the tongue of a complaining spirit telleth them touching the mishaps of such as they hate; and if any one by chance (not knowing the disease) happen to speak good of them; they sufficiently witness by their contradiction, that they believe not what they say. Prosp. l. 3. *de contemplat. c. 9. Omne malum quod mendax fama citaverit statim credunt: seraliter ei, qui illud verum non esse probare voluerit, contradicunt.*

Secondly, it is very behoofful incessantly to labour in the mortification of pride, and the exorbitant appetite of ones own proper excellency, as being the principal root of the pasion of Envy, as affirmeth the fore-alledged Authour, saying, that Sathan became envious out of pride, and not proud through Envy; we must infer, Pride is not the fruit of Envy, but Envy a sprout of Pride. The ambition you have, every where to have the highest place, to be in great esteem, to possess a petty sovereignty in all favours, necessarily makes you envious and jealous; so that one cannot praise any body in your presence, but that this commendation instantly seems to tend to the diminution of your reputation: Your heart bleeds at it, and the bloud flieth up into your face; nature arms her self to beat back a good office (which a charitable tongue would render a person of merit) as if it were a great injury, and a suit commenced against you. It is a sign you deserve little praise since you cannot endure it in another. How would you be esteemed, since you first of all betray your own reputation, shewing your self to be of so weak a judgment that one cannot speak a good word of another, but it ministers matter of an evil thought in you? Were you as rich in merits, as your mind figureth to you; you would no more be moved, when a good word is spoken of another, then a man infinitely wealthy, to give a small piece of coine to a poor creature who were in want. *Non superbia fructus invidiæ fuit, sed invidia de superbia radice processit.* Prosper. ib. *Multis abundat virtutibus, qui alienas amat.* Vincen. Bel. l. 1. c. 7.

I add also a third remedy (that many have found to be very efficacious) which is, to know, and much to esteem the gifts God hath given us; to content our selves with what we are, and with the state the divine Providence allotteth us, without attempting on forreign hopes, which would (perhaps) be great evils unto us. S. *Chrysologus* saith, that Envy once shut up Terrestrial Paradise with a sword of fire: but I may say, it daily stoppeth from us the sources of many contentments which would plentifully moysten all the parts of our life: that many would be happy, if they could tell how to manure their fortune, could content themselves with their own mediocrity, and take the felicities which Nature presenteth them, without being troubled at others. Miserable that they are, not knowing how to be happy, unless another be unhappy! unfortunate *Paradisi nobis amœna flammea custode sepsit.*

that

that they are, to forsake Roses which grow in their Gardens, to hasten to reap thorns in their Neighbours! *Tertullian* writeth, the *Pagans* in his time were so inraged against the Christians, that all their comforts seemed nothing to them in comparison of the pleasure they took to hate and torment them. This is the fury which many envious now a days practice. All their prosperities fade, all their joys languish, and all their good successes never are accomplished, whilest they see those to flourish whom they persecute. It grieves them they are what they are, that God hath fixed them in a mean condition, and that they are not born to be of those great Colosses, which shrink and daily fall by the sole burthen of their weight. If they knew the black phantasms of cares which leap on the top of silver Pillars, and go athwart gilded Marbles (to find out these pompous lives who most commonly have but the bark of happiness) they would every day a thousand times bless their condition: but this malign ignorance which sealeth up their eys, makes them complain of all that they should love, and causeth them to love all they ought to complain of.

Tanti non est bonum, quanti est odium Christianorum.

Lastly, to remedy the bitings of Envy, you must entertain a spirit of love and correspondence, often representing unto your self, that a man who loveth none but himself, and wholly lives to himself (not able to endure the prosperities of another) is a piece unloosened from this great Universe which altogether bendeth to the unity of our Sovereign God, who is one in Essence, and who gathereth all creatures into the union of his heart. What would this jealous man have, who is so desperately passionate concerning this creature? Doth he not well see, that loving so inordinately he takes the course to be no longer loved by her, and loseth all he desireth most, by the violence of desiring it? A woman out of a desire to be beloved, would not be tyrannized over. She wisheth love, not fury; fire of Seraphins, not of Devils. These Courtships are offences to her: these suspicions, injuries: these prohibitions, rigours; these solitudes, imprisonments. How can she love a man, who loves not any but himself, who will play a God in the world, who will fetter the freedom of creatures, which is, the Will: for which God himself hath made neither bands nor chains? How can she affect an *Argus* who observeth her, who watcheth her, who reckoneth up her words, who questeth at her thoughts, who prepareth racks of the mind for her in the most innocent pleasures? The sole consideration of the ruines and miseries which envy and jealousie do cause to themselves, were able to stay these exorbitancies, were it once well considered: but if these humane reasons seem yet too weak, raise your self to divine.

§. 5. *Divine Remedies drawn from the Benignity of God.*

Remedy by the consideration of the first model.

God doth all by seeing and by being seen.

O Man! Behold (for a first remedy, among all the divine ones) thy first model, and contemplate the benignity of God opposed to thy malice. It is an excellent thing to consider against an envious ey; that God, who will reform us to his likeness, doth all the good to the world by simple seeing, and by being seen. For by seeing, he giveth Essence and Grace; and by being seen, he causeth Heaven and Beatitude. Thus doth Saint *Augustine* assure us, that the Science of God is the cause of all things, which draweth Being from the Abyss of nothing, and brings the shades of death into light. The World is known by us, because it is; but it is, insomuch as it is known by God, so efficacious this knowledge is. O what a goodly thing it had been, to see this great World, how it displayed its self in all its pieces, and smiled in all its mansions under the ey of God! The Heavens were stretched forth like a Curtain, the Stars were enchased in the Heavens as Diamonds, the Clouds suspended in the air as floating bodies, the Air was diversified in Meteors, the eternal veins of Fountains began to stream, the Earth to cover its bosom, and liberally to afford us, out of its entrals, infinite many blessings from the benignity of his aspects.

Tell me not that, which the natural History mentioneth, that the Ostritch hatcheth her little ones by the rays of her eys; yet never shall she bring forth Eggs by looking on the earth: but the Ey, (that is to say) the Knowledge of God, hath such virtue, that it is the maker of all creatures. O beauty! O greatness! O goodness! Beauty, to inhabit in the Idea of God, as in a Paradise of Glory. Greatness, to have a capacity infinite. Goodness, to rest in the bowels of the mercies of the Creatour.

The differences of our knowledges from those of God.

See (a little) the difference that is between our knowledges, and that of God: you think it a goodly matter to know a man, and to wish him well; yet he thereby becomes neither white nor black, hot nor cold, good, rich nor learned; for, our knowledges are small in their capacities, limited in their effects, and inefficacious in their operations. How many brave Captains, and learned Authours are there, who are still well thought of in the opinion of men! but whether they be living, or whether they be dead (if their Souls be in an ill state) this knowledge, and this love nothing contributeth to their felicities. But so is it not with the knowledge of God (I speak of an amorous knowledge:) It gives Being, and Grace: Being, because all things known by God, are, in God, in a more noble manner, then in themselves.

Here, we behold dying creatures who fade, wither, and shrink insensibly into nothing, were they not supported by the Divine hand: but, in the house of God, in the Palace of Essences, the Summers are of Cypres (saith the holy *Canticle*) insomuch as all therein is immortal, vigorous, perfect, and incorruptible: and there it is, where the blessed (who have not here seen the world but by two eys of flesh, and have seen it tottering, and altogether imperfect) behold it in God, fully stable, equal, and absolute, in all its dimensions. *The Saints perpetually have before their eys the incomprehensible mirrour of the Divinity, in which they at ease behold all that which concerneth them, and may conduce to their greater contentment.* Cant. 1.17.

Beatis pervium est omnis forme illud divinitatis ἀρχέτυπον, in quo, quicquid eorum interest, illustrissimi Concil. Senonense.

I add, that this knowledge causeth Grace. For, what makes Predestination, but that preparation of grace and glory which God hath conceived from all Eternity in his understanding, to communicate it to his Elect? See what God doth, seeing; and, God seen; what doth he else but actually make Heaven, and Beatitude which consisteth in the clear vision of God? So soon as a soul predestinated to enjoy without delay the glory of Heaven, is gone out from the bands of its body: it hath for guide, this divine splendour which Divines call the light of Glory, which is a quality infused into the understanding, that so elevates and fortifies it beyond its condition, that it is able to endure the lightning flash of Eternal Beatitude. Is it not of this light, holy *Job* spake, when he said, *He hideth light in his hands, and saith to his friend, it is his inheritance and possession.*

Then

Then God (all good) communicateth himself to this Soul enobled with such a quality, not by some image or representation, but by its very essence intimately united to the glorified understanding, and from thence, what followeth, but an admirable transformation! The Soul is wholly absorpt in felicity: and, as a small drop of water poured into the Sea, instantly takes the colour, and tast of the Sea. So the Soul's tast is fully inebriated, and coloured with the Divinity: it is almost no longer in its self, but becometh wholly like to God, not by nature but by participation. *We know* (saith S. *John*) *when we shall see him, we shall be like him.* And S. *Gregory Nazianzen* dareth to call it God. And as we have two principal parts of the soul to content; the Understanding and the Will: so God all benign abundantly satisfieth them, making thither to stream, as by two Dugs of glory, all the delights and contentments proportioned to their condition. For the understanding which naturally desireth to know, is illuminated by a most excellent knowledge of things the most hidden which it seeth in God (as in an incomprehensible Mirrour) and seeth them, not in the manner of the wise men of the world, who flutter round about Sciences, as little Flies about Lamps that singe their wings, and make their tomb in the flames: but it seeth them with a vision sublime, calm, and delicious, which giveth to the Will (that is made to love) amorous eagerness, ever desiring, and ever having what it desireth. O what miracles doth the eye of God (enkindling with one sole aspect of many Divinities) when it maketh so many blessed ones, like unto it self! as if the Sun rising should, in the Heavens, create a million of little Suns; and on earth, an infinity of Diamonds: all which should bear the image of this bright Star.

Joan. ep. 1. Greg. Naz. Hymn.

Avidi, & semper plenique quod habent desiderant. Pet. Damia. in Hymn. de gloria Paradis.

All those blessed ones illustrated by this aspect (albeit they shine diversly according to each one's merit) are so far from envy, receiving the flames of eternal Goodness; that every one accounteth the felicity of his companion, for the accomplishment of his own. *There you shall hear no speech of envy occasioned by inequality of felicity, where the union of Charity shall eternally reign.* Go to then, O thou Envious, O thou malign Man! God hath made thee to his likeness, to carry, as he, (in proportion) rays of love and compassion in thy eys, towards men; and thou there beareſt gall, bloud, and poyson. Nay, so far art thou otherwise, that if it were in thy power to make benefits to grow from thy aspects, thou wouldst rather desire the eye of a Basilisk, to poyson, burn, and consume the estate and person of thy Neighbour. O miserable Owle, where wilt thou find waters strong enough to wash a stain so criminally opposite to the sovereign bounty of the Creatour.

The blessed although unequall in glory are not envious.

Non erit tibi aliqua invidia disparis claritatis, ubi regnat unitas charitatis. Augus.

§6. *The merciful Eye of Jesus serves for an Antidote against all sorts of Envy.*

The eye of Jesus watching, sparkling, weeping.

LEt us next consider the second Model; and if we be stung by the bitings of Envy, let us cast our eys upon *Jesus Christ*, as heretofore did the *Israelites* on the brazen Serpent, to free themselves from Serpents of fire. The eye of *Jesus* was a gentle eye, and eye of love, of compassion, and of mercy, which opened (as the Gates of the *East*) to let in day-light, and the spirit of life. It always had in our cause the symptoms which Physicians gave a sick eye, which is, to watch, to sparkle, and to weep: yea, the eye of the Saviour of the World was to watch incessantly for our Salvation, even to the passing of nights in Oratories dedicated to God, as S. *Luke* observeth. Is it not this eye the Prophet *Jeremy* meant, when he said, *I see a waking rod?* The Interpreters think he alluded to the Scepter of the Kings of *Egypt*, which had an Eye pourtrayed upon the top of it: and that such was the Scepter and power of *Jesus* for our sakes; a power not harsh and imperious, but sweet and charitable: which spent it self without wast in the watches wherein it persevered for our salvation. Others, following the *Hebrew* letter, instead of a waking Rod, read a twig of an Almond-tree, which first of all other Trees, flourisheth, and expecteth not the Summer to tell us news of the Spring. So the eye of *Jesus*, so soon as it began to exercise the functions of life, was seen all in blossom, and in an amorous aspect for us. In blossom, when at his arrival, he caused the Angels to sing the Hymn of Glory and peace; of Glory to God, and of Peace to men. In blossom, when, at the age of twelve years he so sweetly darted forth beams in the Temple of his Father. In blossom, when, from the top of a Mountain, he looked on his poor famished people who wandred through the Desarts, as Sheep deprived of their sheepherd. In blossom, when he stayed upon so many miserable bodies, detained by incurable maladies, to give them health. O Eye of *Jesus*! Eye of the *Nazarean*! always flourishing and blown for the comfort of Mortals.

Et erat pernoctans in oratione Dei. Hier. 1. 11.

שקד

I say, in the second place, this Eye sparkled when he was to give the example of zeal (which it behoved him to have) the honour of his heavenly Father: then it was when he was armed with terrours and lightnings, to cast astonishment into wicked souls, and to deliver those from their tyranny who thereby were oppressed: *There was seen I know not what of glittering and flaming to sparkle from his eys, and the Majesty of a Divinity did shine on his face*; saith S. *Jerom.* Have you heretofore considered the Angel of the living God, who was as a Centinel, in the great flaming pillar of fire which led the *Israelites* in the passage of the red Sea? Have you observed, how (placed just in the midst of two Armies, the one whereof was of the people of God, and the other of the *Egyptians*) he darted rays of favour on the heads of the Elect, which were all lighted with a Celestial light, notwithstanding the thick darkness of the *Egyptian* night; and at the same time he threw on *Pharaoh's* Diadem and on his warlike Horses the avenging Dart of God's anger, to involve them in remediless misery? So the eye of our Lord hath always beheld (and at this day likewise doth lovingly behold) such as fear his holy name, and do tremble out of the reverence they bear to his Divine Majesty: but as for perverse souls, who have hands armed against Heaven, he hath sparklings sharp and quick, which are the messengers of his justice. As for thee (Libertine) this sparkling ey; for thee (Harpy) for thee (bloudy Devil) for thee wicked creature) it throws forth sparks of fire which in this life will begin to burn thy sinful soul: but, as for souls (chast and loyal) he hath sweet influences, and mercies. In the last place, I likewise say, to shew the benignity of this eye, that it was almost always weeping, and dropping for us in tears a thousand times more pretious then those of Myrrhe. O what tears were those of *Jesus*! *Jesus* was the Firmament which divided waters from waters, heavenly tears from earthly tears. And seeing Interpreters say, that the mass of waters was divided into two substances, whereof the one, congealing into a bright Chrystal, made Heaven? and the other, remain-

Ignem quoddam, atque sydereum radiabat ex oculis ejus, & divinitatis majestas lucebat in facie. S. Hier. in Mat.

Exod 14. 20.

ing on the earth, made the Sea; I may say, the tears of *Jesus* were all Chrystalline, and wholly celestial, as that Palace of God, which we see over our heads; but ours are salt, bitter, and storm like the Sea. *Jesus* yet walking on the earth was, towards the wicked and proud, a mount *Sinai*, which roared, thundred, lightned, and seemed to be as the Charriot of the God of Hosts; but in respect of the miseries of the earth, and the pains likewise which waited on sinners; he was a Mount *Lebanon* that ceased not to make the waters stream forth in the spring, which issued from the snows wherewith the winter had wholly covered it. *Jesus* the true *Lebanon*, in whiteness of innocency: *Jesus* the true *Lebanon*, in the continual waters of his eys, which can no more be dried up then the fountains of *Lebanon*. *Jesus* also the true *Lebanon*, in the sweetness of the odours of his eternal sacrifice. He burnt as the incense of *Lebanon*, and dissolved as the snow of *Lebanon*; at the same time, giving us fire and water; Fire to enkindle our love, water to wash our sins: O how these waters have quenched the flames of the sword of the Cherubim, able to burn all the earth with the fire of Justice! O how sweetly distilled these tears for us on the day of his birth, when he moistned the clouts of his poverty! O how often have these tears bathed his eys in the sacrifice of prayer! O how pitifully these tears bedewed the pomp of his triumph, when he wept over miserable *Jerusalem!* O how efficacious were these tears, when he offered them for us in the bloudy Sacrifice of the Cross, and rendred up his sweet soul into the hands of his heavenly Father, bleeding, and weeping, and looking this last time on the earth in his mortal conversation, to lift it up to Heaven!

Nunquid deficiet de petra agri nix Libani Jer. 18.

In diebus carnis suæ preces supplicationesque cum clamore valido & lachrymis offerens exauditus est pro sua reverentia. Heb. 5. 7.

§. 7. *A Detestation of Envy.*

Will we not then enter into the joy of God by participation of the joys and prosperities of men, whence we shall take a holy and magnificent possession in the quiet we shall find in our hearts, perswading our selves that that saying is most true, *That he who loveth virtues in another, hath them abundantly in himself?* There is not any way more short or honourable to felicity, then to arrive thither by a contentment taken in the happiness of our likes. In wishing their hurt, we resemble the Thunderbolt, which to strike a Rock, breaks the cloud that bred it; we ruine our selves by our proper labours, and profit not but by the Justice of our punishment. But by loving in another, that which others envy, we shall become absolutely rich, and totally powerful in the Kingdom of perfect love. Let us not satisfie our selves with not envying any, and to take pleasure in the good success of good men; but let us have an eye of affections, a liberal hand, and a heart wide open to the exercise of charity, always remembring two rare documents given by two great Apostles, S. *Peter* and S. *Bartholomew*.

Multis abundat virtutibus qui alienas amat. Plin. Jun. in Epist. ad Cornel.

The first teacheth us that the virginity of the soul consisteth in brotherly love. *Rendring* (saith he) *your souls chaste in the obedience of charity, in the brotherly love, which you ought mutually to preserve.* The other hath in S. *Denis*, left us in writing this Royal Sentence, which saith, *Love is the greatest, and least Theology, because all is abbreviated in this great Word.* Who is it then would enter into the Hell of Jealousie, to rob himself of all the joys of chaste marriage, and to live like *Ixion* on the wheel of an eternal torment? Were is not much better,

1 Pet. 1.

Dion. c. 1. de Myst. Theo. Ἀγάπη ἐστὶ μακρὰ καὶ τελεία θεολογία ἐλαχίστη.

to tear away this frantick love, this troublesome curiosity, this easiness to believe tales, this rashness of judgment, and all that which fomenteth passion; then to raise matter of Laughter, of Comedies, and Tragedies, to defile your conscience, betray your bed, dishonour your children, and ruine your house?

Thou envious, and jealous creature! what dost thou answer to this eie of our celestial Father, which causeth by seeing, Essence and Grace, and by being seen produceth heaven? What dost thou answer to this eye of *Jesus*, waking, sparkling, and weeping for thee? Wilt thou yet have an eye of the Basilisk to scorch plants, break stones and kill men? Ah thou pusillanimous thing! to be envious against thy neighbour for a good which thou hast not, and which thou with excessive passion desirest. Thou dost envy profit, thou envyest credit, honour, riches, and the talent of nature, and all which thy jealous heart beholdeth. Thou wilt not (saist thou) bereave others, but dost only complain of the want thou findest in thy self. And how knowest thou whether these blessings (thou seekest for, with desires as ardent as fire) Would not be great evils unto thee? How knowest thou whether in prosperity and abundance thou mightest not lose thy self with ingratitude, forgetfulness of God, arrogance, and sin? How knowest thou whether the Saviour of the world hath not expressly deprived thee of these temporal favours, to assure thy predestination? Cease to envy, that, which God will not give thee. Ah! Thou on the other side, to be perpetually arguing with God about the prosperity of sinners, and out of petty infidelities to waver in the belief of his holy Providence. Ignorant of celestial blessings, and stupid admirer of the bread of dogs! who seest not that all these favours are rough obligations, and rich punishments, which will rather increase the misery of the wicked, then lessen their pain. God promiseth thee a Kingdom if thou be faithful; and thou longest for the dishes which sinners feed on at the table of the world, even tearing one another with a thousand torments, and as many disturbances. And thou on the other side, wicked as thou art, not only to envy the good of thy neighbour, but to desire, and work his hurt with impatient madness, one while biting his reputation, another while hindring his good; one while deliberately wishing his death, and another while having direful enterprises upon his life: what canst thou expect from this infernal passion, but an eternal damnation? Wouldst thou know whom thou are like? Behold (I pray) in Histories the Mount *Ætna* which rends and throweth forth its all-inflamed entrails, as if it would scorch and consume the flowers, which in the mean time flourish upon its top. Thou ceasest not to cry out, to storm, to thunder against this man; Thou castest forth fire and flames from thy throat, with which it seems thou art resolved to vomit up thy heart infected with poyson. What gettest thou by this brutish fury? This man whom thou wouldst swallow alive, by the permission of God shall flourish over thy head.

Joseph triumphant mauger the enraged envy of his brothers.

Let us go, let us go to seek in *Judea* for the cruel brothers of *Joseph*, and let us shew them the innocent, not any longer groaning under the weight of fetters, but borne on the wings of glory, and mounted upon the Chariot of *Pharaoh*, in a habit full of Majesty, and in a pomp which dazleth the eyes of those, who have now no other word in their monthes but *Abrech*, *Abrech*, which was an Acclamation of Joy, by which the People acknowledged him, as the Father and Protector

of

of all *Egypt*, *Abrech*, *Abrech*. O wretches! know
Gen. 3. 19. you this man? This is he, of whom you said, *Behold our Lord, come let us kill him.*

Look well upon him; this is he, whom you inhumanely did despoil of his garments, to imbrew them in the bloud of beasts, and represent them to your deplorable Father, to give him the stroke of death. Acknowledge your own blond; this is he, whom you threw into the bottom of an old Cistern, and banquetted over his head. Detest your fury; This is he whom you did sell to the Amalekites; Behold what your envy hath brought him to! Bend your knee with all the people who adore him, and say, O caitif Envy, the Hang-man of the envious! mayst thou never find any habitation but in hell, whence thou first cam'st to trouble the peace of men.

Heavenly Father, I beseech thee by that Eye which createth Heaven; and (thou word Incarnate) by that Eye which hath wept so many tears of compassion and love over us, banish this fury from our hearts, and make thy holy charities there to flourish, which shall by us for ever be as much adored, as they have been to mankind profitable, who hath no subsistance but in thy mercies.

The fourteenth Treatise, of MILDNESSE and COMPASSION.

§. 1. *The great Miseries of Man make Compassion necessary in the world.*

HEaven is repleni shed with Sanctities, and Felicities; with sanctities without blemishes, with Felicities without disasters: and hell is filled with ordures and miseries; Ordures, which never are washed off, miseries, which are without end. But this world wherein we live, as it hath sanctities which are not without hazard, and Felicities which cannot be without change: so it hath sins waited on by pardon, and miseries comforted by remedies; yet against iniquities God hath given us penance, and against calamities, mercy. God in heaven produceth another God, not in substance, but in person, and on earth a second image of himself, which is this divine mercy. It is an infinite goodnes of the Father of nature and grace, to have here below seated this excellent passion, to the end great maladies might not be without great medicines.

Deum extra se effici, creaturis omnibus providendo, S. Maximus.

Man hath no greater evil then man.

Of all living creatures there is none more miserable then Man, nor is there any likewise more mercifull then Man, whilst he is man, and that he despoil not himself of that which God hath made him, to do that which ought never to be so much as thought on. And if he forget Mildnes, and Compassion, which is naturall to him, our sovereign Creatour teacheth it him by his own miseries. Alas! How can one man harden his heart one against another? on what side soever he look, he seeth the tokens of his infirmities; and scarce can he go a step but he finds a lesson of humility against his vanities. If he consider what is above him; he beholdeth the heavens and the air, which so waste and change his life, that (yet) without them, he cannot live: If he cast his eye round about him, and under his feet; he sees waters, which in moistening him, rot him; and earth, which being spread as a Table before his eyes, fails not to serve him for a Tombe.

Man, as he is the most miserable of all creatures, so he is the most mercifull.

It is a strange thing that even evils are necessary for him, and that he cannot overslip things which kill him. Smelling, tasting, meat and drink, sleep and repose, do with his life what *Penelope* did with her web: what one hour makes, another unmakes; and the very sources of the greatest blessings are found to be wholly infected with mortall poyson. But if man come to examine himself; he finds he hath a body frail, naked, disarmed, begging of all creatures exposed to all the injuries of elements, of beasts, and men; and there is not a hand so little, which strives not violently to pull off his skin. Heat, cold, drouth, moisture, labour maladies, old age, exercise him: and if he think to take a little repose, idleness corrupteth him: If he enter farther into himself, he meeteth a spirit fastned to the brink of his lips, which is invaded by an army of passions, so many times fleshed for his ruine. And yet we must truly say that of all the evils of man, there is not any worse then man. It is he who causeth wars and shipwracks, murthers and poysons; he who burneth houses, and whole Cities; he who maketh Wildernesses of the most flourishing Provinces; he who demollisheth the foundations of the most famous buildings; he who reduceth the greatest riches to nakedness; he who putteth Princes into fetters, who exposeth Ladies to dishonour, who thrusts the knife into the throats of the people, who not content with so many manner of deaths, dayly inventeth new to force out a soul by the violence of torments, by as many bloudy gates, as it receiveth wounds. Good God! what doth not man against man, when he hath once renounced humanity? Now, what remedy would there be in so great and horrible confusions which make a hell of the earth? were it not that God hath given us this wholesome mercy, which it seems is come from heaven to unloose our chains, to wipe away our tears, to sweeten our acerbities, repair our losses, and re-beautifie our felicities! *Mercy tilleth the fields of heaven, and had it not descended on earth, all which God did, had been lost* (saith the golden mouth of the west.)

Chrysol. ser. 41.

§. 2. *The Essence of Compassion, and how it findeth place in hearts the most generous.*

GOd (then) hath caused Compassion to grow in our hearts as a Celestial inspiration, which stirreth up the will to succour the miseries of another; and taketh its source (as Theology observeth) from a dislike we conceive out of the consideration of a certain dissent and disorder which we see in civil life, when we behold a man like unto us according to nature, so different in quality, and so ill handled by the mishap of the accidents of life. Thence it comes to pass that all good souls have tender hearts, and especially such as know what worldly miseries are (as learned men, and those who have had experience of them) and who think they may also feel them in the uncertainty of life and condition of humane things. The bowels of mercy open with some sweetness in the evils which nearly touch us: namely, when we see persons innocently qualified, delicate, well disposed, to fall into great calamities and ruines of fortune; Honourable old men ill used; young people snatched away in the flower of their age, & beauty; Ladies despised and dishonoured; afflictions without remedies; or remedies that come too late, when the evil is ended: and moreover, when those afflicted persons shew constancy and generosity in their affliction, it penetrateth into the deepest apprehensi-

The Essence of this passion.

ons of the Soul. Yet we still find, among so many objects of miseries, hearts which have no compassion; and (as if they were made of Rocks or Anvils) are never mollified with the sufferings of mortals. This proceeds in some, from a great stupidity, from a nature very savage: in others, from a narrowness of heart caused by self-love, which perpetually keeps them busied within themselves, never going forth to behold the miseries of another: in some, from long prosperities, which make them forget the condition of men: in others, from the nature of a Hang-man who takes delight in bloud, in fire, and in all horrid things. Such kind of men think Nature did them wrong, in not having given them the horn of a Rhinoceros, the paws of Bears, the throat of a Lion, the teeth of Tygers, to crush, to quail, to devour and tear men in pieces. They supply, by a cursed industry, that, which by nature faileth them. They make themselves mouths of fire by the means of flaming Furnaces, and boyling Caldrons: hands, by the invention of Iron hooks; arms, with combs of steel: fingers, with Scorpions; and feet with the claws of wild beasts. You would say, these are men composed of the instruments of all torments, or rather Devils crept into humane bodies, to create a Hell on Earth. Such are those Tonoes of *Japonia*, who study to saw, to hack asunder, to beat, and bray in a Morter the courage of Christians, thinking the greatest marks of their power to be Scaffolds and Gibbets, where are practised inventions of Devils to draw life, drop after drop, out of a miserable body.

Detestation of cruelty.

But not speaking at this present of these extremities of cruelty which arise out of Hell: it is evident that the hardness of heart, and the harshness of a nature devoid of Compassion, is a Monster in Humane Nature. All great Souls have (I know not what) tincture of goodness, which rendreth them pliant to the afflictions of such as suffer. It is a feeling which God hath poured into the mass of Mankind, and which he would have communicated by the prime men of the world, to all posterity. The tradition of the *Hebrews* holdeth, that the Patriarch *Noah* recommendeth mildness even among beasts, accounting it a capital Crime to tear off a member of a living beast. And the most sage Common-wealths have walked in the same ways, since, that, of *Athens* condemned to death a young Child, who took delight to prick out the eyes of Crows, and having made them blind, let them fly for his pastime: It judged this heart was base and bloudy, and practised its first Apprentiship of cruelty upon Birds, to exercise it one day upon men. The *Carthaginians* publickly condemned a very industrious Citizen for no other cause but for having made a Lion tractable, supposing that a man who had so great conversation among wild beasts would lose all he had humane in him, and put on the manners of a Tyrant.

Mildness of the first men.

Falius Quintilian. l. 3. cap. 9.

Plin. l. 8. c. 16.

What can those answer to this call of Nature, who are ashamed to compassionate their Neighbours, seeing pity extends it self even to beasts? They fear, that by shewing compassion it may be thought their courage therby is greatly effeminate; & see not that to seem valiant, they cease to be men.

Conquerours have wept over their Laurels, as yet all verdant, blaming the just rigour of their Arms, albeit, they could not hate the glory. *Marcellus* desired to quench the coals of the City *Syracusa* with his tears. *Titus* seeing the City of *Jerusalem* all covered with dead bodies, found his heart much softned therewith, protesting it was an act of

Compassion of great courages.

Heaven, and not an effect of his own disposition. There is some touch of Divinity in good natures: and God hath always been pleased that they who neareſt approach to him, should be the most humane. The first Images of the Saviour of the world, were ordinarily painted in the form of a Lamb; and it was likewise a Lamb of God which represented him in Great *Constantine's* Font, and which poured forth the water of Baptism; to shew us that the fountains of his Bounty ran throughout the whole Church. The Holy Ghost hath never been seen in the form of an Eagle or of a Hawk, but of a Dove; to stamp on our manners the impressions of his bounty. It is an insupportable thing, when there is observed (even among those who approach neareſt to Altars, and who consecrate the Lamb of God in their hands) some to be of imperious spirits, and wills inflexible, who torment poor Subjects, and make them groan under their Commands. They resemble *Semiramis* who on her Banners bare a Dove, which in its beak held a bloudy Sword, as meaning to say, That under a woman's face, she had the courage and stern violence of tyrants. So their name, their character, and degree, testifieth nought but mildness; but their manners are full of rigour and acerbity, which wound hearts even to bloud. This happeneth to many out of a certain stupidity, in such sort, that it seems they entring into office, at that instant drink of the water of forgetfulness, which in them blotteth out the memory of all they were, to become that which they ought never to be. They forget their inferiours are men, who put their pretious liberty (to wit a good inestimable) into their hands as a pledge, and that they must very skilfully handle them, there being not a creature in all nature more tender or more sensible then the King of Creatures. They consider not that the power of one man over another, is a thing which is always somewhat suspected by nature on what side soever it come, and that it must be practised insensibly, so that the flesh be rather cast into a slumber, then irritated. To others, it comes from a most refined pride, which being under the Subjection of a Superiour, kept it self close in the interiour of the Soul, a Serpent inchanted, and fast asleep; but so soon as he sees himself armed with a Sword of Authority, he cuts with both edges, not sparing any one, as if the great mystery of making a dignity valuable, were to encompass it with all the Ensigns of terrour. Some are not of a bad nature, and do resemble the Sea, which is not by nature salt; but the Sun stirreth up unto it vapours, cold, dry, and terrestrial, which being burnt by heat, spread themselves on the superficies of the water, and cause saltnes: so these lights of Authority which environ a man raise smoaks in him, which, being not well tempered by prudence, leave a bitter impression on manners, communicating some haughtiness to words and conversation. It is gotten in others by a long assiduity of superiority, which is the cause that beholding themselves perpetually with a head of gold, and a breast of silver, they consider not that being in some sort like to *Nebuchadnezzar's* Statue, they yet have feet of clay. Others come thereunto, by an indiscreet zeal, & out of small experience of humane things, who are no sooner raised unto some degree, but they talk of reformation, of correction, of chastisements: and to see them, you would say, they were so many *Archimedes* who seek for a place out of the world, to set foot in, of purpose to turn the whole world topsy-turvie. Their power is not always answerable to their purpose, wch makes them

Concil. 6. in Trul. can. 82. Damasus in Pontificibus qui est potius Anastasius Bibliothecarius.

Non dominantes in Clero sed forma facti gregis ex animo.

1 Pet. 5.

Revertamur ad populum nostrum à facie gladii ejus lumba. Hier. 46. 16.

Rigour misbecometh persons Ecclesiastical.

Its causes and differences.

Porta in Char.

them sad and dejected in their courage, causing them to fall back to the other extremity; from whence it cometh that they are one while harsh, and another time gentle; and by inequality in their manners, thrust all into disorder. That is it which Saint *Gregory* the great observed in *Abbot Urbicus*, saying, that his Monastery was in distemper, because he made himself unequal, one while flattering some, and another while reprehending the rest with immeasurable anger. Lastly, there are others who have a very good conscience, and whose manners are rigid, and they be not imprudent; but they have such a desire to frame the whole world to their humour, that out of the assiduity of their admonitions they render themselves somewhat burthensome to their inferiours, and authorize the saying of that Ancient, who affirmed an honest man was a great burthen. There are natures, like to Caper-shrubs, which grow worse by too much manuring, and are much better being left to the goodness of their own nature.

Gregor. M. in Epistola ad Urbicum.

Molesta sæcula vir bonus. Apud Joan. Eusebium.

§. 3. *Moderate Severity is necessary in Government; but it ought to be free from Cruelty.*

IT must of necessity be acknowledged that they who govern States and Common-wealths stand in need of severity in so great a corruption of mens manners; there being almost nothing so pitiful as the goodness of a Prince disarmed, who serves for a butt to reproaches, and a sport for insolency. The Senatour *Fronton*, who had experience of many Kingdoms, said it was a miserable kind of life to live under an Emperour who permitted nothing; but much more wretched likewise was the estate of such as live under a Prince who permitted all; as it happened in the time of *Nerva*, who caused those men to sit near him that had conspired against him, and presented them swords to give the blow, and asked them whether they were sharp enough. His over-faint goodness, which could not engage it self to punish any, made men almost to desire the rule of the most cruel; good men being unable to endure to be equalized with the most dissolute. Needs must Justice hold its place, to cut off rotten members, to repress the insolent, and to make honest men live in the sweetness of repose. But it being very hard to find this divine temperature which is between softness and too much severity, it is always far better to lean towards Mildness, then to incur the least suspition of Cruelty.

Dion. in Nerva.

Cardinal *Petrus Damianus*, seeing himself one day very civilly entreated by the Pope, and at the same time menaced by his Arch-deacon *Hildebrand*, who was a most severe Cardinal, answered according to *Plutarch*'s Fable, that beat dispoyled more then the North-wind. These stormy spirits are not always the most efficacious. It is not sparkling flames, but invisible heats which melt metals, and sweetest influences are those which cause the greatest effects in total Nature. Our Saviour, in the Prophet *Esay*, is called a Rod, and a flower; to correct some, and comfort others: but never is he termed a sword to kill and destroy. Power, which is given by God, ought to be managed according to his intentions; and as we cannot but see on all sides the effects of his bounty; so it is not lawful for a man to defile the Character of the Divinity by rigours insupportable. O what a brave thing it is to possess a great Kingdom in the hearts of men by bounty and munificence! to make one self a Throne of peace, to which love raiseth an eternal Basis, on which God raineth from above with full hand an infinity of Benedictions! A Prince which so liveth, findeth *Corps du gard* in the most unfrequented Wildernesses, assurance in perils, protection in battels, good hap in affairs, success in his enterprises, prosperity in his house, veneration abroad, and admiration among Forreign Nations. When he sleeps, a million of eyes wake for him; a million of mouths open at altars to carry thanksgivings to God for the favours he received from heaven: and were he not in his Throne, all his Subjects would make steps of their bodies for him to mount up unto it. His Joys are pure, his pleasures innocent, his repasts without fear of poyson, his repose dreadless, his life a miracle, and his memory a blessing. But what a spectacle is it to see Tyrants close hidden like old Owls in perpetual nights; with a mind beset with horrid fantasies, filled with suspicions, seized by distrust; for whom Thunders seem to roar, and for whom Heaven seems to prepare all its Thunderbolts! What a horrour is it to see them come in publick, cloathed with Iron, and despoiled of the peoples affections! To see them tear their members in the torments of their Subjects; to suck in bloud; to break bones; to make terrours to march before them; and after them massacres! What honour is it for them to be hated like plagues and poysons; to make a Hell of their life, a Tyranny of their manners, and a publick vow of their death? Lastly, the divine Providence (which sharpneth the sword of Justice with the tears of the miserable) falls on their heads; some have been consumed by strange maladies; others have been abandoned to the fury of people; massacred by a thousand hands, punished with a thousand deaths, dragged over lay-stalls, buried in dunghils; even stones and metals have been punished, which had no other Crime but to be insculped with their features: Their life hath been a reproach; their memory, the butt of all maledictions. All this is not of power to teach us, that there is not any thing so sovereign for the Government of minds as Mildness and Compassion.

Lib. 1. ep. 16.

Isai. 11.

The beauty and utility of Mildness.

Horrour of Cruelty.

§. 4. *The goodness of God beateth down the rigour of men.*

IF we be not fully convinced of this verity; Let us behold our first Model, against the infamy of this unnatural passion; and let us first see the benignity of our heavenly Father in natural and civil life; thence we will consider the mercy of *Jesus* in the life of Grace. God is sovereignly good, as *Theology* noteth, by three sorts of Goodnesses; of Nature, of Manners, and of Bounty: His Nature, and his Manners make him to appear good in himself: His Bounty out of himself in so many communications as he imparteth to all Creatures. The *Platonists* said, he had the understanding of a Father, and the heart of a Mother; to provide for the great Family of the World: and one of them, rapt with the Considerations of his Bounties cried out, *As for thee, O God of Sanctity, Saviour, and Conservatour of all Man-kind! thou hast the heart of a Mother, admirably to comfort the calamities of so many miserable mortals, and there is not a day, a rest, nor a moment, which is not replenished with thy benefits.* You would say he is perpetually bent upon the care of the very least creatures, to give them the contentment and satisfaction they can derive from their condition. He is in the feathers of the Peacock, to frame a Mirrour unto himself of his train; In the throat of Nightingales, there to make Musick; in the innocent thefts of Bees, to lade them with booty;

Remedies.

Tu quidem sancte, & humani generis suspitator perpetue, semper fovendis mortalibus mirificè dulcem matris affectionem miserorum casibus tribuis, nec dies, nec quies ulla, aut ne quidem momentum tuis transcurrit beneficiis. Apul. 11. Metamor. Author Theolog. Ægypti & 12. cap. 1.

booty, in the Husbandry of Ants, to maintain them in their little Granaries. The Authour of the Egyptian Theology saith, that the Eternal Father, willing to please all living Creatures, gave them bodies fashion'd to their likings and inclinations: and as there are other instruments necessary for a Taylour, others for a Smith; So he hath given other members to Lions; others, to Bulls; others, to Fishes, and Birds. He gives to a Lion (which is a predominant Beast) a Robustuous body, Eyes of lightning, a Roar of Thunder, a Gate Haughty; To Bulls, Horns to defend themselves; To birds, a little head and a sharp beak to cleave the air, feathers to cover them, wings to fly; To fishes, a Tail to serve them for a Rudder, and little finnes to be unto them as Oars.

S. *Basil* likewise observed, that this great Father of a family distributeth to birds of prey a body fit to seek out for their living, and to such as are of a more peaceable disposition, members sutable to their nature. So true it is that there is nothing in the world which is not replenished with the wisdome of this great Master-workman. He provideth and armeth each one according to his Kinde; Some have naturall arms to resist such as assail them; others have a marvellous promptitude to fly from that which is contrary to them; others have an incomparable dexterity to defend themselves; some poize themselves in the air with their feathers; others grapple with their claws; others fortifie themselves with their horns: and if there be some which serve as a prey to the rest, God supplieth this necessity with a very great fruitfulness which he affordeth those poor little creatures exposed to the violence of the stronger. Thus discourseth *Lactantius*. To conclude, There is not any creature so little which beareth not his own Mill, his chimney, his habit, his ware, and his shop about him: and, if this paternall Bounty continually open its hands to replenish all creatures with benedictions; what would it not do for man who so divinely and so happily busieth the divine providence, and is the rule of all the rest of the world!

S. Basil in Hexam. Lactant. l. de opificio Dei cap. 2.

It were to enter into a vast Labyrinth of discourses and reasons, to represent at this time before our eyes, how this eternall understanding maketh infinite many engines to concur in all the creatures of this great universe, to contribute to our benefit, our protection, and delight. I will onely expresse one thing very considerable which he powerfully doth above the ordinary nature of elements, to divert the inconveniencies of people, and to afford them favours beyond all humane hopes. Behold how under the torrid zone (which would otherwise be inhabitable, by reason of excessive heats) he causeth rain to fall so commodiously, that he seems to distill it through a Limbeck in rule and measure! Behold, how in *Egypt*, (when the Pharaohs covered the land with arms and chariots against his people,) he made *Nilus* most gently to overflow to supply the want of rain, which (as it is said) never falls in that Country! We will also tell you what modern writers have observed in certain Islands, where there are neither Rivers nor Fountains for the use of the living, God gives them certain trees which (at a time determinate by his Prouidence) fail not to sprinkle down water with so much advantage, that the thirst of man and beast thereby is sufficiently slaked? Who is he that considering all these works of nature will not cry out that God really is (what *Isidore* of *Pelusium* said) the common Magazine of all the people of the earth, from whence they incessantly derive an infinite number of liberalities, and the true Temple of sweetness and benignity wherein altars are perpetually covered with victimes!

Isidor. l. 2. ep. 152. Ταμεῖον φιλανθρωπίας, &c.

What doth he not in civil life, to make men live in peace, abundance and tranquillity? What good Laws inspireth he not into them! what laudable instructions suggesteth he not, even to people adverse to his honour! what industries, and what inventions in all acts! what conveniencies in trade! what authority imprinteth he on the face of Kings and Magistrates! what obedience he causeth insensibly to creep into the hearts of people, so that bloudsuckers, and murderers do also adore some rayes of Justice! And forasmuch as he permitteth poor and miserable creatures in the world, (which seems to have some repugnance with his bounty;) we see by experience, it is so necessary that we may say of them what the glorious *Hanna* did in her Canticle, The poor of the Earth belong to God, and he hath laid the whole universe on their shoulders: without them, acts would fail, industries would languish, the services and benefits (which the rich derive from men who are their likes) would wholly cease; and, which is more, the two most eminent virtues of the world (Mercy and Patience) would be banished from the earth. Besides, God hath an incomparable care of those necessitous people whom we think to be wholly abandoned. He hath numbred their hairs, he hath taken the task to preserve all their bones, he moisteneth the dry bread of peasants in tastefull sweetness, he diverteth them from the apprehension of their miseries, he fitteth them to their conditions, he comforteth their labours, he crowneth their patience. Lastly, to expresse the tenderness of God's mercy in a word; there is not so much as our own tears from whence he doth not make us to draw sweetness and consolation, for our solace. O ineffable Bounty! O greatness unheard of! O inexhaustible liberality! And can we then beholding this model have a heart shut up against all manner of liberality? what a horrour is it to see men burn with enraged avarice which sticks to their bones as doth their marrow, and which shall sleep with them in their Tomb!

§. 5. *The Mercies of the Incarnate word are able to soften the harshest hearts.*

But with what admiration is not the heart of man seized on, when he entreth into the great Abysses which are discovered in the second model, in the Oeconomy of our Redemption?

Have we any proof more manifest then that which is so well weighed by Saint *Anselm* in these words? *What greater mercy can there be then to see a humane nature despoiled of the robe of Honour, and of the diadem of Glory, by a just chastisement of its rebellions, condemned to a prison of flames and darkness, even then when it was unable to free its self, and when there was neither Angel nor man could deliver it from the misery, whereinto it was plunged? to see it (say I) sought unto by God when it flew from his liberality, and to consider how the heavenly Father transported with unspeakable love, said unto it, Take my onely Son to redeem thee from so many remedilesse calamities, and that this onely son disdaineth not to become its ransome, delivered himself for it to torments so enormous, and confusions so hideous.*

Quid misericordius, intelligi valet, quam quod peccatori aeternis supplicijs debitato, & unde se redimeret non habenti, Deus pater dixit, accipe unigenitum meum, & da pro te, & filius dixit, tolle me & redime te? Anselm. l. Cur Deus homo.

The earth (saith S. *Augustine*) expecteth light and rain from Heaven, and we from a Messias expect truth and mercy: He came after so long expectati ons,

pectations, and had repleniſhed the earth with his knowledge, and the effects of his benignity. What ſhall we now admire in the ineffable myſtery of the Incarnation!

If we caſt our eys on the heavenly Father, we there ſee a work of the power of his Arm, wherein he ſeems to have exhauſted all his ſtrength. The Heavens and the Stars (ſaith Saint *Gregory Nyſſen*) were but the works of the fingers of this Divine Majeſty: But in the Incarnation he proceedeth with all the extent of his might, with all the Engines of his power, and all the miracles of his Greatneſs. It is a Maxime among Politicians, that a man, to appear very great, ſhould not waſt all his force at an inſtant; but ſtill to reſerve to himſelf ſomewhat to do, wherein he may make his ability to be ſeen, as it were by degrees, by daily ſurpaſſing himſelf. From whence it came that *Seneca* ſaid to *Nero* who had cauſed a certain Pavillion infinitely pretious to be made, that he therein had ſhewed his weakneſs; for if it ſhould chance to periſh, he could not recover it: and were it preſerved, it would be an everlaſting reproach to him, to have done to the uttermoſt of his power. Behold the proceedings of humane prudence. But our Celeſtial Father ſetting aſide all other conſiderations (and forgetting his Greatneſs, to be mindful of his mercy) did a work in our behalf which hath ſo limited his power, that we may truly ſay, That God cannot in the world in all Eternity make any thing greater then a Man-God.

Plutarch. de Ira.

And if we on the other part do reflect on the Holy Ghoſt, it ſeems that this third perſon (which in the ſphere of the Trinity had a myſterious barrenneſs) ſpringing from the incomparability of a new production in the divine emanations, would make recompenſe in this myſtery, pouring out at once, heats, lights, and beauties in the bleſſed Virgin, there to form the body of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and to raiſe this holy Humanity to the union of the Word Increate. But what piece meriteth more admiration, then to ſee the perſon of a God-Man, then to ſee a *Jeſus Chriſt*, who in himſelf uniteth Divine and Humane Nature, who carries in himſelf the laſt lines of the love and power of his Father, who beareth the conſummation of all his deſigns for the government of man, who includeth all poſſible communications to an inferiour Nature in one inimitable communication, who makes himſelf the ſource of Grace and Glory in an Angelical and Humane Nature, as he is the ſource of life and love in the Trinity! O what a goodly ſpectacle is it, to behold how he bleſſeth by his preſence, how he repleniſheth by his greatneſs, how he governeth by his power, how he ſanctifieth by his influencies, both Heaven and Earth! If we yet doubt of his love and fatherly goodneſs, let us look on his hands, and we ſhall ſee that he hath written our Name with his nails: Let us ſee his heart which was opened for us by that Launce which at the latter end of his days digg'd from out his Entrails the remainder of his life: and we ſhall obſerve how we therein live, how we therein breath, and how we therein honourably burn, as in a great Furnace common to all intelligible Nature. *If you would know what you have coſt (and happily do not believe) your Creatour, ask your Redeemer and he will tell you.* Let us alſo behold the effects which have ſucceeded from the alliance of the Divine Nature with the Humane: and let us reverence the Divine Goodneſs which hath raiſed up all the great Maſs of men in a ſupernatural Being, to innocency, to felicity, to light, and to life eternal. Who was more deſtitute then Man, more brutiſh, and more ignorant in ſo great a night, and in ſo horrible confuſions of Idolatry? and *Jeſus* by his Incarnation hath revealed unto us the ſecrets and wiſdom of Heaven. Who was more unfurniſhed of wiſe direction? and he affordeth us his examples. Who was more forlorn? and he adopteth us for his Children. Who was more needy? and he gives us the treaſure of his merits. Who was more hungry? and he nouriſheth us with his fleſh and blood. Who was more unhappy? and he divideth his Beatitude among us. If after ſo many benefits, we remain ſtill faithleſs to his fidelity; he expecteth us with a ſingular long forbearance: if we delay, he ſtirreth us up: if we fly, he followeth us: if we return, he ſtretcheth forth his Arm. He waſheth us in his bloud; he regenerateth in his love: he makes it his Trophey to have conquered us, as if he entred afreſh into the poſſeſſion of an Empire; and cauſeth our proper ſins to contribute to our glory. If we endure ſomewhat for him, he endureth with us; he weepeth over us; he prepareth eternal ſources of conſolations: and, as it is ſaid, that there is a certain Fiſh which ſweetens the water of the ſalt Sea in its mouth: ſo *Jeſus* mingleth all our acerbities in the inexplicable ſweetneſſes of his benignity.

Paſſer apud Maiolum.

And yet thou (O Man) wilt in preſence of this Model ſtill remain a little Tyger, as irreconcilable to Amities, as ſtreight-handed to works of liberality. Believe me, among all the Enſigns of Greatneſs which thou canſt have, there is not any more ſenſible then the charitable communication of one man to another by ways of liberality and alms, which God receiveth in the nature of Victims. It is a Divinity for one man by his benefits to oblige another, and this is properly the way of eternal glory.

The ſource of Charity.

Who are they, in your opinion, that firſt of all deſerved the title of Cardinal, which is now adays accounted among the great Dignities of the Church? Do you think that Nobility of Extraction, Favour of Great-ones, Eminency of Wiſdom, Prudence in the government of Empires gave theſe Titles to the Primitive Church? I ſay all theſe qualities are very conſiderable; yet nevertheleſs it is true, that the firſt fourteen Cardinals who were called by this name, were fourteen perſonages of honour and merit, who under Pope *Silveſter* were ranged in as many ſtreets of the City of *Rome*, to take care of the poor. So true it is, that they who begat us to Chriſtianity placed the magnificence of men, not in Garments which are the food of Moths; not in pretious ſtones which are the excrements of the Sea and Land; not in Coaches and Horſes which are the notes of poverty and dependence; not in Titles which are imaginary felicities: but in the relief of perſons neceſſitous who are the Images of God. A learned Biſhop ſaid to a Pope; *He deceives himſelf who thinks that a conſcience ſo near to the Divinity, is tied to its Intereſts; For my part I imagine you do not believe there is any other gain for you, but that which takes birth from your liberality, and that you think you receive good, as oftentimes as you do it.*

Pliny l. 2. c. 7. *Deus eſt mortalis benefacere mortalem, & hac ad æternam gloriam via.*

From whence the title of Cardinals cometh. *Fabianus. Vide Concil. Rom. ſub Silveſtro. Lacerdam. adverſar. c. 35. Cardinales a Cardinibus ſeu vitis Romæ.*

Errat qui Deo proximam conſcientiam credit commodis invitari, ſola puris lucris, quæ vobis de liberalitate naſcuntur qui divitias cum tribuitis accipitis.

But if there be no ſpur of honour which inciteth you to proceed confidently, and liberally to open your hands to men, to enter into the communication of the virtue and glory of ſo many Saints, at the leaſt ſoften your bowels from the neceſſity of times, and the calamities of ſo many poor people who ſeem to be the dregs of the earth, or froath of

Quam pretioſus ſis, ſi fallaci forte non credis, interroga redemptorem. Euſeb. Gal. Homil. 2. de Symbol.

Ruod l. 1. Ep. ad Symmachum Papam.

an

an enraged sea. Inform your self a little of the wants of Cities and Towns, and you shall find many (abandoned of all consolation, and destitute of all necessaries) who yet are your flesh, your brethren, and your co-heirs in *Jesus Christ*: and now, whilst all smileth in your houses, and all is resplendent with a lustre of fair accommodation in your own persons; there are poor old men couched on straw among cobwebs; there are women afflicted with long and irksome maladies, environed with very many children whom they see dying before their eyes, not having any means to give them a bit of bread.

They are forsaken by kindred, friends, and all manner of assistance, as if they were some monsters of nature thrown on the shore by the sea's anger. There are Virgins for whom dayly snares are laid, that they may fall into sin under colour of poverty. There are some who have been heretofore very fortunate according to the world, who are faln into great wants, and at this present (when they have so many tears to bewail their misery under the covert of some poor cottage) have not a tongue to complain; for, having lost all, they yet retain shame which tieth the hands of their poverty, and hindreth them from stretching them out to the cruel rich, from whom they expect nothing but denial. Know we not, how in certain places men many times have run up and down the streets armed with Fury and Rage for bread, and have snatched (as it were) out of bloud and flames a nourishment worse then death? Know we not, there are many who have been divers days without bread? And how often have others eaten such, as they were fain to shut their eyes when they put it in their mouths? Are we ignorant, that certain Mothers have prostituted their Daughters out of a cursed and vitious constraint to help their miseries? Their hands peradventure had been more merciful, if they had hewed them in pieces before they sacrificed them to dishonour; but, behold whether the tyranny of Avarice and Prodigality have transported the affairs of Christendom! What Rock would not be mollified among so many direful Objects? What eye of ice would not melt amidst such spectacles of disasters? Will you not then in your houses establish the sacrifice of Mercy, which God would have to be perpetual? Will you not consider what you may do without much prejudicing your Revenues? Will you expect death to do good, and to make your Torch to be carried after you? They who have renounced Faith, Truth, and Light (I mean Hereticks) have not renounced Mercy: they exhaust themselves for their faction, and many times do acts of liberality to ours, who help the poor. But what say I? Hereticks? The *Turks* in their salvage life give the Tenth part of their goods to the poor. There are some who build Fountains, and pay men wages to give drink to Passengers; and some thereto add Camels to carry their fardles. Will it not be a great honour to you at the day of Judgment, if persisting in this inhumanity, you see your self worse then the Infidels, and that the Character of Christianity hath served you for no other purpose, but to reproach you in the eternity of your pains with the exorbitance of your Infamy? Good God, divert this misery from thy servants: and since thou so freely hast opened thy heart unto them; Let them never shut up the bowels of their Compassion against thy brethren who are the poor.

HISTORICAL

HISTORICALL
OBSERVATIONS
Upon the four Principall
PASSIONS,
Which are as four DEVILS,
DISTURBERS
OF THE
HOLY COURT.

LONDON,
Printed *Anno Domini.* M DC LXIII.

To the READER.

DEAR READER,

I Here find that which Job, *the first Writer of the world, saith, that our thoughts are as the Branches of our soul, which multiply and extend as far as their root giveth them vigour and nutriment. You see, the affection you have shewed to these Books of the* HOLY-COURT, *hath served for vital humours to my wit; to produce many discourses; and with much labour to undertake that which I supposed to be profitable and satisfactory for you, which I have ever more esteemed then my own repose.*

When I thought I was at the end of my design, you have caused me to set forth a fourth Tome, wherein I conceive I have comprized all the secrets of humane life in the moderation of Passions. It would here have been fit for me to end, were it not that some Lords and Ladies, who make up a part of this innocent Court by the good example of their lives, are not fully satisfied unless I afford them Histories. This then hath moved me, to crown these Treatises with most select Historical Observations, to expose to view the disorder which ill rectified Passions introduce, and the profits they bring when they are ranged under the Laws of discretion. I meant expresly to have drawn them almost all out of our own History, for two Reasons; whereof the one is, That the Passions of Infidels of Antiquity, and even those of many other Christian Nations have passages too full of horrour and brutishness: But ours, albeit they have extravagancies inconsiderate enough, are more within limits ordinary to nature corrupted by sin. The second is, that writing this to the Court of France, *I propose to my self I should more efficaciously perswade by domestick examples, which are partly already known to our Country-men, then by forreign and unheard of Histories.*

Now all Passions of the Court relate to four Principals, which are Love; Desire of Honours, and Pleasures of the world; Anger always animated to Revenge; and Envy which draggeth along with it the black Passions of Jealousie, Sadness, and Despair: I will content my self to pursue these Tracts, scoring out unto you the disasters of such as have yielded to these Motives, and the felicity of others who have gloriously surmounted them; And to add a pleasing variety to this last piece, I will conclude with many short and remarkable Examples suited to those four mentioned Passions.

THE DISASTERS Of such as have yielded to the PASSION OF LOVE. AND *The Glory of Souls, which have overcome it.*

1. LET us begin with that Passion which is the Source of the rest, and which in all times hath caused trouble among men, to give a ground to our discourse.

The children of great *Clodoveus*, became not so soon tractable to the severity of Christian manners, but suffered themselves very often to be transported with very violent exorbitances, and particularly with unlawful loves; which caused ill example in their house, and great disorder throughout their Kingdome.

Gregory of Tours observeth sordid and shameful affections in the person of King *Caribert* Grandchild of *Clodoveus*, which cast an Eclipse upon the lights of the Diadem of this great King, and could never be rooted out but by patience, by prayers, and by the effects of the puissant hand of God.

Gregory of Tours l. 4.

The Plot of Queen *Ingobergua* to cure her husbands passion, succedeth ill out of too much affectation.

Queen *Ingobergua*, who knew the humours of her husband to be addicted to inconsiderate love, and who was jealous enough of her bed, took not among her attendant Ladies those Nymphs of the Court

Court which are full of attractiues, and deserve admiration: but purposely chose out base and despicable wayters, thinking it was a singular remedy against the Kings malady. She had at that time in her Court and service two daughters of a Cloth-worker, the eldest of which was called *Marcovessa*, and the youngest *Miresleur*. *Caribert* (whose love was more lustfull then ambitious) became desperately in love, and courted them to the prejudice of his honour and wedlock, which wounded the soul of the Queen with a very sensible arrow, seeing the havock this passion made in the mind of this Monarch. Jealousie suggesteth her a trick which seemed sufficient to divert him from this infamous servitude; if this passion might be cured by another, and that a jealous woman did not irritate the wounds of love by its proper remedies. She calleth the Father of her two servants, and commanded him secretly to practise his trade in some corner of the Court, whither she very cunningly brought his Majesty, to make him see the base extraction of his Mistrisses, and to throw shame and confusion upon him. But he (who at distance saw this wile comming towards him, and the solemn preparation of it) was displeased, saying, that if nothing were wanting but nobility to render these maids worthy of his love, he would sufficiently ennoble them by his person, and that it onely belonged to him to raise inferiour things, by loving them: and as great ones will rather be flattered in their passions, then censured; instantly he made a shamefull divorce with the Queen contrary to laws both divine and humane, to take to wife the younger of these sisters which was *Miresleur*. But, love (which being of its nature a slave, saileth not to be disdainfull) quickly put a distaste of her unto him, to make him look after the elder who seemed the more modest, and wear a religious habit; whether desirous to inflame love by this pretext, (which ordinarily is eager to pursue all it can least obtain) or whether she did it to give lesse advantage and suspition to the jealous spirit of Queen *Ingobergna*: The fire of Concupiscence (which spareth not to inflame Linsey-woolsey, aswel as Satin) continually blowed by the wind of ambition (which promised this creature a giddy Fancy of a Crown) burnt so strongly; that this spirit (which had more cunning then beauty) caused so much madness to creep into the heart of this miserable King that he resolved to marry her; which he did, qualifying a prodigious whoredome with the title of wedlock. The Queen was ready to dye, and addresseth her complaints to God, and men.

The Bishops, who were assembled in the Council of *Tours* in favour of her, made Canons against incestuous marriages; but the Canons at that time were not strong enough against the arrows of love. S. *German* Bishop of *Paris* sent forth thunders of excommunication; but passion armed with authority made no more account of them then of flying fires, which are quenched in their birth. God thereto put his hand by the prayers of the Church, and took away this religious woman by a horrible and sudden death which affrighted the King, and he in the end conceived shame and sorrow for his fault, deriving his salvation out of necessity, since he could not gain it from the glory of his resistance. That which remained him of life was short and miserable, and his passion having rendred him contemptible to his own subjects, he quickly left Crown and Sceptre to pay a tribute to his Tombe.

Gregory of Tours. l. 5.

2. Another kind of sottish love appeared in the government of young *Merovens*, which I will here relate, as being able to minister matter of terrour to youth which takes liberty in clandestine marriages. King *Chilperic* his father happened to bear away the bloudy spoil of his brother *Sigebert* who had been traiterously murthered by the subtle practices of *Fredegond*, when he was come to the Eve of his triumph. The famous *Brunhault* widow of the deceased King (as yet very young) was become a party of this miserable booty, and saw her pretious liberty enthralled in the hands of her Brother-in-law, and sister, who was born for vengeance, and exercised in massacres. Her fortune represented nothing unto her but a thousand images of terrour; and the cruelty of her adversaries made her apprehend all that which notable mischievous wickedness can do, when it hath the sword of power in hand. Yet her bloud was spared to consume her with languors, sentence of her Captivity was pronounced by giving her the City of *Roan* for prison. A trusty man was sought for, to execute this Commission, and the King cast his eye on his son *Merovens* a young Prince, of a nature sweet and facile, and endowed with excellent parts which made him to be beloved, and beheld (as a rising star) by all the eyes of *France*. This was to put fire too near to stubble, not considering that the calme of such natures is ordinarily the most turmoiled with storms of love. So soon as *Brunhault* (who according to the relation of S. *Gregory* of *Tours* was a very beautifull and well-spoken Princess) began to unciel her eyes which had hitherto been drenched in a deluge of tears; she appeared to *Merovens* as a blushing Morn which riseth the more fair after a shower; and the arrow of love sharpened by compassion made such flames to sparkle in his heart, that he was enforced to quench them with his bloud. He saw himself the captive of his fair prisoner, and already well felt he was not born to be predominant over a beauty so triumphant. The easinesse of his nature suffered him not to be long in resolving to give way to his passion. He instantly declares himself, and coloureth his request with the title of marriage. *Brunhault* gives ear (whether for the love of *Merovens*, or whether out of the hatred of *Fredegond* his mother) supposing it was an opportunity to carry fire very far into the Royall race.

A notable example of *Merovens* to divert youth from licentious marriages.

They secretly marry, the Nephew espouseth the Aunt, by a crime unheard; Love is their Pope and King, from whom they take dispensation and leave. Fury conceiveth this marriage: Temerity signeth it but misery sealeth the contract. *Merovens* returneth from *Roan* still hiding his fire under the ashes. He gives account of his commission. The King his father resolveth to send him to take possession of *Guyenne*, which he judged to be fallen unto him by the death of *Sigebert*. He seigneth to depart from the Court with intention to go to *Bourdeanx*, but the counterpoise of love insensibly carryed him to *Roan*, and he fasteneth to Court his pretended spouse, and forgets all cares and affairs, to please his passion: which being not kept within the limits of moderation, made a great noyse, and was carryed to the ears of the Court. King *Chilperic* went to *Roan* with an Army to quench the fire in its beginning, thinking there was some notable plot contrived against his state; but he finds these lovers had no other arms, but those of Cupid; and that the excess of their passion had given them so little leisure to think on their own safety; that seeing themselves beset by souldiers, they had recourse to altars which were then secure refuges; for the miserable *Chilperic* durst not violate Sanctuaries in the presence of *Pretextatus* Bishop of *Roan*, a man courageous and zealous for things divine.

He

He promiſed himſelf to take this new married Couple by the want of victual, and other natural neceſſities. But he ſeeing the buſineſs to be drawn, at length patience ſlips from him, and he made them to come out of the Church, with promiſe of impunity. His ſoul was ſoftned, ſeeing a young Queen, a widow; and miſerable by the cruelty of his wife. Nature pleadeth in his heart for his own blood, he embraceth them both with tears in his eyes: and (not to affright them) entertains them with fair hopes; and whileſt they little think of it, he ſends *Brunhault* into *Auſtraſia* her own Countrey, and keeps *Merovens* under good and ſure guard, judging one could not well truſt him if he were at his own diſpoſe. In the mean time *Fredegonde*, immeaſurably diſpleaſed with the proceedings of this affair, and ſuppoſing the King her husband went on too remiſſly, made it a great crime of ſtate, and of manifeſt conſpiracy: wherein ſhe involved the Archbiſhop *Pretextatus*. He was *Merovens* his God-father, and could not but have ſome tenderneſs towards this Prince his God-child, which being ſiniſterly interpreted, drew much miſery upon him. He with his movables and papers were ſeized on, where they found certain packets of Queen *Brunhaults*, which ſtrengthned the ſuſpition they cóceived to his prejudice. He is ſent for to an aſſembly of Biſhops; where the King coming in, chargeth him with the crime of rebellion, accuſing him to have withdrawn the people from their obedience, to crown his ſon; and thereupon roundly required the Prelates that juſtice might be done according to holy Canons. The witneſſes are heard, and confronted, who do not throughly enough prove the crime whereof he was accuſed. *Pretextatus* juſtifieth himſelf by a ſolemn proteſtation of his innocency, which cauſed compaſſion in many. But theſe Prelates aſſembled were partly weak, and partly ſold to ſerve the Kings paſſions; there was almoſt none but *Gregory* of *Tours*, who having an invincible ſpirit in a little body, encouraged the whole Aſſembly to the defence of the truth; the menacies of the King, and murthering flatteries of Queen *Fredegonde* being unable to ſhake his conſtancy; Other batteries were likewiſe made to ruine a man half dead, by ſtirring up againſt him divers calumnies from which he very happily vindicated himſelf; untill at length ſome treacherous Biſhops counſelled him to accuſe himſelf (by way of humiliation) of the offence of ſtate which was objected againſt him. They told him he muſt not appear too juſt before his Maſter; that it was not reaſonable the King ſhould receive an affront in this affair; that he was a mild Prince, who would *Pretextatus* ſhould owe his ſafety to his clemency, & that he no ſooner could ſpeak one word of confeſſion but he ſhould be freed from this vexation, and reſtored to his Dignity. The unfortunate Prelate (giving ear to the hiſſing of ſerpents) made his tongue the ſnare of his ſoul, & owned an imaginary crime, to undergo a real unhappineſs. He had no ſooner pronounced the word, but the King tranſported with exceſſive joy proſtrated himſelf on his knees before the aſſembly of Biſhops, demanding that his robe (for ignominy) ſhould be cut off, and the execrations (thundred againſt *Judas*) to be pronounced over him. The cópaſſió of ſome procured moderation therein. Nevertheleſs he was inſtantly degraded, condemned to baniſhment, & delivered to the Kings guard, who led him to a little deſert Iſland near the city of *Conſtance* in *Normandy*, whence he eſcaped to be in the end maſſacred by the practiſes of Q. *Fredegonde*.

This ſtep-mother was not content to ſee *Merovens* cóſined to a priſon, but ſhe violently urged he might be ſhaven, & ſhut in a Monaſtery, which was executed. But it is a great error to think to make a religious man by holding a ponyard to his throat & by taking hair frō his head, when the cóſent of his heart cannot be had. The thoughts (which according to the Interpreters of Scripture, are as the hairs of the ſoul) were not taken away by the roots frō this miſerable *Samſon*. They much perſecuted him about his paſſed loves; that he quickly forſook Cowl & Monaſtery, to begin new ſtirs. He went directly to *Tours*, (which gave much trouble to good S. *Gregory*) & ſpent nights upon the tomb of S. *Martin*, faſting & praying to have a revelation which might promiſe him a crown. But ſeeing *Chilperic* purſued him with armed hand, he fled from town to town, and from Sanctuary to Sanctuary, finding not any one who would ſupport his rebellion. In the end he gets into *Auſtraſia*, & returneth to the embracements of his Spouſe, as it were to end himſelf in thoſe eyes which had enkindled his firſt flames. But the cunning Queen (conſidering that her ſubjects were raiſed in alarms upon his coming, and fearing ſhe might draw upon them the total ſtorm of *Chilperic's* arms, preferred reaſons of State before thoſe of love,) beſought him to retire. They of *Tours* (who were ſuſpected by the King for having firſt of all favoured his flight) thinking not to find their own ſafety but in his ruine, called him back again under color to ſupport his arms, & to become of his ſide. The Prince (in whom paſſion cauſed a continual drunkenneſs of reaſon) being more eaſie to believe, then prudent to examine reaſons, turned towards them; and preſently found himſelf caught in their ſnare. When ſeeing himſelf betrayed, and ready to be delivered into the hands of his father, and ſtep-mother (whom he more feared then a Panther) he addreſſed himſelf to *Geilan* his confident friend, and prayed him to give an end to his miſerable life, ſith having found ſo much infidelity in his beloved, treachery in his friends, and cruelty in his father, there nothing remained for him but a Tomb to bury all his miſeries. The other thinking to do him great ſervice, thruſt his ſword into his body, and ſeparated his ſoul. Which may be a fearfull example for youth, to make them for ever to abhor the charms of love.

That of *Carloman* was as light, (although it had not, ſo long a ſequele of accidents.) *Paulus Æmilius* recounteth that this young Prince, accuſtomed to ſottiſh and ſordid love, having in a ſtreet perceived a creature which to him ſeemed handſom; he began to follow her, being mounted on his horſe; but the maid very chaſt (to avoid his courtſhips) caſt her ſelf ſpeedily into a houſe, whether *Carloman* (ſpurring his horſe) deſperately followed her, not obſerving that the door of the houſe was too low; which ſmote him, and ſtrok him down ſo unfortunately, that he left both love and life. It was a direful thing to ſee ſo great a Prince to die in jeaſt: but the ſports of this paſſion are ordinarily bloody, and *Venus* came from a ſea of water, to ſwim in a ſea of bloud. *Paulus Æmilius.*

3. I will here alſo let you ſee the effect of a paſſion (to all extremity) diſſolute & ſcandalous, which made a great noiſe throughout all Chriſtendom, and will ſerve to make men deteſt the wickedneſs of ſuch as break conjugal bands, to ſatisfie their luſt. The young Emperor *Lotharius*, grand-child of *Lewis* the Courteous, loved in his younger years a Lady, much mentioned in the Epiſtles of Popes, under the name of *Valdrada*. She had a commanding beauty, was of a humour full of attractives and wiles, which ſurprized the young Prince with an affection ſo ſtrong and catching, that after a thouſand croſſes he could not be unlooſed from it, but by death. Nevertheleſs, *Concilia Gallicana* tom. 2.

Scandalous love of the Emperour *Lotharius* and *Valdrada*.

Time and reason inviting him to think upon a lawful marriage, he espoused *Theutbergue* a beautiful & virtuous Princess, who was thought fit to quench the fire of his unchast love, and hereafter to enkindle his heart with flames more chast and happy. But fascinated by his evil Genius, he presently took an aversion against his wife, being seldom personally with her; and perpetually in mind, and affection with her, who had laid hold of his first love. Whether it were that this audacious woman imperiously ruled over him, (as a man timorous in his passions, who durst not yet confidently do a mischief) or whether he were sufficiently disposed thereunto by the violence of his love he undertakes a very scandalous business, which was to unmarry himself, fasly imputing adultery & barrenness to his wife. The criminal process is handled in the Ecclesiastical Court; *Gontier* Archbishop of Colen, who had great power and great faults, supporteth the Princes part what he might, and having won *Theutgard* Archbishop of Trew on his side, he drags along souls set to sale by a torrēt of authority to which none make resistance. The innocent *Theutbergue* is condemned in two pestilent Synods, and handled as a prostitute, the Crown is taken from her and put upon *Valdrada's* head, who appeared with a marvellous pōp, whilest the other groaned under the ashes of a publick penance. The chast Princess, who not so much regarded eminent wedlocks as the honour of her purity (which she meant to preserve to her tomb) appealed to the Pope, which at that time was *Nicholas* the first, and wrote mournful letters to him, able to rent rocks asunder. The common Father of Christendome heareth her complaints animated by truth, and deputeth two Legates to do her right. These Prelates had not courage enough to decide the matter, and seeing themselves upon one side assailed by their conscience, and on the other, besieged by the powerful contentions of *Lotharius* and two Archbishops, they found out a way how to wash their hands frō this judgment, They shew, that since two Provincial Councils had passed upon it, and that the Archbishops *Gontier*, and *Theutgard* had born sway therein; it were good that the same men took pains to go to Rome to let the Pope see the acts of those two assemblies, and to justifie all their proceedings. These two Prelates (who thought nothing was impossible to their credit) refused not the commission. They go armed with impostures and tattle, to oppress truth, and overwhelm innocency. The Pope, a clear-seeing and charitable man, intressed himself in the cause, & in ful assembly discovereth their jugling with such vigour and perspicuity, that all the Fathers cast their stone at them. The mischief they meant against the innocent *Theutbergue* falls back upon their own heads; they are excommunicated, degraded, deprived of their offices and benefices, to be reduced to the communion of Laicks. Never did men practise a mischief with more unluckiness and less success. A Legate is dispatched to annul all they had done, wch was the courageous *Arsenius*, who caused all the process to be reviewed, drave away the impudent *Valdrada*, restored her honour to Q. *Theutbergue*, & tied her marriage with an indissoluble knot. Nevertheless this judicious Lady, well forseeing that those loves (wch are re-enkindled with the fires of S. *Peters* thunders, would neither be happy nor faithful for her) saith, she was satisfied to have put her honour into safeguard, & that having observed so much evil disposition in her husband, and treachery in the world, she desired to spend the rest of her days with God. *Lotharius* was transported with joy upon this news, and addressed an humble supplication to the Pope, shewing he had obeyed his commandments; being dutifully bent to take his wife again: but since the piety of this Princess, who is not born for worldly matters, is suggested with the thought of entring into religion; it would please him to favour her generous purpose; & to give him leave to marry *Valdrada*, wch would be a means, to take away all the sin & scandal of his miserable life. The holy Father answers, that he much commended the charity he had towards Queen *Theutbergue* his spouse; but that it was fit this good affection might begin in himself, & should he throughly resolve to enter into a Monastery, the permission he required for his wife should hinder nothing. This answer confounded him, and seeing that of two wives, he was despised by the one and interdicted from the other, he lived in the world as a man without soul or contentment. Mean while, he hoped that God calling *Theutbergue*; he at least should then have all facility in his marriage with *Valdrada*: but the Pope, considering the evil practises of this lustful love wch had scandalized all Christendom, and the former usage of his wife; he let him understand that this match was for ever forbidden. Provoked desire burns to fury: and he again beginneth a most notorious whoredom, since he could not colour it with the title of marriage. Thereupon menaces & thunders from Rome follow, and the name of *Valdrada* is mentioned in all excommunications reiterated one after another. The miserable *Lotharius* seeing himself crossed by God and men, perpetually pricked with remorse of conscience, resolved to take a journey to Rome; and to present himself to *Hadrian* the second, successour of *Nicholas*, & to get his absolution, and to mediate the affair of his marriage; his heart still propending towards her, whom he so unfortunately had loved. The Pope harkened to him, and received him to penance, & disposed himself to say Mass, wherein he was fully to finish the affair of his reconciliation. When he came to the instant of Communion, he takes the venerable Hoast in his hand, and addresseth himself to King *Lotharius* and all his complices ready to communicate, and sayes to them, Sir, if it be true, that, having renounced your unchast loves, you this day do present your submissions to God and to the Church in all sincerity; cōe near, you and yours, to this blessed Sacrament with all confidence in the mercy of God; but if you still retain the old leaven of your inordinate affections, get you from the Altar both you and all those who have served you in this business, if you will not be involved in the vengeance of God. This speech was a stroke of thunder that affrighted the King and his followers, and which made many of them instantly to retire. *Lotharius* was ashamed to go back; and albeit he yet felt the flames of his love to burn in his heart; yet failed he not to pass further with his greatest intimates and friends. From that time not anyone of those who had unworthily cōmunicated, had any health; all miserably died, & the poor *Lotharius*, returning from his voyage, found the end of his life & direful passion in the city of Placentia: *Valdrada* submitting her self to a just penance obteined absolutiō from Pope *Adrian*. *Gontier* and *Theutgard* seeing thēselves deposed without hope of recovery, armed their pens against the Pope to no purpose. But afterwards *Gontier* made great submission that he might be reestablished; yet obteined not what he desired: for it was answered him that it was from respect of honour & temporal gain that all these humiliations proceeded; & therfore it were much better for him to persevere in the exercise of his penance, wch was so much the more bitter unto him for that he had in the be-

beginning of this busines prostituted his Niece to King *Lotharius* under the hope of marriage, which his ambition figured to him. So true it is, that God chastiseth vice with a rod of Iron, in such as too near approach the Sanctuary.

Valdrada is not alone (among the Ladies of the old Court) who hath made her self to be talked of in so ill a sense. Love appeared as weak and shamefull in *Ogine* Queen of France, Mother of *Lewis Outremer*, who transported with foolish affection married her self to a young gallant named *Heribert*, son of him who had betrayed and imprisoned *Charls* the simple, her husband.

Annals of *France.*

5. The like passion was scandalous in the time of *Philip le Bel* in three noble Princesses married to three sons of France; who were all accused of unchastity by their own husbands, and fell into horrible disasters, to teach women of quality, in what account they ought to hold the honour of chastity.

6. But verily never any thing in this kind did equal the exorbitancy of Queen *Eleanor*, who renounced France which had eyes too chast to tolerate her disorders. She going along to the conquest of the holy land, with King *Lewis* the young, her husband, lost piety and reputation, resigning her self to the love of a Sultan Saracen, the turbant, nor dusky colour of a hideous man being able to stay the fury of her passion. She was the daughter of *William* the last Duke of *Aquitane*, who in his time was a scourge of mankinde; he alone at one meal did eat as much as eight men; and this vast body filled with wine and viands burnt like a Fornace, throwing out flames of choler and lust on all sides. S. *Bernard* knocked him down like a Boar foaming at his feet, presenting the holy Hoast before him, and by that miracle made a Hermit of him. His daughter imitating his evil habits, had no part in his conversion, living in all liberty. Which was the cause that the King, under colour of affinity, made his match with her to be broken, and restored *Guyenne* to her which she brought. This bold woman, not amazed at this divorce, espoused *Henry* of *England*, a man as passionate as she, where she found a terrible business, when (her unquiet spirit, powerfully bustling in affairs of state, and the interests of her husbands children) she saw her self shut up in a prison, where she lay for the space of fourteen years in rage and langueurs, which put a penance upon her more irksome to her humour, then it proved profitable to her soul.

Good God! what heavy horrours, what Tragedies, and what scourges of God do alwayes fall on sin! What a pleasing spectacle it is to see, amidst such confusions, victories gained over evil love!

The honour the *French* have borne to the virtue of Chastity.

7. It is very true, that he who would recount the remarkable acts of chastity, resplendent in the Court of *France*, and especially among Ladies, for one (who ought to be forgotten) a thousand might be found, who had lived with very singular testimonies of Integrity: but it is certain that Historians have an itch to set down mischiefs and crimes rather then virtues; which is the cause, that when so many honourable women walk in the beaten track of a well ordered life, we no more admire it then the ordinary course of the Sun: But if one step awry, all curious eyes look on her as on a star in Eclipse.

Yet in so great a negligence of Historians to write the rare effects of modesty, we do not want good arguments which testifie the love our nation hath in all ages born to purity.

8. *Nicetas* a Greek Authour (in the lamentations of the city of *Constantinople* taken by the *French*) cannot hold from admiring *Baldwin* the conqueror thereof, who, entring into a vanquished City wherein there were many beauties, never did he cast so much as one wanton glance; beginning his triumph from the victory he got over himself: and that which he practised in his own person, he caused to be exactly observed among his attendants, commanding his Heralds twice in a week to proclaim throughout the Imperial Palace, that all such as should have any ill purpose towards the chastity of Ladies, and meant to debauch the wife of another, were to take heed under grievous penalties never to lodge within the circuit of the house. Verily this is a rare example of integrity, able to shame the nobility so much defamed by giddy & base luxury, which hath blasted the lustre of its conquests, & not spared to raise up bloudy tragedies which still make Historians to lament.

9. *Clodevaus*, who brought not virginity from Paganisme, so much honoured virgins, that, in the liberty of arms, he permitted not any to touch either their bodies, or lands. He bare a singular reverence to S. *Genevieve* who made profession of this angelical virtue; he willingly gave ear to her request, and often granted her what he had denied the greatest in his Kingdom, even to the drawing of offenders from the gates of hel, who had already the executioners ax over their heads. Baronius *ad annum.* 499.

10. *Gontranus* his grand-child made himself much worthy of praise by a notable act he did in the behalf of Chastity. It happened that in his time, one *Amalon* Count of *Champaigne* (who no more spared the honour of Virgins then his own, of which he was infinitely prodigal) caused a Virgin as fair as chaste to be taken, that he might dishonour her. Whilst he expected the success of this theft, he feasted and drank (according to his custom) immoderately. Wine, which enkindleth concupiscence, quenched it in him by reason of his excess: and whilst he more thought upon sleep then love; this poor unfortunate victim was stoln into his bed with all menaces and violences that fury could invent. The poor Virgin seeing this *Holophernes* was fast asleep, thought it were not amiss to renew the History of *Judith*, to vindicate her honour from this gulph whereinto the craft of this treacherous man had precipitated her; she takes a sword which hung at the beds-head, draweth it out of the scabbard, and gave him a wound on the head, which awakened him from this dead-sleep, and made him cry out Murder. His servants speedily ran thither, and were ready to knock down this Amazon, when the other, touched with remorse of conscience, hindred it, and gave her leisure to escape through the throng of the people. The wound (being mortal) quickly carried him out of the world, after he had had some time to detest his sin. But his kindred and allies sought for nothing but to cut this young *Judith* in pieces, who had dared to lift up a sword against a man of so eminent quality. Wherefore she had recourse to King *Gontranus*, & prostrated her self at his feet, telling him all the story which had passed between the Count & her. The King hearkned to her, and freed her, taking her into his protection, against all such as would enterprise upon her life, or honor. *Greg. Turon. l. 9. c.* 27.

11. *Lewis* the Courteous consecrated his Kingdom by the honour he gave to chastity, resolving not to enter into his father *Charlemaignes* palace, untill it was sanctified. He instantly banished thence all those plagues, which laid snares for the honour of the Princesses his sisters, replenishing his whole Royal palace with a holy odour of virtue and reputation.

12. S. *Lewis* may serve for an Example to all Princes, inasmuch as may concern the continency of the married. To banish all Love-toyes from his heart, he *Vita S. Ludovici.*

Conjugal & Chastity of S. *Lewis*.

resolved perfectly to love the Queen his wife, whom he espoused in his most tender years, & both of thē lived & conversed with so much integrity, sweetness and admiration, that one would have thought them a pair of Angels on earth. The husband secretly stole into the chamber of his dear spouse; and much he feared to be met by the Queen his mother, who seemed (to such as did not well understand her intentions) to be somewhat jealous to see them together. But to say truely, she managed these interviews in their tender youth, that their health might not be prejudiced, and their marriage might become the more fruitful. And the good King, to give her no cause of suspicion, had little dogs in the lobby of purpose that they might bark and afford him leasure to save himself and not be surprized by the diligence of *Blanneh* in the Queens chamber. His love was accompanied with so much respect & confidence, that he dispatched not any business without communicating it with her; in such sort, that when he was to conclude the conditions of his deliverance with the Saracens; he freely told them, he could not sign them without the advice of the Queen his wife, who was not far off. At which these Barbarians were much amazed; but he answered them, it only belonged to them to account their wives for slaves, and that his, was his Lady and Mistris.

13. Our most Christian King (an imitatour of S. *Lewis* in the virtue of purity) possesseth it in such a degree that in him it more dependeth on a gift from God, then the temper of man. Praises are often given to Princes, wch are as colours in the air, and have no foundation in their merit; but this hath taken such an incorruptible root in the integrity of his manners that it will never dy; which might minister matter for me here to enlarge, had I resolved to write a Panegyrick, and not a History which treateth of things past; as Prophecy, tho se which are to come.

14. I think I have sufficiently touched in the first & second Tome the notable acts of *Charles* the Eight, and *Chevalier Bayard*; and I am confident, History will never suffer the austerities of holy K. *Robert* to dy; who to mortifie concupiscence sometimes lay on the boards the seven whole weeks before Easter.

Helgandus Monachus Floriacensis.

15. I do not account thē contemptible, who having not had the happiness to live in this great purity of S. *Lewis*, have not spared to resist love which had formerly mastred them. *Dagobert*, a young King bred in all virtue, by the care and zeal of S. *Arnold* his Tutour, took liberty in vice very irregularly, so soon as this grave directour had obtained leave to retire from the Court. There are spirits which resemble the wooden Dove of *Architas* the Philosopher, wch flew by engines whilst they had their operation, and soared in the air; but so soon as they ceased, it trailed the wing on the earth. Such was our *Dagobert*, who perpetually having this worthy man *Arnold* by his sides; he spake as an Oracle, and lived like an Angel. There was not any thing more chast, more devout, and more affable: which was the cause his Tutour, thinking there was no more need of him about his person, urgently entreated he might be permitted to withdraw into the Country, which the King gain-said even to the expression of anger, if he spake any more of this retreat. Nevertheless, redoubling his importunities, he prevailed; and so soon as he was separated from his scholar; he, who before, was a dove with wings of silver, & who in acts of virtue took a strong and confident flight, suffered himself to fall into the mire with a scandal as shameful, as the excess was violent. Lust assaulteth, and on all sides besieges him. Licentious youth takes possession of his soul, and continually blows love and beauty into his ears. It many times happeneth that the passions of young men which have been too severely restrained, so soō as they have found passage; do the more violently overflow, as if nature went about to take reverge upon art and precepts. They must sometime be shewed the world with contempt, they must be enured against its assaults, they must be prepared against its deceits, that they be not like foolish pigeons which have never seen any thing but suffer thēselves to be taken with the first baits. S. *Arnold*, who was a man that breathed nothing but wilderneses, in my opinion held the spirit of *Dagobert* in a life too much restrained, wch, in the first approach of liberty, flew out into most violent extravagancies. He presently took an aversion against Q. *Gomatrude* his wife, & in a liberty of doing all which flatterers told him fell to him as an inheritance, he durst to repudiate her, and take a young Lady named *Ragintrude*, whom he most affectionately loved. Lust is the throat of hell, wch never sayes, it is enough; and when shame hath no bridle to withhold it, it makes no difference between things sacred and prophane, and the greatest crimes pass with it, as matters indifferent. This love is not content with common passion, he entreth into Cloysters, and takes a virgin out of a Monastery, who had begun to dedicate her self to God. To her he addeth many others, and makes a little Seraglio of his palace. All *France* groaned to see so sudden and deplorable a change of life in their King. S. *Arnold* is invited by some good men again to visit his young plant, & to take in hand the rains of the Kings direction, which he had forsaken, but whether he were charmed by the sweetness of his solitude, or whether he feared he should have no favourable admission after so solemn a leave; (which he with so much importunity had begged) he would not hearken to it rather choosing to send his sighs to the ears of God then the King's. S. *Amand* determines to undertake the matter, which he did with Ecclesiastick vigour, and a most undoubted confidence; but the sick man was too tender to endure a tongue armed with sword and fire; so far was he frō disposing himself to remedies, that he could not suffer so much as the presence of his Physician, causing him to be sent into another country. *Pepin* of Landen, who was the prime man in the Court, thought fit to instil some good counsel & sage words as occasion offered, but the King transported with the exorbitancy of his youth, told him he was a troublesom man, of whom it were fit to rid the world, since he was so hardy as to censure the innocent delights of his Master. For which cause, this great pillar of state, shaken by the storm of a violent passiō much tottred, & was very near to have been thrown down. The Reverence wherewith his virtue was honoured, (which proceeded almost to veneration) saved him to reserve his reasons for a better disposition. During this time the Q. dieth, and the affections of *Dagobert* began to slacken either out of satiety or shame. This good Counsellour lays hold of his opportunity, & takes him on the Bias; shewing him, his honour & repose joyned with the good of the state required of him a happy posterity; and that it was a very easie matter for him, since he had honoured *Ragintrude* with his affections for her exquisite beauty and the excellent gifts wherein she surpassed, that he might take her to wife, & limit his love within lawful wedlock, wch would draw upon him the blessings of heaven, & the love of all his people. This speech happily entred into the Kings heart, and he resolved to follow the Counsel which was presented him by good a hand. He dismisseth all the women wch had tyranni-

Notable victory of *Dagobert* against love *Paulus Æmil. Haymonius*

ranized over his affection; he marrieth *Ragintrude*: and, as if in an inſtant ſome charm had been taken away; he in himſelf (by the hand of God) made ſuch a change, that his life was a Rule of virtue, and his converſion, a miracle. The Court wch commonly followeth the inclinations of the Prince, took with him a quite other face; vice & vicious are thence baniſhed, & all virtues thither brought chaſtity as in triumph.

Ricardus. 16. I verily think, it is many times an act as hard & heroick to free ones ſelf frō a miery bog wherein-to one by miſchance is fallen, as to live perpetually innocent. For which cauſe, I much eſteem the reſolutiō of *Philip Gods-gift*, who being in the beginning diſtaſted with *Engelbergue* his wife, after he had repudiated her, & taken *Mary* the daughter of the Duke of *Moravia*, out of a violent affection which long had embroiled him; he was ſuddenly converted, and laid hold of the occaſion of his ſalvation. The Complaints of the ſcandal he gave, flew to *Rome*, & returned with Cenſures and Thunders, *Cenſus* and *Meilleur* (two Legates ſent by the holy ſee) durſt not touch this wound which they judged to be incurable. *Peter*, Cardinal of S. *Mary* abſolutely incenſed him, putting the Kingdom into interdict, and the King into deſpair, who vomited nought but choller and flames. Two other Legates deputed for a third trial proceeded therein with much ſweetneſs, which ſo gained the ſoul of *Philip*, that he began to ſubmit to reaſon. Yet the charms were ſo violent, that his reaſon thereby became infirm, and his conſtancy wavering. His buſineſs was laſtly decided by a Synod, and it was dangerous leſt it might ſtir up a ſtorm, when this Royal heart (which was come to plead before the Council, and to diſpoſe of his affections to the heighth of his contentment (there wanting not too men of authority who flattered his paſſion) was ſuddenly touched, takes the Queen his wife, reconcileth himſelf to her, ſets her behind him on his horſe, carries her to his Palace, and cauſed to be ſaid to the Legates, and the other Prelates aſſembled, that they had no more to do to trouble their heads any longer about his buſineſs; for he had happily determined it. If *Henry* the eighth, King of *England*, had taken the ſame courſe; love would have been diſarmed, innovations hindred, concord eſtabliſhed, and all the diſaſters baniſhed out of *England*.

Great Triumph of Philip Gods-gift over himſelf.

Laſtly to conclude this diſcourſe, I verily think, never woman better managed love then Queen *Blanch* mother of S. *Lewis*. She was very lovely: and among thoſe great lights of perfection which encompaſſed her on all ſides, ſhe wanted not beauty, which was the cauſe, that continuing a widow in a flouriſhing age, there were Princes in her kingdom who durſt promiſe themſelves, that ſhe would reflect on thē for a ſecōd marriage. Among others, the Count of Champaign propoſed this good hap to himſelf, more then was to be believed, & ceaſed not to play the Courtier, even to the fitting his gallery with verſes and Emblems of the Queen. This prudent widow, who had to do with great ones in the beginning of her authority of Regent, engaged not her ſelf to any, nor did ſhe likewiſe rejects their ſuits: but ſo ſoon as ſome of thē perceived ſhe had no purpoſe for thē, they preſently took arms to diſturb the Kingdom, & leſſen the authority of the young King. The Count of Champaign ſaw himſelf by neceſſity embarked in the faction, but he had much ado to defend himſef from the affection which poſſeſſed him for this exquiſite beauty. For which cauſe he pleaded like a lover, & betrayed his faction, diſcovering the things moſt important: which gave Queen *Blanch* a great light to guard her ſelf frō the wicked enterpriſes of her enemies, and diſſipate all factions.

Obſervations upon the paſſion of DESIRE.

Wherein we may behold the miſery of ambitious and turbulent Spirits.

THe winde, which is an inviſible power, and which appears before our eyes no more then nothing, maketh tall ſhips to move, pulleth up trees by the roots, overthroweth houſes, exerciſing on land and ſea powers too-too viſible. Deſires, and hopes likewiſe (which, to ſay truely, are but imaginations almoſt unperceivable) vex Empires, embroil States, deſolate Cities and Provinces, and make havock, ſuch, as we cannot in thought conceive, nor can our eyes ever ſufficiently deplore. *Marvellous effects of the paſſion of deſire.*

It is a ſtrange thing, that from a little fountain-head which onely diſtilleth drops of water, great rivers grow; and from a deſire which inviſibly hatcheth in the heart of man, lofty ambitions, burning avarices, and enraged covetouſneſs proceed, which deſtroy mankinde.

Our firſt deſires reſpect body and life, which is the foundation of all the bleſſings we can hope in this world; and here it is, wherein thoſe who flouriſh in Empires and eminent fortunes, ſhew paſſions and care, able to make them immortal, if humane nature might reach to ſuch a ſtate.

Strange deſire of life in Lewis the eleventh.

We all know that *Lewis* the eleventh was a Monarch, who by the greatneſs of his wit and power, darkned all the Kings of his time; but we likewiſe cannot be ignorant, that he had moſt ardent Paſſions which gave him infinite diſturbances, the cōſideratiō whereof may ſerve great ones for the eſtabliſhment of their repoſe. Never any man more loved life, nor more feared death, then this mighty Prince; who ſeeing himſelf laden with infirmities, and aſſailed by old age, (a diſeaſe incurable) employed the whole power of an ample Kingdom to hold together a poor thread of life. There was not any remedy in the world wch. he tried not; there was no ſecret in phyſick which he opened not: his profuſion cauſed him to give a Phiſician 1000. crowns a month: and although this Monarch were one of the moſt eminent of his time, and that he ſought nothing but to climb over the heads of Princes; yet he made himſelf a ſlave to *Hippocrates* his diſciples, to idolatrize health. It is to be thought, if *Medea* had in his days returned into the world, he would have put himſelf into her hands, of purpoſe to wax young again, like another *Peleus*. So ſoon as he heard ſpeech of a man who cured maladies by certain extraordinary wayes; needs muſt he come from the utmoſt limits of the earth: and for this cauſe he called S. *Francis de Paula* who drave away feavers & plagues from humane bodies with ſo much eaſe; yet could he not prolong the Kings days, whom God would puniſh by the privation of that he moſt loved. He alſo took the holy viol of Rhemes to keep it in his chamber, and therein to find treaſures of life, which was bootleſs; to teach us, there is no greater a Hang-man of our hearts then inordinate ill-rectified deſire. The deſire of life tranſported him to extraordinary actions. For having been all his life time very plain in apparel, towards his latter days when he went out of his chamber, he ſumptuouſly cloathed himſelf, he ſhuffled his officers & changed them out of a certain deſire of novelty, that it might be known, he was yet alive: he cared not to be curſed, ſo that men believ'd him to be living. Yet, if he had done all this to lead the life of a man, and of a King with ſome reaſonable contentment; his cares might have been the more excuſable. But all this great endeavour was but to drag along a miſerable life among the diſtruſts of his neareſt allyes, among

mong jealousies of his own son, among woodden and Iron cages wherein he kept a Bishop of Verdun for the space of fourteen years, among chains and cloggs of Iron, (which he called his threads) among disconsolate sadnesses, which they sought by all means to sweeten, one while making Clowns to sport before him, another while furnishing out a musick of Hoggs, ranged under a pavillion of velvet, which they pricked through the ears with bodkins to make them chant forth their goodly warblings. What inventions doth a passionate man finde out, to prolong his punishments!

Next unto life, the most ardent desires are for wealth and honour, which make turbulent and busie spirits to disturb the whole world, without enjoying one hour of repose. One might as soon number the stars and the sands of the sea, as reckon up the souls of this kinde, with which the Histories of all Nations are stuffed. For, in matters that concern particular ends, you on every occasion see children bandied against their Parents and Kindred in mutiny one against another, who bely their bloud, betray nature, and devour lands, bloudy and smoaking for imaginary pretensions in the matter of their inheritance.

2. But it would be very hard to finde a spirit more covetous, more factious, (and more tempestuous to encrease his estate) then was that of *Lotharius* the son of *Lewis* the Courteous: Hence it was that he shamefully degraded, shaved, and shut the King his Father in a Cloister: Hence, that he contrived so many matches, and plotted so many Conspiracies: Hence, that he levyed so many Armies, and gave so many battels: Hence, that he ransack'd so many Churches, put the Clergy to ransom, threw down Justice, and exhausted the Nobility: Hence it was, that he had alwayes an eye towards the field, and an armed hand to ruine the inheritance of his brothers: Lastly, hence proceeded that bloudy battel of Fontenay, where an hundred thousand men of account died in the place; so many rivers and seas of bloud must an outrageous ambition swim in, which is wedded to particular ends, and covetousness.

Prodigious victory which in the end *Lotharius* gained over himself after a great storm of passions; in becoming Religious.

But howsoever it were, he by an unexpected miracle became victor over these two passions, when (after he had embroiled his whole life) he was sensibly touched with a divine inspiration, and forsook the Crown of an Empire, to take that of a Cloister, changing his pride into humility, his impiety into devotion, and his ambition into penance. It it an Act which only appertaineth to a Hand wholly divine, to draw light out of a Chaos, and pull this serpent out of his cavern; but it was likewise a most incomparable happiness, to see him to dy a good Religious man at the years-end, and to receive the Crown in the beginning of the Career, although it be not likely, that those grievous sins were so soon expiated, but that a good part of them were reserv'd for purifying flames.

Shallow and Fantastick ambitions.

3. For as much as concerneth the diversity of ambitions, there are some shallow and fantastick which resemble that of a silly Trades-man in *Constantinople*, who gave all the wealth he had gathered in his whole life, that he might (but so much as one hour) wear the Crown on his head, and play a King of the Cards on a stage, where he was used with all manner of scorn: Even so many Courtiers suffer themselves desperately to run into certain barren vanities, busying themselves about Genealogies, Marriages, Extractions, right and left Lines; to finde, in the Ashes of *Troy* the great, an ally of their bloud, and to make themselves diadems in picture.

Codinus in Eclog.

Lucianus in Peregrino.

Others are a little *Hypocondriack*, and have humours not unlike those of *Peregrinus*, who presented a Letter of challenge in a great assembly of Grecians, inviting all the world to come and see him burn alive, wherein he failed not, throwing himself into the fire to gain the glory of a generous man. All our Gladiatours are in this state, who desire to make themselves famous by infamous Duels, and have a greater appetite to live in the fantasie of men (such as themselves) then in their own bodies.

The ambitions of Ecclesiasticks and Religious much more subtle.

4. There are other covert desires of honour which sleep in the bosom of men consecrated to God, and enkindle their flames with the fire of the Incensory, which are much more subtle, and which devour, as fire from heaven.

Crodielde daughter of King *Caribert*, a Religious woman, raiseth many troubles by her ambition.

5. This was verified under the reign of *Clotharius* in the person of *Crodielde* a religious woman of the Monastery of St. *Croſſe* of Poictiers. She was daughter of *Caribert*, and following the example of the Queen St. *Radegonde*, she had generously despised the world, to take a husband in the house of God: But, as these kind of persons are commonly treated with much honour and fair entertainment; their passions sleep like the silk-worm foulded up in its threads, which in the end breaks its prison, becomes a butterfly, and flies aloft in the air.

She had a violent desire to hold the highest place, and to yield to none, as far as her power would extend. She patiently enough endured S. *Radegonde*, because she had been a Queen: but so soon as death had closed up her eyes, and that she saw, without any regard had of Royal bloud, *Leubocee* was chosen and confirmed for Abbess of the Monastery; she brake her bands of silk, which so tenderly tied her to the Cross, awakened all her sleeping passions, took the wings of such an exorbitant ambition, that having opened the locks, & broken open the doors, she went out accompanyed with *Basines* her Cousin and forty others, Religious Libertines, to provide for her self at Court, and to procure to be chosen Abbess.

The good S. *Gregory* of *Tours* relateth, that she coming unto his City throughly wet, and much tired with her journey, besought him to take her and her virgins into his protection, against the violences of the Abbess of Poictiers, who had treated her with all manner of indignity. She added that for this purpose she was going to the Court, and prayed him, that expecting her return, he would be pleased according to usual charity to provide for the entertainment of all her religious women. The good Bishop, who was very busie about his studies, and the function of his charge, would not undertake the trouble of maintaining so many virgins, which he feared as much as a vast army; but entertained her very canonically, saying he could not approve her going forth, & that if she were offended with her Abbess, she ought not therefore to forsake her Monastery without leave; but peaceably to inform *Moroveus* the Bishop, who, by the obligation of his place, was to order all their differences. She, who would not hear speech of this man, answered; He marred all, and that order cannot be expected from the Authour of disorder; so that, seeing S. *Gregory* nothing disposed to feed so many mouths; she provided elsewhere, and went directly to her Uncle King *Gontran*, leaving all her religious under the charge of *Basines*. *Gontran* received her very courteously, as his niece, and gave her many gifts; but, having well considered her business, he would not meddle with it, saying, It was an Ecclesiastical affair; and that he would recommend it to the Bishops of the Province; which he most exactly did, without prescribing them any thing to the prejudice of right, or the dishonour of their dignity. *Crodielde* thereupon returning to *Tours* found her sisters much impaired,

impaired, and knew by experience that religious women dissolve in secular life, as salt in water, although thence it took its original. They were so chargeable to all, but especially to S. *Gregory*, that he prayed and made vows for their departure, which caused them to hasten their retreat to Poictiers, where instead of entring into the Abbey, they withdrew into the Church of Saint *Hilary*.

In the end, *Godegesillus* Archbishop of Bourdeaux arrived with his Suffragans, to decide the matter: but these Mistrisses (who had good noses, smelling that this assembly was not to favour their faction) levied a regiment of souldiers to defend them, of which they make *Childeric* to be the Captain; a wicked & a most resolute fellow, who failed not to be well followed, such store there was of Frizlers and effeminate youngsters who put themselves into this army of women. The Bishops failed not to march directly towards them, accompanied with the Clergy, and a great multitude of people, to summon them to reenter into the Monastery; but this Amazon instantly commanded her souldiers to strike, which they did with so much violence, that the Crosiers and banners seeing themselves so unexpectedly charged, began to totter; the Bishops, Priests and Deacons fled: there was a general dissipation of the people, and many were wounded in the place, the Church it self being stained with humane bloud. *Crodielde* running on to the higest degree of insolency, as if she had been puffed up with her victory, entreth into the Monastery with her Hacksters, & takes her Abbess, who is dragged by the hair, used with all hideous extremities, and confined to a prison. She caused all the religious women to come who had opposed her, she torments them with sundry tortures, layes hold of the Charters, seizeth on all the papers, maketh her self Abbess; and bearing a barbarous soul in the heart of a woman, exerciseth rigours and cruelties which struck horror into all the world. The Bishops had no other defence, but the Thunders of Excommunication, of which these creatures, abandoned by God, made very little account. *Macon* Governour of Poictiers was entreated to use a strong hand, but he excused himself, saying, he would not contend with the daughter of a King, without commission. But it was not fit, matters should so continue; and honest men unable any longer to see the Church groan under an unheard of Tyranny, implore by most humble supplications the aid of three Kings, *Clotharius*, *Gontran*, and *Childebert*, who being sensibly touched with these disorders, gave large Commissions, power, and commandment to Governours to assist the Bishops of Tours, Colen, and Poictiers, who were appointed to determine this difference. Order is at this time well observed, Justice is there supported by force: the gallants, who had adhered to the faction of the Nuns, scatter under the terrour of arms & Royal authority. This Empress of Rebels is taken, and carried to the Council to give an account of her deportments. She comes thither in an audacious manner: retaining still some thing of her arrogancy and insupportable haughtiness, even in her depression; and after she had employed arms, she skirmisheth, what she could, with her tongue; which was by falling on the life and manners of her Abbess, whom she accused of many trifling things, reproaching her (among other points) to have made a garment for her niece of a Cope taken out of the Treasury of the Church, which was false; to have caused secular persons to eat at her Table, to have a bath in the Monastery and to play at Chess. For this required to have her deposed, that she might be put in her place: wherein it plainly appeareth, that ambition is not only furious, but blinde in its fury. She who swallowed Camels, maketh an anatomy of a fly: she who was defiled with the crimes of Tyrants, reprehendeth slight recreations which had been permitted under the government of S. *Radegonde*. The Abbess replyed very modestly to all her objections, and made her innocency appear as bright as the rayes of the Sun, whereupon she was re-established with honour and applause in her dignity; & the other condemned to ask her pardon, and to submit to her commands: To which she stoutly answered, she would never do it, and that they should rather advise upon the means of putting the Abbess to death, then to use her in such sort. But she persisting in this obdurateness is again deprived of the communion of the Church, separated from all her complices who are placed in diverse Monasteries there to do penance: yet she still finding herself to be supported by some, by reason of her noble extraction, on a time stole her self from the just punishment of evil carriage, and fled with her Cousin to *Childebert's* Court, where being not able any longer to raise storms, she was constrained to be quiet, rather for want of force, then through the defect of courage. One may by this proceeding see the Tempests which arise from ill rectified desires, when they are underpropped by some manner of power, and that there is nothing so sovereign, as in their root to mortifie them.

5. But they never are so insolent, as when they bud in the hearts of people of base extraction, who behold themselves unexpectedly raised to some extraordinary favour.

Ambitions which bud in hearts of base extraction are most insolent.

S. *Lewis* had taken into his friendship his Chirurgion named *Peter la Broſſe*, because, besides the experience he had in his profession, he had made himself praise-worthy for the goodness of his wit and great loyalty. This favour mounted much higher under *Philip* the third, successour of S. *Lewis*: for he not content to honour this man with a particular affection; bestowed benefits upon him with such an inestimable profusion, that he raised him to the dignity of Chamberlain, and conferred honours and largesses upon all his kindred. This fellow, seeing the young King had not the moderation of the father, to proportion his affections to his reputation and the good of his state, usurped upon his spirit, entred into all his secrets, and needs would intermeddle in State affairs, from which his birth and the much limited capacity of his wit ought to have deterred him.

The example of a Chirurgion of S. *Lewis* wisely repressed and chastised by the prudence and justice of *Philip* the 3 King of *France*.

The King had in a second wedlock marryed a most virtuous Princess, *Mary* of *Brabant*, who held in his heart that place which the Law of God and the Sacrament of Marriage gave her. It is a wonder, how this child of the earth entreth hereby into jealousies, and thought the tender affections of the King towards his dearest spouse might lessen the good favours of his Master, whom he was desirous to possess in the title of a Sovereign.

He sought to cast the apple of discord into so happy a marriage: &, seeing this knot could not be broken but with much labour, having a soul sold to Iniquity, it is thought he found means to poyson *Lewis* eldest son of *Philip*, and of *Isabel* his first wife. This young Prince is by a sudden death taken away to the infinite grief of all the Court: Physicians being consulted with upon it, judge his life was shortned by poyson, not knowing the authour of so detestable a crime. The wicked man in the mean time gives close counter-blows, and under-hand fixeth this suspicion upon the innocent Queen. And, albeit, her behaviour (which did print innocency on the mild aspect of her

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face) ſufficiently freed her before all good men; yet the intereſt which commonly ſtep-mothers have in the death of their husbands children, and the ſubtle ſlights of this devil (who coloured the matter with zeal of publick good) began to blemiſh a life which was as free from ſtains, as the brighteſt ſtars. The King is already half wavering, but loath to precipitate any thing in an affair of ſuch importance, he reſolved to conſult with the Oracles of that time, & to have recourſe to the lights of heaven, ſince they on earth were eclipſed. There was in thoſe dayes a religious woman in *Flanders*, who was thought to be endowed with the ſpirit of Propheſie, and to tell the moſt hidden things; to whom he reſolved to ſend the Abbot of S. *Denis* to ſatisfie him in the truth of the fact. *La Broſſe*, who expected a more ſpeedying diſpatch upon his informations, began to be troubled, and fearing this Propheteſs might marr all, ſo wrought, that the Biſhop of *Bayeux* his kinſman agreed with the Abbot to undertake the journey of *Flanders* with him. He being very ſubtle, ſought to prevent the Virgin, & to accommodate her to his likings, wherein he could not prevail according to his wicked purpoſe; and it is likewiſe thought, ſhe let him ſee preſumptions pregnant enough againſt *La Broſſe* his kinsman. But he, ſurprizing her by way of conſcience enjoyned her ſilence, ſaying, It was not fit for her to ſpeak, ſince her ſpeech might peradventure be the cauſe of the death of a man whom ſhe could not expoſe to this danger without mortal ſin. The Abbot, being come to acquit himſelf of his Cõmiſſion, found her wholly reſerved, and could get nothing out of her, which made him to ſuſpect ſome deceit. Both of them returned to the Court where the Biſhop, being queſtioned by the King concerning his proceedings, ſaith, the religious woman had told him things under the ſecret of Confeſſion, which was not fit for him to reveal. To which *Philip* readily replyed, that he ſent him not to hear her Confeſſion, but to know the revelations ſhe had from God in the diſcharge of Innocents. The Abbot ſaid aloud, he well perceived there was jugling in the Biſhops proceeding, and that he went not ſincerely to work, which was the cauſe that a ſecond Embaſſage was appointed to this religious creature, whereof *Theobald* Biſhop of *Dol* and *Arnulph* a Knight of the Templars, had the Cõmiſſion, & they ſo wel underſtood how to handle the matter, that ſhe ſpake in theſe tearms. *Tell the King, If any one hath ſpoken to him in an ill ſenſe of the Queen his wife; let him not believe it: for ſhe is truly, and ſincerely good, and cordially faithfull towards him and his; her virtue cannot be obſcured by the darkneſs of Calumny.* This anſwer cured *Philip's* mind in the matter of ſuſpicion againſt *Mary*, and turned it upon his bad ſervants, although the want of proofe permitted him not, to hazard the puniſhment was due to them.

But God, who draweth brightneſs out of the boſom of darkneſs, diſcovered the miſchief of *La Broſs* by a notable accident. One of his truſty friends paſſing by the Abbey of S. *Peter* at *Melun* is ſurprized by a ſharp ſickneſs; which made him think upon his laſt paſſage by the aſſiſtance of good Religious men of that Monaſtery; and finding himſelf touched to the quick with remorſe of conſcience, he declared his crime, and gave a little Caſket to a Religious man who heard his Confeſſion, charging him to give it to the King with his own hands, and to no other; which he very faithfully did; and when they had opened this box of *Pandora*, there were diſcovered all the miſchiefs and practiſes of *La Broſſe*, and his hopes to be diſſolved. For he was preſently put in priſon and brought to his triall, which was followed by a Sentence that condemned him to be hanged and ſtrangled on a gallows of Felons. Here it was where the ambitious deſires of this diſloyal ſoul were to determine, who found that worldly fortunes in which God is not, are groſs ſmoaks that produce nought but tempeſts.

6. To conclude; we finde (in the laſt order) bloudy and furious ambitions which cauſe revolutions of Empire, and ſhake the pillars of the earth. *Nicetas* obſerveth one very terrible, wherein the *French* were witneſſes, arbitratours, and revengers. *The French* [illegible]

During the expedition they made in the Land under *Philip Gods-guift*, there appeared a ſtrange accident, and a horrible confuſion in the ſtate of the Eaſtern Empire. *Iſaac Comnenus*, who held the reins of the Empire, is menaced much miſery by his neareſt allies, and thoſe whom he had advanced to the greateſt dignities. He thereupon conſulteth with a South-ſayer, who, amõg popular ſpirits, was in great reputation, but who, according to the opinion of *Nicetas*, was a cheating Impoſtor that ſought to paſs for a Prophet, although his words conſiſted of a thouſand falſhoods. The Emperour with much courteſie having ſaluted him; he diſpoſed himſelf to leap, and to expreſs poſtures which ſavoured more of a man poſſeſſed and frantick, then of a Prophet: notwithſtanding, without ſaying any thing elſe, he threw his ſtaffe at the Emperours Image, and (for an ill preſage) put out the the eyes of it. *Iſaac Comnenus*, making no account hereof contemneth the South-ſayer & in few dayes is deprived of the Empire and of his eyes (by a horrible conſpiracy of *Alexius* his neareſt kinſman) and in this condition confined to a loathſome priſon all the reſt of his life. The tyrant (who had put out his eyes) takes his bloudy ſpoil, and finding no reſiſtance, poſſeſſeth himſelf of the throne of *Conſtantinople*.

Alexis, ſon of the Emperour made blinde, eſcaped out of the chains and hand of the parricide his uncle, and goes to the *French* Camp, where he made a lamentable narration of his diſaſters. He prayes, he beſeecheth, he conjureth theſe brave Conquerours by all things the moſt ſacred, to take pity upon a miſerable Emperour, and to ſuccour his father againſt the moſt execrable treachery that ever was practiſed in the world, ſaying, It onely belongeth to them to trample dragons and monſters under-foot. Beſides the glory of this action, he promiſeth them wonders, arms, ſhips, munition, to advance the deſign they had for the conqueſt of the holy Land. The *French* were divided in opinion upon this buſineſs: ſome deſiring to purſue their journey, others judging this occaſion well-deſerved to ſtay them; there being not any actions in the world more glorious, then to do juſtice to the afflicted, diſpoſſeſs bloudy uſurpers of Empires, and to reſtore true Kings into that rank which nature and the conſent of people had given them. This Faction carried it, and ours, uſing the advantage which their firſt ſervours afforded them, put themſelves preſently in a readineſs to take *Conſtantinople*. One who ſhould well weigh the exploits of arms they did in ſix days, would think their army had conſiſted of Giants, who bare Mountains and piled them one upon another to over-look the ſtrongeſt Citadels in the world. What they did exceedeth ordinary prodigies and will ſcarcely find credit with poſterity. Two thouſand foot, ſeparated from the reſt of the army, aided onely by five hundred horſe, entred into a City wherein there were threeſcore thouſand horſe, and four hundred thouſand ſouls able to bear arms. This ſo filled minds with terrour, that the tyrant, as timorous in warr as he had been violent

The furious ambition of Alexius (the Tyrant of Greece) puniſhed by the valour and Juſtice of the French.

in peace, leaves his place without resistance, & putting his richest treasures into covert, he goes to Sea, in an instant to change a great Empire into banishment.

He went out at one gate, and young *Alexis* entred in by the other, causing his troops to march in good order, and was with applause received by the chief Citizens, who had used much compassion in the afflictions of his Father. There was then seen a strange alteration, when they went to take this poor blind Emperour out of prison, to carry him in triumph to his throne; he thought himself a sleep, and in a dream, and imagined it so sweet, that he in his blindness feared the day-light. He learned from his son all the success of this negotiation, and the valorous atchievements of the *French*. He knew not what he should believe, what he might hope, nor what to admire. A world of wonders overwhelm his mind; and more then ever he bewaileth the loss of his eys, to behold himself bereft of the sight of these incomparable men who seemed to be sent from Heaven.

Finally, he saith, he is satiated with Empire and worldly greatness, and that he putteth all his state into the hands of his son. His son embraceth him with all unexpressable tenderness, calling him his Lord and Father, and protesting he will not intermeddle with any thing of the Empire but the cares, whilest he liveth, leaving the dignity to his discretion who had given him birth.

The Father, on the other side, answered, that the piety of his son was more to him then all Empires, and that he hereafter should repute himself the happiest man in the world, being enlightned by the rays of such virtue, in the deprivation of temporal light. This was an admirable strife, which made it appear, that if there be impetuous desires in the Courts of great men, there are likewise sometimes to be found moderations, which surpass all mens imagination. I am not ignorant *Nicetas* saith, that this affection afterward turned into jealousie: but we must note this Authour is passionate against *Alexis* and his father, by reason of the amity he contracted with strangers. The *French* judged it fit that the son should reign by the authority of the father, and in respect of his infirmities, take the whole government of the State into his hand, which he did, & all seemed to prosper in his beginnings; when, after the retreat of ours, who had made havock enough in the City, out of the liberty of arms: rebels stirred, who put the whole City into combustion, exciting it against the young Emperour, and saying, that under pretext of publick good, he had called in strangers to the saccage of his Country, which made him unworthy both of Empire and life. The conspiring was so violent, that *Alexis*, having no leisure to look about him, was betraied by one of his intimate friends named *Mursuflus*, who, pretending to put him into a place of safety, threw him into an ugly dungeon, where, twice having tried to put him to death by poyson, and seeing his plot succeeded not: he out of a horrid baseness caused him to be strangled. Deceitful felicities of the world! True turrets of Fayeries, which are only in imagination! Where shall your allurements prevail from henceforth.

The poor Father, hearing the death of his son, and the sudden alteration of affairs, saith,

Good God! to what calamity do you reserve my wretched old age? I have consummated evils, and evils have not yet ended me. I am now but a rotten trunk deprived of vigour, and the functions of life: and if I have any feeling, it is only of my miseries. Take this soul which is on my lips, and which is over-toiled with worldly Empires, and put it in a place where it may no longer fear either hostilities or treasons. Ah! poor son, thou art passed away like froth on the water, and Fortune did not raise thee within the imaginary circuit of her Empire, but to cast thee down headlong. I bewail not my blindness, it is the happiest of my evils, since it bereaves me the aspect of the horrible accidents which by heap pass through my ears. Dear son! thou hast out-stripped me; but, I follow thee with a confident pace into the shades of death, which shall for me hereafter be the best of lives.

He gave up the ghost in these anguishes, whilest the City of *Constantinople* was divided by a thousand factions, & turmoiled with fatal convulsions w^ch^ ministred matter of presage of the change of Empire.

The people weary of the government of the Angels (whose names were *Isaac* and *Alexis*) had already chosen one called *Canabus*, a man before unknown, who was quickly put down by the power and violence of *Mursuflus*. He was a Prince arrogant, incontinent, and more cunning then prudent; who kept not long that Scepter which he by such wickedness had usurped. For, scarcely two months and a half were past, but that the *French* returned, and besieged *Constantinople* which the new tyrant had already very well fortified. But the *Grecians* then were so cowardous and affrighted, that they made very little resistance, and flew before the *French*, and other *Western* and *Northern* people, as before so many Giants. *Mursuflus*, as faint-hearted in peril, as he had been adventrous to commit a treason, puts himself upon the Sea to fly into *Morea*; but is taken and slain by the Divine Vengeance, which perpetually hath an armed hand over furious and bloody ambitions. The City and Empire of *Constantinople* yield in the end to the *Western* power: and *Baldwin* Earl of *Flanders* is chosen Emperour by the consent of all the Army. *Nicetas* a *Greek* Authour, who lived at that time, deploreth this change with the Lamentations of *Jeremy*. But it was God's judgment, who would purifie the *Eastern* Throne defiled by so many wicked actions, making a Prince so chast to sit thereon, that *Nicetas* himself is enforced to praise and admire his singular continency, as I have observed in my first Treatise.

Throughout all these Discourses we now see how the desires of the ambitious are chastised, and how their hopes being vain, their joys are likewise short and unhappy.

7. Historians give most of our Kings this praise: that they never had turbulent and troublesom spirits, but loved Peace and maintained Justice. Moderation of the Kings of *France*.

The History of the Fathers of the *West* assures us, that in the general combustion of Wars between the *French* and the *English*, there was a good Hermite named *John of Gaunt*, who ceased not to beseech heaven to quench the fire of these fatal Divisions, and that he was sent by God to mediate peace between the two Kings.

He first went to our *Charles* the Seventh, whom he found infinitely disposed to all the conditions of a good Peace, and this gave him occasion to promise him infinite many benedictions from heaven, that he should have a Son (successour of his Estates) to crown his Felicities: which happened to him (as being a voice from God, and an Oracle of Truth.) But when the Religious man came to the King of *England*, he would in no sort hearken to him, but caused him to be used in a manner unworthy his person, which drew the anger of God upon his Kingdom, and occasioned him great calamities.

This subject is so plentiful, that I am willing to abbreviate it, ambitious desires being so frequent, that they have more need to be corrected, then sought into.

Observations upon ANGER *and* REVENGE.

BEhold here the Paſſion from whence ſparkles, flames, and coals proceed, which make horrible havock, unleſs Grace and Reaſon cauſe ſome temper.

There is not any devil more familiar in Court, more injurious to civil converſation, more pernicious to States, then Choler and Revenge. Pride, which is born with the moſt eminent conditions, nouriſheth it, flatterers enkindle it, inſolent tongues ſharpen it, fire and ſword end it.

In ſome it is haughty and cruel; as it appeared in *Dagobert*, a young Prince, ſon of *Clotharius* the Second, who in his tendreſt years, had (I know not what) of ſalvage in him, which ſavoured of the manners of Paganiſme, or the humours of his Grandmother *Fredegonde*; albeit, he afterward gained victories over himſelf. The King his Father had appointed him two Governours; *Arnold*, to rectifie his manners; *Sadragefillus*, to breed him up to Arms and Court-like behaviour. The firſt governed him like the Sun; the ſecond, as the Nothern-wind.

Aymonius l. 4. P. *Æmilius*. Annals of *France*,

The one inſinuated himſelf with much ſweetneſs; the other undertook him with too proud and arrogant an approach, which in him rather cauſed Averſion, then Inſtruction. From whence it came to paſs, that he being one day invited to the Princes table, where he did eat apart, as the Kings ſon; he placed himſelf right over againſt him, took *Dagoberts* glaſs and drank to him: wherewith he was ſo deſperately offended, that inſtantly he fell upon him, and taking a knife on the table, cut off his beard, and moſt contemptuouſly diſfigured him.

Choler of *Dagobert* ſomewhat rough.

Sadragefillus, in this plight, preſented himſelf to King *Clotharius*, who was likewiſe enraged, and cauſed his Son to be purſued, commanding his Guard to apprehend him: but he ſaved himſelf in the Sanctuary of *Montmartre* under the protection of S. *Denis*, until his fathers anger was pacified, who ſpared not to give him a ſharp reprehenſion, and to raiſe *Sadragefillus* to great dignities, to take away the acerbities of the affront he had received.

Another time, S. *Arnold* asking leave of the ſame *Dagobert* to retire from Court, out of the deſire he had to paſs the reſt of his dayes in ſweet ſolitude; the King many times denied him: and he growing a little earneſt in a good cauſe; he furiouſly draws forth his ſword, threatning to kill him if he perſiſted in this requeſt. A Lord there preſent ſtayed the blow, and the Queen, ſhewing her husband the unworthineſs of his Choler, ſo gained him, that he came to himſelf, gave his Maſter full ſatisfaction, and permitted him to go whither he thought good, moſt affectionately recommending his perſon and ſtate to him.

Seneca hath well ſaid, that Choler was not a ſign of a courageous, but a ſwoln ſpirit: as it by experience appeared in *Dagobert* who was little war-like. For, being but in one piece of ſervice againſt the *Saxons*, where he received a very ſlight hurt; he made ſo many ceremonies about it, that he ſent a lock of his bloudy hair to his father to implore his aid. It is true that this Prince, being in his youth a little unruly, harkened afterward to the good reaſons of his Council, and became very temperate.

Generous anger of King *Clotharius*.

2. There are Martial angers which are generous and bold, when a heart upon a good occaſion is inflamed to the avengement of ſome Injuſtice; as it happened to *Clotharius* the Second, who coming to ſuccour his ſon *Dagobert* preſently appeared marching along the Rhine, & made himſelf remarkable by a notable head of hair: whereupon, *Bertrand*, Captain of the *Saxons*, darting ſome inſolent words at him; the King ſuddenly paſſed the river with great danger of his perſon, obſerveth his enemy, purſues him, ſtrikes him down from his horſe, and cuts off his head, which he fixed on the top of a lance, to fill the *Saxon* Army with terrour. Thus ſhould the anger of a great Prince be bent againſt proud and unjuſt adverſaries, not againſt his own Subjects. This ſpur hath ſometimes added valour to the ſweeteſt natures; witneſs *Charles* the Simple, who ſeeing that *Robert* had gathered together a huge army of Rebels againſt him, paſſed the river of *Aiſne* to charge him; and the other putting himſelf into a readineſs to reſiſt him, animating his own ſide, and braving in the head of his army; *Charles* looked him in the face, as the Butt againſt which he ſhould unburden all his gall, ſpurs forward directly towards him, and ſo ſucceſſully hits him with a thruſt of his lance in the mouth, that he tore out his tongue and killed him.

Valour of *Charles* the Simple.

3. Yet Choler is extremely dangerous in matter of Arms, eſpecially in things where ſome reſolution is to be taken with counſel and maturity. For it troubleth the art (ſaid an Antient) and many times cauſeth errours irreparable.

The paſſion of anger is very prejudicial to Military art in a General.

This is but too much verified in the fatal day of *Creſcy-field*, where *Philip* of *Valois*, one of the moſt valiant Monarchs which ever handled Sceptre, gave battel to *Edward* King of *England*. The *Engliſh* Army bravely encamped, heard Maſs, leiſurely took its repaſt, and coolely expected the enemy, to fight with firm footing: at which time, our *Philip* animated with anger, and above all, fearing leaſt the *Engliſh* might eſcape him, haſtned his Army what he could, cauſing it to march, and tyring it out on the day of battel. The Monk *Baſelius*, a man well experienced in feats of arms, ſhewed him, it were much better to expect till morning: on which he ſeemed to be reſolved; but this Choler had already put fire into his ſouldiers: and although ſome cried out, *Stay*, *Enſign-bearers*; yet thoſe who marched before; were ſo afraid to be out-gone by them who followed, that they had not the patience. When they came to join battel, the *Genoway* Archers who were in the *French* Army, proteſted aloud, they were not able to do their duty, and inſtantly diſbanded; whereupon the King grew into a freſh anger, and commanded to cut them in pieces, which with all poſſible violence was executed; ours being cruelly bent to devour their members, whilſt the arrows of the enemy fell upon them like hail, and the horſe gauled with ſhot, horribly neighing, ran away with their riders, and all the place was covered with dead bodies. This trouble of mind coſt the loſs of a battel, wherein (*Froiſſard* ſaith) were eight *French* againſt one *Engliſh*-man, and thirty thouſand men (where among others, the King of *Bohemia*, and *Charles* Count of *Alencon* the Kings brother) were ſlain in the place. Behold the diſaſters of an ill-governed Paſſion, which is never well known but by the experience of its miſery.

Philip of *Valois*, a great and a generous King loſeth a battel, out of a peeviſh humour of anger.

4. There are other nice and haughty Cholers, which are brought forth in the Curioſities of an imperious life, as it happened to many Emperours who took a glory in being angry, and to make their brutiſhneſs famous by bloudy effects. *Bajazet* ſhewing one day the pleaſure of hawking to the Count of *Nevers*, cauſed almoſt two thouſand Falconers to be killed, for a hawk which had not flown well. He well deſerved to be ſhut up in a cage (as he was afterward) for ſporting with ſuch prodigality with humane

Barbarous anger of *Bajazet*.

humane bloud. It is much more intolerable, when Christian Princes flie out, as did *Lewis* the young, (who being offended by *Theobald* Count of *Champaigne*) entred into his territory, and made strange spoil, even to the setting of the great Church of *Vitry* a fire, and therein burning fifteen hundred men, who fled into it as into a Sanctuary. But this enraged Passion knew no distinction between sacred and prophane, and the confusion of this fancy confounded heaven and earth. Good French men abhorred an act so barbarous, and S. *Bernard* (who then flourished) made the thunders of Gods judgments to roar in the Kings ear, wherewith he was so terrified, that re-entring into himself, he fell into a deep melancholy, which caused his mind to make a divorce from all worldly joyes, wherewith he became so dejected, that he was like to die, had not S. *Bernard* sought to cure the wound he gave, shewing that the true penitent ought to be sad without discomfort; humble, without sottishness; timorous, without despair: and that the grief of his fall should not exclude the hope of his rising again.

Lewis the Young admonished by S. *Bernard*, chastiseth himself (for his anger) by sadness and penance.

But they are more tolerable who punish themselves with their own choler, as *H.* King of *England*, that bit his lips, gnashed his teeth, pulled off his hair, threw his bed and cloaths on the ground, eat straw and hay, to express his impetuous passion.

5. They who are arrogant, and given to contemn and flout others, draw fire and poison on their heads when they assail impatient natures, which have not learnt to feed themselves with affronts and injuries.

Danger of scoffing. *Polydor. Virg. l. 9.*

A word flying like a spark of fire raiseth flames; which are not quenched but with great effusion of bloud. *Philip* the First, hearing that *William the Conquerour*, who was very gross, would not suffer any man to see him, by reason of a corporal infirmity; It is no wonder (saith he) if this big man be in the end brought a bed. This being told to the other, who was of a capricious spirit, he protested he would rise from his child-bed, but with so many torches and lights, that he would carry fire into the bosome of *France*. And verily he failed not therein, and in this fury so heated himself, that he died in proper flames. A man hath little to do to enkindle a War at the charge of so many lives, for a jest, a cold countenance, a letter not written obsequiously enough, for a word inconsiderate.

William the Conquerour of *England*, very suspicious.

6. The *Flemings* were to blame, when revolted against *Philip* of *Valois*; they out of derision called him *The found King*, and advanced a great Cock on their principal standard, the device whereof was, that when he should crow, the Found King should enter into their city. This so exasperated his great courage that he waged them a battel, and with such fury defeated them, that *Froissard* assureth, that of a huge army of Rebels, there was not one left who became not a victime of his vengeance. *Lewis Outre-mer* was detained prisoner at *Roan*, for having in his anger spoken injuriously against *Richard*, the young Duke of *Normandy*. And *Francis* the First ruined all his affairs, for having handled *Charles* Duke of *Bourbon* with some manner of indignity, therein complying with the humour of the Queen his Mother.

History of *Froissard*. The scoffs of certain rebellious Flemings severely punished by the generosity of *Philip* of *Valois*.

7. The Anger of potent women is (above all) dreadfull, when they are not with-held by considerations of conscience, because they have a certain appetite of revenge, which exceedeth all may be imagined. Queen *Eleonor*, wife of *Lewis* the young who had as violent a spirit as ever animated the body of a woman, seeing her self repudiated by her husband, albeit upon most just reason, conceived such rage and fury against *France*, that being afterward remarried to *Henry* of *England*, she incessantly stirred up all the powers of that Kingdom to our ruin, and sowed the first seeds of war, which the continuance of 300 years, which, an infinite number of fights and battels, which, the reverence due to Religion, the knot of mutual Alliances, and Oath interposed in sixscore Treatises, could not wholly extinguish.

Anger of women.

Queen *Eleonor* an enemy of *France*.

Duplein Annals of France.

8. There are other angers free and simple, which proceed from an indiscreet goodness, but which fail not to occasion much evil to themselves, when they assail eminent and vindicative people. It was the misery of poor *Enguerrand* of *Marigny*, who having governed the *Finances* under *Philip the Fair* (and afterward seeing himself persecuted by *Charles* of *Valois* unkle of *Lewis Hutin* heir of a Crown) was transported with so much heat, that it cost him his life.

Anger out of simplicity many times cause hurt for a word too free, witness that of *Enguerrand*.

For this Prince sharply asking an account of him of the treasures of the deceased King; he freely answered, *It is to you (Sir) I have given a good part of them, and the rest hath been employed in the Kings affairs.* Whereupon *Charles* giving him the lie; the other transported with passion, had the boldness to say unto him, By God, It is you your self Sir. This reply being of it self very insolent, and spoken at a time when all conspired to his ruine, sent him to the Gallows of Mountfaucon, which he had caused to be built in his greatest authority. Men cold, and well acquainted with affairs, who commonly think much, never speak ill of them that can hurt them

9. All these extravagancies which we have produced, have proceeded from fervour; but there are others cold, and malign, as are Aversions and Hatred, which are no other then inveterate and hardened angers, so much the more dangerous as they proceed from a spirit more deep, and are plotted with more time and preparation.

So did *Lewis* the Eleventh who had many Labyrinths in his heart wherein he kept his revenges, and oftentimes took delight to send them abroad with ceremony and pomp, to take the more pleasure in them. So soon as he was King, he set himself to revenge his injuries, as if power given from heaven ought to be an instrument of passion. He persecuted a good subject which was the Count of *Dammartin*) for no other crime, but for having obeyed and executed the order of *Charles* the Seventh who had sent him into *Daulphine*, to stop *Lewis* who then turmoiled and perplexed the King his father. He prevented this plot, and fled into *Flanders*; yet ceased he not afterward to hate this good servant: and albeit he prostrated himself at his feet, praying him to forget what was past; yet he caused his process to be made in Parliament, upon accusations, which did more manifest the Passion of the King, then any crime in the life of the Count. Notwithstanding, the close practise was so great that he was condemned to death: and although *Lewis*, terrified by his own Conscience and the general opinion, would not have it to proceed any further; yet he confined him to the Bastile, where he had spent the rest of his dayes if he had not found means to save himself. But whom would he spare who put away, and deprived of Office his best servants, for having hindred him during his sickness to come near unto a Window, out of the care they had of his health? This passion was a Devil in the heart of this Prince, which made him odious to many, and filled his whole life with disturbance and acerbity.

Aymonius, l. 5. c. 39.

10. A revengefull spirit spares nothing to please it self, and oft-times openeth precipices to fill them with death and ruine. It is a strange thing, that one sole Abbot of Saint *German de Prez* named *Gaulin*, had

Wicked revenge of an Abbot, and of John Brochyas against the French.

Wicked revenge of an Abbot, and of John Procida against the French.

had almost ruined the whole Kingdom of *France*, for having been bereaved of an Abbacy. He many years revolved his revenge, and after the death of *Lewis le Begue* (under whom he had received the injury which he proposed to himself) he went to *Lewis* the *German*, whom he inflamed with so much cunning to the conquest of the Kingdom of *France*, that he set a huge Army on foot to surprize the heir of the Crown in the confusion of his affairs: and the trouble was so great, that needs must *Lorraigne* be cut off from the Kingdom of *France*, to give it to this Conquerour.

So did *John Prochytas* the *Sicilian*, who (having been deprived of his estate by *Charles* of *Anjou*) conceived a mortal enmity against the *French*, which made him contrive that bloody Tragedy of *Sicilian Vespers*. This unfortunate man, disguising himself in the habit of a *Franciscan*, went to *Peter* of *Arragon*, to shew him the means how to invade *Sicily*: and seeing that he, and his wife Queen *Constance*, bent all their endeavour thereto, he ceased not to stir up the Country, where he had much credit, and used so many engines, that in the end he caused one of the most horrible massacres which was ever projected. On an *Easter*-day, in the time of Vespers, the *French* had all their throats cut throughout the Island of *Sicily*. No age, sex, condition, nobility, nor religious, were spared. The black spirit of the Abyss drew men from the Altar to run to the sword, which they indifferently thrust into the bosom of their guests: nor were so many crys & lamentations, nor such images of death flying before their eys, able to wound their hearts w^th^ one sole touch of compassion w^ch^ useth to move the most unnatural. Rage (blown by the breath of the most cruel furies of hell) made them to open the bellies of women, and to dig into their entrails to tear thence little Infants conceived of *French* blood. It caused the most secret Sanctuaries of nature to be violated, to put those to death, who had not (as yet) the first tast of life. Shall we not then say, that the passion of revenge, which hath taken root in a soul half damned, is the most fatal instrument that Hell can invent to overthrow the Empire of Christianity?

11. All these accidents well considered, are sufficient to moderate the passions which make so much noise among man-kind. But let us consider before we go off this stage, that Anger and Revenge are not creatures invincible to Courtiers, who yet retain some character of Christianity.

Glaber.

Great moderation in St. (King) *Robert.*

Robert, one of the greatest Kings that ever ware the Crown of *France*, saw his two sons bandied against him, when (provoked by the practises of the Queen their mother, who ceased not to insult over them) they ran to the field with some tumultuary troops, and began to exercise acts of hostility which made them very guilty. The father (incensed by their rebellion, and forcibly urged by the sting of the mother's revenge) speedily prepares an Army, and entreth into *Burgundy* to surprise and chastise them. Thereupon *William* Abbot of S. *Benigne* of *Dijon* goeth to him, and shews that these disorders were an effect of the Divine Providence which we should rather appease by penance, then irritate by anger: that, if his Majesty would call to mind, he should find that his youth was not exempt from errours committed by the inconsideration of age, and the practise of evil counsels: that he ought not to revenge with sword and fire, that which he had suffered in his own person, and that as he would not any should enterprise upon his hereditary possession, so it was fit, not to meddle with that which was God's, who had reserved vengeance to himself. This speech had such power that the good King was instantly appeased; caused his children to come; embraced them with paternal affection, and received them into favour, tying their reconciliation with an indissoluble knot. What can one answer to the mildness of a King accompanied with so much power and wisdom, but confess, that pardon is not a thing impossible? since this great Prince upon the words of a religious man, lays down arms, & dissipateth all his anger, as waves break at the foot of rocks.

Helgaudus in vita Roberti Regis.

12. We must confess, that Regality was never seen allyed to a spirit more mild and peaceable, and that his actions should rather be matter of admiration, then example. He pardoned twelve murtherers (who had a purpose to attempt upon his life) after he had caused them to confess and communicate, saying, It was not reasonable to condemn those whom the Church had absolved, and to afflict death upon such as had received the bread of life. But what would not he have done, who, surprizing a rogue which had cut away half of his Cloak furred with Ermins, said mildly to him, *Save thy self, and leave the rest for another who may have need of it!*

13. This mildness is very like to that of *Henry* the First, afterward King of *England*, who seeing his father's body to be staied in open street (upon the instant of his Obsequies) and this by a mean Citizen, who complained the soil of the land where the dead (which was *William* the Conquerour) was to be interred, was his Ancestours inheritance: he was nothing at all moved, but presently commanded his Treasurer to satisfie the Creditour, and to prosecute the pomp of his Funerals.

Generous acts of *Lewis* the Eleventh.

14. *Lewis* the Eleventh did a King-like act towards the ashes of the fair *Agnes*, who had possessed the heart of his father *Charles* the Seventh, and had persecuted him (the son) in her life-time. At her death she gave 60000 crowns for a foundation to the Cannons of *Loches*, to pray, and to build a Tomb for her in the midst of the Church. These men (prudent according to the world) accommodating themselvs to the time, & honoring this rising Sun (mounted to the throne of the Kingdom, after the death of his father) presented themselves before him, asking, they might be permitted to demolish the tomb of this woman who had so ill used him: but he with incredible generosity answered, he made not war against the dead, & that so far was he from ruining the monuments of *Agnes*, that he would command his Treasurer to give them 6000 Florens to preserve them.

Humility & wisdom of Queen *Anne* to overcom the passion of anger.

15. Sage and devout women, albeit the Sex is too apt for revenge, fail not to re-enter into themselves and blame their proceedings, when passion hath transported them out of the lists of reason. *Anne* of *Britain* seeing King *Lewis* the Twelfth very sick and in danger of his life (upon the consideration that he left her no male-child) caused a Ship to be rigged out, laden with great riches which she sent into her dear country, of purpose to retire thither so soon as the King were dead.

But, the Marshal *de Gié*, who commanded in a City of passage, judging that his charge obliged him to let nothing pass out of the Kingdom during the Kings sickness, did without any other order upon this resolution arrest all the goods of the poor Queen. She was a Bee w^ch^ lived in the sweetness of devotion, but yet had her sting: so that being much provoked by this act, she pursued the Marshal, and made him come to a trial at the Parliament of *Tholose*, where he was condemned to be banished out of *France*. But the good Queen calling back reason (after the stirring

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of her choler) with-held the blow, granted liberty to the delinquent, protested he was a worthy Lord, and had proceeded in all he had done, according to the rules of state. Whence it appeareth, that those cruel souls are most unreasonable which persist in hating, because they have once begun; and never lay down a wicked hatred, for which they have no other reason but their own wickedness.

Great and magnanimous goodness of *Lewis* the Twelfth.

16. *Lewis* the Twelfth her husband might have taught her this lesson, who having received ill measure under *Charles* the Eighth his Predecessour when he was Duke of *Orleans*, some flatterers counselling him to ennoble his entry to the Crown by the beating down his adversaries, answered in this memorable manner.

That it was not fit for a King of *France* to revenge the quarrels of the Duke of *Orleans*; and for this purpose he marked with a cross all the names of his enemies written down on paper: Whereat many wondred, thinking this note promised them nothing but a pair of gallows; which made them presently fly, so much they were urged by their own conscience. But he assembled them all together, and let them understand he had signed their names with a Cross, that they therein might behold the lesson which the authour of life dictated unto us on the Cross, which was to forgive those who persecute us. *Francis* the First, his successour following these steps pardoned the rebellious Rochellers, moved by the pitiful clamours of great number of little children who cried for mercy at his entrance into the City. Our most Christian King hath renewed the examples of the like clemency. I speak nothing of the Christian generosity of *Henry* the Third, who seeing himself taken away from Throne & Life by a most detestable Parracide, left the revenge thereof to God in the sharpness of his wound. *Henry* the Fourth had a soul infinitely mild, and if we find in his life some humane defects, yet therein there are a thousand divine virtues which shadow them by their great lights.

Incomparable mildness of *Lewis* the son of *Charlemaigne*.

17. But, if we compare goodness with offence; scarcely shall we find (throughout all the histories of the Christian world) a Prince who in this point hath equalled the virtue of *Lewis* the mild, son of *Charlemaigne*. This name cost him an invincible patience, which made it well appear that a nature too easie is exposed to infinite difficulties. His own children (*Lotharius*, *Pepin*, and *Lewis*) rebelled against him, and (out of a horrible daring) took Queen *Judith* from his sides, whom he in a second wedlock had married, caused her by force to take the veil, and holding a dagger at her throat, made her promise to perswade her husband to forsake the world, out of their Ambition to usurp his Scepter, and pull the Diademe from his head with hands of Harpies.

The poor Prince saw himself in one night abandoned by his army which slipt away before his eies, and went to yield themselves to his unnatural sons: but, some honest men staying about him, he besought and conjured them to save themselves and to leave him alone in peril, since he was the victime of Expiation, and that his sins had reduced him to this Calamity: and verily he went like a victime to the Altar, accompanied with the Queen his wife and his grand-child *Charles*, to render himself up a prisoner into their hands, to whom he had given both livelyhood, and life. This heart truely-mild, said by the way to those who lead him, Let my sons do what they will with me, and all that God shall permit: I only pray you (since I have never offended them) not to expose me to the fury of the multitude which commonly are very unjust to those who are depressed, as you now behold me: and above all, I will ask this favour of them, that they abstain from maiming any member of the Queen my wifes body, whom I know to be most innocent; or pulling out the eyes of *Charles* my grand-child, for that would to me be more bitter then death. In this manner he came to his sons Camp, who hypocritically received him with all reverence, promising an usage worthy his condition: and in the mean time assembled a venomous Council of maligne spirits to degrade him. The sentence was given contrary to all form of Justice, by subjects against their Sovereign Prince; by children against their father; by guilty against the innocent, without hearing him, without seeing him; and on a sundain it was publickly executed at the Assembly of *Compiegne*. *Duplex.*

This King, the best in the world, on his knees in the Church, in the presence of his vassals, among an infinite number of people, held a scroule in his hand, which contained the imaginary causes of his condemnation; they enforced him to read it himself; to open his mouth against his own innocency; to ask forgiveness of the Assembly which did him an irreparable wrong. Then, to conclude this cruel scene, he is constrained to take off his belt, and to lay it on the Altar; to despoil himself of his Royal Robes, and to take from the hands of certain infamous Prelates, a habit of penance, with which he was put into the hands of the Guard, and a few dayes after, led along in *Lotharius* his train.

All Histories mourn in the horrour of this narration, and there is not any who in his thoughts condemns not the Authours of this attempt. But this good King (being re-established by the endeavour of his best Subjects) did never pursue his injuries, witnessing in all occasions an extreme facility to be reconciled to his children: and when, afterward he was upon the point of death, he rallied together all he had of life, spirits, and strength, to forgive them, and asked of God that he would not take vengeance upon their crimes. This was to fulfil the whole law, and to do at the Court all that which the most perfectly religious can perform in a Cloister.

18. I will yet tell you for a conclusion, that there are certain industries, which they who are near great ones, may use to appease their Anger, and to divert the pernicious effects, by some delay, which is the best Counsellour this furious passion can have. *Argentré.*

This is to be seen in the course that *Bavalon* took with the Duke of *Britaigne*. The Prince being offended with the Count of *Clisson* Constable of *France*, resolved to take him in a snare, & undo him. To compass this enterprise, he made a great feast, whereto he invited all the principal Lords of *Britaigne*, courting *Clisson* with incomparable courtesie. Address of *Bavalon* to appease that anger of the Duke of *Britaigne*.

After all, he let him see his Castle of *Lermine*, where leading him from story to story, and from chamber to chamber, he brought him to the chief Turret, praying him to consider the fortifications, to reform the defects, whilst he spake a word to Seigneur *Laval*, brother in law to Clisson. He no sooner entred in, but he saw himself arrested by the Guard, and put into irons, with commandment given to Mounsieur *Bavalon* Captain of the Castle, to throw him (the next night) in a sack into the water. *Bavalon*, who perceived his Master was very quick, and thought that night might give him better counsel, resolved to do nothing. In the mean time solitude and darkness having recollected the Dukes spirits together, which had all day been scattered by the tempest of passion, he found his heart infinitely ballanced between the satisfaction of revenge, and

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the apprehenſion of the inevitable dangers which would wait on it, imagining the ſhadow of the Conſtable already drowned (as he thought) would draw fire, bloud, and havock upon his deſolated Country. The hideous viſions which already pitched battel in his diſtempered brain, the diſplayed Enſigns, and Armies heaped together from all parts, drew deep ſighs from him, which were obſerved by the gentlemen of his chamber. *Bavalon* about break of day comes into his chamber, and being asked concerning the ſecret execution of his command, he anſwered, It is done, loth to open any more, until he could clearly look into his maſters mind. The Duke upon this word beginneth his ſobbs again, with beating his hands, which teſtified great deſpair in him. But he inſiſting, and many times demanding whether *Cliſſon* were drowned; The Captain replyed, He was, and that he about mid-night had buried the body, fearing it might be diſcovered. Then began the Prince afreſh to curſe, and to abhor his own anger which had tranſported him to this out-rage; and ſaid, Would to God, *Bavalon*, I had believed thee when thou didſt counſel me to do nothing, or that thou hadſt not believed me, when I ſo paſſionately commanded thee. His truſty ſervant ſeeing he ſpake in good earneſt, and that it was time to declare himſelf, aſſured him *Cliſſon* was alive; and that he had deferred his commandment, out of this conſideration, that, if he perſiſted in the ſame mind, he ſhould alwayes have means enough to execute him. The Duke (rapt with this prudence) embraced him, and gave him a thouſand florens, for finding out ſo excellent a remedy for his Paſſion.

Obſervations upon ENVY, *Which draweth along with it Jealouſie, Hatred, and Sadneſs.*

WE enter into black and Saturnian Paſſions, which are Envy, Jealouſie, Fear, Sadneſs, and Deſpair, wherein we ſhall obſerve a venomous malignity which repleniſheth the heart with plagues, the life with furies, and the world with Tragedies. I will begin this order with two Court-Monks who in their time made a great noyſe: one of which being born for cruelty, and bred in maſſacres; his life was a continual crime, and his memory a perpetually execration.

Lamentable envy & enmity of *Ebroin* againſt S. *Leger.*

But the other (profiting by the experience of his evils) opened himſelf a way unto glory, and drew upon him the bleſſings of poſterity. Under the reign of *Clotharius* the third, *Ebroin* governed the State in the quality of the Mayor of the Palace, who was of a ſpirit ambitious, cruel, and ſubtle; valuing nothing above his own ends, and placing conſcience under all things in the world. He entred into this charge like a Fox, and ſwayed therein like a Lion; doing nought elſe but roar againſt ſome, and devour others; there being no power able enough to bend his pride, as if there were not riches enough in all the world to ſatisfie his avarice. God (who oftentimes ſuffereth not things violent to be long-laſting) gave an end to his tyranny by the death of his Maſter, whoſe reign was ſhort, and life moſt obſcure. He left two ſons, the eldeſt of which bare the name of *Childeric*, and the youngeſt was called *Thierry*. *Ebroin* ſeeing himſelf, like creeping Ivie (which ſeeks a pillar for ſupport) not to ſtand fair in *Childeric's* mind, whether this Prince were too clear ſighted, to diſcover his jugglings; or whether under the reign of his Father, he had otherwiſe uſed him then his condition deſerved; it made him arrogantly to adhere to *Thierry's* faction, thinking he had power and credit enough to make an alteration both in nature, and State-affairs. He then raiſeth a controverſie in a matter which was ſufficiently decided by birth, and aſſembleth the Eſtates to deliberate upon it; where there were ſo many creatures, whom he accounted to be obliged to follow his liking, that the palm of ſo doubtfull a battel ſeemed to him already abſolutely gained.

There was then in *France* one *Leger*, a man of great birth, of an excellent ſpirit, of an eminent virtue, accompanied with grace of body, and other parts which made him fit for the Court.

His Uncle, who was a great Prelate, had very nobly bred him, giving him admittance into the Palace and his affairs; but, the ſweetneſs of his nature, not born for much trouble, made him addict himſelf to the Church, and become a religious man, but was afterward taken out of his Monaſtery to be Biſhop of *Autun*. His degree and merit then obliged him to be preſent at this Aſſembly, where it was treated of making a new King: and ſeeing *Ebroin* inſolently ſupported the younger to the prejudice of Nature, and the laws of the Kingdom; he undertook to diſſolve his buſie practiſe, and to reduce miſled minds, unto reaſon. Notwithſtanding this violent Mayor of the palace ceaſed not openly to declare his deſign in full Aſſembly, in favour of *Thierry*; uſing many pretexts and colours which put a quite other face upon a buſineſs ſo unreaſonable. Good men, who more feared his bloudy countenance, and his irreconcilable enmities, then approved his reaſons, looked one upon another, expecting that ſome generous ſoul ſhould ſtand for truth: and all of them imagined, that having declared themſelves with much weakneſs, and ſmall effect, they might not ſerve ſo much for a ſupport to *Childeric's* cauſe, as for an object of *Ebroin's* revenge. Cruelties and Jealouſies often ruine many good affairs; and they took the way to overthrow this, if *Leger* had not riſen up, who ſpake with ſo much reaſon, grace, authority and courage, that he alone gave a countrepoiſe to *Ebroin's* malice, and drew all the ſoundeſt in the Aſſembly to his ſide: where *Ebroin's* adherents (ſeeing Truth carried as in Triumph by hands ſo courageous) did disband, ſtudying more their own preſervation, then to ſerve his ambition.

Childeric mounts up to the Throne which nature had prepared for him; *Ebroin*, who knew the main and manifeſt contradictions he had framed againſt his right, hath a ſoul full of affrightments, and already accounts himſelf for a dead man; he ſearcheth for ſome ſanctuary to hide himſelf, but findeth none more ſafe then Religion. Neceſſity makes a Monk, where piety could never make a Chriſtian. He comes and throweth himſelf at *Childeric's* feet, offers him his head and life with moſt humble ſubmiſſion, by which he begged of the young King, that (if his goodneſs permitted him not to moiſten the entrance into his Throne with the bloud of the guilty) his Majeſty would pleaſe to confine him to a Monaſtery, to bewail his ſins, and daily to die as many times, as he ſhould call to mind his own ingratitude. *Childeric* (who was not born to bloud, and who at that time had his heart buſied enough with the joy of his victory (which is a time when Mildneſs coſts him leaſt) permittted him to retire into the Monaſtery of *Luxevil* in *Burgundy*. Mean time, *Leger* (who had given ſuch teſtimonies of his capacity, courage, and fidelity) is put into *Ebroin's* place, and undertaketh the abſolute government of all the affairs of the Kingdom.

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His virtue ſhould have diſpenſed with him at this time, not to give others occaſion to think that he had beaten down *Ebroin's* tyranny, of purpoſe to raiſe himſelf upon his ruines. But there are certain chains of Adamant in charges and Court-dignities, which oftentimes captive the moſt auſtere. His Rival burſts with anger to ſee him lifted up to this dignity, when his calamity enforced him to be tied to a Coul, which is a piece he never had thought was for his purpoſe. He was a ſtrange Hermit, like to *Nicephorus* (*Gregoras* his Fox) who, being blacked over with Ink, counterfeited the Monk, and told the Poultry, he much repented him to have uſed them ſo ill, but that hereafter they might confidently converſe with him, ſince his habit and condition permitted him not to live otherwiſe then innocently. This miſerable man had no other repentance, but that he had not proſpered in his ambition; no other poverty, then the impotency of taking away other men's goods: no other obedience, then the hypocriſie of his ſubmiſſion: no other ſinging, then the ſorrows of his fortune: and no other Religion, but his habit. All his prayers tended to nothing elſe but to demand ſome change of State, that he might change his fortune; whereas *Leger* (taking ways quite contrary in his government) made Religion, Juſtice, and Peace to flouriſh.

His zeal oppoſed impiety; his equity, injuſtice; his ſweetneſs, violence: and his authority carried all that was reaſonable. But, there is a certain unhappineſs in the manage of State-affairs, which makes a man hate his own quiet: and virtue too regular, is often troubleſom even to thoſe it intends to oblige.

Leger is offenſive to ſome, becauſe he makes them more honeſt then they would be: to others, becauſe his lights manifeſt their darkneſs; whileſt others think, that in the newneſs and change of a Miniſter of State, they ſhall better make up their own reckoning. *Childeric* himſelf takes a diſtaſt againſt the faithfulleſt of his ſervants: and whether that *Ebroin's* faction breathed this paſſion into him, or whether it proceeded from his licentious youth; or whether his humour felt too much conſtraint in the innocent ſeverity of the manners of his Mayor of the Palace: he ſhewed him not ſo pleaſing a look as he had accuſtomed. He, deſirous more efficaciouſly to ſound the King's opinion, moſt humbly beſought him to give him leave to paſs the feaſt of *Eaſter* in the City whereof he was a Biſhop, which *Childeric* eaſily aſſented to. But perverſe ſouls (who enkindled the fire of diviſion, undercolour of friendſhip) told the good Prelate, that the eaſineſs his Prince had witneſſed in this late occaſion, was but a bait to undo him, and that he had reſolved to cauſe his perſon be ſeized on, of purpoſe to murther him. One fears all from a power that taketh the liberty to do all: which was the cauſe that *Leger* entred into great affrightments upon this news, and reſolved to leave the Court, to free himſelf from Envy and the dangers which threatned him. He communicateth his intention with his greateſt confidents, who are nothing of his opinion, and they ſhewed him he muſt not yield to a little ſtormy guſt, but rather die in the midſt of the waves (holding the Helm in his hand) then to forſake the veſſel: that his flight would give matter of ſuſpicion to the King; of advantage to his enemies, and of confuſion to his own friends: and that (hitherto) there was not any ſign of diſgrace which might make him to begin, where the only extremity of evils might conſtrain him to end. Notwithſtanding, whether fear had taken too much hold upon this good Prelate's mind, or whether his conſcience reduced into his imagination, the repoſe of thoſe innocent days he had ſpent in the Monaſtery; he takes a ſudden reſolution, not to forſake the world by halves: but by laying down the government of the affairs of the Kingdom, to rid himſelf alſo of his Biſhoprick. The concluſion of this buſineſs is followed by a ſpeedy diſpatch; which made the King wonder, who ſent truſty perſons to invite him to return, and to give him aſſurance of his good affection towards him but his zeal had its ear in heaven, not to hearken to the perſwaſions of the earth. He goes to the Monaſtery of *Luxevil*, where he ſees *Ebroin*, who was there held as a fettered beaſt, and not in a condition to bite. The Abbot, who knew the differences that were in Court, fearing, leaſt hatred might hatch its egg by the help of a Religious habit, cauſed them to be reconciled, and to talk together, although he had ſeparated their abode: fearing that too frequent converſation might in them awaken their former averſions. Time ſlideth away very quietly with them, until the arrival of a very unexpected accident. *Childeric* (after the departure of S. *Leger*) uſeth the greatneſs of his power licentiouſly, and ſoileth both his Name and Dignity, with inconſiderate actions; which quickly made this great Miniſter of State to be deplored, and all the Envy to be caſt upon the King, for having ſo eaſily diſmiſſed him. The contempt of his perſon began ſo to creep into the minds of his ſubjects, that defamatory Libels went abroad upon his Paſſions and Government, which ſeemed to have no other aim, but the weakning of his Authority. He thought to quench a coal with flames, and entreth into courageous anger againſt thoſe whom he ſuſpected to raiſe any queſtion upon his actions.

He cauſeth a Gentleman named *Bodil* to be taken, and having cauſed him to be tied to a poſt, he commandeth him to be ignominiouſly whipped, contrary to the manner of ordinary puniſhments; which occaſioned ſo much acerbity in the Nobility, that all in an inſtant rebelled againſt him. *Bodil*, tranſported by the fury of his Paſſion, and encouraged by the number of his Complices, out of a horrible attempt, kills *Childeric* whileſt he was a hunting: and paſſing on to the Palace, extendeth his revenge (like a Devil fleſhed in maſſacres) to the perſon of the Queen (great with Child) whom he murthered. The Court is drenched in deep deſolation; the pillars of the State totter: there is need of able men to free them from this danger. The friends of *Ebroin* and S. *Leger* (who ſought their own ends in the employment of theſe two) invited them with urgent reaſons (covered with the good of the State) to return to the world; aſſuring them that all *France* went to ruine, if they ſupported it not. *Ebroin* (to whom South-ſayers promiſed wonders, and who, under hope he had to forſake the Monk's Coul, had already ſuffered his hair to grow, to be the better diſpoſed for all occaſions) ſhewed himſelf nothing hard to be perſwaded.

Saint *Leger* therein uſed more reſiſtance; but in the end ſuffered himſelf to be over-come, leaving the ſweetneſs of Solitude to enter again into the troubles of the world; which never paſſeth unpuniſhed, but in ſuch as do it by the Laws of pure Obedience. He is received into his Biſhoprick as an Angel, and his friends do all they can to bring him

to

to the Court, and to gain him a good esteem in the Kings mind, who seemed to stand in need of such a servant, to purchase the more authority among the people who with much satisfaction had tasted the sweetness of his Government. *Ebroin* (on the other side) seeing *Thierry* (*Childeric*'s brother) had taken possession of the Kingdom, was very confident of his return, having formerly been of the faction of the young King: But he being neglected, *Leudegesillus*, an ancient favourite of *Thierry*'s, had undertaken the government of affairs. The furious Monk storms like a mad-man for the dignity of Master of the Palace which he had possessed; and being unable to creep into it by mildness, he entreth thereinto by open violence. He rallieth together all his ancient friends; in this new change of State, he gathereth a tumultuary army, and flyeth into the field with so much speed, that he almost surprized the King with his Favourite, to use them at his discretion. Necessity enforceth to offer candles and incense to this devil; he is sought unto for peace, great recompences are proposed to his crimes: his ambition takes no satisfaction but in the object of his design. He draweth *Leudegesillus* to a conference under shew of accommodation; and (being a man without Faith or Soul) he killeth him, emptying his place by a murder, to repleniſh it by a Treachery. Notwithstanding, he lets *Thierry* know, his arms were not taken but for his service, and that he had no other purpose, but to reduce all powers under his Scepter. The other was in a condition of inability to defend himself; which made him resolve rather to take him for a servant, then to have him for a master. In the end; this horrible fury (hidden under the habit of a Monk) never ceased until it carried him to the neareſt place of a Royal Throne. So soon as he was possessed of his former dignity, he bent all his powers to vengeance, and thought upon nothing but of ridding his hands of such as had crossed his fortune. S. *Leger* was the very first he aimed at in his wicked plots; he dispatcheth troops to make havock about the City of *Autun*, and gives commands to murderers, (executioners of his revenge) to lay hold of his person.

The good Prelate (who heard the lamentable cries of the people) afflicted by the detestation of these hostilities, went forth, and presents himself before these Barbarians, as a victime of expiation, to deliver himself over to death, and to stay the stream of the miseries which overflowed his Dioceſs. He was prepared to make an Oration, but (they as Tygers, which had no commerce with musick) presently fell upon him; and having taken him, they pulled out his eyes, to lead him in triumph to *Ebroin*. He had already poisoned the ear of the young King, having set forth this sage Bishop as the most execrable man on earth, and the most capital enemy he had in the world. There remained nothing (but to produce him in this state) fully to accomplish the contentment his brutishness did aim at.

He at the same time caused *Guerin* (S. *Leger*'s brother) to be taken, doubly to torment him in that he most loved: and having presented them both before the King, he beginneth to charge them with injuries and scorns; the Saints eclipsed eyes, and faces covered all over with bloud, nothing mollifyed the heart of this *Polyphemus*. Captivity tyed not the tongues of the two brothers, nor excess of miseries dejected their courages. They spake with all liberty what might be expected from their constancy; rendering thanks to God, that he in this world had chastised them with temporal punishments, as true children; and menacing *Ebroin* with an eternity of torments, which the anger of God reserved for the exorbitancy of his wickedness. This cruel creature, who expected some more pliantness in so great a misery, was immeasurably offended, and instantly commanded them to be separated, and *Guerin* to be speedily put to death.

He received the sentence of death with great fortitude, embracing his blind brother with all unexpressible tenderness, and encouraging him to the last conflict, with words full of the spirit of God. After this, he is bound to a pillar, and knocked down with stones. *Ebroin*, who would relish his revenge by long draughts, found out in his heart inventions of a hangman, to torment Saint *Leger*, causing him to walk on stones as sharp as razours, and appointing his face to be disfigured, by cutting out his tongue, his nose, his lips, to send him from thence a prisoner to the Monastery of *Fecan*. All this was executed; yet the patience of this incomparable man (by so hideous torments) no whit shaken, blessing God for all these things, and incessantly praying, and forming some stuttering inarticulate sounds, to instruct and exhort those who visited him.

A while after, he is called again before this Tyrant, who made a sport of his pains, and sought to make him end his life by despair, to kill the soul with the body. But when he perceived his heart was of so strong a temper, and that the dreadfull horrour of a poor body (carried up and down among so many tortures) made nothing for his reputation, he gave order to *Chrodobert* to put him to death; and instantly he was delivered to four executioners who led him forth into a forest, which retaineth the name of S. *Leger*. The blessed blind man perceiving his hour approached, said to them, I see what you go about to do; Trouble not your selves, I am more ready to die, then you to execute me. Thereupon, three of the murderers relenting, prostrated themselves at his feet, and craved pardon, which he very freely granted, and putting himself upon his knees prayed for his persecutours, recommending his soul to the Father of souls; at which time one of these four executioners persisting in his obduratenes cut off his head. The wife of *Chrodobert* took the body, and interred it in a little Chappel, where it did great miracles which have deserved the veneration of people. Some time after, the detestable *Ebroin* (continuing the wickedness of his bloudy life) was slain in his bed like another *Holophernes*, and suddenly taken out of the world, not shewing any sign of repentance; to be reserved for an eternal torment.

Behold all which Envy, Jealousie, and the Rage of a man abandoned by God can do; which letteth us manifestly see, that there are not any men in the world worse then those, who, degenerating from a religious profession, return to the vices of the world. And on the other side, we may behold in the person of S. *Leger*, that there is not any Passion which may not be overcome; nor honour which may not be trodden under-foot; nor torments which a man is not able to set at naught, when he with strong confidence throws himself between the arms of the Cross, there to find those of *Jesus Christ*.

LAUS DEO.

THE
HOLY COURT.

Written in French by N. CAUSSIN. S. J.

Containing the Lives and Elogies of Persons of the COURT most Illustrious, both of the Old and New Testament, *&c.*

Divided into five ORDERS:

- *Monarchs and Princes.*
- *Queens and Ladies.*
- *Souldiers.*
- *States-men.*
- *Religious men.*

The Fifth TOME.

LONDON,

Printed *Anno Dom.* MDCLXIII.

To the READER.

HAving employed my first Volume in pious and profitable discourses, I haue purposed to set forth in this fifth Tome a sufficient large Court to serve for example. Which I have done by uniting to the Histories which I have already published, these which I have here added a new; which are almost all taken out of the holy Scriptures, and handled in a style more solid and contract then specious and enlarged.

If this Work hath somewhat delayed its coming forth into the light, it hath been businesses other Wayes coming upon me, that hath staid it. We have had adversaries to deal with, very well known, that have by their Requests and by their Libels exceedingly troubled themselves to molest us. I have answered them in two Bookes after a long silence, for that the necessity did seem so to require, and Authority therein did expresly command my obedience. I have done it with the greatest modesty and sincerity that I was able: and I may with confidence say, that it hath been to the satisfaction of people of quality and desert.

Since, as I understand they have continued their Replies, where they largely witness their sharpness, against me. But what offence have I committed, if in a Cause so good, and by order from my Superiours I have undertaken the Defence in general of a Society, in which I have lived near these fourty years, and have never learned any thing therein but Wisdom and Virtue? They have so little matter, that they are compelled to use old News-books against me, which have spoken nothing, but what hath been interpreted to my honour. I have served God, the King, the Queen, and all France, without ever offending any person, they might be ashamed to reproach me with that which hath been so much for my credit, and to imitate those people that threw their Gods at the heads of their enemies for want of arrows.

God keep me from losing so much time as to read their Writings, or any desire to answer them. I should seem to have lost my understanding, if I should busie my self in fighting against shadows and Lies put into Rhetorick, so fully refuted by our Justifications, and so manifestly condemned by the judgement of the Queen Regent and the rest of the Powers that have acknowledged and maintained the Innocency of this Society against all Accusations.

These Books of evil Language are intolerable to all honest people, and even odious to those that are rational of their own party; in so much, that I pity their Authours, to whom the pains of so great a Volume with so little success hath already served for a large punishment.

Instead of Replies to all those slanders, I do sincerely offer up Prayers to God for our Persecutours, that he may please to kindle in their hearts his holy Love, which may purge out this gall of bitterness, this carnal Wisdom, and cause them to bring forth the fruits of Truth, Justice, and Charity.

The which I have endeavoured to do in this Work, wherein I conceive that I have acquitted my self of the promises that I made to the Publick by treating on the true Histories of great Personages; and especially those whom the holy Scripture hath honoured by its style, for the edification of all the World.

It is in these illustrious Representations that the mind contents it self; it is here that it contemplates the Virtues of famous Persons, like the beams of the first Magnitude; it is here that it quickens it self to the imitation of their glorious deeds, and that it fore stalls the delights of its own immortality. It is here, that it learns to endure adversities without departing from the duties of its Calling, and firmly to keep its Constancy like the shadow in the Quadrants, that remains immoveable under the blasts of the most furious Winds, not forsaking the measures of the Sun.

Receive therefore (courteous Reader) the fruits of this my labour sprung up in the midst of a Tempest, that it may find calmness in thy favourable acceptance.

THE

THE MONARCHS.

THE wiſeſt of Monarchs ſpeaking in the holy Scripture unto the Princes of his age, and proceeding at large to give a full warning to all thoſe that ſhould bear part in their honour, and imitate their lives, delivereth theſe words by way of Oracle. *Hearken O Kings, not onely with an ear of fleſh, but attend with that of the underſtanding and heart, to give entrance thereby to the Spirit of God.* If you eſteem it a moſt glorious honour to govern innumerable people, and to behold from the throne of your Magnificence, Nations bending under your Scepters; Know ye, that this Power which lifts you ſo high above the reſt of mortals, is borrowed from Heaven, and is a gift which hath its original from God, who is the Sovereign of all Monarchs of the World. It is He that will examine all your works, and ſearch into the ſecreteſt of your thoughts. You forget that notwithſtanding all the ſervices that men render to you, you are but the Servants & Attendants of this powerfull King: You have not judged ſincerely; you have not kept the Laws which your ſelves have preſcribed, nor rendred juſtice to your Subjects, nor walked according to the commands of Him, whoſe perſon you repreſent. This is the reaſon, why He will appear to you ſuddenly and terribly, ſeparating your ſoul from your bodies. You ſhall ſee Him on His Throne of Juſtice, compaſſed with terrours, and you ſhall know that He exerciſes moſt ſevere Judgment over thoſe that bear rule over men. All thoſe poor people, which tremble under your power, ſhall be lovingly and mercifully dealt with by God; but the mighty ſhall be mightily tormented, if they behave not themſelves as they ought; and ſhall know that the greatneſs of their Sovereign Authority ſhall avail them nothing, but to ſerve to augment their juſt puniſhments.

The words of the wiſeman directed to the Kings of his time. *Sar. 6.*

There are no plagues more fatal to the deſtruction of Princes, then thoſe, who (under colour of raiſing their authority,) would make themſelves great by power to commit (and that without puniſhment) all kind of enormities. Royalty is an invention of God, appointed not for the benefit of the Kings, but of the Common-wealth. It was not inſtituted for the vain-glory of men, but for the ſafety of the World; and Princes are more for the peoples ſake, then the people for theirs.

The end of Royalty.

All the great things were made to ſerve the leſſer. The Sun (the Prince of Lights, and the heart of Nature,) ſerves as well for the eyes of a little fly, as for thoſe of a Monarch. The Ocean within that its monſtrous extent of Seas and wonders, tenders its ſervice to the little Fiſh incloſed in a ſmall ſhell, which cannot ſubſiſt without its attendance: The one poſſeſſes not the leaſt beam, nor the other the leaſt drop of water, which it imployes not for the Commune.

Great things were made for the leſſer.

The Eternal Father would not that the great things ſhould be great in vain; but that they pay for their greatneſs, by the favours and cares they are to take for the little ones. Thus God commanded *Moſes* to carry all that great people that he had brought out of *Egypt*, to ſerve them all as a Mother: and (if we will believe S. *Baſil* of *Seleucia*) Kings are made to bear the World.

Orat. 1 in Adam.

In ancient time they were lifted up upon Bucklers on the day of their Conſecration, to cauſe them to underſtand, that they ought to ſerve for a Buckler for their whole Realm. Nature hath made neither King nor Subject amongſt Men. Kings are not born Kings, but by the conſent of thoſe people which have made themſelves a Law to obey him whom God ſhould declare to them by his birth, or whom themſelves ſhould make by Election. Royalty is a power of all the particulars united together in one man, to be applyed and exerciſed according to the Law.

The practice of *Romulus* to be noted. *Navar. l. 1. c. 9.*

When *Romulus* founded the Monarchy of *Rome*, compoſed of diverſe people that offered themſelves to him, he expreſly ordained that every one ſhould bring to him ſome of the earth & fruits of his country, whereof he compoſed a maſſe, and cauſed it to be buried in a great pit, which he called the word: intending to ſhew by this ceremony, that Royalty is a heap of Wills, of Powers, of Riches, united in one only power. This is a borrowing which Kings make without obligation to reſtore again, but with obligement to render it better. They ought to do as the Bees, which take of the flowers, to make Honey thereof. They ought to temper and bring to perfection the Virtues and Qualities of the whole Communalty in their own perſon, to compoſe thereof the publick happineſs.

Targum & Navatius. *l. 4.*

Wherefore do you think that the ancient *Hebrews* planted trees at the birth of the children of their Kings, which they held as ſacred, and dreſſed them with carefull diligence, to make thereof one day thrones for thoſe little Monarchs, when they were come to the Crown; but onely to teach them, that they ought to cover the people with their protection, and to enrich them with goods, as the tree defends men from the tempeſt with its leaves, and nouriſheth them with its fruit? They are not properly Maſters in a ſtrict ſenſe, for that the Maſter may do whatſoever he will with his goods without giving ac-

count thereof: But a King cannot use his subjects, but according to the law: he must intreat them, as the Goods of God; for that he is accomptable therefore to the Sovereign Judge of Heaven and Earth, whose Steward he is for a certain time, and not proprietary for ever. If he abuse this trust, although the people cannot recall the authority, which they have given to him, and which hath been established of it self by a long prescription; nevertheless he is answerable to the Divine Majesty for all that he doth.

Navarrus in Manual. The Divines hold, that a King, which should reign onely for his own honour and pleasure, would sin grievously, and put himself upon hazard of loosing his salvation.

Royalty a glorious servitude. To speak then the very truth; Royalty is a very great obligement, & a glorious servitude, & he that shal wel consider all its burthens, would not so much as stoop to take up a Diadem lying on the ground.

Doctor *Navarrus* and other Divines, that treat of the duty of Princes, say, That to be a King, is to be the peoples man, who is charged before God upon the peril of his soul, to take care of their affairs, and to maintain them in peace, as far as shall be lawfull and possible, to defend them from their enemies, to render justice to them by himself or his officers. That is, to choose men of ability and virtuous, to undertake those charges; to watch over their actions and their behaviour; to chastise the evil ones that trouble the publick quiet, and to recompence the good ones. That is, to keep the Laws, to root out abuses, to cause piety and good manners to flourish, to stop all injustice, corruptions and exactions. As also to facilitate trading, to order the conducts for Souldiers, to take care for the reparations of publick buildings, for Ammunition and provision, for the health and conveniency of his Subjects, and to exact nothing of them above their ability: and that which is exacted, to husband it for their benefit, to employ the customs with the greatest fidelity, as the blood of men redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ: This is, to take order for the Education of Youth, to honour the Church, and persons of desert, to Authorize good Magistrates, to have a particular care of acknowledging the good services of men at Arms, which do sacrifice themselves in a thousand occasions for the Common-weal. It is to have great compassion on the poor, especially Widows and Orphans, to hear willingly the Petitions of those that are afflicted and oppressed, to take thought for all, watch for all; to do that in his Realm, that the soul infused doth in the Body.

Royalty a marvellous profession. It is too much power to say that which *Nero* said by the tongue of *Seneca*; Among so many mortals, I am the onely one chosen in heaven to perform the office of God upon earth: I am the Arbitratour both of life and death, I am the distributer of fortunes, the favours that come from above are not bestowed but by my mouth: I cause the rejoycings of cities and countrys, nothing flourisheth but by my favour. If I speak but a word I make a million of swords to come forth of the scabbard, and if I command, I cause them to be put up again. It is I that give, and take away liberty, which make, and unmake Kings, which remove Nations, which lay waste rebellious Towns, which hold the happiness or unhappiness of men in mine hands.

What other thing is this that he vaunts, and so proudly boasts himself of? but onely to confess himself responsible to God for so great an account: whereof this miserable Emperour acquitted himself so ill, that having lived like a beast, he dyed like a mad-man. There is no man worthy to reign, but he that can tremble at the very shadow of Royalty.

Great Princes the workmanship of God. Great Princes are not made by the suffrages of men alone, but by the finger of God: they are born in Heaven by the Divine Decrees, before they appear upon earth by humane birth. To speak the truth, there are wonderful qualities required to make a well-accomplished King; and this is a thing more hard to find then the Phenix nest. Very rare. When the children of *Israel* had this conceit, that *Moses* was lost, they repair to his brother *Aaron*, and intreat him to make them a God, to sit in the place of their Conductour, as if they meant to say; after *Moses*, no less will serve them then a Deity. Nevertheless, God hath never suffered that there should be a perfect Monarch in the World, in whom nothing hath been wanting; for there would have been a hazard, lest he should have been taken for a God, and thereby have caused a perpetual Idolatry.

The Heathens have made Gods of some Emperours vicious enough; what would they not have made of perfect ones, seeing that men naturally do bear a certain reverence towards virtue? Look a little narrowly into the life of the greatest Monarchs of the World, as of *David*, *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Augustus*, *Constantine*, *Charlemagne*; and you shall finde that all those beauties, which have so dazled the eyes of the World, have had their spots, and the most part of the rest have inherited a Renown but little commendable; that is, *To be none of the worst amongst many bad ones.*

Whatsoever excellency the most famous of them had, proceeded from the especial gift of God: and whatsoever meanness was in them, proceeded from themselves; who alwayes mingled somewhat of Man with the work of the great Work-master. Nevertheless, good Instructions are very useful for Princes, to rouse up, and make active the endowments they have from above: yet it is not in those Panegyricks so well composed, that they learn their duty; for, there they may sooner learn to forget it (when being puft up by those flatteries) they think themselves to be in deed, that, which they are there, but in flourish.

It is not my intent here to discourse at large how Princes ought to govern themselves, but to contract in a few words that which is necessary for their direction, and I am perswaded that the Scripture, S. *Lewis* in his Testament, and *Lewis* the eleventh in that Treatise which he composed himself for the instruction of the King his son, have said hereto sufficient, and that the rules of reigning well cannot be drawn better from any, then those that have been of the same profession.

The perfection of a Prince may be comprehended within these five Qualities, Piety, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness, and Valour. Piety fits him for God: Wisdom, for himself: Justice, for the Law: Valour, for Arms: and Goodness, for the whole World.

Piety, or (to speak more properly with S. *Thomas*) Religion is a true virtue, that appropriates Man to God, and makes him to render that honour that is due to him as first Original, and chief Lord of the whole frame of Nature. *Synesius* in that excellent Treatise that he made for the Emperour *Arcadius* concerning government, sayes, That this is the foundation on the which all firmness subsists. This is that spirit of life, which Kings do breathe from heaven, which fills their understanding with enlightning, their heart with Divine love and confidence, their Palace with holiness, and their Kingdom with a blessing.

It belongs to a King above all, to be Pious and Devout towards God, even by the Title of Royalty

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it self. Who should honour that highest Majesty, more then his Vicegerent here on earth? Who should represent his virtues, more then his image here below? Who should render greatest thanks for his favours, more then he that receives them in the most abundance? besides the obligement that binds the Prince unto this virtue; he finds the chiefest interest there. Prosperity for the most part is found on their side, which honour the Deity, saith *Titus Livius* in his history. And *Aristotle* who proceeds by way of Policy only, counsels a Monarch to be exceedingly religious, for that thereby he will be more beloved and reverenced by his subjects, which expect lesse evil and more good from a Prince which is joined to God by Religion. This also procures him an assurance in his affairs; and makes his prosperity the sweeter, and adversities the lesse afflicting.

God who is the Master and Teacher of Princes, doth so strictly recommend this virtue to those Kings, that were made more especially by his own election, that he commands them to receive from the Priests a Copy of the Law of God, or else to transcribe it with their own hand, to carry it alwayes with them, and to read it all the dayes of their life, to learn thereby to fear the highest King, and to keep his instructions.

Now the Piety of a Prince ought not to be ordinary, but it ought to excell in three things chiefly, in an inward sense of the Deity, in his worship, and zealous affection. An Ancient said, That he which believes the Gods, makes them, and that they have no need of our Sacrifices, but that they would have our Heart. The King ought to acknowledge God with a very deep sense of piety, as the chiefest essence, the chiefest light, a Trinity within an Unity infinite, an Eternal Spirit, whose power is Almightyness, whose Will is the highest reason, and whose Nature is nothing but Holiness: That he is a Mysterious Silence, a Lovely Terribleness, an Immensenesse of Glory, which sees all, and knows all, from whom all Beings have their rising, which gives and takes away Empires, before whom the World, and all its Kingdoms, and all its Monarchs, are but as it were small atoms moving within that immoveable Beam. This sense will cause the Prince to tender his Crown and Person at the feet of God with a perfect humility, and whole dependence on him in all things: he will learn the mysteries of our faith, and all the great Maxims of Religion, not for disputation, but to believe and adore them.

The service of God.

In prosecution of this deep sense, it behoves him to profess the outward worship and service for the performance of his duty, and the example of his people: as by his assisting at divine Service with great reverence; honouring the holy Sacrament; shewing himself exceeding devout towards the most holy mother of God, towards the Angels and Saints; frequenting Confession and the Eucharist; hearkning willingly to the word of God, and regulating his prayers and daily devotions, by the advice of those that direct his conscience, and above all accounting it the chiefest devotion to be carefull of his people, just in his Government, and full of compassion towards the afflicted.

It is also expedient to take heed that the Prince in this do neither too much, nor too little; it is not fiting that he take upon him the devotion of a Priest or Religious man, which might a little diminish the credit of his profession, nor that he should likewise become too careless and negligent in Divine matters, for fear least he fall into Libertinism, which is the gulf of all misfortunes.

Zeal.

True Piety in a Monarch shineth forth most of all in zeal, which is a most ardent love of the honour of God; and to attain to this, he ought above all to keep the Law of God, avoiding all grievous and scandalous sins, and he ought continually to take care, that God be served in his own house, and throughout his whole Realm.

That Blasphemies, Sacriledges, Heresies, Simony, and all impieties be scattered & vanish by the beams of his power: That the Pope, which is the Father, and chief Shepheard of all Christendom, be respected with a holy Reverence. That the Bishops be honoured and maintained. That the Church be provided of good Pastours. That the Clergy live under Rule and comelinesse, & that it be maintained in its rights. That Hospitals, Monasteries, and Religious houses be protected & preserved in their estates. He ought not to suffer in any manner whatsoever, according to the order of *Lewis*, that sacred places be violated in the Warrs which may happen between Christian Princes. He ought to have an earnest zeal and indefatigable for the advancement of the Faith and Religion, and according as the times and occasions shall permit, to employ his arms and person to subdue the pride of Infidels, and set up the Standard of the Cross. This is the portion which God reserves for Christian Princes, which should never partake of true honour, but that which is enclosed within the glory of *Jesus Christ* (saith *Julius Firmicus* to the children of *Constantine*) Nevertheless in designs of war against the Infidels nothing should be too fervently hasted, under pretence of zeal, to the prejudice of the Realm; but to attend the coming in of God, which knowes the times and opportunities, and that sometimes gives in without much labour, which men at other times undertake without good advice, and with little success.

Wisdom doth very excellently agree with piety, as being a science of Divine and Humane things, not idle, but with an active relish and skill for the directing of our life. If a Prince do not study to get this wisdom, he is ignorant of his profession, and makes himself contemptible to his Subjects. He is given by God to his Kingdom, as the Soul to the Body, and how can he then subsist without understanding? He is given as the Eye, what can he do without Light? He ought himself to be the Light, and would it not be a shame for him to be covered with perpetual darkness? *The King shall reign and shall be wise*, Jer. 23. 5. saith the holy Scripture: this is the onely thing that *Solomon* desired of God at the beginning of his reign: and he gave him this request in such a manner, that he repleniſht him with a wonderful ability.

The greatness of Wisdom.

Wisdom maketh a man more worth then a thousand, it multiplies it self into many heads, and gathers together the riches of the Universe into one onely heart. The Wiseman draws an harmless Tribute from the Learning of all Ages, he learns the lives of all, for to husband well his own, he enters into those great Labyrinths of time past, as into his own house; he makes use of so many re inventions of the best wits of the World, as of his own Patrimony. You may say that the Soul of a learned Prince hath run through many Ages in diverse Bodies. Wisdom maketh him to pass through long wayes with small charges, and to discover the whole World without going out of his Closet: He learns, he discourseth, he judgeth, he approveth, he condemneth, that which is past, makes him profit by that which is to come: Good Counsels do enlighten him, and even the follies of others erect him a Theatre for Wisdom.

Yet

What the wisdom of a Prince should be.

Yet he must take heed, lest of a Prince becoming a Philosopher, he cease not to be a King: he ought not to study onely to know and dispute, but to have the knowledge and practise of Excellent things: To think to become wise by the reading of Books only, is like thinking to be hot by the remembrance of fire. He must of necessity traffick with his own understanding, with his own experience: and that he may profit by Teachers, he must be a teacher to himself. I would not that all Princes should be such Philosophers as *Marcus Aurelius* the Emperour, nor so eloquent as *Julian* the Apostate, nor so curious in every Art as *Hadrian*. It is a Science which comes very near to ignorance, to study for that which will profit nothing, and to take the pains to learn that which would be better unlearned.

Hillel. Author Hebraeus nonnullis in Corona. 1. Lege.

Seeing that the Scripture is the Book of books, and that the Ancients called the Bible *the Crown*; a King ought not to be ignorant thereof, yet not to make himself a *Divine*, but thereby to learn his duty. Natural Phylosophy (which sets before us the great spectacle of the Creatures, thereby to ascend to the Creatour) is not unprofitable for a good understanding: that which teaches to reason & discourse is good for every occasion: but the Moral, Political, and History make up the best part of a Kings Library; and if he make a little digression, into Musick and Painting; it cannot but be commendable.

Promote that knowledg that puffs not up vain spirits; but that rather, which humbles the solid ones: for, by learning that which we know not, we understand our Ignorance; and know by experience, that one might make a great Library of that, which is beyond the knowledge of the most learned in the World. There are none but those that know little, and which know ill, who take upon them to have a sufficiency of knowledge: they crakle like little Rivulets, whereas the greater Rivers run quietly. That Prince, which by reason that he hath studied, will carry all his counsel in his own head, shews, that he hath little profited by his study: for in this mortal life, a man is so far wise, as he seeks still to become so: but, after that he thinks that he hath atteined it, and hath no more need of others help; then he begins to be out of the way. The use of wisdome is to become wise, as that of the eye, is to see.

The wisdom of a King may be seen by a reasonable tincture of Learning, by the knowledge that he hath of himself, and the frail flourishing of all humane things, by the discreetness of his words, by his modesty in prosperity, by his constancy in adversity. It will shew it self by a Greatness, without Affectation; a Majesty, without Pride; an Humility, without contempt; a Comeliness, without Striving: where every thing declares a King, without any shew of making him seem so: it will shew it self by its Temperance, by the moderating of his passions, and by prudence in the government of his life and estate.

This is to have deeply studied; to be able to overcome his Anger, to disarm Revenge, to moderate a Victory, to overcome concupiscence, to regulate his Affection, to keep under Ambition, to restrain his Tongue, to over-rule his Delights, to asswage his Discontents, to live like a Saint, and speak like an Oracle. This is exceedingly to have profited in wisdom; to be able to proceed in all affairs according to the laws of true prudence. But, the false maketh that its principal which is but the accessary: it takes Greatness and pleasures for the chief aim of a Kings life, it consults little, it judgeth ill, it decreeth nothing. But the true prudence can look unto the end, can take a right mark in all businesses, it doth all things with advice, it brings Judgement without pasion in all occurrences, and gives an effectual order for the performance of all that w^ch^ hath been wisely concluded: the remembrance of that past, the nderstanding of the present, and foreseeing of that to come, makes up its whole perfection: a quick apprehension prepares, an acuteness works it, good advice orders, foreseeing confirms, and performance crowns it. It is by these steps that a Prince ascends to the Throne of wisdom, which is an unestimable Gift, and the true favour of the Deity.

S *Lewis*, whose life might have been the school of the ablest Philosophers, although he bore in his mind the best maxims of Empires, yet ceased not to read good books, and as he had seen in the time of his imprisonment in the East, that a Saracen prince had a Library of the Books of his Law, he caused the like to be made at his return in his palace, where he spent many hours, and would converse freely with men of learning and desert. *Demetrius Phalerius*, advised Kings to instruct themselves often by reading, for that there one may learn of the dead, which they cannot know by the living.

The next to Wisdom followeth Justice, which performs in a manner the chief duty that is required of a Prince: and Royalty seems to be nothing else but an excellent science of Justice: as Justice is taken for that habit of virtue, by which we render to every one the right that belongs to him. *Tertullian* said, that Goodness had created the World, but that Justice had made the Concords thereof. This wise mother of Harmonies ceaseth not to open an ear to the dissents that are made in the World, to correct the disagreeing Voices by its own love, and to bring all to its own end: Ambition inventeth extravagant sounds, Covetousness sends forth enraged cries, tyranny makes an infernal Musick: but Justice corrects all these excesses, and if it meet with valiant and incorrupt souls to serve as an instrument, it sends forth incomparable Melodies, which delight the ears of God, and rejoyce the whole fabrick of Nature.

There are two great Virtues which make all the equalities of mans life; Truth equals the understanding to all the objects, and Justice, the hearts to that which is right.

Lying and Injustice make every where great inequalities which fill Kingdoms with Disorder: Consciences with Crimes, and the World with Confusion. But Truth and Justice render light to dark things, strength to feeble, certainty to doubtful, and order to the confused.

We naturally take a delight to behold the fair bow in heaven, which compasseth the air with a crown of glory: but *Alcuin* the School-master of *Charlemaigne* writes, That that which makes it the more admired is, for that amongst its other beauties, it carrieth the ensigns of Justice. It shews the fire and the water, in its red and blew colours, to instruct us that Justice holds the fire in its power to consume the wicked, and the water to bring refreshment to those scorching heats of calamities that trouble the miserable.

Justice is Gods profession, & an Ancient said, that his continual exercise was to weigh the hearts & the works of men, and to distribute rewards, and ordain chastisements according to the good and ill deserving of every one in particular. The Scripture saith,

that

that he is glorious and magnificent, but that these magnificences are chiefly seen upon the mountains of wounds and robberies, when he beats down with an invincible arm the great ones of the earth, loaden with the spoils of iniquity. The *Hebrews* said, that God took such delight in Justice, that he had bestowed even the Saphires of his own Throne to engrave the Law thereon.

The Saviour of the world is named the Just by the holy Ghost in the writings of his Apostles, not in dissimulation, but by his Essence. All the great Imitatours of God have honoured this quality, and have held it in the number of their dearest delights. *Job* maketh it his crown and his garment: *David*, his virtue: *Solomon*, his wisdom: *Josias*, his love: *Augustus*, his exercise: and *Trajan*, his honour. The memory of so many Conflicts, Sieges, Battels, Conquests, Triumphs, whereby the life of this great Emperor was so famous, are found but in the record of a few lines: but that which remaineth engraven in the memory of all Ages, is an Act of Justice which he performed even then when marching forth of *Rome* in great state to go to the wars (as I have related in the first Volume) he harkned to a poor widow woman which desired Justice of him; he alighted from his horse to understand her business at large, and restored her to her right before he departed thence. Which thing did so wonderfully astonish S. *Gregory*, that he prayed (as they say) for the soul of *Trajan*, and saved it: the which the D. *Alphonsus Ciaconius* justifies in a learned Treatise, although the Cardinal *Baronius* be of another opinion.

By all this, it is apparent and manifest, that a Prince ought to have especial care above all things, not onely to be just, but to make it appear both by his words and deeds that which he bears in his heart. He is the greatest King, according to the Philosopher *Diogenes*, which is the justest; and if he be without Justice, he is nothing but an empty Name, and a shadow of Royalty. The most excellent thing that a King can do in that his Dignity (said the Wiseman) is to worship the Deity; to ordain Laws; to conduct Armies; and all this is to be done Legally, according to the rule of Justice. The people feel it not if he be devout, if he be sober, if he be discreet, if he be chaste: but if he be unjust, this is a publick mischief, this all presently feel, as if the Sun should go out of his bounds, or if some malign Constellation should cause burning, or floods to happen upon the earth. King *Nebuchadonozor* is represented in the Prophet *Daniel*, by a Tree, under the which, the fowls made their nests, and under the which, the other living creatures remained under covert; to give us to understand, that Princes ought to stretch forth their Power, even like branches, to protect their Subjects by rendring them Justice.

A true Prince (to speak as *Cassiodore* doth) ought to serve for a Temple to Innocency; for a Sanctuary to Temperance: for an Altar to Justice. You therefore (O Monarchs!) that take delight in the glittering of your Crown, know ye, that it is given you from above, to be Gods Vice-gerent, rendring to every one that which belongs to him. You ought to watch like an Angel over your whole Estate, and not to suffer at any time that the smallest things should be destitute of your tendrest cares. Hearken to that which God speaks to you by his Apostle, *Masters, render that which is just and right to your servants; seeing that you cannot be ignorant, that you have a great Master in heaven, to whom you must give an account of your actions.* Hearken to that which he commands you by his Prophet: *Do Judgment and Justice, deliver those that are oppressed from the hand of the persecutours: Take good heed you afflict not the stranger, the orphan, nor the widow.* The Justice of private persons is manifest in their particular commerce, but that of a King hath other Kinde of beams to make it appear and be beheld in its glory. Jer. 21.

If you be a true King, as nature hath not given you an hundred mouthes to speak, nor a hundred hands to do all that is necessary with your Government; it is fitting that you make a good choice of those to whom you commit the managing of your Arms, of your Revenues, and of your Laws. Never suffer you, that your Name which is sacred, and your Authority which is inviolable, should serve for a pretence to wicked ones to oppress your Subjects. The huntings of men are for the wilde Boar, the Wolves and the Foxes; those of Princes ought to be after the Outrageous, the Robbers, and Tyrants. Acts of Justice in punishment and reward.

All offences are but the overflowings of Injustice: there can be nothing chaste (saith Saint *Augustine*) where adulterers are; nothing safe, where robbers; nothing out of danger, where murderers. If the sword of the Prince, the revenger of iniquities, do not stop the audacious, cities become forrests, and forrests everlasting terrours; if there be not Laws for men, and punishment for offences. Corrupt nature would never make an end of offending, if Government restrained not its enterprizes. The chiefest care of him that is set over people, is to take away the evil, and the evil-doers, that honest people may live in safety: for this cause are Kingdoms, Magistrates, Arms, Laws; the world would be nothing but robbery, and the life of man confusion, if Justice did not suppress the violence of disordered affections. But to speak the truth, the Prince that should be severe in punishments, and should have an heart lockt up at rewards, would be as it were lame of one arm: he ought equally to be ready to chastise offences, and to recompence well-doing. When the Government of Kings is so loose, that vices come in request, and those that commit them; it is almost a kind of sin, then to do well: and when virtues are so unhappy, as to be deprived of the honour which is due to them, it is a scandal of that age, and the shame of Crowns.

It is not sufficient to appoint Judges to hear and determine of suits, he must be well informed of their proceedings and their actions, he must sometimes imitate S. *Lewis*, which gave judgment under an Elm about the differences of his Subjects, and consecrated the Woods and the Fields by the sincerity of the Oracles that went forth of his mouth.

The Emperours of *Constantinople* heard likewise the controversies of their people; and as *Codin* saith, when one party pleaded, they held one ear uncovered, and covered the other; to signifie, that they kept it for the adverse party.

It is a weakness of judgment to go about to decide a business, having heard but one party; one ought to have an ear somewhat hard at such diversity of reports, which are made by parties diversly interessed in a business, otherwise it is to be feared, that a long repentance will quickly follow a short determination.

Civil Justice is exercised within Bars, and on Judgment-seats; but the Military hath been oft very much neglected by some former Princes in its time, when having lost the opportunity of making a good Peace, they have afterwards made an unhappy War.

Those Judges that buy Justice, it is a very great chance if they do not sel it, and those fouldiers which are

are not paid by the Taxes levied for that end; are as it were authorized to pay themselves by the permission of spoils and plunderings. Our Laws & our Age may blush, when the *Roman* histories tell us, that one *Scaurus*, conducting an Army, oftentimes lodged in the fields, where there were trees loaden with fruit, and yet the souldiers durst not lift up the hand to gather one onely: the passing by of a great army left every thing in the same order in which it had found them. And amongst Christians one Regiment onely of Souldiers hath often made a desolation in the Country, an affrightment in the towns, and as many sackings, as quarterings. Those which sit at the Stern of Empires and Common-wealths, are greatly accountable to God for that which hath past in this business. Kings ought not onely to maintain Justice by their Arms, but to teach it by their behaviour, & to consecrate it by their examples. The Doctor *Navarrus* hath set down diverse sins against Justice, by the which, Princes, Common-wealths, & Lords may offend against God mortally; as, to take unlawfully the goods that belong not to them, and to keep them without restitution. To govern loosly and negligently their Kingdoms and Principalities. To suffer their Countries to be unprovided of victuals and defence necessary, which may bring their Subjects in danger of being spoiled. To waste and consume in charges, either evil or unnecessary, the goods which are for the defence of their estates. To burden excessively their Subjects with Imposts and Subsidies; without propounding any good intent therefore, & without having any necessity (not pretended, but) true and reall. To suffer the poor to die with famine, and not to sustain them with their Revenues in that extremity. Not to hearken to reasonable conditions for a just Peace, and to give occasion to the enemies of the Christian name, to invade their Lands and root out our Religion. To dispense either with the Law of God or Nature. To give judgment in the suits of their Subjects according to their own affection. To deceive their creditours, to suppress the Liberty and Rights of the people, to compel them by threatnings or importunate entreaties to give their goods, or to make marriages against their wills, or to their disadvantage. To make unjust Wars; to hinder the service of the Church; to sell offices & places of charge so dear, that they give occasion to those that buy them to make ill use thereof. To present to Benefices with Cure of Souls, persons unworthy and scandalous. To give Commissions and Offices to corrupt and unfit officers. To tolerate and permit vices, filthiness, and robberies by their Servants, and to condemn to death, and cause to be slain unjustly without due order of Law, and to violate the marriage-beds of their Subjects.

All these things and others which this Doctour hath noted, cause great sins of Injustice in the persons of great ones, unto which they ought especially to take heed: and to prevent the same it is most necessary that they be instructed in the duties of their charge, and in the estate of their affairs, bending themselves thereto as the most important point of their safety: and seeing that the passion of Hatred or Love, which one may bear to some person, will trouble the judgment and pervert Justice; S. *Lewis* counselled the King his Son, strongly to keep his heart in quiet, and in the uncertainty of any differences, alwayes to restrain his own affection, and to keep under all movings of the spirit, as the most capitall enemy to Reason.

Many Princes have often lost both their life and Scepter for giving themselves to some unjust action; and there is no cause more ordinary, for which God translates Kingdoms from one hand to another, then Injustice; as on the contrary, those Princes which have been great Justiciaries do shine as the stars of the first magnitude within God's Eternity, and even their ashes do seem as yet to exhale from their Tombs a certain savour, which rejoyceth people, and keeps their memory for ever blessed.

Goodness, its Excellency.

But one cannot believe the rare mixture that Justice and Goodness make joined together: Goodness is an essence profitable & helpfull, which serves as a Nurse to Love; it hath its originall in the Deity, and from thence disperseth it self by little veins into all created Beings, and mixeth it self with every object, as the light with every Colour. It drives away, and stops up evil on every side, and there is no place, even to the lowest hell, where it causeth not some beam of its brightness to shine. Beauty which amazeth all mortall eyes, is but the flower of its essence; but Goodness is the fruit thereof, and its savour is the savour of God which all creatures do taste and relish. God, which as *Cassiodore* saith, is the cause of all Beings, the life of the senses, the wisdom of understandings, the love and glory of Angels, having from all eternity his happiness compleat in his own bosom hath created man, that he might have to whom to do good, as *Gregory Nyssen* writes: and S. *Cyprian* saith, that this eternal Spirit did move upon the waters from the beginning of the world, to unite and appropriate the Creature to its self, and to dispose it for the loving inspirations of its Goodness.

The Prince, which according to the obligement of his Charge, would make himself an Imitatour of God, ought to be exceedingly good, with four sorts of Goodness; of Behaviour, of Affability, of Bounty and of Clemency. I say, first of Behaviour, for that there is small hope of any great one, which is not good towards God; which keeps not his Law, and rules not his life thereby: if he have any virtues, they are all sophisticate, and if he do any good, it is by ebbing and flowing, by fits, and for some ends. No person can be truly good towards others, which doth not begin with himself; he must needs have Christian Love, without which no man shall ever see God: if he posses this virtue, he will first have love of honour to those which have begot him, a conjugall love for his wife, a cordial love to those of his bloud, and all his kindred: from thence it will spread it self over his whole house, and through all his estate; and will cause him to love his Subjects with a certain tenderness, as his own goods, and as the good Shepheard cherisheth his flocks. He will imitate our Lord, which looked from the top of the Mountain upon the poor people of *Judea* that followed him, and his heart melted for them: with singular compassion. Herein doth truly consist the virtue of Piety, which gives so great a lustre to the life of Princes.

Now, according to the Goodness that is in his heart, he must needs pour it forth upon all his, by these three Conduit-pipes that I have said, of Affability, of Liberality, and of Clemency: Affability, which is a well-ordered sweetness both in words and converse, ought to increase together with a prince from his tender age. This is a virtue which costeth nothing, and yet brings forth great fruit; it procures treasuries of hearts and wills, which do assist great ones, when need requires.

A good word that cometh forth of the mouth of a King, is like the Manna that came from heaven, and fell upon the desart. It nourisheth and delighteth his Subjects: it hath hands to frame and fashion their

hearts

hearts as it pleaſeth him: it carrieth with it chains of gold ſweetly to captivate their wills. The command that cometh with ſweetneſs is performed with ſtrength invincible, and every one naturally delights more to obey him, that ſeemeth to entreat in commanding, then a power that cometh with an armed hand and threatens to root out that which refuſeth it.

It is fitting, nevertheleſs, that the Prince diſpenſe his favours according to the deſerts of his Subjects: for it would be a great inequality to be alike to all the world. Affectation oftentimes ſpoils the profeſſion of courteſie, and when one gives too many words at too cheap a price, and almoſt indifferently to every one, it maketh one think, that they are none of the ſincereſt: falſe gold is too high in colour, and a diſſembling courteſie is too glorious in appearance: this deceiveth ſome which are not accuſtomed to it, and have no great skill in diſcerning, carrying it ſelf like the Ivy, as fairly over crackt pillars, as ſound ones; but thoſe which are better adviſed are quickly wary of empty courteſies, when they with good reaſon expect better effects. Kings, although they are great, are not able to enrich the whole world, there are very many which muſt be contented with good words, but to think alwaies to eſcape paying with this coin, is to deceive himſelf and the whole world.

There are ſo many hungry ones, which cannot feed upon flowers, which expect gifts and rewards, after they have been at great charges, and run through great hazards for the glory of the Prince and the good of the State, that it is neceſſary, really, to acknowledge their ſervices.

The Prince which thinks himſelf bound to give nothing or very little, betraies his birth, ſhews himſelf to be lowly minded, and of as low a fortune, having little reaſon to expect a great harveſt from that field where he ſowed nothing; he declare his too much gredineſs after temporal goods; and if he knoweth little what the love of his Subjects is worth, he heaps up the Indian clay, and neglects that patrimony of hearts, wherewith God, as rich as he is, contents himſelf: it happens oft that he finds himſelf afterwards in the midſt of thorny affairs, where his ſilver without friends ſerves for nothing but to loſe.

But although it behoveth him to give, one can hardly ſay how difficult this profeſſion is to do it rightly; there can be no greater loſs then to give away all, and to give unadviſedly to thoſe which deſerve leaſt. He that gives too much and above his ability, deſtroies his liberality intending to confirm it, for that by giving too much, he taketh the way to be able no more to give any thing. *John Michel* in his Anatomy of a Body Politick, ſaith, that the Doctour *Bricot* in an Oration which he made to King *Francis* the Juſt, ſhewed him that he was like to S. *Francis*, whoſe name he bore; that his hands were pierced, and could hold nothing, as it were, which he gave not away; and if that he took not heed, this would conſume all his Revenues, and that thereby he would make more poor in his Kingdom, then S. *Francis* had drawn to his religion.

Thoſe Sovereigns that ſtarve their people to nouriſh the unſatiable greedineſs of ſome particular, are like thoſe Mountains that bear fruit, not for the uſe of men, but for the birds of prey; they give to a few, that which they take from the whole, and oftentimes fatten full monſters and abominable ones with the blood of the Publick, that they make the ground to tremble under their feet, and the heaven to thunder upon their heads. Others give that which they can hold no longer; as *Manuel Comnenus*, which offered his ſilver to his Souldiers then, when he was in the hand of the *Saracens*. Others give after an evil manner, more for that they are not able any longer to deny, then with intent to gratifie. Others give ſlowly and little, in ſuch a faſhion, as after they have long time fed men's hopes with wind, they pay them at length almoſt with ſmoak. Others repent themſelves preſently for having given that which they could hold no longer, and have no other content by their liberality, then to repent of their haſtineſs. He that would be truly liberal and magnificent, will avoid all theſe rocks, he will give with good advice according to his ability, and with a comely grace, to the poor Gentry, to the Souldiery maimed by his ſervice, to Churches, to Religious perſons, to people of Virtue, Knowledge, and Deſert, which do ſhew themſelves profitable for the Publick.

But to ſay truth, it is a great gift to pardon that by Clemency, which one might juſtly puniſh by Juſtice: this is that admirable quality that Kings have, and neareſt approaching to God: they cannot create, they cannot raiſe men from the dead, and yet to give ſafety and life to a man, is to give him, as it were, a ſecond Creation, it is to give him a being without a not being, and to beſtow on him a Reſurrection without cauſing him to taſt of death.

What would a man do which ſhould ſuddenly be made an half-god, and which ſhould be tranſported amongſt the ſtars? What would he dream of? In what buſineſs would he take moſt pleaſure, unleſs it were to do good, and amongſt all good, to give and preſerve the foundation of all the reſt, which is life? There is nothing more glorious then to be able and not willing to revenge an injury: the power makes the greatneſs of Majeſty, but the good will giveth its perfection.

The *Hebrews* ſaid, that the chiefeſt work of God was Mercy, that he dwelt in his Tabernacle from the beginning of the world, unto the day of judgment; and that giving all the reſt of the time to Clemency, he reſerved but one day for Juſtice.

Away with thoſe Kings of the *Macedonians*, that would appear in their ſtatelieſt walks with the head of a Lion; this was not to ſhew their greatneſs, but to teſtifie their brutiſhneſs. *The heart of the King*, (ſaith the Scripture) *is in the hand of the Lord:* within that hand that doth nothing but open it ſelf to fill every creature with a bleſſing from heaven to earth; how can it take then there any thought unto it ſelf of rage, of killing, or of ſacking? It ought to be merciful even in puniſhing, taking great heed to do nothing by way of revenge, but doing all by Goodneſs.

Clemency doth not exclude Juſtice, but moderate it, and if it ſuffer the life to be taken away from one that is faulty, it is to preſerve a thouſand Innocents. It is a cruelty to pardon nothing, but it is a double cruelty to pardon all, ſeeing that one cannot equal the evil to the good, in ſo great an equality of lives and manners, unleſs one overthrow a whole State. It behoves him wiſely and with good advice to diſcern, that which is worthy of pardon, and that which is worthy of puniſhment. There are peſtilent crimes, ſcandalous, and which draw great conſequences with them, which the Prince cannot leave unpuniſhed without condening himſelf. There are other faults committed by error, by frailneſs, by ſurprize, by ſtrong inducements, mighty temptations: & thoſe that have yielded once ther-

to have done a thousand other worthy actions, to blot out the memory of one ill. If Clemency hath no place in such occasions, it will have nothing to do about a Prince, and if it find no employment with him, it is to be feared that the vengeance of God will find work there to busie it self.

The wisest of Kings is of opinion, that this virtue is the foundation of thrones; whence it follows, that that Prince which is unprovided thereof, puts his own person in danger, and his estate into shaking.

It is to deceive ones self to think, that a Prince may be secure there, where there is nothing secure against the violence of the Prince. Despair of Mercy hath often caused horrible cruelties to ensue, and it is needful alwayes to take heed of the force of a last necessity. There are some things which ought to be pardoned, by the contempt of punishing them; others by the profit, and others by the glory, and it is always to be remembred, that we have a Judge over our heads, which suffers us to live by his only goodness, being able every moment to punish us by his Justice.

At last, to conclude this little Treatise, Valour procures an high reputation to a Monarch, making him terrible to his Enemies, and amiable to his Subjects. Greatness maintains it self by the same means which gave it its beginning; and it renews new vigour by those qualities which have been the Authours of its original. Our first Kings attained to this dignity by their valour; and by that stoutness which they had to expose their courageous persons to very many hazards for the safety of the publick: this made them admired, and lifted them up at last upon the Target to be shewed throughout the whole Army, and chosen by general consent to command over others by the title of their deserts.

The fame of Valour doth so easily run through, and with such approbation, the minds of people and valiant men, that it sufficing not it to make Kings upon earth, it hath made amongst the Heathens Gods in Heaven. They have deified an *Hercules*, and a *Theseus*, for having cut off the head of *Hydra's*, and overcome *Minotaurs*; and not contenting themselves to have consecrated their persons, they have put wild beasts and monsters amongst the Constellations, for having served as objects of their victories, chusing rather to eternize beasts amongst the Stars, then to diminish any thing of the eternal glory of those valiant men.

Alexander being crowned King by his father *Philip*, before he took possession of the Kingdom that fell to him by the decease of his Predecessour, assembled together all the great ones of his Kingdom, and said to them, that he would counsel them to chuse such a one as should be most obedient to God, which should have the best thoughts for the Publick Good, which should be most compassionate towards the Poor, which should best defend the right of the weak ones against the strong; but above all, that should be the most Valiant, and should adventure himself most boldly for the safety of his Country. And when they had all confirmed to him that which his birth had given him, he took an Oath, that he would keep all he had propounded, as he did, testifying in all his actions his Goodness and Valour above all the Kings that had gone before him.

A Monarch shall give some proof of himself, by diligently studying the art of War; in often frequenting the exercises thereof; in being able to judge of places and Armies, of Captains, of Souldiers, of Defences, of On-sets, of Polices and Stratagems, of Fortifications, of Arms, of Provision, of Munition, and giving exact order for every thing that belongs to Military affairs. He must often shew himself in the Army, by exhorting, encouraging, consulting, resolving, giving orders, and causing them to be executed, by shewing readiness of courage in dangers, and an invincible heart in the midst of bad success. But he ought not at any time to mix himself therein without great necessity, seeing that the hand of one man can do very little, and the loss of a King brings a dammage unrecoverable.

The young King *Ladislaus* thrust himself into danger at the Battel of *Varna*, against *Bajazet* the Turk when he had there lost himself, and that they had taken away his head, and put it upon the end of a spear, as a sad spectacle to the Christians: This caused their whole Army to be routed, which before was half victorious, and gave the victory to the Infidel.

War is a long and difficult profession, and one of the most dangerous, which never ought to be undertaken but upon necessity. I cannot, neither ought I hear to teach it by words, reserving that to the skill of the more understanding, and to the experience of perfect ones.

I am only obliged to advertise, that great heed is to be taken, lest any one take rashness, or salvage rage instead of true valiantness. Those are no Bravado's nor terrible looks that give the most valiant blows in Armies. It pleaseth not God, that a Virtue that doth such wonders upon earth, and places the *Hero's* in the heaven, should be accomplished by such feeble means. This is no effect of boasting, nor of ignorance, nor of fury: this is a branch of generousness, which teacheth the contempt of dangers and of death it self, for the glory of God, for the defence of ones Country, for the subduing of the impious Infidels and wicked ones, for the exaltation of the true Faith, of Religion, and the glory of ones Nation.

Oh the excellency of this divine Virtue, which protects so many people with the shadow of its branches and laurels; which causes a calm to be be found in a tempest; safety in the midst of dangers; comfort in disasters; an upholding in the midst of weakness! Happy are the wounds of the valiant, whence flows more honour then blood. Happy their immortal Souls which flie hence into heaven, carried upon the purple of so generous blood, and which flying hence, leave to posterity an eternal memory of their prowess.

Time hath no sythe for them; Death is unprovided with darts; Calumny loseth its teeth there, and Glory spreads (throughout) the Ensigns of their Immortality.

THE

THE MONARCHS.

DAVID. SOL[illegible]

David is a great mixture of divers adventures, of Good, of Evils, of Joyes, of Griefs, of Contempts, of Glories, of Vices, of Virtues, of Actions, of Passions, of un-thought-of Successes, of strange Accidents and Marvels. It is not my purpose to set forth his Life here, which is exactly contained in the holy Scripture, but to make some reflexions on the principal things therein, that concern the Court. We will consider him in a two-fold estate, of a Servant, and of a Master, and will observe with what wisdome he preserved himself in the one, and with what Majesty he behaved himself in the other.

The whole beginning of his History is a continual combat against an horrid monster, which is the jealousie of *Saul*, which torments him a thousand waies, for to adorn him with as many Crowns. An Antient said very well, That the greatest secret of ones life was to undergo destiny, and endure patiently the ordinance of God concerning our lives and estates, for by learning Patience, we learn to forget our misery: but by bearing the Divine appointment with Impatience, we row all our life against a torrent which swallows us up.

A great secret of life.

Anthol. φέρε τὸ φέρον ἡ φέρω.

David was at the heart of God, but he was not at the heart of *Saul*: God had made him for to command, and *Saul* would not allow any waies that he should be obeyed: He sought his life, when as God had appointed his Crown for him: He desired his death, and procured for him immortality.

God and man did strive, who should exalt or depress this man; but the counsels of the one were immoveable, and the endeavers of the other were violent in their on-sets, and feeble in their effects.

The qualities of *David*.

As soon as *David* was seen, one might see some Divine thing, a little body well made, enlivened with a great spirit; a comelinesse which could not be learned at school, but which was a gift from above; a mildnesse without weakness; a behaviour without affectation; a valiantness without ostentation; a gallantness without vanity; a virtue that was made to be admired by all, and imitated but by few.

Men of God.

All flowers have their being from the earth by their roots, but they have influences from heaven much different. Men also are all of *Adam's* clay, but the gifts of God do manifest themselves in some so visibly, that it is wisdome to give them place, and but headiness to fight against them. This little boy neglected, which fed the sheep, and whom the father would not so much as reckon amongst the number of his sons, this is He, whom *Samuel* chose for King by Gods direction, who commands not to measure Kings any more by their stature, but by their endowments from heaven.

David's entrance into the Court.

He comes first to the Court under the quality of a player on instruments, there he makes himself known for a good Souldier; admired as Commander of an Army; and crowned as a Conquerour. *Saul* was tormented with an evil spirit, which was maintained by his melancholick Humour, and nourished by his passion. They seek out for him a fair young man, which withall was skilfull in playing on the Harp, for to make him merry. One of his servants said, that *David* the son of *Jesse* would be very fit for that employment; he is sent for in the Kings Name, he comes, he pleaseth while he played on the instruments, but he displeases while he handled his weapons, when as Envy begins to cause his valour to be reputed for a fault. Such kind of enraged asps never sleep at the sound of Musick, his devil is offended at this comelinesse, is incensed by those gallant actions, and even vomits its poison against those which cast flowers at it. *Saul* knew not that God prepared

Envy never sleeps.

him this little Musician for to be his heir, if he had known that which Heaven intended to do with this child, that would have sufficed to have troubled all the Musick.

He was at that time happy in his blindness, and his first mischance was to have eys which could not endure the lustre of another's virtues. This young Shepherd, which in his apprenticeship had learned to fight with Lions and Bears, would go to the Wars as well as his brethren, who do blame that his curiosity, and despise his person.

There must always be some famous exploit for to put a man at first in great credit at the Court, all that which is humane goes on very slowly; and an ability is not gotten but by long experience. But when God will put to his hand, he gives to a man in one happy moment, that which thirty years pains could not obtain. The Combat with *Goliah* was that, that raised *David*: Heaven had prepared this Giant for to serve for a trial of his valour, and for an ornament of his proweſs. One man alone, which had affrighted a whole Army, nine foot high, and armed with five hundred pound weight of iron, continues for the space of fourty daies his stately bravado's, challenging the stoutest of the *Israelites* to combate.

Goliah.

All their hearts are frozen at the sound of his terrible voice: there is not his like in the world which dares come forth against him. The King propounds great riches, and his Daughter in marriage to him, which would take away this blemish from the people of God printed on the face of the whole Army by this Philistim.

David hereupon presents himself, and goes forth to fight with him, not with the gilded Arms of *Saul*, but with a Sling.

The Giant scoffs at him, and finding him sufficiently armed to defend himself from dogs, but not for to set upon men, he looks now upon this little body as a fit prey for some bird of rapine. But this Champion of the Lord of Hosts, reads a lesson first to him of Religion, before he shews him his skill in fencing. Thou comest to me (saith he) with a spear, a sword, and a buckler; but I come to thee in the name of the God of Armies: of the God of the hosts of *Israel*, at which thou this day hast scoffed with so great insolence.

It is written in heaven, that this great God will deliver thee into mine hands, and that I shall take away thy head from off thy shoulders, and that I shall make a great feast for all beasts of prey with the flesh of this monstrous body, and this shall be the means for thee to learn that there is a God in *Israel*. He saith it, he doth it, he strikes his adversary with a blow of the sling in the midst of his fore-head, and makes this mighty tower of flesh to fall in a moment, this terrible Giant, cutting off his head with his own sword; which put the whole army of the Philistims to confusion, & lifted up the glory of the chosen people to an incomparable heighth.

Behold the fountain of all great evils that *David* suffered afterwards: all the Laurels that he gathered in the field of the battel, carried an evil tincture of *Saul's* envy. The great ones admire him, the people applaud him, he is the subject of the Songs of the Daughters of *Jerusalem*, which set him above *Saul*.

The horrible envy of *Saul.*

It is this musick that enraged his evil spirit, and would not give him any rest; *Goliah* overcome in the opinion of all the world, is still upon his legs to torment him: here is the cause of his rage, as it was before of his fear. *David* must be destroyed, because he hath saved the Nation, he must be put to death because he hath restored the people to life, he must be dishonoured for having upheld the honour of the King, he is sufficiently faulty, because he is too virtuous.

They say, that Love and Tears are learned without any master; and I may say, that there is no great need of studying at the Court, to learn Envy and Revenge. It is a strange thing that *Saul* of a simple country-fellow, should become so malicious and subtle a Courtier, as to practise the most refined dissimulations of the Court. He had resolved to destroy *David*, and yet conceived that this Duel with *Goliah*, had set him in too high an esteem in the opinion of the people: and that if he should openly attempt against his life, he should bring his own into danger. He thought best to bestow on him a chief place in the army, under pretence of honour, which might be most subject to the violence of the Philistims, believing that his courage would carry him into dangers, and that the Philistims being incensed by the death of their country-man, would no waies spare him, and that by this means his death would be imputed to his Destiny, and not to the envy of *Saul*.

Envy is easily learned at the Court.

But after that he saw that he returned from the manifest dangers, with a crowned head, with the applause of the people, and that he behaved himself within the Kingdom with very great wisdom; he began to suspect him more then before: he took heed of bestowing great riches on him, and married his eldest daughter which he had promised to him, to another, using him by this means injuriously.

Nevertheless, for that his honour was engaged therein, and that one might justly complain of his faithlesnes, he took advice to marry him to his younger, which was *Michol*, with very harsh & dangerous conditions, making him to buy a thing that was due to him, by the death of 200 Philistims, conceiving that by so great a number of men, and so many fights reiterated, he might be entangled in some mischance; or if he should escape that, the best that could hap was only to gain a woman of a costly humor wch would be to him but for a reproach, and much discontent.

Behold how man's reasoning doth propound: but God which catches the subtle in their devices, and overthrows the designs of the malicious to establish his own counsels upon their ruines, caused the victories and the marriage of *David* to succeed to his good content, together with the good will and admiration of all the Court. *Jonathan* the eldest son of *Saul* was so astonished with his valiant exploits, his rare virtues, and his incomparable brave carriage, that he loved him as his own heart, and bereft himself of the most precious things that he had, to adorn him withal. *David* likewise swears unto him reciprocally an immortal friendship.

Humane wisdom overthrown by the power of Heaven.

The love of *David* and *Jonathan.*

These two souls, to speak according to the phrase of the Scripture, were united together with an indissoluble affection. Their hearts were two furnaces which continually breathed forth flames of sacred love, & might sooner be found without any thoughts then to be without thinking one of the other. Their separations were as so many dyings, & their meetings again did prevent their Paradise. The longest daies were but as a smal moment while they lovingly conversed together, then they never perceived that the time ran away; and they never departed from each other, but with promise to visit again as soon as may be. Each of them in their absence seemed to it self a wandring soul without habitation, and without a body; their spirits made wonderful transpirations for to joyn themselves together, and talk to each other as in an Idæa, when *Saul* hindred their visits.

Poor

The good offices of *Jonathan*.

Poor *Jonathan*, which was of an incomparable mildneſs, declared to his father, as much as he could, the Innocency of *David*, and the great ſervices that he had done for the Crown; and when he ſaw his ſpirit moved againſt him, he was almoſt ready to die; therefore he ceaſed not to repreſent to him with horrour of mind the monſtrous impiety that it would be to ſacrifice ſuch a perſonage as he, which had ſo often devoted himſelf for the ſafety of his Country, the out-cry of the people, and the vengeance of God. At other times he dealt with him with ſweet and perſwaſive language, cauſing him (as it were) to touch with his fingers the brave carriage and excellencies of *David*, and aſſuring him, that there was not a man in his whole Kingdom which was of a more harmleſs and pleaſing converſation, and that it was the joy of his heart and his only ſafety to have him alwayes at his ſide.

Saul cleared for a while, again returns to his evil ſpirit.

Saul ſuffered himſelf to be overcome with theſe his diſcourſes, whether it were indeed that he was perſwaded, or whether he feigned himſelf to be appeaſed, and ſuffered *David*, whom he had driven far of, to return again near his perſon. But this mad-man, upon a day when he plaied on the Harp in his preſence, took his launce, and endeavoured to ſtrike him through therewith, which he had done, if *David* by his nimbleneſs had not avoided that evil blow; and leſt that any ſhould charge him with this perfidiousneſs, he excuſed it by the diſtemper of his ſpirit. *Jonathan* endeavoured yet another time this reconciliation, but having been repelled by *Saul* by pricking words, and with threatnings to kill him, if he did not give over this his friendſhip with *David*; he ſaw clearly, that there was no more ſafety for his friend, and gave him the counſel which was for himſelf the ſharpeſt of all, cauſing him to retire.

David goes from the Court, and makes a ſad departure from his friend, for to avoid the unmerciful fury of his father.

Theſe two dear ſouls on the day of this ſad departure were pierced with a thouſand darts of grief, and were a thouſand times upon their eyes and lips for to fly from thence, and to mingle themſelves one with the other. The time paſt cauſed them to remember that which they had loſt; the preſent, that which they were to loſe; and that to come, was unto them a bottomleſs pit of terrour and affrightment. They apprehended the one for the other, as many dangers as there are upon the earth and ſea, and they could not promiſe themſelves any thing but dayes without comforts, and nights full of terrible dreams and torments. They poured out ſo many tears, and fetched ſo many ſighs, having no other eloquence but that of their hearts mutually wounded in their lodging, that it was a thing worthy of compaſſion, even of *Saul* himſelf.

David is purſued, and eſcapes.

This mad-man ſeeing that he was eſcaped out of his bloudy hands, would have cauſed him to be taken and ſent forth ſouldiers for to bring him back. But his wife *Michol* having deſcried the evil intent of her father, advertiſed her husband of it, and made him depart ſuddenly in the deep ſilence of the night, putting in his place an image in his bed. The houſe failed not to be ſet upon, the next morning; and the Guard of *Saul* entring by force, paſſed on unto the bed and found there the counterfeit. *Michol* was accuſed hereof and chidden by *Saul*, but ſhe excuſed her ſelf, ſaying, That her husband had compelled her to do this, threatning to kill her, if ſhe would not obey, and that the preſence of ſo manifeſt a danger had forced her to procure this invention. He ceaſed not to encreaſe his anger, and to invent every day new means to deſtroy him, whom he ought to have preſerved above all men.

The life of *David* in baniſhment.

In the mean time, *David* knew not whither to retire himſelf, and ſaw himſelf every day, amongſt the nets, hunted like a poor beaſt, which cauſed him to paſs a life, ſo worthy to be eſteemed by the whole world, in very many bitterneſſes. He would have taken the boldneſs to have gone to *Samuel*, who was yet alive, but this his interview would have been prejudicial both to the one and the other, in the mind of *Saul*, which turned all its ſuſpicions into fury.

His arrival at *Nob* cauſeth great diſaſter to the High-Prieſt.

He removed himſelf from thence unto the town of *Nob*, to the high Prieſt *Ahimelech*, who ſeeing him in very ſmall equipage, was ſomewhat amazed at his arrival: But *David* for to confirm him, told him, that he went about a certain urgent buſineſs, which the King had given him in charge, and that it was neceſſary that it ſhould be done without noiſe: the which had compelled him to take but few people with him, which were come forth very ſuddenly, without having leiſure to take order for neceſſary things for their journy; whereby, he ſhould do him a great pleaſure to give him ſome bread, and to help him to ſome weapons, which the haſte of the buſineſs would not ſuffer him to take.

The Prieſt anſwered, that he had no other loaves then thoſe of the ſhew-bread which were conſecrated, but that they might make uſe of them, if they were purified, and eſpecially if they abſtained from all converſe with women: of which *David* having aſſured him, he gave them thoſe, and having no other ſword then that of *Goliah*, which was kept in Tabernacle for a Monument, he preſented it to him, wherewith he was very well contented, judging it the beſt of all, and ſo went forward in his way.

Saul having heard a report that *David* had appeared, entred into great forreſts, and going through a wood with a lance in his hand, being compaſſed by his Captains and Officers, ſharply complained of the unfaithfulneſs of his ſervants, asking them with reproach, What it was that *David* had promiſed them, and whether he would give them every one Lordſhips, or make them Captains, or Camp-maſters, that they had thus forſaken their Prince? That it was a pitiful thing to behold him betrayed of his own children, for to uphold a rebel, which ſought nothing but an occaſion to get his Crown from him.

Doeg acceſeth the high-Prieſt being innocent.

Hereupon *Doeg*, maſter of the ſhepherds of *Saul*, an Idumean by nation, and of barbarous behaviour, having been at *Nob* when *David* paſſed by there, and deſirous to get favour with his Maſter, accuſed *Abimelech* the Prieſt, with all his company, for having helped *David* with weapons and proviſion, and having teſtified a good affection to his party: which cauſed *Saul* to ſend for him preſently, and handle him with great anger, reproaching him with villany, and ſuſpecting him of treaſon. The other anſwered very wiſely, that he being retired from the knowledge of buſineſs at the Court, and of the Bed-chamber, he could not know the intents of *David*, but knowing very aſſuredly the good-will that the King had teſtified towards him, the great charges & commiſſions wherewith he had honoured him, the favour that he had ſhewed to him by ſo nearly allying him to his houſe, he could not, nor he ought not to drive him away from his lodging, having received no command from the King, & not being able to underſtand by any the offence that *David* had incurr'd.

Bloudy effects of the jealouſie of *Saul*.

This excuſe was very juſt and lawful. But the violent are never contented with reaſons, intending to be maſters of the Laws, although they are ſlaves to their brutiſh paſſions. *Saul* commanded without any other

other form of proceedings to kill him with those of his company, which the souldiers did very much abhorr, and there was not found one that durst lift up his hand against those sacred persons. But *Doeg* that villanous butcher, which had a long time been bred up in slaying beasts, having gathered together the small rabble of his servants, set upon the high Priest and the Priests which accompanied him, to the number of 85. which were all murdered in one day, and this cursed servant stretching further yet the command of his Master, drave on his murderers to the sacking of the Town of *Nob*, which they filled with fire and bloud.

What will not the jealousie of State do? what will not tyranny, rage, and fury, when they are seconded by evil servants which blow the coal able to devour both men and Towns? *Saul*, the plain Countryfellow, the cordial man, the child of one year, after he had suckt the breath of this serpent, kills the high Priest and the Priests, buries the smoaking Towns in the bloud of the miserable Citizens. A thousand poor bloudy sacrifices stretched out upon the cart, pleaded sufficiently before God with the voyce of their bloud, for to pull down this inhumane Tyrant, for whom all the furies prepared their pincers and torches.

Poor *David* having understood by *Abiathar* the son of the high Priest all that was past, was pierced with a most bitter grief, accusing himself as the cause of the death of those unhappy ones, and took along with him, him that brought him this sad news, using him as his own brother. He perceived well, that the spirit of *Saul* was wholly envenomed, and in despair of remedy, he saued himself in the cave of *Adulla*, where he thought he had been hid from the eyes of the whole world. But his father and his brethren flying the persecution, ceased not till they had found him therein, and did wonderfully pierce his tender heart, lamenting for the change of his fortune, because they perceive not any more in him a *David* triumphant, the object of all the thoughts and discourses of all tongues. But he comforted them, promising not to forsake them, and recommended all that was deareſt unto him, which was the person of his father with that of his mother, to the King of *Moab*, untill that he knew what it would please God to do with him.

David saves himself in the caves of the desart, whither father and mother go to seek him.

His piety towards them.

At the same time, all the banished, all that fled for safety, and all the miserable betook themselves unto him, unto the number of 400. men, which entrenched themselves in a fortress, going forth every day for to rob, to maintain themselves thereby. In the midst of all these misfortunes, the good Prince kept alwayes in his heart a true love of his Country, and knowing that the Philistims had laid siege before *Keilah*, he failed not to go to help it, and to deliver it, although this ungratefull City was intended to deliver him to *Saul*, if he had enclosed himself therein; the which he would not do, having consulted with the Oracle of God, but retired himself to the desart of *Ziph*, whither *Jonathan* that burned with a great desire to see him, came to find him secretly, and they were for some time together with unspeakable expansions of heart. This good friend comforted him, and assured him, that he should be King after his father, and for himself he would be content to be his second; which sufficiently witnessed the wonderfull modesty of this Prince, and the incomparable love that he bore to *David*.

Banished men repaired to him.

The visit of *Jonathan*, secret and very profitable to *David*.

But the Ziphims, men for the time that would provide for their own safety, sent their deputies to *Saul* to advertise him, that *David* was retired into their quarters, and if it pleased him to follow him, they would deliver him into his hands. At the which *Saul* was exceeding joyfull, and entred the chase to entrap him, compassing him on every side, and hunting him like a poor deer chased by men and dogs with great out-cries. The danger was very manifest, and *David* in great hazard to be taken, had it not been for a happy message, it may be, procured by *Jonathan*, that advertised *Saul*, that the Philistims had taken the field, and made great waste upon his lands, at which he returned to bring remedy thereto, deferring his former design till another occasion.

In the mean while, *David* ran from desart to desart, with his troops, and was hardly able to live, which made him have recourse to *Nabal* a rich man, and that had great means, entreating him for some courtesie for to maintain his people, which had used him with very great respect, defending his house, his flocks, and all his family against the spoilings of robbers. This *Nabal*, that was clownish and covetous, answered the deputies of *David*, that he knew not the son of *Jesse*, but that he was not ignorant, that there were evil servants enough, which were fled from their masters, and that he was not in case to take the bread from his hired servants for to give it to high-way men. This word being told to *David*, incensed him so much, that he was going to set upon his house for to rob and sack it. But *Abigail* the wife of *Nabal*, better behaved, and wiser, without busying her self to discourse with her husband, that was a fool and drunk, caused presently mules to be loaden with provision necessary for the men of war, and went to meet *David*, to whom she spak with so great wisdom, comelines and humility, that she turned away the tempest, and stayed the swords already drawn out of the scabbards for to make a great slaughter in her house. *David* admiring the wisdom and goodnes of this spirit of the woman, married her after the death of her husband. It is so true, that a good deed bestowed on a high person in time of his affliction, and when he hath most leisure to consider it, is a seed-sowing which in its time brings forth and bears fruits of blessedness.

The rudeness of *Nabal* towards *David*.

The wisdom of *Abigail* his wife.

A good deed done to a great one afflicted is of much value.

After that *Saul* had driven back the Philistims he returns to the pursuit of *David*, accompanied with 3000. men, with a purpose to take him, although he should hide himself under ground, or should fly through the air. And indeed he crept up rocks unaccessible, which were not frequented by any but by wild goats; and as he passed that way, he entred into a cave for some natural necessity where *David* was hid, with a small number of his faithfullest servants, which failed not to tell him, that this was the hand of God, which had this day delivered his deadly enemy into his hands, and that he should not now lose time, but to cut him off quickly, whilst that he gave him so fair play, and this would be the means to end all those bitternesses, wherewith his life was filled by the rage of this barbarous Persecutour.

David furiously pursued by *Saul*.

This was a strong temptation to a man so violently persecuted, and whose life was sought by so many outrages. Nevertheless, *David* stopping all those motions of revenge, resolved in his heart, by a strong inspiration of God, never to lay his hands upon him which was consecrated King, and contenting himself with cutting off the skirts of his coat, he went out of the cave after *Saul*, and crying with a loud voice, he worshiped him prostrate on the earth, holding in his hand the piece of his cassock, and saying to him, Behold my Lord, my Father, and my King, the innocence of my hands, and do not believe them any more which filled you with

His generousness in pardoning his enemy, very admirable.

suspicions

ſuſpicions of poor *David*: you cannot be ignorant at this time, that God hath put you into my power, and that I could have handled you ill, and by taking away your life have ſaved mine own. But God hath kept me by his holy grace from this thought, and hath preſerved you from all evil. I never yet had any intent to hurt your Majeſty, having always reverenced and ſerved it, as your moſt humble ſervant and ſubject; whiles that you ceaſe not to perſecute me, and to torment my poor life with a thouſand afflictions: Alas, my Lord, what is it that you deſire? Againſt whom are you come forth with ſo great furniture of Arms and Horſes? againſt a poor dead Dog, a miſerable little beaſt? I beſeech the living God to judge between us two, and to make you to know the goodneſs of my cauſe.

The greatneſs and benefit of clemency.

One may avouch, that great and glorious actions of Clemency do never hurt Princes, but that often they do place or keep the Crown upon their heads, God and men concurring to favour that goodneſs that approaches ſo near to the higheſt. *Saul* was ſo amazed with this action, that he ran to him, and embraced him weeping, and ſaid to him, this is a ſure ſign, O *David*, which I acknowledge at the preſent, and whereby I know for certain that you muſt reign after me, ſo great a goodneſs not being able to be rewarded but by an Empire. I do pray and conjure you only to have pity on my poor children after my death, and not to revenge your injuries upon them: hereupon he ſwore to him, to deal with him afterwards peaceably.

David goes out of the kingdom, and retires himſelf among ſtrangers.

But as this ſpirit was unequal, and did oftentimes eaſily depart from reaſon for long ſeaſons; *David* reſolved to go out of the Kingdom, and to betake himſelf to *Achiſh* King of the Philiſtims: Some may ſeek occaſion to blame his behaviour in this matter, and may think it ſtrange, that he ſhould retire himſelf to the Philiſtims, the ſworn enemies of the people of Iſrael, eſpecially after this reconciliation and oath paſſed between him and *Saul*. But it muſt be conſidered, that his life was no wayes aſſured within the Kingdom, and that *Saul* at another time having given ſo ſolemn a promiſe to *Jonathan* for the ſafety of his friend, yet would have killed him with his own hand: and further, that he was every day in danger to be ſet upon by arms from the other party, with effuſion of blood both of the one and other, and that it ſeemed better to him to avoid the occaſion, then to ſee himſelf perpetually obliged by ſo miſerable a neceſſity to defend himſelf.

Further he conſidered, that he brought his chieſeſt friends into danger, not being able to retire himſelf amongſt them, without making them guilty of treaſon, and expoſing them to ſlaughter: laſtly he found not ſo much ſecurity amongſt other Kings, which having no war with *Saul*, would have made ſome difficulty in entertaining him, or might have delivered him up, after they had received him, for their own commodity.

This made him reſolve to take his refuge amongſt a Nation, that bore an irreconcileable hatred againſt
1 King. 27. *Saul*. But foraſmuch as ſome have thought, that he bore arms for *Achiſh* againſt the people of God, this is manifeſtly convinced of falſhood, by the Text of the Scripture, where it is expreſsly ſaid, that *David* did invade the Amalekites, and other people Infidels, although that *Achiſh* perſwaded himſelf, that he would do the like to the Iſraelites, after he had been ſo evilly uſed by his own Nation. But he uſed diſſimulation herein, for to maintain himſelf in good favour with the King, as the Doctour *Toſtatus* hath very well noted: And this was the cauſe that the great ones of the Kingdom, which perceived this diſſembling of *David*, would never ſuffer him to be in the Army-Royal, in the day that the battel joyned againſt the people of Iſrael, ſaying openly to the King, that he would betray the party, and would reconcile himſelf with his own men by the price of the lives of the Philiſtims, unto the great diſadvantage of the whole Realm; which was the cauſe that *Achiſh* gave him leave to depart fairly, excuſing it upon the ſuſpicions which the Noble-men had taken of him.

Saul being in great perplexity conſults with the ſoul of *Samuel*.

At the laſt, the fatal day of *Saul* drew near, and he ſaw the Philiſtims which came thick & threefold upon him with the chieſeſt forces of their Empire, he felt the remorſe of conſcience; and the bloud of ſo many Innocents undeſervedly ſhed, ceaſed not to leap up againſt his faulty head. In theſe confuſions of a troubled ſpirit, by the repreſentation of his crimes, he ſought unto the Divine Oracles, to learn what he ſhould do in ſo preſſing a neceſsity. But this unhappy Prince, that had uſed *Samuel* ſo unworthily in his life, and driven away as far as he could all honeſt men from his councils, for to let looſe the reines of his fury, ſought after the dead in vain, having trod under feet the admonitions of the living.

I have declared in the Maxim concerning the Immortality of the ſoul, the whole diſcourſe about his conſulting with the Witch at *Endor*, and it is not my purpoſe here to trouble again any Reader with the rehearſal of thoſe things. We may only note, that the ſoul of *Samuel*, having appeared before that the Sorcereſs could employ the charms of her profeſſion, rebuked *Saul* for having diſquieted it, and foretold him the routing of his Army, his Death, with that of his Children; at which he was ſo affrighted, that he fell down in a ſwound, having eaten nothing all that day. Whereat the Sorcereſs having pity, and having prepared ſomewhat to eat, was urgent with him to take ſome little refreſhment, which he did, and condeſcended to her intreaties, and thoſe of his ſervants.

He marches againſt the Philiſtims in battel and is overthrown.

After he went from her table, he marched all night, that he might come to the Army, whether it were that he did not firmly believe that his laſt miſhap, or whether he would willingly ſacrifice himſelf, without any contrarying Gods appointment. The next morning he perceived the Army of the Philiſtims wonderfully increaſed, and with full reſolution to fight, and on the contrary the Iſraelites exceedingly weakned, and which ſeemed already to carry the picture of their diſaſter printed in their faces. The enemies gave the onſet with very great violence, & overthrew the van-gard, in which *Jonathan* was with his two brethren, all which ſealed the laſt proofs of their valour with their bloud and death. The miſerable father ſaw carried away before he died, all that might have obliged him to live, and preſently perceived that the whole body of the Army of the Philiſtims was faln upon him, and yet for all that he had no deſire to retire, not willing to overlive thoſe his misfortunes. He was ill handled by thoſe of the forlorn hope, which ceaſed not to let fly their arrows very thick upon the Troops where he was, and which fell with ſuch violence & multitude, that they ſeemed to imitate the hail in a great tempeſt, which furiouſly beats down the hopes of a poor husbandman. He ſaw his braveſt Captains dy before his eyes, which ſacrificed themſelves with deſpair of better fortune, and although he were wounded with many wounds, and that he had loſt almoſt all his bloud, yet he ſtoutly upheld himſelf, deſiring nothing ſo much as to dy in the bed of honour. But as forces failed him, &

The end of *Saul*.

the

the violence of his adversaries redoubled, fearing lest they had a purpose to take him alive, he commanded his Target-bearer to make an end of him, and to give him his deaths-blow, before he should fall into the hands of the Philistims. The other excused himself wisely, saying, That he would never undertake that against his Majesty, and upon so sacred a person; and that one ought to expect the destiny, and not to prevent it. Then *Saul* seeing that he could not dye so soon as he desired, neither by the hands of his friends nor of his enemies, suffered himself to fall upon his sword, and made it enter into him, vomiting forth both his soul and bloud, with ragings and griefs unspeakable. The Philistims having found his body amongst the dead corps, took off his armour, and cut off his head, which they carried through the Towns of *Palestina*, for a pittifull spectacle, making many thanksgivings in the Temple of their Idol for this victory. And not content herewith, they took the body of the King, with those of his three children, and hung them upon the walls of *Bethshan*, where they were seen, untill the time that certain valiant men of his party took them away by night, and gave them burial. Such was the end of this unhappy Prince, whom impiety, disobedience, love of himself, and the jealousie of State accompanied with his ordinary ragings, threw head-long into a gulf of calamities.

David receives the news thereof.

At the same time that this unhappy battel was fought, *David* was pursuing the Amalekites, which in his absence had sacked the Town of *Ziklag*, which was the place of his retireing, that *Achish* the King of the Philistims had bestowed upon him. He was so happy that he overtook those robbers loaden with their prey, and took out of their hands his two wives *Abinoam* and *Abigail*, whom they had taken away. As he came from this battel, a young Amalekite presents himself, and brings him the news of the death of *Saul*, of *Jonathan*, and of his other sons; affirming that he himself had stood by at the death of the King, and had helped him to dye, by order which he had received from him, cutting off the thread of his life, and delivering him from those deadly pains that caused him to languish: and for a proof hereof he shewed him his Crown and bracelet, which he presented to *David*, hoping for a great reward from him.

But this virtuous and wise Prince, as well for conscience sake, as his reputation, took great heed of receiving or manifesting any joy at this accident, but on the contrary, being moved with extream grief, he tore his garments, & put all his Court in mourning, he wept, he fasted, he made funeral Orations for the honour of *Saul* and *Jonathan*, and set forth lamentations which caused as great esteem of his virtue, as they moved pitty to his Country. Not content herewith, he caused the Amalekite that brought him the news of the death of *Saul*, to dye by Justice, which he himself had helped to confirm (according as he had avouched) by obedience and compassion, not enduring that he should lay hands upon a King, for to take away his life from him, by any pretence whatsoever that he could alledge.

It seemed that after the death of this unhappy Prince, *David* should forthwith have taken possession of all his estates, but wisdom hindred him from proceeding herein so hastily: They knew that he had not assisted at the battel for to help his people, that he had retired himself into the hands of the capital enemies of *Israel*, and many might very justly think, that he had borne arms for *Achish*, which might diminish much the great opinion that they had of his virtue. Further also, although that *Saul* was not so much loved in his life-time, yet his death might very well have defaced that blemish of hatred that many had conceived against him. They considered that he had sacrificed himself with his three sons for the publick safety, and had spared nothing for his Country. They had pity on the evil usage that the Philistims had done unto his body; his former good actions in time past, the dignity of a King, his laborious life, and tragical death, did quell all the envy that any could have at his fortunes.

Hence it was that *Abner* his chief Captain, who was a man sufficiently upright, would not lose any time, but seeing there remained yet a son of *Saul* named *Ishbosheth*, aged forty years, although he was but of little courage, and as little understanding, he made him presently to come into the Camp, and caused him to be declared the true and lawfull Successour of the estates of *Saul*, not so much for the esteem that he had of his sufficiency, or for the love that he bore him, as intending to reign by him, and over him. All the people gave unto him the oath of Allegiance, except the kindred of *Juda*, from which *David* was sprung, which gathered together in favour of him, and crowned him King in *Hebron*, where he reigned about seven years, before he possessed the whole power of the Empire.

The Kingdom of *Judah* was then one body with two heads, the house of *Saul* and *David* clashing against each other, not so much by the inclination of the Masters, as by the ambition of the Favourites and Servants which would reign at their costs. The Kingdom divided by the ambition of the favourites.

Abner was high and courageous; *Joab* also the chief Captain of *David*, stern and violent, which would gain the favour of his Master by devouring him, in the which he did not succeed well, for that the spirit of *David* was not so feeble as to comply with such behaviour; and it was nothing but necessity which caused him to pass by many things. *Joab* and *Abner* do seek for the government.

These two chief Captains full of jealousie, the one over the other, meeting together at the Fish-pond of *Gibeon* with the chief of the Nobility, *Abner* began first and demanded a combat under pretence of play; unto whom *Joab* which had no need of a spur, easily consented. Presently one might see the young men of each side nimbly to bestir themselves, whose fingers did itch to be at it, and did not fail quickly to surprise one another. The sport growing hot, by little and little came to a full combat, and at last to a battel where many remained dead upon the place. Their combat.

Joab's party was the stronger, and that for twenty which he lost, he killed 360. of *Abners* men who was constrained to retire himself.

But *Azael* the brother of *Joab* a nimble runner followed him lively with his sword at every turn ready to wound him, the other which had no desire to slay him, being not ignorant that if it should come to that, it would prove the seed of an irreconcileable enmity between him and *Joab* his brother, prayed him twice to depart from him, and to content himself with the spoil of some other, without being ambitious of his. *Azael* would not hearken unto him, but desired to make himself famous by getting the better of the Captain of the Army. At last he seeing him insolent unto that extremity, turned back and struck him through with his Launce. *Joab* and *Abishai* his two brethren incensed with that his slaughter, followed *Abner* with all their force, who saved himself upon a hill, where a great squadron of the family of *Benjamin* encompassed him, and cryed with a loud voice unto *Joab*, saying, Shall the sword devour for ever? and would he make of a sport so The death of *Azael* by his rashness.

deadly

deadly a tragedy, as if he were ignorant that it was dangerous to drive them to despair? *Joab* caused a retreat to be sounded, making a shew to do that for courtesie, which he agreed to for necessity.

The disagreeing of *Abner* and *Ishbosheth*.

Abner laying aside his warlike humour, fell in love with a Concubine of *Saul* named *Rispah*, which was a woman well bred and of good courage. *Ishbosheth* was offended thereat, for that he had done this without telling him of it. But *Abner* for one poor word spoken to in a very mild manner, entred into a rage against his King, and said that it was to use him like a dog, to quarrel with him for a woman, after so great services as he had done for the Crown, reproaching his Master, for that he held both his life and his Kingdom of him. But seeing that he used him in this manner, he would take a course with him, and would translate the government from the house of *Saul* to that of *David*.

The insolence of *Abner*.

Masters should not give too much authority to their subjects.

The poor Prince held his peace, and durst not answer one word only to this bold fellow, which was a pitiful thing to see him thus devoured by his own servant. The houses of Great ones are very often filled with such servants, who having been honoured with an especial confidence of their Master in the administration of their affairs, whether they be their Receivers or Stewards of their families, take upon them authority, & not contenting themselves to govern the goods, enter upon the right of their Lords, leaving them nothing, but a name and shadow of the Power, which is due unto them.

He treateth with *David*.

Abner grew so hot with anger, that he dispatched his Messengers to *David* to desire his friendship, and promiseth him to bring the whole Kingdom of *Ishbosheth* into his hands. *David* answered, that he was content to make peace with him, so that he would cause his wife *Michol* to be restored him, who they had married to another after his departure, which was readily agreed to him, for they took her away from the hands of her husband that followed her weeping, this woman with her lofty spirit had some pleasing behaviour, wherewith *Davids* affection was taken.

In the mean while *Abner* powerfully sollicits the people of Israel to betake themselves on *Davids* side, shewing them that God had committed their safety and rest into his hands, and that it was he wch should unite together all the families under his obedience, for to compose a Monarchy, which should become happy to his people, helpful to his friends, and terrible to his enemies. This discourse did very much shake the principal ones of the Nation, which were not ignorant of the final hopes that were in the person of *Ishbosheth*, which was disparaged both by nature and fortune. This stout Captain following the business, came to meet with *David* in Hebron, who made him a feast hearkened unto his propositions, and conducted him back with honour.

Joab's jealousie over *Abner*.

Joab who was at that time absent, at his return quickly understood of the coming of *Abner*, whereat he entred into a furious jealousie, fearing lest *David* should be of the humour of those, wch delight more in making of friends, then keeping of those that are made, and that the friendship of a man which seemed to draw a whole Kingdom after him, might much prejudice his fortunes. He enters roughly into his Kings chamber, telling him that this was but a deceiver, which came but to spy out his secrets, and to do him some ill turn, that he should lay hold of him, seeing he was come under his power. And for that *David* answered him nothing, seeing him in a hot anger, he went out furiously, and without authority sent a message to the chief Captain *Abner*, to entreat him to return to Hebron, under colour of treating more fully with *David*. He lightly believed it, and came back the same way, when as *Joab* that lay in wait for him, took him treasonably and killed him at the gate of the City.

The death of *Abner*.

David was indeed very much perplexed hereat, & uttered grievous curses against *Joab*, and his whole race: nevertheless, as the wisest did judge, that there was a great interest in this death, and that his chief Captain had become the executor thereof, this made some to think, that there was some design, & though that suspition was false, *David* did all that he could to deface the blemish thereof, assisting at the funerals of *Abner*, very near to the corps, protesting against the cruelty of those that had taken his life from him, and highly setting forth the praises of the dead: yet he caused not process to be made against *Joab*, conceiving that he was not able to destroy him, in such a time, when it was dangerous to provoke him. Nevertheless, he kept the resolution to punish him even to his death, but *Joab* contemned al upon the confidence that he had that none could go beyond him, and measured his own greatness by the impunity of his great offences.

David tolerates *Joab* in his fault upon necessity.

David cannot be excused upon the treaty made with *Abner*, if one have not recourse to the secret and over-ruling will of God.

It is hard to excuse *David* upon this treaty that he projected with *Abner*, traytour to his Master, if one have not recourse to the secret and over-ruling will of God, or to the right that he pretended to have to the Crown, in consideration of his first anointment made by *Samuel*. He knew that the Edicts of his royal dignity were written in heaven, and for this cause without endeavouring by any criminal way, he expected the work of Providence, and applyed himself to the events, for without any thought of his, *Ishbosheth* King of Israel was slain by two murtherers *Rechab* and *Baana*, which kill'd him as he slept upon his bed at noon-day, and brought his head to him, at which this great King was so highly incensed, abhorring this barbarous act, that he condemned them presently to death, and after he had caused their heads and feet to be cut off, he made them to be hanged at the fish-pond of Hebron.

David absolute by the death of *Ishbosheth* son of *Saul*.

The death of *Ishbosheth* the son of *Saul*, ended the difference which was between the two Royal houses; and the other families yielded themselves to *David*, by an universal consentment. It was then that he began to reign absolutely, and to make to appear, as in a glorious light, the admirable qualities, and Royal virtues, wherewith he was adorned. And it is certain that of all the Kings of Juda, there was none hath equalled him in all kind of perfections. He was one that feared God without superstition, religious without hypocrisie, valiant without any sternness, liberal without reproaching it to any one, a good husband without covetousness, stout without insolency, vigilant without unquietnesse, wise without subtlety, courteous without looseness, hũble without cowardliness, chearful without too much familiarity, grave without fierceness, and kinde without any complement.

The Royal qualities of *David*.

His zeal to religion.

He united all those things together which ordinarily make Princes great, & proved in each of them so advantageous, as if he had been endowed with that only quality. Above all, he shewed himself all his life very zealous for religion, and wonderfully affected towards divine things. He removeth the Ark of the Covenant with great & stately Ceremonies, he prepared infinite treasure to build the house of God, he cõposeth Hymns for his people, which have astonished all ages, and which serve for perpetuall springs of devotion in the Church. He ordained the Quires of Musick & singers, wch have prescribed the

law of praiſes in conſort for all Nations. He perfectly honoured the Prophets and Prieſts, mainteining a very great intelligence with and amongſt them.

His valour and his wars.

All theſe exerciſes no ways diminiſhed in him actions of valour, he overthrew the Philiſtims in two great battels: he made war on every ſide; in the Eaſt againſt the Moabites and Ammonites; in the Weſt againſt the Phœnicians; on the South againſt the Amalekites, the Arabians, and Idumeans; in the North againſt the Syrians, the Sabeans, and Meſopotamians, and was happy in all his enterprizes. Beſides this he made leagues with the Kings his neighbours for the benefit of commerce, gaining them all either by friendſhip or ſubduing them by force.

His juſtice and good husbandry.

He rendred Juſtice exactly to his Subjects, he favoured Arts, he enriched and fortified the Towns, he made himſelf ſtately Palaces, and drew the Kingdom of Juda out of ſervility, which had not yet known what magnificence was; he was honoured by the great ones, beloved by the Prieſts, admired by the wiſeſt, and as it were adored by all his people.

His vices. The love of Bathſheba.

But as all light in mortal things hath its ſhadow; God ſuffered him to fall into a great offence, which ſerved to humble him, and cauſed verymuch trouble in his houſe. His mind being looſed from the cares of war, and buſineſſes, had too much inclination to the fleſh, more then it uſed. He was ſleeping upon his bed, and being awaked in the afternoon, he walked on the top of his houſe upon the covering made in platform, and delighted in the fair proſpects that he had from his Palace, from whence de deſcried a woman that bathed her ſelf in her garden, he enquired of her name, her kindred, and her qualities, and became in love thereby, ſends for her to his houſe, and had company with her.

How dear did this unhappy caſt of his eye coſt him! and how many damned are there, that ſhal one day bewail with eyes of fire the concupiſcence of their fleſhly eyes! This fountain where *Bathſheba* waſht her ſelf, ran with flames and poyſon, which entring by the ſenſes of a Prophet, empoyſoned his heart, blinded his reaſon, infected his thoughts, and overthrew his whole ſoul. This creature was neither Bear, nor Lion, nor *Goliah*, nor Philiſtim, and yet ſhe overthrew in a moment, him that made but a ſport of Bears, which conquered Lyons, ſubdued Goliahs, and marched over the heads of Philiſtims. All conſpired unto the miſhap of poor *David*, the ſeaſon, the hour, the ſleep, the ſolitarineſs, the proſpect, the object, a woman very fair; and ſmoothly compoſed; for it ſeemed that this unlucky one did ly in ambuſh and made it her glory to triumph over a Saint and one of the valianteſt men that was at that time upon the earth. Perhaps ſhe would only have given an occaſion of love, but not have taken; had ſhe been like the Sun, that ſcorches all here below, and yet remains unto ucht in the midſt of his flames. When one doth more then he ought in this blind paſſion, he goes further then he thought.

Paulus Oroſius l. 1. Cecidit regnum ab Alexandro redemit.

It is a great temptation to a woman to be beloved of a King. *Cleophis* by this means gained a Kingdom in a night. *Bathſheba* looked more upon the greatneſs, then the pleaſure. When love & ambition blow at the ſame time in the head of a woman, ſhe hath two great Devils to fight with. She might honeſtly have refuſed this viſit, ſhe might have deferred it, have gained time, and turned aſide the occaſion. There is no need ſometimes but of a ſpiders web, to beat back the darts of love, that at other times the Ramparts of *Semiramis* are not ſtrong enough againſt it. But ſhe was ready to ſell, and to yield, that had already laid aſide her honour, with her attire. She failed not ſpeedily to ſend news to *David* that ſhe had conceived; and that her husband having not ſeen her, might very well conceive that that was none of his doing.

The death of *Uriah*.

The honour of this loſt creature muſt now have a cover: the King ſends for her husband, under ſome other pretence; he comes from the Army; he is very kindly entertained; they are earneſt with him to go take his eaſe at his houſe, and to go to ſee his wife: But the good man refuſes it, ſaying that it was not fitting for him to ly in a bed, when the Ark of God and his Captain *Joab* were under Tents. He lyes upon the ground before the door of *Davids* chamber, and ſo paſſeth the night, having no other deſire then to return ſpeedily to the army.

The blindneſs of *David*.

Alas poor *Uriah*! a harmleſs ſacrifice; thou waſt but too faithful to faithleſneſs, & therefore thou muſt water with thy bloud the loves of thy maſter! *David* takes the pen, and love dictates to him a bloudy letter, by wch he ſends to *Joab*, that he ſhould place *Uriah* amongſt the forlorn-hope, that they might ſo fairly be rid of him, for ſuch was his pleaſure. *Uriah* carrieth this deadly packet, *Joab* without enquiring any further, obeys, the innocent is maſſacred; and the falſe liberty of theſe two lovers thinks it is now in ſurety enough. *David* remains nine months covered with this filth, and this bloud, without coming to the knowledge of himſelf, until that *Nathan* takes away the veil that thus blinded him.

The carriage of truth coſts dear at the Court

Truth is one of the excelleneſt cõmodities that is in all nature, but the carriage thereof caſts dear, wch makes that many will not take it up to bear, eſpecially when there is any queſtion about carrying it into a Kings Palace; one ſaith that it is not yet time; another, that it will not be uſeful; others, that it is of no great force obliging. One will daub over buſineſſes, another ſeemes to make a conſcience, one ſtudies for reaſons, where little is to be found, for to pleaſe the humours of great ones, but there is danger, that thoſe that would preſerve themſelves by fair-ſpeaking, do not ruin themſelves by flattery.

The Prophet *Nathan* ſheweth himſelf courageous in this point; for although he was not ignorant, that it was a thing dangerous enough to ſpeak freely to a King, and to a lover, of that which he leaſt did love to hear: yet he reſolved to ſhew *David* his ſin, and took a very right courſe therein, preventing him with a Parable of a rich man having great ſtore of ſheep, that had violently taken one only Ewe from a poor man, which *David* finding very ſtrange, judged him worthy to dy.

The other hits him home, and tells him that it was himſelf, that had cauſed poor *Uriah* to be ſlain, after he had taken his *Bathſheba* frõ him. He brought to his memory the good things that he had received from the Divine Bounty, even from his infancy, and how by this action he had ill rewarded them, with ſo great ingratitude. Whereupon he declared to him the miſchances that ſhould happen to him, to his houſe and poſterity. *David* awaking, as it were, out of a dead ſleep, acknowledged his ſin, with a true humility, and ſubmitted himſelf to all the chaſtiſements which it would pleaſe that great Judg to draw forth for his unfaithfulneſſe.

David's repentance.

He entred at that very preſent into great grief for the fault cõmitted, not ſo much for the puniſhment that he ſhould receive therefore, as for the love of his ſo good maſter, accounting it the greateſt puniſhment of ſins, to have offended. He was preſently chãged into another man, he was no more that amorous *David*, but a penitent exceedingly humbled, a heart bleeding, eyes weeping, a ſad and disfigured face

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a body made thin, ſighings redoubled one upon another, joints pined away with faſtings & auſterene-ſs, a continual avoiding of all Society, of the light and day which reproached him with his offence, and a fixed love of Solitarineſs and Tears: His Harp hanging up knew no more what ſongs of Triumphs meant, and was wholly imployed in expreſſing his griefs. This heart dying to all mortall things of the earth, was upon the coaſts of the ſea of Repentance, which he made to eccho with his groanings, & ſwell continually with his weepings: whereby he fell into a great ſickneſſe, and God beginning the puniſhments of a ſin pardoned, cauſed the child conceived in adultery to dye, and ſuffered him not to bring up any young one of *Bathſheba*, before he had eſpouſed her by lawfull Marriage.

Puniſhment upon the houſe of *David*.

A year after, thoſe pitifull Tragedies of his houſe began, which covered it with horrour, and filled his heart with terrours. *Amnon* the eldeſt ſon of *David* fell in love with his ſiſter *Thamar*, a very fair Princeſs, and which was of the mother's ſide as well as of the father's, of the bloud Royal. The more hinderances that he ſaw in that his love, both by his quality, and virginity, and kindred, and the inclination of the maid: the more was his concupiſcence inflamed. This kind of paſſion ordinarily covets that which it ſhould leaſt of all deſire, and that which is can leaſt bring to paſſe. This was a ſubtle poyſon breathed forth by the contagion of the fathers example, which had poſſeſſed the brains of this miſerable one. His burning luſt was that which tormented him moſt. The King his Father goes to ſee him, to take order for his health. There is but one medicine, ſaith he, that could heal him, which is, that his ſiſter *Thamar*, who hath the skill of making excellent broth, may prepare ſome with her own hand, for to cauſe him to have an appetite. This is very readily granted to him. The poor maid which ſuſpected nothing, is ready to give him content; for the better recovery of his perſon he cauſes all others to avoid the place, and prayes her to ſtay in the chamber for to give him to eat, but without any other counterfeits he takes away the Maſk and declares to her his deteſtable paſſion, at which *Thamar*, who was a Maid of Honour, conceived as great horrour as could be, alledging unto him, that this was a deed unheard of amongſt the people of God.

But this barbarous one proceeded on to force her, and deflowred her body, without getting the conſent of her minde. The paſſion was no ſooner evaporated, but that he entred into as furious a repentance, not enduring to behold her with his eyes, which cauſed him to remember his heinous crime. He drives her out of his houſe with reproach, where ſhe would have left her life with her honour: her mourning attire, and head covered with aſhes, teſtified the funeral of her virginity.

At laſt ſhe caſt her ſelf under the protection of her brother *Abſolon*, who was born of the ſame Mother, and rehearſed to him the diſaſtre that had happened unto her. Her brother comforts her, and injoins her ſilence, having in the mean while no vein in his body that did not ſwell to revenge this diſhonour. The report thereof came to the knowledge of the Father, who, remembring his own offence, durſt not cenſure that of his Son; beſides that, he loved him with too tender an indulgency, and feared to grieve him, the which made him ſeem to wink at all that had paſſed, wherein he cannot be excuſed from having committed a great fault, which proceeded from a vicious mildneſſe.

Abſolon ſeeing that *David* ſaid nothing, continued in great diſſmulation, never complaining of *Amnon*, but reſolved to do himſelf juſtice with his own hands. And having kept two years his deſign faſt-lock'd up in his breaſt, to avoid all ſuſpicion thereof, he prepares a Royal Feaſt, to which he invites the King his Father and all his brethren: *David* excuſes himſelf, and the other earneſtly intreats, that his eldeſt brother *Amnon* might ſupply his place, unto which the Father conſents.

The brethren enter joyfully into the Hall where the banquet was, where the Furies had prepared a bloudy Spectacle, and horrible Sacrifice. *Abſolon* gives the word to his Servants to take the time, wherein his brother *Amnon* had already drank plentifully, and to kill him in the middle of the Feaſt, without any fail, ſaying that it was ſufficient, that it was he that had ſo appointed it, and that he would provide for their ſafety. The Wine, the good Chear, and heat did let looſe their tongues to merryment, when as Swords drawn out of the ſcabbards glittered before the eyes of the Gueſts: fear came upon all, but the danger was onely to *Amnon*, who was ſuddenly maſſacred, his bloud leaping on his brothers table for a juſt revenge of his ſhameſull luſt.

The brethren affrighted get up upon their Mules, and get to the Town, the report mixing falſe with true, brings ſad news to *David*, and gives him to underſtand that *Abſolon* had ſlain all his brethren. The poor King caſts himſelf on his face upon the ground, weeping, & all the Court tear their cloaths, and put on mourning. *Jonadab* in the mean while certifies, that there was none but *Amnon* that remained upon the place, in revenge of the offence committed againſt *Thamar*. *David* returns a little to himſelf, and his other children preſent themſelves before him, affrighted and weeping for that which had paſſed. *Abſolon* ſaves himſelf in the houſe of his Grand-father by the Mother, the King of *Geſſher*; where he remains three years, without dareing to ſee the King his Father, who would no wayes pardon that his enteprize.

Abſolon out of favour.

Joab labours very adviſedly to reconcile the Son to the Father, by the mediation of a very diſcreet woman of *Tecoah*, which came with a counterfeit preſence, and complained to the King, that ſhe being Mother of two ſons, the one in a hot quarrell had ſlain his brother, and that they would conſtrain her to deliver up the other to juſtice, that proceſs might be made againſt him, to the end to extinguiſh all her race. And therefore ſhe intreated his Majeſty to be gracious to ſave her ſon that remained, and not wholly deprive her of all comfort in the world. The which *David* having agreed to, ſhe declared to him, that he ought to practice the ſame towards his own ſon, which he would have done for one of his ſubjects: that we were all mortall, and that we paſſe away here below as the current of a ſtream, that we ſhould imitate the goodneſs of God, which loves our ſouls, and would not that they ſhould periſh.

His reconciliation by the means of *Joab*.

As this woman ſpoke with ſo much diſcretion, *David* was in doubt that *Joab* had inſtructed her, & made her underhand to act this fine play, the which ſhe affirmed, & ſo much gained the heart of *David*, that he gave full permiſſion to *Joab*, to fetch back the baniſhed to his houſe, although it was for the ſpace of 2 years without ſeeing him. *Abſolon* grew ſo melancholick, by his being ſo far from the Court, without ſeeing the King his Father, that having oftentimes ſent to *Joab* to put an end to his buſineſs, ſeeing that he would not come to him for friendſhip, he cauſed his corn to be ſet on fire, to make him come for anger, for the wch he excuſed himſelf & entreated him

him to ask of *David* in his behalfe, either that he might dye, or that he might have leave to see him.

Absalom's revolt.

This good father could no longer dissemble the movings of nature, but having sent for him, he embraced him, and gave the kiss of peace, and re-establishes him in the court. The spirit of this Prince was lofty, tempestuous, movable, which could not contain it self any longer within the bounds of obedience. For the space of the five years of his removall from the Court he had leisure enough to bite the bridle; and as it is credible, he had projected already the design of reigning, his ambition seemed to him sufficiently well founded: *Amnon* his eldest brother was dead, *Celeab* the son of *Abigail*, the second of his brethren, made no great noise, he saw himself under-propt on his mothers side, by the King of *Gesher* his grand-father: This was a Prince well made, upright, pleasing, courteous, liberal, secret, courageous, and capable of great undertakings. He saw his father upon the declining of his age, who had lost very much of that vigour testified so many times in his battels. *Adonija* was too much a fondling, and *Solomon* yet a childe and not able to oppose him. He conceived that the Empire could not slip out of his hands: And indeed there was great hopes for him, if he had had so much patience to stay for it, as desire to command.

His designs.

He made too soon to appear what was in his mind, causing himself to be encompassed when he marched forth with souldiers, and a guard, which was a sign of Royalty. Further also, he ceased not to gain the hearts, and secretly to get the good will of all his fathers subjects. He was up betimes in the morning,

His ambition.

and set himself at the entrance of the Palace to take notice of all those that had any business to propound to the King. One never saw Prince more prodigal in courtesies, he called them to him, he embraced them, he kissed them, he enquired of their countrey, of their condition, of their suit, and of that their negotiation. He did justice to all the world, and said, that there was no other mishap, but that the King was old and tyred with businesses, and had not a man to hear the complaints of his subjects, and to render them justice, and that if one day he had the charge which his birth deserved, he would give full satisfaction to every one.

By this means he made himself conquerour of hearts, and traced out great intelligence throughout the Provinces, guiding himself by the counsels of *Achitophel*, who was the most refined spirit, the best dissembler, and most pernicious that was in the whole Kingdom: *David* did not sufficiently watch over the actions of his son, and the secret workings of this evill Counsellour; the evil increased, and their party was already framed: *Absolon* asketh leave of the King his father to go to *Hebron* under pretence of performing a vow, but with an intent to proclaim himself King. That which he desired was granted to him, he marches under this coverture with a train and splendour, carrying many people with him, and sacrifices to offer. He gives order in the mean while to all his confederates, that at the first sound of the Trumpet, they should march forth into the field to go to meet him, and to bring him all the Troops that they could gather together.

Absolon caused himself to be proclaimed King.

All this was readily performed, and without further dissimulation he declared himself, and caused himself to be crowned in *Hebron*: the news came quickly to *David*, which brought him word that his son *Absolon* was revolted against him, and had got possession of *Hebron*, and that all the forces of the Kingdom run to him.

A great example of the weakness of mans spirit, when it is left by God.

Here one may see a great example of the judgment of God, of the weakness of a man left to himself, as also, the beams of an high and profound humility. To speak according to man, all that *David* did in this encounter of affairs, was low and feeble. He might have taken the field with the Regiments which he had, which amounted at least to 6, or 7000 men, and have unwoven this web of conspiracy, at its springing forth. And if he had not perceived himself strong enough, he had sufficient means to maintain himself in *Jerusalem*, to entrench and fortifie himself there, and to tire out those spirits of his Rebels. He might have entertained him with good hopes, promises, and treaties, and have cooled this first heat, by rallying by little and little the affections of his subjects to his own party. And if he had conceived his affairs to be in ill plight, he should have been the last that had taken notice of it, after the manner of those great Captains, which carry hope in their faces, even then, whe they have despair in their heart, to keep together their troops in their duty.

But this poor Prince at the news of this Rebellion, talked of nothing but flying, & leaving his chief City, and saving himself in the by-paths of the wildernesses: he is the first that goes forth without a horse to ride on, on his bare feet, his head uncovered, with tears in his eyes, affrighting all the world, & left ten Concubines to keep his palace, which was very ill advice according to the world, for what could these women do being forsaken by men and strength, but only to prostitute themselves to the soldiers, & yield up all the honour they had left, as a prey to them?

Whence this small courage came, when David proceeded.

Further also, he sent back the Ark of the Covenant which *Zadock* and *Abiathar* had brought into his camp, which might have put very much courage into his army, & obliged it to defend a thing so honourable & so precious to this nation. Whence do we think then, that this ordring himself, in a king, to whom neither valour was wanting, nor wisdom, nor experience but only that he saw clearly that this calamity was an ordinance of God, wch had been foretold by the Prophet *Nathan*? and in pursuit whereof, this virtuous Prince had no other thought then to suffer the work of providence, and to submit his whole heart, in the ful extention thereof, to the chastisement of his judg, and to kiss the rods which beat him. He marched like a penitent and not like a captain, he adored the judgments of God upon him, he enlarged his pains going a foot, & that bare-foot, to exalt the justice of his sovereign Master: He esteemed himself unworthy to look upon the Ark of the Covenant, & used himself with all kind of rigour, to honour the design of Heaven for his abasement. This is the cause that he endured all, & complains of nothing, bearing with a deep patience the enraged tongue of *Shemei*, who seeing him in this estate, in which the most barbarous would have pitied him, persecuted him with bloody injuries, and went about to have stoned him: *Abishai* offered himself to have cut him in pieces at the present, but *David* sharply reproved him for it, & would that they should suffer him to exercise his rage at his pleasure, not being ignorant that all which happened to him was designed from above. He contented himself with saying. If God will be merciful to me, he will call me back, & make me to see again his Ark and his Tabernacle. But if he cause me to know that I am not fitting any more to please him, nor to serve in the estate of a King. I am ready to obey all his pleasure, seeing it belongs to him to do whatsoever he will with me. These words alone were more worth then all crowns, and brought him again into the favour of God, by bearing that his affliction with so great humility.

The patience of David towards Shimei.

His great humility and humble words.

In

The pernicious counsel of Achitophel.

In the mean while *Absolon* entred into *Jerusalem* without resistance, with his pestilent Council of State; *Achitophel*, which, the surer to engage him in the war, and an irreconcileable hatred against his Father, gave him most detestable counsel, and which could not have been inspired but from the blackest of the bottomless pits; he perswades him to abuse all the Concubines that his Father had left in the Palace, the which this disloyal Son would execute, most erroneously causing a pavillion to be set up in the sight of all the people, & going publickly thereinto to accomplish all his incests. Behold the politick wisdom of this mischievous servant, whom they esteemed as a God in counsels: who is there that saw not; that this action, besides that it drew upon *Absolon* the wrath & vengeance of God, made him odious & abominable to all his people, & to all those which had any feeling of Religion or publick honesty.

The wisdom of *Chushi* the servant of *David* in the council of *Absolon*.

After he had begun so villanously, he assembled his Council, for to give order for the affairs of the warr. *Achitophel* counselled him to take twelve thousand men of the best exercised, to pursue his Father the same night, and to take him in that disorder and wearinesse, and to make him away, assuring him, that if that one man alone were down, all the Kingdom would be for him. In this private council there was by good chance one wise man named *Chushi*, a secret friend of *David*, and his confident, which was come to join himself in appearance to *Absolon's* party, closely to counterpoise the counsels and authority of *Achitophel*. He saw well that if God had permitted the execution of this first advice, that *David* had been lost without any recovery: this was the reason, that after he had insinuated himself into the heart and friendship of *Absolon*, testifying that from henceforth he would serve him with the same fidelity that he had done to his Predecessour; he declared unto him, *That they should do nothing hastily, for that his Father was an old Captain which knew all policy in warr, and that he had still in his Army men full of counsell and valour, that he should not rouze up the Bear in her wood after he had robbed her of her young ones, and that despair is a valiant piece in warr, that it stood not with his honour to give battel, unless he were assured of the victory; for that, If at his first encounter he should have the worst, yet disadvantage would be of dangerous consequence, able to abate the courages, and put the whole Army to a rout. But if he would stay awhile, the people would gather together about him in a great number, as the sand on the Sea-shore, and that he being in the midst of so mighty an Army might overthrow the Cedars, and pull up Towns by the roots, without any body being able to resist him.*

This Counsel was rellished and preferred before the first, whereat *Achitophel* entred into such a rage, that he suddenly went forth of the Chamber, and retired himself to his house, where, after he had disposed of the estate of his family affairs, he took unto himself an unlucky cord and strangled himself, by the most manifest justice of God.

After which, *Absolon* seeing himself sufficiently well accompanied, passes ouer *Jordan*, takes *Amasa* for his chief Captain, and intends to give battel to his Father. *David* which had had a little leisure to recollect and fortifie himself, takes courage again, divides his Army into thre parts, names Lieutenants and Captains, and appoints three for Chief, *Joab*, *Abishai*, and *Ittai*. He would also, have been himself in the Encounter, but his Council beseeched him to retire, which he did after he had encouraged his people to do their duty well: but above all, that in case they should gain the Victory, that they should guard his Son *Absolon* without doing him any hurt.

Absolon gives battel to his Father where he is overthrown & killed.

This being done; the Trumpets sound, and the Armies approach. *David's* people enter into the field of the Battel, as Lions, their Masters good cause gave them such confidence. It seemed that the victory that day had taken a pledge to follow their Colours, and that it was enough if they did but shew themselves to conquer. The Rebels tormented with the affrightments of their conscience, and which had not such entertainment as they were promised, first were put into disorder, after to flight, and then to a rout. It seemed that on the one part, there were men that came to kill, and on the other, sheep that came to be slain. As soon as they were mingled the one amongst the other; the sword on the one side made great Massacres, on the other, the falls & tumblings headlong carried them away, in such manner, that there remained twenty thousand upon the place.

The death of *Absolon*.

Absolon taken with a great astonishment, is left by all the world, and betaking himself to flight, gets up upon a Mule. It happened that passing through a Forest, his head was catched, and wreathed within the branches of a Tree, insomuch that his carryer having left him, he remained hanging between heaven & earth, where he made a very fitting amends both to the justice of God, and the goodness of his Father: *Joab* had notice thereof, who nevertheless although *David* had forbidden, stroke him through with three Darts, and when as yet he seemed to have life, ten young Souldiers of the Troups of *Joab* ran to make an end of him; he feared so much that if he should return into favour and authority, lest he should take vengeance upon him, because he would not follow his party. The body was interred in a pit under a great heap of stones, for to convince the vanity of him, which had caused a stately Monument to be built for himself, which he called *Absolon's* hand. Behold an horrible end of an evil Son and a rebellious Subject, which is sufficient to make posterity afraid throughout the revolution of all ages.

While all this was doing, *David* enclosed in a little Town, expected the event of the battel, and and when as the Posts brought him the news of the Victory, he shewed not so much rejoycing as fear: asking every moment in what estate his Son *Absolon* was, which caused that diverse durst not bring him the news of his death, seeing the trouble of his mind. At last *Chushi* uttered the word, and said, That they should desire *Absolon's* end to all the King's enemies. He understood well what he would say, and was pierced with so violent a grief, that he could not be comforted, losing all courage, and crying every moment, *Absolon my Son, my Son Absolon, Oh that this favour had been done for me, that I might have dyed for thee!* Every one cast down his eyes for pitty, and the whole victory was turned into sorrow, the Palms and Laurels were changed into Cypress.

Joab's insolency.

Joab alwayes bold and insolent towards his Master, instead of receiving reproaches for his fault, casts them upon *David*, and thinks that the means to justifie himself, was to speak the more stoutly. He enters into the Chamber of his King, and reproves him sharply, saying to him, *That he would put to confusion all his good Servants that had that day saved his life, his house, and all his estate; That he was of a strange nature, and seemed to have been made for nothing but to hate those that loued him and to love those that hated him: That it was very clear, that he bore no good affection to his*

his Captains, and good Souldiers, and if they all had perished to save the life of one rebellious son, he would have been very well satisfied. Further, he swore to him by the living God, that if he did not rise and go forth to see and entertain those that returned from the battel, that there should not remain one man only with him before the morning, which would prove a greater displeasure to him, then ever he received in all his life. He presseth him so vehemently, that the King without daring to answer him one word, rose up, and did all that he would have him.

This great grief diminished by little and little, & the rejoycings of those that came on every side to carry him back to Jerusalem in triumph, gave him no leisure to think upon his loss. He endeavoured to drave to him again all those that had separated thēselves, pardoning all the world with an unspeakable meekness, being ready even to give *Joab's* place to *Amasa* that was chief Captain for *Absolon*.

David's mildness very great.

But *Joab* quickly hindred this, and kild with his own hand, him that they had purposed for his successour. After that he began to pursue one *Sheba* a Captain of the Rebels, who was retired into Abela with some remainder of the mutinous, and as he was about to besiege it, and destroy the City for to take him, a woman of discretion and great in credit amongst her people, which had made composition with *Joab*, caused him to be slain, and threw his head over the walls, to put an end to this whole bloudy war.

The last acts of Davids life.

After this re-establishment of his Estate, *David* reigned about eleven years in ful peace in continual exercises of Piety, of Devotion, of Justice, and caused a general Assembly of the States of his Realm, where he made his son *Solomon* which he had chosen, to be confirmed; and encouraged him to build that great Temple, which shōuld be the marvel of the World, whereof he shewed him the platform, the beautyfying and the orders, in the idea.

Two things do a little astonish those which do seek an exact sanctity in this Prince: the first, that he dyed, having unto the last hour a maid of rare beauty by him; and the other, that he recommended to his son *Solomon* punishments and deaths by his Testament.

But there are that answer to those that may be offended with these actions: That God hath permitted this to make us the better to relish and admire the perfections of his Evangelical law, whereof the Word incarnate was made the Law-giver, and bringer, above all the excellencies of the presents and virtues of the Mosaical law. And that one ought not to expect from *David* the chastity of a Saint *Lewis*, nor of a *Casimire*; but that one ought to measure things according to the manner of the time, according to the law and custom. Nevertheless I should rather say, that the plurality of women was not an offence, seeing that it was approved of God: so that it caused not a weakning of the vigour of the spirits and mortifying their divine functions by too much commerce with the flesh. *David* sinned not in causing the Shunamite to ly besides him, seeing that she was in the place of a spouse, and approached unto him not for the pleasure which his great age had totally extinguished: but for the entertainment of his Royal person. Lastly, there are other actions that do set forth his virtue, besides this which is more worthy of excuse then blame.

And forasmuch as he ordained by his testament, the death of *Joab* & of *Shimei*, this doth something trouble those spirits which have an inclination to mildness; they say that *Joab* was his kinsmā, his faithful servant, the best of his Captains, the chief Commander that had followed him from his youth, accompanied him through infinite dangers, and upheld the Crown a thousand times shaking upon his head. He never medled in the factions that were raised against the King; he was always the first that dissipated them by the vigour of his spirit, resolution, counsel, of his Arms, and of his Sword. If he slew *Abner*, it was in revenge of his Brother which the other had slain. If he stabbed *Amasa*, it was the chief Captain of the Rebel *Absolon*, whom they would have put in his place, for to lay then great faults of the State upon him. if he spoke freely to *David*, it was always for his good, and for his glory; in the mean time at his Death he recommended him to be punished, after that in effect he had pardoned him all his life.

But to all this I say, that the last actions of so great a King, are more worthy of honour then censure. The punishment of *Joab* proceeded, not from a passion, but from a Justice inspired by God, which would satisfie the voice of bloud, the which cryed still against the murders cōmitted by this Captain. Further also there was a secret of State, as saith *Theodoret*, wch is, that this *Joab* shewed himself against the re-election of *Solomon*, and was ready to trouble the peace of the Realm.

And as concerning *Shimei* to whom he had sworn that he would not cause him to dy, he kept his promise to him faithfully, abstaining from doing him any evil while he lived, although he was in absolute power for to hurt him: but as his oath was personal, he would not extend it upon his son, and ty his hands, contenting himself to recommend unto him that he should do justice, according as his wisedom and discretion should direct him. It is very fitting that we should think highly of this Prophet; and that we should rather search out the reason of many of his actions, from the secret inspiration of God, then from the weakness of humane judgement.

He lived near upon threescore and twelve years, reigned fourty, and dyed a thousand and thirty two years before the birth of our Saviour, leaving infinite treasures for the building of the Temple, and eternal monuments of his devotion and understanding. It was a special favour to him, that the Saviour would be born of his bloud, and that his birth was revealed to him so many days before it was known to the world. He hath often set it down upon the title of his Psalms, and was in an extasie, in this contemplation, by the fore-tast of that his happiness. Men are accustomed to take their nobility, and their names, from their Ancestours that go before them. But *David* drew it from a Son which is the Father of Glory, and Authour of Eternity. The industrious hands of men have taken pains in vain, to carve him out a Tomb. Death hath no power over him, seeing that he is the Primogenitour of life. All things are great in his person; but the heighth of all his greatness is, that he hath given us a *Jesus*.

SOLO-

SOLOMON.

Solomon's entry into the Realm, full of troubles.

Solomon was he that ordered the holiness of the Temple, and yet he can hardly finde place in the holy Court. The love which gave him the Crown by the means of his mother *Bathsheba*, hath taken from him his innocency. The *Gentiles* might have made him one of their Gods, if Women had not made him less then a man. His entrance into the Throne of his father was bloudy, his Reign peaceable, his Life variable, and his end uncertain. One may observe great weaknesses at the Court at his coming to the Crown, confused designs, desperate hopes, a Prophet upright at the Court, a woman full of invention, an old Courtier overthrown, and little brotherhood, where there is dispute of Royalty.

David was upon the fading of his Age, and his Throne looked at by his Children, which expected the dissolution of their father. He had taken the authority upon him to decide this question by his commands, not willing to be ruled therein by nature, nor to prefer him whom she had first brought into the world, but him which should be appointed by God, and best fitted thereto by his favours.

Bathsheba fitly insinuates her selfe, and procures the Crown for her son *Solomon.*

Bathsheba, a subtle woman, that had carried him away by violence of a great affection, and kept her self in her possession, and had more power over the mind of the King, then all his other associates. Amidst the kindnesses of an affectionate husband, which is not willing to deny any thing to her whom he loves; she drew this promise from *David*, that he would take her son *Solomon* to be successour in his Estates.

Solomon's infancy pleasing.

This was a little miracle of Nature in his Infancy; and it seemed that all the Graces had strove together to make a work so curiously polisht. His mother loved him with infinite tenderness, and his father could not look upon him without amazedness. He was married at the age of nineteen years: and *David*, before he departed from the world, saw himself multiplied by his son in a second, which was *Roboam.*

Aristotle hath observed well, that children which are married so young, do seldom bring forth great men; and this observation was verified in *Roboam*, who made as many confusions in his life, as he had made rejoycings at his birth. This strengthned *Solomon* at the beginning, in his own and his mothers pretences.

But *Adonijah* his brother, which immediately followed *Absolon*, was before him in the right of Eldership, and promised himself to have a good part of the Empire.

Adonijah competitor of the Crown, and his faction.

The example of that unfortunate brother, which had expired his life in the despair of his fortune, was not strong enough for to stay him, which treading (as it were) in the same steps, went on infallibly unto his last mischance. *David* endured too long for him; and it seems to him that the greatest kindness that a rich father could do for his son, when he came to die, is to suffer himself to die.

He had sufficiently well knitted his party together, binding himself closely to the chief Priest *Abiathar*, and to *Joab*; It seemed to him, that having on his side the Altars and Arms, he was invincible.

The fault of *Adonijah* in his Council of State.

But in that burning desire that he had to reign, he committed very great faults, which put an end to his life by an event very tragical. He did not sufficiently consider the power of his father, who governed himself by the orders of them in the disposition of their Royalty; and saw not, that to undertake to succeed him without his good will, was to desire to climb to the top of the house without going up by the stairs. His experience might have made him weigh, what the jealousie of an old man may do; who desires the more honour and life, the nearer he sees them to their setting. His reason might have taught him to judge, what the artifices were of a woman beloved, how imperious over a husband. He thought of nothing but climbing, without endeavouring to take away the hinderances which he had about his feet.

Other wayes also he contented himself to have the favour of some without seeking that of others, which it may be, had no great desire to set him forward, but were of a real power to hinder him. There are some which hold themselves offended, because they are not intreated, and which endeavour to hinder a business without having any other reason, but that they were not employed in it. *Adonijah* contented himself to have *Abiathar* and *Joab* for him; but he considered not, that *Nathan* the Prophet, and *Zadock* the Priest, and *Benaiah* the Captain, whom he contemned, were mighty, and able to trouble his pretensions.

Further, for fear lest he should fail in the business, he made too much haste of it, taking into his company, souldiers and a guard, in imitation of *Absolon*. And when as he should have kept himself, retired and recollected within himself, he opened himself too much, and published his designs, which were like to those pearls, that in stead of a good substance, had nothing but an outward rind.

He made a great feast, to which he invited all his brethren without speaking of *Solomon*; he called *Abiathar* and *Joab*, without making mention of *Nathan* and *Zadock*. The one made great chear, and created a King amongst their pots and glasses, whilst that *Nathan* and *Zadock* vented all their secrets, and countermined all their designs.

Nathan and *Bathsheba's* advice.

Amongst these excessive joyes of *Adonijah*, *Nathan* plotted together with *Bathsheba*, declared to her the news of the pretensions of the imaginary King; exhorted her strongly to oppose him, and shewed her the means thereto. They take their counsels together, with a resolution to make the proceedings of *Adonijah* to sound aloud in the ears of *David*. It is agreed that *Bathsheba* should enter into the chamber of the King first; and that *Nathan*, without understanding any thing of their conference, should winde in, as it were, upon a sudden, and as it were to strike up the business, when as she already had well proceeded in the discourse.

All this was artificially executed, *Bathsheba*; with many honied words causeth *David* to remember his promise, represented to him the enterprize of his son *Adonijah*, and sets forth before him the pitifull handling that she with her dear son must expect, in case that the design of the Rebel should take effect.

Nathan, an eloquent speaker comes in, as if he were amazed, and without shewing that he bore any affection to any party, he laid chiefe hold on the authority and pleasure of the King, which he comes to understand, as the true oracle of the Realm, to conform himselfe thereto, and without falling into passion against *Adonijah*, he caused him to send his secret intelligences and carriages, avouching, that if he had undertaken

that,

that, without communicating it to him, he makes his proceedings very ſtrange.

This was to intereſt *David* in the buſineſs, in ſuch a manner, as he failed not preſently to command *Nathan* and *Zadock*, to ſet *Solomon* upon his mule, to cauſe his guard and his old Regiments to accompany him unto *Gibeon*, and there, without any delay to conſecrate him King, and to give the people to underſtand, that he had choſen him for his lawfull ſucceſſour.

Solomon is declared King.

All this was executed with vigorouſneſs incredible, when as a woman ſo ardent had taken it in hand. And while *Adonijah* was yet drinking with his confidents, the Trumpet ſounded through the Town, with great out-cries of joy, and unſpeakable clapping of hands. He had thought that all this had been done for him, but *Jonathan*, the ſon of the High Prieſt *Abiathar*, put them all beſide this belief, and told them with lamentation, together for their overthrow, what that was which was done, and that *Solomon* was coming preſently to be conſecrated.

All their hearts failed upon the news of this chance, and they ſeparated themſelves as much as they could from each other, to take away the ſuſpicion of a conſpiracy, which was but too manifeſt. *Solomon* is brought back to the Palace with ſtrong acclamations, and all the officers and ſervants entring into the chamber of *David*, gave him a thouſand benedictions for the choice that he had made, wiſhing to the new King all the greatneſs and all the proſperity of his father.

Adonijah ſaw well that he was gone too far, and fearing leaſt *Solomon* might make the firſt trial of his power at the coſt of his life, he fled unto the ordinary refuge, taking hold of the horns of the Altar, and entreating *Solomon* for his life, who gave it him upon ſuch condition, that he ſhould keep himſelf within his duty, and would not ſpot a day ſo glorious for him by ſhedding the blood of his miſerable brother. *Joab* and *Abiathar* diſſembling their intelligence with *Adonijah*, ran to worſhip as well as others, him, whom willingly they would have devoured, ſeeing that their ſafety conſiſted at that time in hiding their intention.

The death of David, and the bloudy entrance of Solomon. Adonijah deſired the Shunamite which completed his misfortune.

But after that *David* had his eyes cloſed up, and that *Solomon* ſaw himſelf confirmed by the general conſentment of all orders; thoſe waves at the Court, which as yet had made but little frizlings, began to raiſe a great tempeſt.

Adonijah, after he had loſt a Kingdom, endeavoured to get a woman, and goes directly to *Bathſheba* the Queen-mother, to uphold his requeſt. She was not unwilling to ſee him, fearing that he had ſtill retained ſome bitterneſs in his heart, upon the things that had paſſed: behold wherefore, ſhe preſently asked him whether he came as a friend; to which he anſwered, that all was quiet, but that he had one requeſt to make to her, knowing well the credit in which ſhe was with the King her ſon. The Queen having ſhewed him a good countenance, and a free willingneſs to ſerve him, he opens the matter to her, and ſaith, That ſhe was not ignorant that the Kingdom did appertain to him by the right of Elderſhip, but ſeeing that God had otherwiſe diſpoſed of it, that he did willingly acquieſce, and deſired nothing of the King, but that it would pleaſe his Majeſty, to give him *Abiſhag* in marriage, that maid which ſerved *David* his father in his old age.

It is clear that this Prince was good, and of an eaſie nature, that could content himſelf with ſo ſmal a thing, and his requeſt was not uncivil, ſeeing ſhe was but a ſervant, & never the wife of his father, which had no other commerce with her, then to receive the ſervice and aſſiſtance neceſſary for his health.

Bathſheba was very glad that his ambition did here bound it ſelf, and promiſed to ſpeak to the King thereof very willingly, which ſhe did, going expreſly to viſit him. *Solomon* went forth to meet her, made her very great reverence, received her with moſt courteous entertainment, and having aſcended his Throne, he cauſed another to be ſet at his right hand for his mother, which ſaid to him, That ſhe came to make a very little requeſt unto him, upon which it would be a diſpleaſure to her to receive any denial.

The ſon aſſured her, and ſaid, That ſhe might boldly demand, and that he was no wayes intended to give her any diſcontent. As ſoon as ſhe had opened the buſineſs, and named *Abiſhag*'s name, *Solomon* entred into great anger, and ſaid, ſhe might have added thereto the Kingdom, ſeeing that he was his eldeſt brother, and that he had *Joab* and *Abiathar* on his ſide; and without giving any other anſwer, he ſwore, he would make *Adonijah* die before it was night: whereupon, he preſently gave order to *Benaiah*, who ſupplied the office of Captain of the Guard, which failed not to ſlay this young Prince.

Solomon's rigour.

Thoſe that think that *Solomon* might do this in conſcience, and that one may conjecture that God had revealed it unto him, take very ſmall reaſons to excuſe great crimes, and ſee not that whoſoever would have recourſe to imaginary Revelations, might juſtifie all the moſt wicked actions of Princes. There is not one word alone in the Scripture, that witneſſes, that after the eſtabliſhment of *Solomon*, this poor Prince did make the leaſt trouble in the State, he acknowledged *Solomon* for King, he lived peaceable, he was contented with the order that God permitted: for the comfort of the loſs of a Kingdom, which according to the Law of Nations did belong to him, he deſired but a maid ſervant in marriage, and he is put to death for it.

He cannot well be juſtified for the murder of his brother.

Who could excuſe this? I am of opinion of the D. *Cajetan*, who ſaith, that this command was not only ſevere, but unjuſt; & I believe that hence came the misfortune of *Solomon*, for that having ſhewed himſelf ſo little courteous towards his mother, & ſo cruel towards his brother, for the love of a woman; God to puniſh him, hath ſuffered, that he ſhould be loſt by all that which he loved moſt. After this murder, he ſent for *Abiathar* the chief Prieſt, and gave him to underſtand, that he was worthy to die, but foraſmuch as he had carried the Ark of the living God, and had done infinite ſervices for the King his father, even from his youth, he gave him his life, upon ſuch condition, that he ſhould be deprived of his dignity of the high Prieſt, and ſhould retire himſelf to his houſe. The Scripture ſaith, that this was to fulfill the word of the Lord, which had been pronounced againſt the houſe of *Ely*; but yet it follows not for all that, that this depriving was very juſt on *Solomon*'s ſide, being done without mature conſideration. And although God ordains ſometimes temporal afflictions upon children for the puniſhment of the fathers; yet one cannot nevertheleſs infer from this, that thoſe which torment and perſecute them, without any other reaſon then their own ſatisfaction, ſhould not any wayes be faulty: for otherwiſe one might avouch, that the death of our Lord having come to paſs by the ordinance of God, *Pilate* and *Caiaphas* that did co-operate unto this order without any knowledge thereof, ſhould be without offence. As for thoſe that think that the

The juſt puniſhment of God upon Solomon.

Abiathar the High Prieſt deprived of his dignity by a very violent action.

Levites

Levites were accuſers in thoſe proceedings, it is a conjecture of their own invention: and if indeed it were ſo, one might yet further reaſon, by what law could the Levites bring accuſation againſt their chief Prieſt? This jealouſie of government is a marvellous beaſt, and thoſe that would excuſe it, find, for the moſt part, that there is no ſtronger reaſons, then ſwords, and priſons, and baniſhments.

In the mean time the news comes to *Joab*, that he was in great danger for having followed the party of *Adonijah*; and as he ſaw himſelf on the ſudden forſaken and fallen from the great credit that he had in the *Militia*, he had recourſe to the Tabernacle, which was the common refuge, and taking hold of the Altar, he asked mercy and his life. *Benaiah* the executour of the murther, goes to him by *Solomon*'s order, and commands him to come forth, for which he excuſes himſelf, proteſting that he would rather die then forſake his refuge, which was related to King *Solomon*; who, without regard to the holy place, cauſed him to be maſſacred at the foot of the Altar, to mingle his blood with that of the Sacrifices. Behold what he got from the Court, after fourty years ſervices; and one may affirm, that if it had been ſometimes a good mother to him, now it acted a cruel ſtep-mother at the laſt period of his life.

The death of *Joab*.

There remained no more but *Shimei* to make up the laſt act of the Tragedy; and although *David* had given commandment for his death, *Solomon* ſeemed yet to make ſome ſcruple upon the promiſe of impunity that was made to him: and this was the cauſe that he appointed him the City of *Jeruſalem* for a priſon, with threatning, that if he ſhould go forth thence, and only go over the Brook of *Cedron*, he would put him to death. The other that expected nothing but a bloody death, willingly received the condition, and kept it three years; until the time that on a day having received news of his ſervants that were fled to the Philiſtims, it came into his mind to follow them, without taking heed to that which was commanded him, which cauſed that at his return, he was murthered by the commandment of *Solomon*, by the hand of *Benaiah*.

Behold the beginning of a Reign tempeſtuous; and one muſt not think to find Saints ſo eaſily at the Court, eſpecially in thoſe which have liberty to do what they pleaſe: many things ſlip from them, which may better be juſtified by repentance, then by any other apology. That which follows in this hiſtory of *Solomon*, is all peaceable and pleaſing, even unto his fall, which may give cauſe of affrightment.

A wonderful Dream of *Solomon*.

The third year of his Reign, he had an admirable Dream, after the manner of thoſe that are called Oracles. It ſeemed to him that God appeared to him, and ſpoke to him: at the which he was in an extaſie. And ſeeing himſelf ſo neer to him that could do all, he deſired of him with incredible ardency, the gift of Wiſdom to govern his people; the which pleaſed ſo much the Sovereign Majeſty, that not only he gave him a very great underſtanding above all the men of the world, but further alſo added thereto, Riches and Glory in ſo high an eminence, that none ſhould equal him.

His knowledge.

There are thoſe that diſpute here, though beyond their ſight, concerning the learning of *Solomon*, and would prove that he compoſed Comedies & Satyrs. But although we cannot deny that he was filled with abundance of learning: yet we muſt affirm, that his Political Science had the chiefeſt place, and that all his knowledge of Natural things tended but to that intent, ſeeing that he ſpecified it in his Prayer, that the deſire of Wiſdom that he profeſſed was only for the government of his Kingdom.

Whether learning be profitable for Princes.

And hence we may gather, that Learning is an Inſtrument very neceſſary for the accompliſhment of great Princes, although that the ignorant may conceive otherwiſe. They ſay, that this makes them too lofty, curious, and ſelf-conceited, and that hence they take the boldneſs to reſt upon their own belief, and deifie all their opinions; a great Authority being ſufficiently able to raiſe up a little ſufficiency. They bring the examples of *Nero*, and *Julian* the Apoſtate, both which, having ſo well ſtudied, they govern ill, and came to an unhappy end.

But I ſhall avouch to them, that knowledge and judgment without piety is an unprofitable commodity, and ſometimes pernicious to Kings. Hence it is that they take occaſion to move extravagant queſtions, to undertake dangerous buſineſſes, to authorize their faults by apparant reaſons, and to be pricked forward with a conceit which cauſes them to deſpiſe all counſels. Nevertheleſs it is an inſupportable abuſe to blame good things in thoſe, which either have but the counterfeit thereof, or which make an evil uſe of them. I eſteem not *Nero* nor *Julian* to have been very learned men, becauſe they had skill in Poetry and Rhetorick, without ever well attaining the knowledge of their principal profeſſion: and if they having learned good precepts among humane Writers, have abuſed them, ſhall one ſay for that, that they are naught, and dangerous for a Prince?

The learning of a Prince defended.

By the ſame reaſon we might condemn the Sun, becauſe that *Phaëton* burnt himſelf in thoſe heats: and take away the water from amongſt the Elements, becauſe that *Ariſtotle*, as they ſay, was drowned therein.

Laſtly, we might bring an accuſation againſt Nature in general, and ſo find nothing to be good of all that God made, becauſe it may be corrupted by the wickedneſs of men. But for two or three Princes ſomewhat learned, which have uſed their skill evilly; how many ignorant ones ſhall we find which have done far more cruel and barbarous things then theſe: as, *Diocleſian*, *Licinius*, *Maximian*, *Bajazet*, and *Selim*?

Nature hath placed all the Senſes, which are the principles of our knowledge, in the Head, to give us to underſtand, that all the lights ought to be in a Prince, which is the Head of his Realm. The Soul is not more neceſſary for the body, then Underſtanding for a King. He is (as *Philo* reports) to his people, that which God is to the creature.

And what doth God, but only ſhed forth his clearneſs throughout the whole world, viſible, and inviſible? and what ought a Monarch to do, but to make himſelf the fountain of good counſels that ſhould maintain his eſtate?

What can a Prince do which ſees not but with others eies; which ſpeaks not but by the mouth of another; which hears not, but with borrowed ears; but only loſe his eſtimation in the minds of his Subjects, and yield up his Authority as a prey unto thoſe, that knowing his inſufficiency, take the boldneſs to enterprize any thing without puniſhment?

I confeſs there are thoſe, which having not ſtudied, have a very good underſtanding, which they have poliſhed by the experience of things in the world, and by converſing with great perſonages: but how can we ſay that thoſe are ignorant which know as much as the books, and might ſerve for examples to Philoſophers? their modeſty doth yet make them affirm and acknowledge, that if they had received a deeper tincture of good learning, they ſhould have drawn therefrom the more grace and advantage.

I would in no wiſe that a Prince ſhould be like to

Knowledg ought to be moderate.

the Emperour *Michael Paripanatius*, which had always Table-books in his hand, and a pen, compoſing of Verſes, or making Periods to run ſmooth.

I do not ſo much eſteem ſuch petty ſhews of ſuperfluous knowledg, and ill ordered, in a great one; but to ſee a man at the government of people, which hath laid a deep foundation of true piety, knows the ſecrets of Philoſophy, the beſt purified, is no ways ignorant of Divine and Humane Laws, is skilful in the Hiſtories of all Nations, with very diligent Obſervations and particular applications to his own government. A man that can judge, ſpeak, and act, that can expreſs himſelf with clearneſs and majeſty of words, fitting to his eſtate; this is it which makes him appear as a God amongſt men; which gives him authority amongſt his people, which makes him eſteemed by his equals, feared by his inferiours, terrible to his enemies, and honoured by all the world. It is by theſe means that *Auguſtus Cæſar*, *Trajan*, *Veſpaſian*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Antoninus*, and ſo many others, whereof *Tiraquel* reckons up eight and thirty very famous in his Book of Nobility, have attained to that heighth of reverence which hath made them honoured throughout all ages.

The judgment of *Solomon* on the contention of the two women.

For a proof of this, we ſee the great reputation that *Solomon* got in judging of the two women, which diſputed whoſe the little infant ſhould be. Both of them ſaid equally, that ſhe was the true mother; the one acted it cunningly, the other proceeded therein with truth. It was needful to know which ſpoke from the heart, and which from the tongue only. Theſe are counterfeits ſo well ſtuft out and neatly coloured, that many able men cannot know, nor are able to diſtinguiſh the true from the falſe. *Parmeno* counterfeited ſo perfectly the cry of a young chicken, that one would have thought that nature could not have ſet out any better compariſon of him. So many skilful men, ſo many gray heads were at that time in the Court of *Solomon*, which loſt themſelves in this counterfeit, without being able to diſcover it; and when he commanded a ſword to be brought, and to divide the little infant, all the world was amazed: ſome thought his judgment was groſs, that it was cruel and bloudy; but *Solomon* had ſtudied in the boſome of nature the affections of a true mother. When he underſtood that the one approved of this command, and was urgent that the infant ſhould be divided in two, he drove her away as an impudent one; but when he ſaw that the other was moved and wounded deeply at her heart, and that ſhe cried with a pitiful voice, that they ſhould rather give the infant all whole to that wicked one, then to make two pieces of it; when he conſidered the affrightment on her face, and all the veins of her body ſwelling at this deſign, he pronounced with the voice of an Oracle, that ſhe was the true mother, which was avouched and acknowledged publickly. All the aſſiſtants were ſo taken with this expedient that their King had invented, that they extolled him to heaven, and promiſed themſelves all, ſuch a diſcerning, and equity ſemblable, in their differences. Who doth not ſee then that Underſtanding is the Eye of a Prince, and the light of his people? This reputation of underſtanding, and lofty knowledge of *Solomon*, was ſpread abroad amongſt ſtrange Nations, and drew the Queen of *Sheba* unto *Jeruſalem*. This is a ſtory which hath afforded recreation to divers, that have exerciſed their pens thereupon, and curioſity, throughout the whole world. Every one would baptize her and give her a name; one calls her name *Nicaula*, another *Nitocriſſe*, another *Maſſeda*, and others will have her name to be *Candaeſſe*. There is nothing more certain in all this then uncertainty, and it is very hard to give her a name without making a lie thereby.

The Queen of Sheba.

And yet can one leſs know that of her husband, nor whether ſhe were a maid or a widow, or a married woman. There is ſome appearance that if ſhe were within the bonds of marriage, ſhe was like unto thoſe Dames that bare rule over their Husbands, and do all that pleaſe them in their own houſe. Her husband was very patient, if it be true which *Pineda* ſaith, that ſhe ſtayed a whole year at *Jeruſalem* in Paſtimes, and to propound Riddles. But *Claudian* that aſſures us, that the *Sabeans* are governed by women, will make us rather believe that ſhe was free, and without ſubjection. She came from the country of the *Sabeans*, which make a part of *Arabia*, and are very rich in gold and perfumes. This is the reaſon that ſhe entred into *Jeruſalem* with a great train, and ſpared not the riches of her country for *Solomon*. She propounded many queſtions, whereof the Scripture doth not touch one, which hath given occaſion to many to invent at their pleaſure; & divers have ſet down ſo ridiculous ones, that if the Queen of *Sheba* ſhould have come ſo far to have learned ſo little, there might be an appearance, that coming loaden with ſo great riches, ſhe had forgot to put in a little Judgment amongſt them.

Her qualities.

Claudian in Eutrop. Leviuſque Sabæis imperat his ſexus.

Women amongſt the Sabeans command over men.

The queſtion of the Queen of *Sheba*.

That which *Baronius* ſaith is ſomewhat more credible; that ſhe was of a country where ſhe might learn the Prophecy of *Balaam* touching the birth of the Meſſias, and that underſtanding afterwards the greatneſs of *Solomon*, ſhe had a deſire to know if this were not he, whom that prediction looked at. And it is very true that ſhe found the ſhadow of him in *Solomon*, but not the body; yet ſhe was ſo much amazed beholding only his figure, and viewing the temple of God which was now built after five and twenty years; in conſidering the Palace, the Officers, and the order of the whole houſe of *Solomon*, that ſhe thought to leave her whole ſpirit behind her in *Jeruſalem*, having nothing elſewhere able to content her.

Thoſe which do judge of the inclinations of *Solomon*, do conceive, that all theſe great diſcourſes with a woman, could not paſs without ſtrains of love, and produced him a child by the Queen of *Sheba* named *David*, from whom *Preſter John* is deſcended; but they ſhould have conſidered that *Solomon* was not yet ſo inclined to women, and it was not likely that he ſhould begin with her, cauſing her to return as one forlorn, which came thither with honeſt behaviour, and of whom the Goſpel ſpeaks honourably.

There are many things in which the Scripture would not content our curioſity, thoſe which would learn more from thence then it hath taught them, are like to thoſe Painters, which account themſelves very brave men, when they have the skill to go beyond nature.

His zeal to the building of the Temple.

And ſo much for that concerns the Wiſdome of *Solomon*, which cauſed a great part of his miracles. But one cannot ſufficiently commend the Zeal which he bore, from the firſt year of his reign, to the building of the houſe of God. Herein it is that he hath teſtified a ſingular Piety, and a great Wiſdome of a States-man; for to ſay the truth, and to ſpeak according unto the mind of *Ariſtotle*, it doth much import that a Prince be religious, for that he is thereby the more loved and feared by his people, which do not ſo eaſily offend him, whom they think to be under Gods protection.

Further alſo, he was to content a Nation more religious

religious then any other, and greatly ceremonious, which he could not better do, then in causing them to behold so beautifull a Temple, which should be the marvel of the whole Universe.

All men are naturally stirred up with a resentment of a Divinity, and they think that the means to testify their affection and service thereto, is to erect Temples, and offer Sacrifice unto it.

Emulation doth often mingle it self with Religion, and great ones do find their glory, in lifting up that of the Divinity. *Pliny* makes mention of the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, whose length was 425. foot, and the bredth 220. with 137. Pillars made by as many Kings; and saith, that all *Asia* joyned together to build it, and spent thereupon the space of two hundred and twenty years before it was fully finished. Whatsoever he saith of this Temple, we are obliged to believe that it was not of value with this of *Solomon's*, which is recommended to us by him to whom it was dedicated, *The living God*; which had not then upon earth any house but this where he was acknowledged. Further also it is to be prised, by reason of its founders, which were two great Princes: for, its greatness, (which is compared in the Scripture to a City, the number of offices was so great; Allies, Porches, Houses and Divisions) was very great there; and above all, the number of the attendants, which did amount sometimes between seven and eight hundred ministers. Add hereunto the heighth, which was upon the top of two high mountains, the beauty, and the riches which was found there, you will avouch, that it was greater then it is reported. It is a prodigious thing which *David* saith of himself, in the first of the Chronicles, that he offer'd for this design out of his poverty, a hundred thousand talents of gold, and a thousand thousand talents of silver, which make in all, according to the supputation of our *Villalpand*, two thousand one hundred twenty and three millions of gold, without comprehending therein that which the people offered freely of their own, which amounte d to seventy one millions of gold, eight hundred and fourscore thousand crowns; and the two sums taken together, make one thousand one hundred ninety four millions of gold, eight hundred fourscore thousand crowns, and all this but to serve for that which should be wrought in gold and silver for the use of the Temple.

Plin. l. 36. c. 14. The Temple of *Ephesus*.

Villalp. in Ezekiel. 3. apparat. Paral. 1. 22. Tyrinus bis mille quingentos & 50 aureorum ex eodem Villalpando.

Josephus also in the eighth Book of his Antiquities saith, That there was numbred there fourscore thousand cups, and as many plates of gold, twenty thousand censers of the same material, two hundred thousand trumpets of silver, and forty thousand instruments of musick, fashioned of gold and silver; garments of linnen and surplesses, to the number of ten thousand. Lastly, the whole Temple, from the top to the bottome, and the pavement it self, was covered with plates of gold, fastned together with nails of gold which weighed every one five and twenty ounces.

Josep. l. 8. cap. 3.

To say the truth, some Interpreters of the Scripture have taken that very high, making the value of their monies according as they will, in this great obscurity of those that have written of the diversity of their values, according to the diversity of their Ages and Nations: but one may not doubt of the truth of the Scripture, which raises this Temple to a beighth of magnificence, which exceeds all other works.

After that the House of God was established, *Solomon* made a solemne Dedication thereof, for the which he sacrificed 22000. oxen, and 200000. sheep. He prayed to God aloud before all the people with a wisdom and zeal unparallel'd. He blessed all his Subjects with an incredible joy; so that the face of *Jerusalem* that day seemed an anticipated Paradise. He busied himself after in building for himself; he made himself a palace, wherein he spared no thing for gloriousness, with the most sumptuous Kings of the earth. When as the Scripture relates this with a plainness of its style, it ceaseth not to fill our spirits with amazement: and if we had not recourse to the sovereign power of God, which doth all which pleaseth him; we should scarce be able to believe, that the Kingdom of *Judea* having begun but in *Saul*, by so miserable beginnings that there was hardly found any iron to make swords of, and that at sometimes there was but two to be found in a whole Army, that it should on a sudden rise to so great an increase, that silver was there as common as stones.

This gives a large entry to all sorts of delights and pleasures of stately Princes of the earth, which *Solomon* soon caused to enter into his palace; and which ruined him by a far greater disaster, then ever the armies of the Philistims, Ammonites, and Moabites could have done. And as *Juvenal* said, That luxury had taken room, and had reserved unto it self the vengeance for all the evil usage wherewith the Romans had handled so many Kings and People of the habitable world: So we may say, That the Licentiousness of *Solomon* did revenge all the injuries of the Nations stirred up against the people of the Jews.

The fall of *Solomon*.

He which should see a star fall from heaven into the dirt, for to be trodden upon by the feet of men and beasts, after it had shined amongst the celestial globes; would he be more affrighted and amazed, then in considering *Solomon* thrown down from the beautiful firmament of glory where the hand of God had placed him, into those opprobrious passions, labirynths of errours, and unexplicable confusions?

Solomon that was as high lifted up above other Kings, as Kings are above common men, this man of wonders and miracles, the well-beloved of God, which had wisdom for his spouse, virtue for his delight, happiness for his companion, and glory for the assistant of his throne; to disgrace, by a detestable old age, all the comelineſs of his life, to deface all the rare inventions of his mind, to eclipse all the weak lights of his understanding.

O women, alwayes fatal to the ruine of great men! who will hereafter think it strange that you have changed the Gods of the heathens into beasts, seeing that you have transported *Solomon* into a monster? It is not almost imaginable into what a gulf of destruction Love plunged this miserable Prince: and that Philosopher *Antisthenes* said true, that if there were such a *Venus* as the Poets have made, he would be her hang-man: If there were such a *Cupid* as they have painted out, he would pull off his wings, and throw him down from the Heaven of heavens, where they had placed him, into the deepest of the bottomless pits, for that this is the frenzy of the understanding, the poison of the heart, the corruption of the manners, and the desolation of our life. O true God! how ought all good understandings, and all persons that make profession of knowledge, of honour and virtue, look upon *Solomon*, as a mast broken on the top of a mountain, which God hath placed there above to make them take heed of the shipwracks of Love!

The beginning of his debauchedness.

One doth seldome begin wickednesses at the top: vices have their degrees as wel as virtues, *Solomon* at first began to grow cool in the worship of the true

God, his converſations with him, were not ſo often nor ſo pleaſing, the pleaſures of the world invited him, the delights of the Court charmed him; actions that are too free, ſoon become evil, and evil ones turn themſelves into cuſtom, and cuſtom into an habit. This child of God ſaw the daughters of men, theſe ſtrange beauties which pricked him by their novelty: he became man, and made of them his goddeſſes. The Daughters of the *Amorites*, and of the *Moabites*, thoſe of *Egypt*, of *Sidon*, of *Idumea*, and ſo many others, whereof God had forbidden him any alliance, were the Idols of his heart, after they had been the plague and poyſon of his underſtanding.

He which had pronounced ſo many excellent parables againſt love, which had ſo many times advertiſed youth, that the lips of an unchaſte woman diſtilled honey at the beginning, but at the end they gave a potion of wormwood, was taken by the eies, enchained with infinite affections. His love was pompous; his luxury ſumptuous: he loved as much for glory, as for concupiſcence: he would act the King in his unchaſtneſs, as ſtately as in the furniture of his Temple. He had about ſeven hundred women, which were as his Queens; and with that three hundred Concubines, which is according to the account of the Scripture, a thouſand Wives, which he had ſhut up in a *Seraglio*, for the pleaſures of his eies and of his fleſh: and of ſo many loves, there is but one Son to be found, *Rehoboam*, void of wiſdom and underſtanding.

What could a Prince do amongſt ſo many delights, ſo many allurements, ſo many charms, and ſo many bewitchings! A man is oft-times much hindred by the troubleſom brain of one woman only: what ſerious buſineſs then could he ſet himſelf to, that had them multiplied by hundreds!

Their Artifice. Theſe ſtrangers came each of them with all the inventions of their Nation, for to ſurprize him: there was one that would gain him to her; another that would keep him; another that would draw him from one ſin to another, even unto the bottom of Hell. It is far more eaſie to become a fool with a woman, then to make her wiſe: he had endeavoured perhaps, to convert them to his Religion, but they perverted him, and drew him to theirs. He took their loves, and afterward their behaviour, and at laſt their Superſtition.

He is perverted in Religion.

Every one of theſe women would bring her god into eſteem; and thought not her ſelf to have any credit in her love, if ſhe did not make her falſe Deity to partake thereof: they made ſuch gods as had no honeſter title then the ſins of debauched women. As ſoon as he had made an Idol for one, he muſt do the like for another: all there went by the Emulation of their brains, weak in reaſon, and ardent in their paſſions. They reckon about ſix Temples built round about *Jeruſalem*, to the gods of ſix principal Nations. But it was not ſufficient to make theſe gods; they muſt be adored, and preſented with Sacrifices and Incenſe, to content his Loves. And he did not all this in ſhews only, nor diſſimulation; but his heart (as the Scripture ſaith) was wholly turned aſide from the true God; and fell (as Saint *Auguſtine* ſaith) into the depth of the gulf of Idolatry. What might the admirers of his great Temple have ſaid; or rather the true Worſhippers of the great God? What diſcourſe might ſo many Kings and Queens have held, that had had in ſo high eſteem the wiſdom of *Solomon*? The report of his Loves and his Superſtitions ran throughout all Kingdoms, as a ſtory unheard of, which cauſed laughter enough to wicked ones, as tears to good people, and aſtoniſhment to the whole World.

The diſſipation of his eſtate. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O fair Star of the morning! Thou faithful fore-runner of the King of Lamps, which wert adorned with the pureſt and moſt innocent flames of the firmament: who hath made thee to become a coal? And who could bury thy lights in a dung-hill?

This lamentable King loſt that great wiſdom that made him eſteemed over the whole world, and became ſtupid, leaving the care of all the affairs of his Kingdom. All thoſe great riches were exhauſted, and caſt, as it were, into the gulf of Luxury. He began to over-charge his people, to maintain his infamous pleaſures, which made all their minds revolt againſt him. The Prophets and Prieſts could not reliſh with him, by reaſon of his changing Religion. All the underſtanding Nobility did abhor him, ſeeing him ſo plunged in his filth. The Commons deſired nothing but to ſhake off the yoak that they could no longer bear. God raiſed him up Rebellions on every ſide, which prepared themſelves to overthrow his Empire. But no man took it ſo much to heart, as *Jeroboam*, an able and ſubtle man, whom he had advanced, and employed in gathering his Tributes for him. It was he to whom the Prophet *Ahijah* gave ten pieces of his Garment, fore-telling him, that he ſhould reign over ten Tribes of *Iſrael*: and that was the cauſe that the King would have put him to death, but he fled into *Egypt*, and returned under weak *Rehoboam* the Succeſſour of *Solomon*: who, deſpiſing the counſels of the Antients, that exhorted him to give his people content, truſted to that of the young ones without brains, which perſwaded him to hold his own, and that the people would not be brought under but by rigour. Which made him to be forſaken by ten Tribes at once, which caſt themſelves into the arms of *Jeroboam*, who made a change of Religion and State in *Samaria*, without ever being able, either himſelf, or his ſucceſſours, to bring them unto obedience again. See here how Kingdoms change their Maſters for the ſins of laſciviouſneſs, impiety, and oppreſſions of the people, which are then greatly to be feared, when deſpair hath brought them to fear nothing.

The eſtate of *Solomon* in the other world. One may ask, for a concluſion, what became of this wiſe *Solomon*? Whether he died in his ſin? or whether he repented? Whether he were ſaved, or damned? This is a common place that hath exerciſed many excellent pens which have handled this ſubject curiouſly and eloquently. I love not to do things done already: I ſhall ſay only, that we may alwaies take the moſt favourable opinions, which can with any likelyhood defend themſelves in favour of the ſafety of great perſons. There are ſome number of the holy Fathers which ſpeak very openly thereof, and perſwade themſelves that he repented. S. *Jerom* upon the Prophet *Ezekiel* ſaith; That although the founder of this great Temple ſinned, yet he was converted to God by a true repentance; and for proof hereof, he alledges the Book of the *Proverbs*, in the four and twentieth Chapter, that ſaith, *Noviſſimè ego egi pœnitentiam & reſpexi, ut eligerem diſciplinam*: that is, *At the laſt I repented and looked back, that I might chooſe inſtruction.*

Although

Although these words are not found in our Bible; as he also draws them from the Septuagint. And to uphold his opinion, he will have *Solomon* to have written the Book of the *Proverbs* after his fall, which is very hard to verifie.

And elsewhere also, the same Authour upon the first Chapter of *Ecclesiastes* saith, That this Book is the repentance of *Solomon*, according to the Hebrews. S. *Ambrose* in the second book of the Apology of *David*, Chap. 3. puts *Samson*, *David*, and *Solomon*, in the number of sinners converted: *Erraverunt tamen ut homines, sed peccata sua, tanquam justi agnoverunt.* Behold here that which is most formal, without collecting many ambiguous passages. S. *Gregory* the Great, in the second book of his Morals, Chap. 2. S. *Prosper*, S. *Eucherius*, and amongst the Modern, *Tostat*. *Bellarmine*, and *Maldonat* condemn him. *Tertullian*, *Augustine*, *Cyril* of *Alexandria*, *Gregory Nyssen*, *Isidore*, *Bernard*, *Chrysostome*, and *Rupert*, leave this question doubtful and undecided. And to say truly, this is all which can be said modestly and humanely; and also the truest in a matter where there is nothing more certain then incertainty.

Prosp. lib. 2. de praedict. cap. 27. Solomon elatus in senio, fornicatus animo & corpore, Domino ipsum deserente, malè obiit.

For to say that he hath composed the Book of *Ecclesiastes* after that he was deprived of his Kingdom, and of all the Vanities, is a story of the *Rabbins* which are little to be believed; further also, this Book is properly a Dialogue of divers men that dispute one against the other, and bring forth good and bad sentences, although the Authour of the Book doth take the good part. To say that which *Bonaventure* saith, that not one of the sacred Authours was damned; if it be true, the reason is, because they lived well, and not because they have written well. *For the kingdome of God* (saith Saint *Paul*) *doth not consist in words.* To build upon the Promises which were made to *David* concerning *Solomon*, if there be some favourable, there are also others that say, that if he leave God, he shall be cast away by God for ever. To alledge that he was buried in the Sepulchre of his father, how many of the damned have had a quiet death, and a stately burial? To bring forth all the kindnesses and favours of God towards him, are but so many reproaches of his unthankfulness.

1 Par. 2. 9.

The argument which is drawn from the negative which they esteem ordinarily very weak, is here too strong for his condemnation. For whence comes it that *Nathan* his Master and *Partizan*, who wrote the Books of the *Kings*, or caused them to be continued by *Aziah* and *Haddo* his disciples; whence comes it, I say, that Authours so affectionate to *Solomon*, so zealous for the honour of their Nation, having undertaken to give us his story, and having forgotten nothing of the least things, even to the numbering of *Solomons* horses, after they have so expressly spoken of his sin, have not added his repentance? This thing was too much important for the glory of God, for the reputation of their Master, for the edification of their people, for the example of other Kings, to pass it over in silence. Surely we might well accuse them either of great malice, or of gross stupidity, a thing which cannot happen to Prophets which write by the inspiration of God.

Further, who knows not, that repentance ought to be followed by outward actions, and conformable to the movings of the heart? Who will not avouch that it ought to be testified by a renouncing of sins, and all things that have drawn us to offend? Where is it then spoken that *Solomon* had dismissed one only of his thousand women, which were those nets of his destruction? Where is it written that he destroyed the Temples, and beat down the Images which he had erected at the solicitations of his Mistresses? We know all the contrary, that these Abominations remained standing until King *Josiah* who caused them to be overthrown. That which causes the more fear, is, that by how much the more a man comes near the great understanding which they attribute to the devils, by so much also he takes the greater part in their punishment, when he falls into any grievous sin. The great lights of these rare Spirits, turned themselves into the flames of their punishments, and their knowledge serves for nothing but to nourish the more the worm of Conscience.

Now as *Solomon* was advantaged by understanding and wisdom above other men, and that he fell into the sin of Apostacy, and turning from God; there is great danger lest God turned from him his Mercy, which is used more ordinarily towards those that sin by ignorance, although culpable.

Add unto all this, that those which in their old age continue in the sins of unthankfulness which they have contracted by long habits, are very hard to cure, because that old men become more hardned in evil, more despising all admonitions which are made to them, by presuming on the authority which they think is due to their age. Further also, their luxury is not only a sin of the flesh, which then less feels the violence of great temptations; but a spiritual sin, which proceeds from a spiritual and enraged concupiscence, which makes them offend professedly rather then by frailty. He that shall well weigh this, shall find, that it is better to leave to the secret mercy of God, that which one cannot attain by reason; and to fear every thing in this life, even to the gifts of heaven and ones own sureness thereby.

The conclusion touching *Solomon's* salvation.

JUSTINIAN. CHARLEMAGNE. Or, CHARLES the Great.

PRovidence is an excellent work-woman, which renews yet every day in the world that which God did in the terrestrial Paradise. He took clay to make man the most excellent piece of all the Creatures, and she takes some men of the earth to make them Sovereigns and Demigods in the Universe.

This Emperour that hath filled the world with his brave Deeds, and the Ages with his memory, was of a very base extraction, which served to him as a cloud of glory, & caused a marvellous day to spring out of the deep of his obscurity. The beginning of his Nobility came from his Uncle *Justine*, who having been born a Cow-herd, mounted by the stairs of Virtue and of Valour even to the Throne of the Emperours of *Constantinople*. Nature had furnished him with a good understanding, with a body well made and robustuous; and God had inspired into him from his most tender years a particular grace of Devotion, which rendered him good, officious, and charitable, towards all the world. As he was keeping the Cows, he saw passing by some men of war, who were going in an expedition against the Infidels: he perswaded himself that he was very fit for that employment, and stout enough to give good strokes to the enemies of God and his Religion. Upon this thought, he sold a Cow that was his own, buyes a sword, and the rest of the small equipage of a Souldier; bids adieu to his kindred, goes and lists himself, and suddenly (of a Peasant becomes a man of war. Yet *Procopius* makes him so poor, that he gives him nothing but a little bread in a scrip when he entred into *Constantinople*. He passed through all the proofs of a long and laborious warfare, in which he behaved himself with an exact discipline, a great dexterity, a courage invincible, and above all, with a discretion that made him lovely, and gained the hearts of all the world. He came to the office of an Ensign, of a Lievtenant, of a Captain of the Guard, of a Colonel, of a General, and in the end was put amongst the Counts of the Court that were the greatest Lords of the Imperial house.

Anastasius at that time was Emperour; happening to die, *Amantius* his high Chamberlain, who was a very rich, and a great monied man, had a very earnest desire to make himself Emperour. But he was disfavoured by nature, having not been born a perfect man; he thought therefore that he should never be liked by the Militia, in so high a dignity, and would needs make it fall upon *Theocritus* who was his creature, that he might reign in him, and by him, with a full satisfaction of his whole desires. To this end he opened his treasures, and resolved to make great distributions of mony to the souldiers, committing the managery of the horse-men to the Earl *Justin.* who he knew was well affected by all the world, and very capable to favour his canvasing. But the men of war looking upon the hand that gave the gold, and not upon the coffer from whence it came, nor the design of him that did it, unexpectedly proclaimed *Justin.* Emperour; whereto, the Senate and the People shewed a strong inclination, forasmuch as he was most Catholick, & that they feared, lest the Chamberlain and his favorite held yet some of the leaven of *Anastasius* that was an Heretick.

The Cow-herd being then set upon the Throne of *Constantine*, *Amantius*, that had merchandized the Empire, seeing himself so shamefully faln from his pretensions, plotted a mischievous conspiracy against the new Emperour; but he succeeded in it so ill, that his design being discovered, he lost his life together with his complices, after he had lost his honour and his mony. *Justin.* that was endowed with a great goodness, did not grow proud and scornfull when he was arrived to the top of honours, but having married a woman very mean in her first condition, he caused her suddenly to be crowned Empress, changing her salvage name of *Lupicia* into *Euphenica*. He consecrated the beginning of his reign by the return of the Bishops, and of all the honest men which he caus'd to be call'd back from the exile to which the Heretick Emperour had condemn'd them. He caus'd Religion to flourish again on all sides, and expres'd a most ardent zeal

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to render justice to his people, without sparing himself in the toyls of war, though he was already very aged. He enjoyed the Empire eight or nine years, and being a man extremely humble, he loved his kindred though of base condition; and seeing he had no children of his own, he chose his sisters son to make him his Successour, and gave him even the Crown, before he quitted the Sceptre and the world, after a reign of nine years.

Behold the original of our *Justinian*, of whom Histories speak very diversly; seeing that the admirers of his actions give him high commendations, and the enviers of his great fortune (who might perhaps have experimented the effects of his severity) have scattered imputations on him in their reviling Histories, that have passed even to this age. But the most understanding men having well examined every thing, put him in the rank of the most illustrious Monarchs of all Christendome.

And indeed, it is a wonder how a spirit extracted from the life and condition of a Shepherds, took so high a flight in the Temple of glory, that having taken in hand all the great designs that may fall into the spirit of a Monarch, he prospered in all with a marvellous success. He maintained his dignity against the most horrible conspiracies that ever set upon an Empire in the revolution of so many kingdoms. He made wars in *Asia*, in *Europe*, and in *Africa*, which he ended by most eminent victories. He recovered *Africa* out of the hands of the *Vandals*, he powerfully plucked the Capital City of the World out of the tyranny of the *Gothes*, he published eternal Books, he erected buildings that remain yet, after they have passed more then ten ages. He encountred the greatest Captains, and the most able States-men that have been ever in the world, in the person of *Belisarius* and *Trebonian*. And although that when he took the government of the Empire, he was five and fourty years of age, yet he reigned thirty nine years, God crowning all his good actions with a long continuance, which serves infinitely for the accomplishment of all great designes.

I will tell you in few words his Nature and his Manners, before I come to his deeds of valour, according to the most true relation that I have been able to extract out of Histories, without passion, and not according to the Idea's of *Procopius*, who hath horribly disfigured him, by a manifest hatred, in his railing History.

This Prince was a man that feared God, and firm in the faith of Christianity; and although he was at certain times surprized with some errours by the artifices of his wife the Empress: yet the Learned men of the West, and Pastours of the East, that have so highly praised him, after his death testifie sufficiently that his spirit was purged of all the wicked beliefs that his Doctours had endeavoured to infuse into his soul, and which he had approved by an excess of a too credulous zeal. Hereticks and Libertines were the object of his hatred and his choler; but good Church-men caused in his soul a certain veneration, and he studied by all ways to assist and protect the Churches and the Hospitals: his Liberalities were extended every where in works of piety by great buildings, and magnificent alms.

He was most chast, contenting himself all his life with her that God had given him for a companion: and his most violent enemies have not been able to tell us one only womans name that hath possessed his heart to the prejudice of his Bed. He could not endure wantonness, and especially that, that brings a shame to nature, which he chastised with most rigorous punishments. He detested and punished by his laws, all those that laid snares to the modesty of Virgins and of Women, to corrupt them.

His manner of life was extreme austere, and *Procopius* himself, the most cruel of his revilers, acknowledges, that he was most sober, and that he would cause the table to be taken away when he had scarce touched the victuals, seeking nothing exquisite therein, but denying oftentimes to nature even her necessities. He hath seen him, he saies, fast the Lents with such an austerity, that the devoutest of all his people could not reach it, for he would be eight and fourty hours without eating or drinking, and at the end of that he drank nothing but water, contenting himself with a little bread and a sallade; yet he was endowed with a body so well composed, and so happily tempered, that after his long abstinencies, he appeared yet ruddy; from whence it came, that that Calumniatour instead of acknowledging the blessing that God gives in this extraordinarily to some of his servants, said, that he was a Devil and not a Man.

Further yet, he slept very little; and the same man adds, that often an hours repose sufficed him, and that he bewailed the time that he allowed his body. He made long prayers night and day, and employed the rest of his time in his affairs, without admitting any other recreation. Those that have published that he could neither write nor reade, have abused the belief of men, taking the name of *Justinian* for that of his Uncle *Justine*; for the Historian his persecutour confesses, that he wrote his Breviats and all his dispatches, without troubling his Secretaries. He was of a most easie access to all the world, and was not offended at the importunities, no nor at the incivilities, that those that were ignorant of the fashions of the Court committed in his presence. He heard willingly the differences of his people, and he himself pronounced the sentence to determine them: his patience was extreme, he never was moved in handling any businesses, and decreed even the most rigorous punishments with a cold visage, and a tone of a moderated voice.

He was a true observer of order, who managed in his closet with incomparable justice, what ere should be produced in the whole universe. When he undertook any business of importance, he fasted and prayed extraordinarily, and caused it to be recommended to the devotions of the good servants of God, when he had a good issue of it, his thanksgivings were seen in all places on all occasions. He neglected nothing, and when men thought him overwhelmed with the greatest businesses of war, they were astonished that amidst them he took his time for some petty Ordinance of Policy.

He loved Learning, especially Divinity and Law. This was it that made him conceive a magnificent design to leave monuments of it to posterity, that should last longer then the Temples and the Pyramids of *Egypt*. And for this purpose, being a man very judicious, he made choice of the most able men in the whole Empire, to collect all the Laws of the Emperours his Predecessours, which he augmented and enriched with his own, so that this Book was called *Justinian's* Code. Afterward, he gave a charge to *Trebonian*, who was accomplished in that profession, to compile all the Resolves of the antient Lawyers, which he did with a most exact diligence, & at length composed those famous Pandects or digests divided into fifty Books. He caused also the Institutions which contain the Principles of Law

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and are as it were the elements of that excellent doctrine, to be added to them. And for what concerns Divinity, he publiſhed a certain work of the Incarnation, and abundance of Ordinances for the government of Eccleſiaſticall perſons, wherein *Baronius* finds fault, that he entred ſometimes a little too far into the Sanctuary.

He was not much advanc'd in the years of his reign, when an horrible conſpiracy was raiſed againſt him, which was on the point to ruine all his affairs; and although I have already touch'd it in my firſt volume in the Hiſtory of *Eulogius*, yet I will decipher here more particularly the reaſons and the remedies of it.

Many have attributed the total cauſe of it to the new Subſidies, that the Emperour impoſed upon the people to maintain the war that he had already enterpriſed, but there was yet more poiſon, and which ſprang from an higher ſource, which was, that the houſe of the Emperour *Anaſtaſius* (which had preceded *Juſtine* the Unkle of our *Juſtinian*, and which cheriſhed alwayes the moſt violent paſſion to continue themſelves in that Empire) was not quite extinct, but had two principal Chieftains, *Pompey* and *Hypatius*, who thought they had heads well enough made to wear a Diadem. Theſe men when they ſaw that the affairs of State were diſpoſed to a commotion, and that the Malignant Vapours were gathered together on all ſides to make up clouds, did as the Sorcerers do, who mix the work of the Devil to aſſiſt the effects of nature. They knew that the Emperour began to be ill-beloved, both for the impoſts, and for the rigid and inflexible ſeverity that he uſed in the government of his Empire; which ſeemed inſupportable to the ſpirits of ſo many Libertines, who would live according to their own diſcretion in the permiſſion of all crimes. They fail'd not to lay hold on this opportunity, and under-hand to ſowe in the ſpirits of men the ſeeds of Diviſion. There was then in *Conſtantinople* two popular factions of men belonging to the Theatre which were called the Green and the Blew, by reaſon of the Liveries by which they were diſtinguiſhed. State-Policy ſuffer'd them, and choſe rather to foment the one againſt the other, then to extinguiſh them. But the conſpiratours for that time united them by artifices and by mony to bandy them againſt *Juſtinian*. The Chieftains ceas'd not to ſcatter venomous ſpeeches amongſt the people, and to ſay,

What? are we then made to ſuffer eternally the Empire of theſe Cow-keepers? the Unkle is dead, and the Nephew hath ſucceeded him, which is a Crow hatch'd of an evil Egg. Was it not enough that he learned in governing beaſts, to handle us as a Sheepherd, but he muſt become a Butcher, and be pleas'd with nothing, but with the fleaing and the maſſacring of his people? What have we any more to hope for under him, ſince he hath put us in a condition of fearing every thing? Do we expect that the Empreſs, which is the worſt of Furies, ſhould give him counſels of mildneſs for us; or that *Beliſarius* which is the fatal inſtrument of his cruelty ſhould deliver us out of his hands? All our ſafety is in our ſelves, all our good is in our reſiſtance. Shall we doubt to obey neceſſity which conſtrains us, and the juſtice of our cauſe which is our guide? We ought to ſet upon this goodly Emperour while his ſtate is yet tottering and ill-ſettled, without ſtaying till he fortifie himſelf to our ruine. We have amongſt us the bloud of the true *Ceſars*, *Pompey* and *Hypatius*, the Protectours of the people, and the moſt accompliſh'd of all Princes; it is thoſe that we ought to reverence, and that we ought to carry upon our ſhoulders to the Empire.

Theſe words at length inflamed the ſedition which began by a ſmal handfull of Mutineers, which a Provoſt of the City endeavoured to ſuppreſs, and apprehended three that were the ring-leaders of the Rebellion, but the people ran ſuddenly in an huddle and plucked them out of his hands by violence. The Alarm was given to the Palace, and the Emperour diſpatch'd inſtantly ſome ſouldiers to quell the Mutineers, but they were beaten back; for the number of the ſeditious grew greater every moment, as a ball of ſnow that rouls from the top of a Mountain. Behold in a little time the whole City in arms, with a rage ſo violent, and a fight ſo hideous, that it ſeemed that Hell had opened it ſelf that day to vomit out all its Furies upon the earth. The men ran to fire and ſword, the women with their hair about their ears, and howling like ſo many *Megara's*, made themſelves arms of what ere they met with. There was not any, even to the children that did not ſeem to be little devils flying athwart the flames. The Regiments of the Herules, (which the King a little before had converted to Chriſtianity) were at that time quartered in the City of *Conſtantinople* who failed not, according to the orders of the Emperour, to oppoſe themſelves againſt the fury of the people. Theſe having been barbarous ſouldiers, without all compaſſion made at firſt a greater maſſacre. The incenſed Citizens fall upon them on all parts to beat them out; their courts of Guard are burned by the hands of the ſeditious, and their companies much worſted, ſome were run through with Partiſans, others knock'd on the head with Leavers: the affrighted women from the tops of the houſes, make themſelves parties in the quarrel, and ceaſe not to throw down boyling water, and ſtones upon them. Theſe wild-Boars thus chaffed, ſeeing the bloud of their companions run in rivers through the ſtreets, rally all their forces, and take Torches to fire the Churches and houſes, which they performed with ſo much violence, that one might ſee in an inſtant the whole City in flames. The Temples were burned with the moſt ſumptuous ſtructures, the pictures, the ſtatues, and the moſt beautifull works of the Antient Maſters crackled in the fiery coals, which none extinguiſhed but by humane bloud. The moſt religious of the Clergy being come forth to appeaſe the tumult, in ſhewing them the books of the Goſpels, the images of the Saints, and the Shrines of their reliques, although they marched at that time in a Proceſſion, were trod under foot, and in part murdered by the Herules. This redoubled the fury of the people, who had yet ſome good ſenſe of their Religion, and could not endure the contempt of ſacred things. The Maſſacres began afreſh on both ſides, and the images of death fly up and down on all parts.

The Emperour was for that time ſhut up within his Palace with his wife the Empreſs, accompanied with *Beliſarius*, who was newly returned from *Africa*, with *Narſes*, and with *Mundus*, and the Regiments of his Guards. His heart bled within him to ſee thoſe horrours; and he was ſo courageous, as to be willing to go forth and preſent himſelf to make an Oration to his people, and to pacifie the ſedition. But the Empreſs throwing her ſelf at his feet laid hold on him, and conjured him by all that he had moſt dear, not to commit himſelf to an evident Butchery, which cauſed him to be contented to ſound the Ford, and to ſend Meſſengers to the people to promiſe them all ſatisfaction, if they would aſſemble themſelves peaceably in the Theatre to hear their Prince. The factious began to cry, that it was a ſnare to intrap them, and that they had no

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reason to hearken to a Tyrant that had sold their skins to the *Barbarians*, that there was, no more safety now remaining for them but in desperateness. Thereupon they take *Hypatius*, & having lifted him upon a great Buckler carry him a cross the multitude, place him upon a Throne in the midst of the great Market-place, and proclaim him Emperour. He was as it were altogether astonish'd between hope and fear, when he spake these words with a feeble voyce.

Friends, I am your work, I come to live and dy with you. I know well what ye have made me be, but I know not what I shall be, if you bring not as much force to preserve me, as ye have testified affection to elect me. In a word, the life of *Justinian* is incompatible with mine, and your arms must decide this day wch of the two you will keep, either the Prince that ye have chosen, or the Tyrant that ye have sworn to destroy. The Assembly answered confusedly with great clamours, Let *Hypatius* live, Let *Justinian* dy; and the stoutest men amongst them take a resolution to assail him in his Palace. But this Prince after he had call'd upon the name of God, the Protectour of Kings, took this perillous business into deliberation. *Narses* was of opinion, that it was best to fortifie the Royal Palace, to damm up the entrances, to prepare themselves for assaults within, and not to trust themselves without. That all rebellions, were strong and invincible in their first heat, and that time ought to be given to some to think upon their fault, and to others to declare their good affection.

Belisarius liked not this opinion, and desired nothing but to march and to fall upon the Rebels. The Empress *Theodora* who held the upper end in all the counsels of *Justinian*, intermeddled very far in this business as Histo rians observe, and spake with a loud voice.

What seek security in dishonour? Endure a siege of our subjects and of the dreggs of the people without taking other arms then those of walls? It is a counsel that will give boldness to *Hypatius*, and fear to all those that are yet for us. I assu e my self, that the Tyrant wholly trembling in this n velty, and that there is not a more sovereign remedy then to prevent him. Let us rather dy then leave a blot upon our reputation. The name of Emperour and of Empress sound well in an epitaph, and ought never to be quitted, but with life.

She animated the whole company by her discourses: The Emperour himself had a mind to go out amongst them, but it was concluded that he should suffer *Belisarius* to advance with the most resolute Regiments which he did very courageously, and removed himself into the place where was the hottest of the combat. The *Herules*, that had puissantly sustained the first furies of the enemies, took new forces and joyned themselves to the Emperour's Court of Guard. They began altogether to charge the Rebels with such an Impetuousness, that they seemed Lions and not Men. The Faction was no longer equal, the heart of the Revolted failed them, & they let themselves be killed as Sheep; whilst the fury of the Souldiers fleshed in bloud, slackened nothing of its vehemence.

Justinian touched with pity, commanded that they should spare the rest; and to perswade them more efficaciously to their good and safety, endeavoured to gain the faction of the Blew-coats, and to divide it from the Green by force of Courtesie and of Money.

This being done, *Hypatius* found himself much astonished, and wished then, that he had rather put his hand on Thorns, then on the Pearls of a Diadem. He fights now no more for honour, but for his life, he seeks out holes to hide himself; but those that knew that their security consisted in nothing, but in producing him, seize upon his person, and deliver him into the hands of the Emperour, who caused suddenly the law to proceed against him, together with *Pompey* and other great Lords that were their Complices, who were all put to death. After which the Emperour endeavoured with all his might to Rally his people, and to declare to them the pernicious effects of sedition, which were but too visible. The City being all wasted by the fire, and fourty thousand men (as *Zonaras* tells us) dead upon the place.

Behold one of the most hideous Histories that I find in all Antiquity, and which ought to teach people, to adhere firmly to their Soverein, and never to lend an ear to wicked counsels that cause so lamentable Tragedies. It admonishes also great men to enterprize nothing against their lawful Princes, and to place their Principal Honour in Obedience.

This Monarch seeing himself settled in his Kingdom by so sensible a protection, gave all the thanks of it to God, and bent the vigour of his cares to the advancement of his glory. An hundred years had already passed, since the *Vandals*, a barbarous people, and *Heretick Arians* had possessed themselves of *Africa*, after they had torn it from the *Roman* Empire. Three Kings were already dead, and the fourth that then reigned was a Tyrant named *Gilimer*, revolted from the true King *Hilderic* his Lord and Kinsman, whom he left in a close prison, after he had put himself into possession of his Sceptre. *Justinian* that was a friend and Protectour of him that had been Deposed, Demands an account of that action, and resolved to re-establish the true King in his right; because that, besides that justice would have it so, he was much more favourable to the Catholicks. The other answered that he had dispossessed a Sit-still, and a Traitour to the Religion of the *Arians*; and that the *Greek* ought to look to his own business without intermedling with the Kingdoms of another.

This Arrogance netled more the Emperour, who now saw himself perswaded by all reasons to enterprise a War against an *Heretick* for Religion, against a Tyrant for Justice, against an Adversary for his Goods. He ordered all this business with a marvellous prudence; for he sowed first division in *Gilimer's* Kingdom, interessing as much as possible, every man to his party; the *Catholicks* for his protection; the Kinsmen of *Hilderic* for Revenge, the Zealous men for Piety, the Understanding for Reason, the Souldiers for the Booty, and all the world for the sweetness of the tranquillity under his Government.

He chose *Belisarius* General, to whom he gave an Army more Valiant then numerous, of Souldiers well tried; and charged him to use the *Africans* as his own people, and as his children. One cannot believe the effect that this moderation wrought: The people began to look upon the Armies of that brave Captain, not as upon those of an enemy, but rather of a Liberatour. *Tripolis* rendred it self quickly to him, and the Isle of *Sardinia* revolted against the Tyrant. He dismantled all the strong Holds that might defend him from the Enemy, as if he had been assured to live in perpetual peace; which caused that *Belisarius* in a short time marched even to the gates of *Carthage*. The Usurper as fearful in

War, as he was bold in wickedneſs, was aſtoniſhed and ſurpriſed, having not had ſo much leiſure as to fortifie the place of his abode. He ſuddenly diſpatches his brother *Amaras* to cut off all the Avenues from the *Greeks*, but he was encountred by *John* the *Armenian* who led the Van-guard of the Imperialiſts, and who hotly gave him battel, in which the *African* loſt the Victory and his life.

The Tyrant, whether out of rage or out of fear, cauſed *Hilderic* his Maſter, which he kept in priſon, to be murther'd, and went out with his beſt Troops to meet *Beliſarius*, all dipp'd as he yet was in innocent blood, and troubled with the image of his crimes. He met with the *Grecian* General a little ſcattered from the reſt of his Army; and might have defeated him, if art and activeneſs, or rather happineſs had accompanied his deſigns. But while he ranges his ill-trained ſouldiers, *Beliſarius* ſurpriſes him, kills his beſt troops, and conſtrains him to put himſelf in flight. He ſeeing his army much leſſened, ſends for his Brother *Zaron* who led ſome troops near the coaſts of *Sardinia*, to come and joyn with him, which he did readily; but in the mean time, *Beliſarius* following the paths that good fortune trod out for him, enters *Carthage*, which cries for quarter to him without reſiſtance. The two brothers rallyed together, made as though they would retake it; but ſeeing themſelves vigorouſly repulſed by the Imperialiſts, they more thought of a Retreat then an Aſſault. This cauſed all the people to deſpair of their party; ſeeing they themſelves had forſaken the ſeat of Empire. They withdrew themſelves to a place called *Tricamerum* about eight Leagues from *Carthage*, whether *Beliſarius* after he had taken order for the ſecurity of the conquered Countrey, ſoon followed them, and commanded *John* the *Armenian* to paſs the River, for whoſe advantage they were encamped there, and to charge them. He obeyed and executed very courageouſly his General's commands; But *Zaron*, *Gilimer's* brother ſuſtains his onſet, and twice beat him back, till ſuch time as *Beliſarius* re-enforced his Van-guard with new Troops, who defeated the enemy, and killed the chief Commander in the Combat. His head was cut off, and ſhewed the *Affricans*, who fell into a great deſpair of their affairs. Ah, my brother, ſayes *Gilimer*, the moſt valiant man on earth, could I not be miſerable without loſing you, and without ſacrificing you to my fortune? It is now that I perceive the diſaſter of my Nation; It is now that the bloud of *Hilderic* rebounds againſt me. In the mean time *Beliſarius*, who lead up the battalio, paſſed alſo the River which was fordable, and aſſaults *Gilimer* who made but a ſmal reſiſtance, but taking with him his domeſticks ſaved himſelf by abandoning his Camp, where nothing was heard but the cries and ſighs of the Captives that lamented their Misfortune. The unhappy King ſaved himſelf in Rocks ſituated upon high mountains, where there was a Fortreſs almoſt inacceſſible, but unfurniſhed of Victuals and Munition, whither *Pharas* had order to follow him, in the place of *John* the *Armenian* who was unhappily killed by accident by a Captain that ſhot at a Bird. *Gilimer* that now thought that there was no greater enemy in the world then Hunger, was quickly weary of the place to which he was retired; and ſeeing himſelf ſollicited every day by his friends to render up himſelf, he ſends to *Pharas* to demand three things for the capitulation of the Treaty, which were, ſome Bread, a Sponge, and a Lute; ſome Bread, becauſe he now knew not what it was to Eat; a Sponge, to wipe off the tears that he continually powred out upon the Tombs of his brothers and the Funerals of the Conntrey; a Lute, to give ſome truce to his anguiſh by its Muſick. This diſaſtrous man, which had never well played the King, would now play the Philoſopher at the end of his days, and expreſs a contempt of all things. *Pharas* eaſily granted him what he demanded, and having taken him, conducted him to *Beliſarius* who was retired to *Carthage*.

This General contemplated the Principal object of his Conqueſt with delight, and had a great curioſity to entertain him, but he did nothing but laugh with a forced and unpleaſing laughter. All his treaſures fell into the hands of the Conquerour, who ſuddenly carryed him to *Conſtantinople*.

A Triumph after the manner of the Ancients was ordained in honour of *Beliſarius*, who entred in great pomp into the City with all the ſouldiery, cauſing the proud ſpoiles of *Africa* to be borne before him, and dragging after him the priſoners, among wᶜʰ was *Gilimer* in chains, who was brought before the Emperour and the Empreſs ſeated upon their Thrones on an high Theatre with an unparalel'd magnificence.

Gilimer, as ſoon as he ſaw a far off this pompous ſplendour, cried out, Vanity of Vanities, and every thing is Vanity; afterward began again his laughings, which he did, in my opinion, that he might paſs for a Fool, and ſo have his life. He did obeyſance to *Juſtinian* with moſt humble ſubmiſſions, who uſed him with much clemency, giving him a Place in the Lands of the Empire, to finiſh there the reſt of his days.

The Booty was divided with much equity; and the rich Veſſels of the Temple of *Jeruſalem* that the Vandals had heretofore found, and pillaged in *Rome*, were ſent back again to the Place from whence they had been tranſported by *Titus Veſpaſian*.

This war was finiſhed in three months with an Army of ſix thouſand men; ſo eaſie it is to row when God conducts the veſſel.

But that of the Weſt was very long in its continuance, Obſtinate in its Reſiſtance, Malignant in its Deſignes, and Lamentable in its effects. *Theodoric* King of the *Goths* (as I have ſaid in the life of *Boetius*) had made himſelf Maſter of *Rome*, and of all *Italy*, where he reigned with great authority. He left for ſucceſſour *Athanaric*, ſon of his daughter *Amalazunta* (at that time but nine years old) under the Protection of his mother. She was the moſt accompliſhed Princeſs of her age, and moſt worthy to govern an Empire. Nevertheleſs ſince ſhe ſaw her ſelf environed with thoſe *Goth* Princes that were of an humour ſufficiently cruel, and that did not eaſily brook her domination; She honoured with her confidence *Theodate* one of the principal of them, becauſe he was of the bloud Royal, and appeared the moſt moderate of all the reſt, playing rather the Philoſopher then the Captain. This ungrateful man, after the death of the little *Athanaric* who was not of a long life, was moved with ſo furious a State-jealouſie, that by the baſeſt of Treaſons he cauſed that poor Princeſs to be ſtrangled in a Bath; fearing leſt ſhe (as being far more able then he in the managing of affairs, and he holding the Sceptre onely by her favour) might take too great a ſhare in the Government. But this unnatural man that thought to ſettle his Crown by the

the death of that innocent Queen totally ruined his affairs, and could not avoid the vengeance of God that purſues Traitours even to the gates of hell.

The Emperour *Juſtinian*, that had already projected to recover his City of *Rome* and all *Italy* out of the hands of the *Goths*, hearing the rehearſal of that horrible baſeneſſe committed againſt the perſon of *Amalazunta*, that had ſought Alliance with him, failed not to take the occaſion, and to declare a warr againſt *Theodate*, thinking that it was then a good time to ſet upon an Empire, when he that governs it begins to be forſaken of God for the enormity of his Crimes.

This cowardly King was ſo much aſtoniſhed at this news, that at firſt he humbled himſelf by very great ſubmiſſions, offering the Sovereignty to the Emperour of the Eaſt, and contenting himſelf to reign under him.

But the other ſeeing him ſo wicked and ſo weak, deſpiſed him, and cauſed *Beliſarius* to advance with his Army into his Territories, who ſuddenly poſſeſſed himſelf of *Sicily*.

Theodate although an Arrian Heretick, had recourſe to the *Pope*, and invited him, as well by Intreaties as by Menaces, to make a Voyage to *Conſtantinople*, to Treat a Peace between the two Crowns. *Agapetus*, who was then ſeated on Saint *Peter*'s Chair, was ſo Poor and Indigent, that he had not wherewith to furniſh himſelf with Proviſion for the Journey, that he was fain to pawn the Sacred Veſſels of Saint *Peter*'s Church to bear his Charges by the way; He failed not to tranſport himſelf into the Eaſt, and was received by *Juſtinian* with all the reſpects due to ſo high a Dignity; but when he came to touch upon the point of Peace, the Emperour told him, That the buſineſſe was already too farr advanced, That that Warr was an Holy Warr againſt the Enemies of God and his Church, which ought not to be hindred by the Counſels of a Pope, and that he need fear nothing that *Theodate* could do, who was more able to threaten then to hurt.

The Pope ſuffered himſelf eaſily to be perſwaded; and quitting the Intereſts of that King, buſied himſelf about the Government of his Church. It is a wonder, that he had ſo much Authority, as to depoſe *Anthimus* Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, who had been brought in by Faction, and to ſubſtitute *Menas* in his Place, in ſpight of the Empreſs *Theodora* who had not at that time all the power that is attributed to her over the ſpirit of her Huſband.

The Good Shepheard, after he had courageouſly done the duty of his Charge, dyed in *Conſtantinople*, where he left a moſt ſweet odour of his ſanctity.

In the mean while, *Beliſarius* purſues the Conqueſt, enters into *Pou*, and takes *Naples* by night, uſing a Stratagem of Warr, that made him put on three hundred men through ſubterraneous places, where there paſſed nothing but water. The taking of ſo flouriſhing a City gave aſtoniſhment and rage to the *Goths*, who conſpired againſt their King *Theodate*, and ſubſtituted by Election *Vitiges* in his place, who was not of ſo Noble a Family, but who ſeemed to them Bold and Generous to repair the Ruines of the State.

As ſoon as he was choſen, he ſuddenly cauſed *Theodate* to be ſlain, who was ſurpriſed in his flight, and waſhed away by his bloud the Murther of *Amalazunta*.

This Prince was agitated with two contrary paſſions, with the deſire of ſolitude, and with the motion of his ambition; the one counſelled him to quit the Empire, the other to retain it; while that he would content them both, he contents no body, and was ſurprized in his irreſolution.

In this conjuncture of affairs, the *Grecian* General advances and marches ſtreight to *Rome*, which receives him with open Arms, ſome through love, and others through impotence.

Vitiges deſirous to make his Crown renowned by ſome illuſtrious Act, and to confirm by his Valour the judgement of thoſe that had choſen him, aſſembles from all parts the *Goths*, ſpurring them on, both with the Glory of their Nation, and the neceſſity of their affairs, in ſuch manner, that in a ſmall time he lay ſiege to *Rome*, with an Army of an hundred and fifty thouſand men.

It is in this occaſion that the Valour of *Beliſarius* was made viſible in all its advantages; for with an Army of ſix thouſand men, he ſuſtained that prodigious number of *Barbarians*, amidſt ſickneſſe, hunger, and a thouſand other incommodities. And when the *Romans* wanted Arms and Ammunitions of Warr, he made Arrows of the Statues of the Gods and of the *Caſars*, to throw at the head of his enemies.

In the end having ſollicited with diligence, and expected with conſtancy the ſuccours that came to him from the Eaſt, he raiſed the ſiege, and ſcattered all that thick Cloud of Armies that environed him.

Vitiges is conſtrained to retire into *Ravenna*, where he beſieges him, and preſſes him ſo ſtrictly, that he forces him to deliver to him his City, and even his own Perſon.

He was carried away Priſoner, with his Wife, and abundance of Lords to *Conſtantinople*, preſented to *Juſtinian*, and ſerved for a Pompous object in the Triumph of *Belliſarius*, who was received with the full ſatisfaction of all the Nobles, with the admiration of the wiſeſt, and with the generall acclamation of all the World: The Emperour alone began to be pricked with jealouſie, and to entertain him with coldneſſe.

In the mean ſpace, the *Goths* make Elections of two Kings, one after the other, who lived but awhile, and did nothing; but the third, named *Totilas*, was endowed with ſo eminent and lovely qualities, that he raiſed up all their hopes: and his coming to the Crown of the *Goths* was as the infuſion of a new ſoul into a dead body.

He puts himſelf ſuddenly into the field, with all that he could rally of the wrack of *Vitiges*, and at firſt he was ſo happy that he defeated *Beſſa*, and *Vitalius*, The two Generals of *Juſtinian*, left by *Beliſarius* for the Guard of all the Country of *Italy*.

After that he took *Spoletum*, diſmantled *Beneventum*, planted a Siege before *Naples*, and won it by valour and by patience.

But beſides, he ſhewed ſo many proofs of his Moderation, and of his Goodneſſe toward the conquered, that with all their hearts they wiſhed for nothing more then his Government. He gave great order for the comfort of the people, that were at that time oppreſſed with a cruel famine, he provided for the ſecurity of the Goods of his Subjects, chaſtiſing rigorouſly the thieveries of the Souldiers, he preſerved the modeſty of Women and Maids with ſo much ſeverity, that he cauſed his Generall to be beheaded for having violated a Gentlewoman.

By these so commendable wayes he rendred himself Master of all *Pon*, and from thence transported himself to *Rome*, which he held a long time besieged, and which was at last delivered to him, by the treachery of a Court of Guard of *Isaurian* and *Cilician* Souldiers.

He used his Victory with so much clemency, that he caused to be proclaimed that the Churches should serve for a Sanctuary, forbidding expressly to touch those that should retire themselves thither: He used the Pope *Pelagius*, and all the sacred persons with great respect, the Ladies with Honour, the Citizens with Courtesie, contenting himself onely to demolish the walls of *Rome*, without hurting any thing within. He rendred himself so absolute a Master of the City, and peoples hearts, that every one confessed they had never seen the like, and published him worthy of the Empire of the World.

The Emperour *Justinian* fortifies his Courage against this ebb of bad successes, and withdraws *Belisarius* from the war with the *Persians*, to send him back to *Italy*, believing that all the happiness of his Arms subsisted wholly in his hands.

But it seems that Felicity was weary to follow alwayes the Standards of that valorous Captain; the affairs of War quite changed their face; all good Successes now are onely for the *Goths*, and misfortune seemed to be fastned to all the enterprises of the *Romans*.

Belisarius was as a man forlorn in the hands of an evil destiny, that darkned his Prudence, froze his Courage, weakned the strength of his Arms, and made him unprofitable to all things, so that he seemed to have passed back into *Italy* for nothing, but to be the spectatour of his own disasters. At last he was called home again, and *Narses* the Eunuch was sent in his place, who mended the business, and defeated *Totilas* in a pitched Battel, who dyed suddenly of his wounds.

Providence, (if it be permitted here to lift up the veil, and to enter into your secrets) whence could this change proceed? We know that *Belisarius* was the most accomplished of all the Generals of Armies that were at that time under Heaven; He was endowed with a lively and luminous spirit, with an inventive understanding, with a profound judgment, that had nothing like it, but his Courage. Providence for the future, and Activeness for the present, contended in him which should carry away the Palm; his Valour was incomparable, and his Experience compleat in all sorts of business, his Prosperity without Insolence, and his Adversity without Discouragement. He was Prudent, Sober, Chaste, even to a wonder; Affable, Gracious, Liberal, Charitable, Just, Merciful, Happy. Not onely the Souldiers respected him, but even the Labourers looked upon him as their Protectour, and the Father of their Quiet. From whence then came it, that he made a wrack at the end of his Life, and that he saw all the eminent lustre of his Glory bleaked even in his hands?

Here may Great ones learn a wise Instruction for the Governance of their Actions, and have cause to admire the Judgments of God. And for that purpose, I shall enlarge my self upon the causes of the miseries that happened to the fortunes of the highest Lords of the earth, and the more curiously search into this History in its source.

I confess that this Secret one of *Procopius*, is too rayling in many places, where it speaks things incredible: but it is not deceived when it tells us, that two women, *Theodora* the Empress, and *Antonina* the wife of *Belisarius*, were the two *Helen's* of the Empire, and the Torches that consumed mankind by their flames.

Behold (saith he) from whence began the Misery of *Belisarius*, that ruined his bravest enterprises, and plunged him deep into great displeasures.

He had in his house a young Gentleman named *Theodosius*, whom he loved with a sincere affection, having converted him from Heresie, and procured him to be Baptized at *Constantinople*, whose God-father he himself would be. He put him so far in the good esteem of his wife, that they having no children of their Marriage, resolved both of them to Adopt him. *Theodosius* conquered by so great a courtesie, rendred himself obedient to *Belisarius*, and above all observant to the humours of *Antonina*. She loved him at first with a tender affection, but honest enough, which gave occasion to the more curious sort of people to think, but permitted not the wiser sort to speak.

At last, as the best Wine degenerates into Vinegar, so the chastest Love of the spirit (if heed be not taken) changes it self to flesh.

The conversation of the young *Theodosius* in the *African* voyage, the graces that smiled upon his face, the sweetness of his speech, the wittiness of his discourses, his good offices, his observances, his confidence, and the secrecy of the place, kindled so great a fire in the heart of *Antonina*, that she cherished no more that object as a Mother, but loved him as a frontless woman, that sells her prostitution.

Happy are the women that reject the first thoughts of such miserable designs, as the sparkles of the fire of Hell.

She gave at first too much command to her passion, and too much overture to her unhappiness. Her Caresses seemed already too soft to the young man that strived to pay them with respect, feigning himself not to understand that language of Love, for fear he should make her faulty in his thoughts. But she ceased not to pursue him, and kindled continually her flames by the liberty of her life. Conscience, Honour, the fear of an Husband, contended for a time in her heart: but in the end quitted the place. She forgot all Divine and Humane Laws, and abandoned her selfe to her passion, and openly sollicited *Theodosius* to sin.

She acted the part of *Potiphar's* wife, but she met not with a *Joseph*. He was not yet wicked, but capable to become so; he went not to seek sin, but sin sought him, and he wanted strength to resist it; the respect of a woman took from him that of God; he consented to evill that he might not offend her, and betrayed his soul to content the heart of a woman past all regard of her honour and salvation.

A man ows not obedience in this case to the most qualified and the most beneficial personages; he ought to fly from them; he ought to break off with them; he must not think upon pleasing them, in a thing that may displease God.

Both of them at last habituated themselves in their crime, and at first acted it secretly enough: but the impudence of *Antonina*, and the great confidence she had of her husbands love, took from her her shame, and discovered her dishonour.

Belisarius began to be doubtful of it, but he feared his own thoughts, & that he might not render his wife criminal, he made himself stupid. Behold! at length a poor maid-servant, a Macedonian by Nation

tion comes to him and tells him, My Maſter, I put my life into your hands, I have great things to tell you, but I am a dead woman if you ever open your mouth of them: promiſe me upon your oath to keep my counſell, and I will tell you that which concerns the honour of your houſe. The Maſter ſwears, the ſervant ſpeaks, and accuſes her Miſtriſſe of an infamous converſation with *Theodoſius*.

Beliſarius, that would not believe his ſhame and miſery, asked her if there were any other witneſſes, ſhe produces two Grooms of the houſe that depoſe the ſame.

It is too much (ſayes he) Ah *Theodoſius*, unfaithfull *Theodoſius*, Have I then made thee my Son, to become now my Torturer? Have I put thee into my houſe to defile my Bed? Have I given thee Life to take away my Honour? Deceitfull Man! Where is that Modeſty that was painted upon thy Countenance? Where are thoſe Artificial words that thou haſt ſo oft employed to ſeduce my Goodneſſe? Thou ſhalt now receive a Reward worthy of thy Wickedneſſe. What do I ſay? Kill my Son of Adoption? It is to condemn mine own Judgement, and to tear out my heart. But it is his Crimes that deſtroyes him, and not I; He muſt dy, and there is no pardon for him.

Conſtantine his intimate friend perceived his ſadneſſe, knew the cauſe of it, and counſelled him rather to rid himſelf of his Wife, that had ſeduced *Theodoſius*, and which was the Plague and Fury of his Houſe; but he loved her paſſionately, and would by no means hearken to it. He called inſtantly a Souldier of thoſe that were moſt engaged, and having greatly obliged him to ſecrecy, commanded him to kill *Theodoſius*. He knowing how well he was beloved of the Lady, asked counſel of the buſineſſe of a friend of his, that told him that *Beliſarius* was mutable in that matter, and that *Antonina* was the Miſtriſſe, that it might happen that ſhe might regain the ſpirit of her husband, and might be a very bad enemy to him that ſhould undertake to kill her Minion. The Souldier was afraid, and inſtead of doing the Act, gave ſecret notice of it to *Theodoſius*, who fled to the City of *Epheſus*.

Troubles are in the Houſe; the Husband ſad and penſive, believing that the buſineſſe commanded was already executed: the Wife in fears, and paſſions impoſſible to be related: yet her pain was ſomewhat mitigated when ſhe knew that *Theodoſius* was yet alive.

But *Beliſarius* that thought him dead, and knew no way to content his Wife, endured a torment unſpeakable. Where is then your Son? (ſaith ſhe) Where is mine? Whence comes it that he is ſo long without appearing? They are your ſuſpicions that have deſtroyed him. Is it This then that I have merited of you, for having loved you more then my own ſelf? He trembled every joynt, and durſt not come to the point of the command that he had given: To deny it appeared to him impoſſible, and to confeſſe it ſeemed to him worſe then Death. The Lady takes up the diſcourſe again: Tell me, What is become of him? If you have cauſed him to be murthered, let me cauſe his Body to be ſought for, to give it Burial. The poor Innocent is no longer in the World, you have ſacrificed him to your jealouſie, well knowing, that the ſword that paſſed through his Body, hath brought a mortal wound into my Heart. What advantage have I got by being faithfull to you, if I have not been able to eſcape your ſuſpicions which you have ſprinkled with the bloud of your dear Adopted? But I will pardon you all, on condition, that you will tell me thoſe that have brought this unhappineſſe upon you, either by their falſe reports, or by their damnable counſells.

This wicked woman gave the Rack without ceaſing to the ſpirit of her husband, who, with all *Sampſon*'s ſtrength, could not keep in a ſecret, no more then he. He named the *Macedonian* wench, and the two Grooms: Whereupon ſhe had ſport enough, by reaſon of the perſons, ſaying, That it was an horrible thing to put her honour to an arbitration upon the report of Slaves, and uſed recrimination ſo cunningly, that ſhe made all their accuſation paſs for a calumny.

She ſeized inſtantly upon the poor Maid and the two men, which ſhe delivered up to her Hangman, and after ſhe had cauſed their tongues to be cut off, ſhe commanded that they ſhould be thrown in a ſack into the water, where they finiſhed their life by the deteſtable hatred of that *Megara*. She found out alſo the Counſel that *Conſtantine* had given, and ſtreightway cauſed him to be aſſaſſinated; ſo great a deſire had ſhe and ſo much power to purſue her vengeance.

Soon thereupon after it was publiſhed every where abroad, that *Theodoſius* was alive, and he was ſuddenly called back to Court, but he ſeemed to be cold in it, making the wicked deſigns that ſome had undertaken to deſtroy him, his excuſe, and ſeigning himſelf ignorant of the ſecret command that *Beliſarius* had given of his death, he layes all upon the head of *Photius*, He was the Son of *Antonina*, born of her firſt bed, a brave man and very accompliſhed, who was in the chiefeſt offices of the Empire, and had conceived an extream diſpleaſure at the debaucheries of his Mother, not being able to endure that *Amoretto*, to whom ſhe made a profeſſion of her goods and honour.

This unnatural woman forgetting both her bloud and duty, ceaſed not to raiſe calumnies and troubles againſt her own Son in the favour of her Adulterer, and to make uſe even of the moſt deteſtable inventions, to take him out of the World, in ſuch a manner, as that he, not thinking his life ſafe enough againſt the ſword and poyſon, was conſtrained to chuſe a voluntary exile, to give place to *Theodoſius*. *Beliſarius*, by a moſt infamous obſervance that he rendred to his wife, employed his credit and his Letters to compaſs his return. He comes now to ſeek his Miſtriſſe in *Italy*, where ſhe was with her Huſband, and from thence they all returned to *Conſtantinople*, where this crafty artificious woman had the leiſure to ſatiate her ſelf with the ſimplicity of the one, and the love of the other.

But it is a ſtrange thing, yet true, that That kind of Love is nouriſhed with Oppoſition, whereas the full enjoyment renders the ſeeds of Iniquity leſſe Active and more Languiſhing.

Theodoſius now began to feel a great remorſe of Conſcience for his infamous Life. He was fully perſwaded that he could not eſcape the diſaſter of ſome violent death, if he continued that debauchery, that the patience of an Husband ſo many times provoked would break out at length in ſome evil end, and that, happen what would, he could not eſcape the judgements of God neither alive nor dead. Upon theſe thoughts, he ſteals away ſecretly from the Court, tranſports himſelf to *Epheſus*, enters into a Monaſtery, and makes himſelf a Monk, cauſing thoſe handſome locks to be ſhaven off, that were the ſtrings that tied *Antonina*'s affection.

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This unhappy woman hearing the news of it, put on mourning as for a publick disastre, deprived her self of all cópany, persecuted her own life by a horrour of eating and drinking, and not contenting her self with weeping for her Beloved, she howled and sent out cryes that affrighted the whole World.

It is a thing sufficiently remarkable, that Love encamped in that Fryars Cowle, darted more subtle fires, and sharpened his Arrows with the Ashes of Repentance, Imitating the Sorcerers that employ the Mass and Bible to fortifie their Enchantments.

The Passion of *Antonina* was so desperate, that *Belisarius* pitied her, and so wrought, that by the Authority of the Empress, *Theodosius* was fetched back again from the Monastery, and brought unto her house. It is true, that he made a great resistance before he would come forth, whether it was feignedly, or really, it is doubtful, but he yielded to the violent pursutes that were made for him, & quitting the Altar of *Jesus*, made himself again of a Monk an *Adonis* to sacrifice himself to his *Venus*.

One would have thought that the flames of that cursed passion would have been totally extinguished, & that there had been no danger to be feared in such a conversation. But, O God, who knows not that the presence of Lovers, especially after a long absence makes love arise again out of its own ashes, & extracts sparks of fire even out of ice and snow? *Belisarius* marches in an expedition towards the coasts of Persia, where *Photius* his son in law comes to seek him, who resenting in his heart the bitter displeasures that the persecution of his mother caused him, was resolved to pluck out her Minion from between her arms, or to dy in the attempt. He disposes his Spyes at Constantinople, to observe diligently what should pass in their Conversation. He hath news sent him from all parts that the fire is again kindled, and that *Triclareses* continue to the scandal of the whole City. He causes a very understanding man and most faithful to the service of *Belisarius* to go to him, and tell him from point to point that which he least desired to hear.

His displeasure was so greatly kindled that the very same moment, he goes to seek out *Photius*, and sayes to him, My son, it is now that you must succour your miserable father, if you would not have grief send him to the grave; you are not my son by nature, but you are by love and by election. I have given you goods and honour, I have not ceased to oblige you all my life-time; yet I desire to pass by whatever I have done hitherto, on condition that you will revenge me upon that disloyal *Theodosius* who hath placed again dishonour in my bed. *Photius*, who desired nothing more then that discourse, comforts him, and promises quickly to dispatch him of his enemy. They both of them swear upon the Gospels, mutually to keep close the secret. The other to acquit himself of his promise takes his time, learns by his Spyes the day wherein *Theodosius* was to make a Voyage to Ephesus, and transport himself thither with a company of resolute souldiers. The Adulterer doubting that all that commotion was against him, saved himself in Saint *John's* Church, as in a secure Sanctuary. But he was drawn out from thence by a Trick, and delivered by the Bishop himself of the place, into the hands of *Photius*, who being of a very sweet nature would not kill him, but contented himself to send him away into Cilicia, to the utmost bounds of the Empire, and to keep him in close prison, under the guard of men, very much engaged to him, in such a manner as he should be never heard of any more,

He was seasoned a sufficient time in this Prison-hole, which worked an enraged sadness in his *Antonina*, who found no better remedy then to implore the assistance of the Empresse, with whom she was so familiar, that she deposed even her loves, and immodesties in her bosome. She makes an horrible perquisition of *Theodosius*'s business, and by misfortune it happened that one *Caligonius* (who was the Confident of *Belisarius* his wife, having been taken and ill used by *Photius*, to make him disclose to him all the secrets of his Mistris) made an escape and came secretly to Constantinople, where he charged the Son of having attempted something upon the friend of the Mother. *Theodora* suffers him to come to Court privately, and when he dreamed not of it, causes him to be apprehended, confines him into a secret place, and unknown to all the World, where he was put to the Rack without having any regard to his Great Quality or even to the infirmities of his Body. He kept *Belisarius* his counsell in his sharpest torments, but he told them the place where *Theodosius* was deteined, from whence the Empress caused him secretly to be fetched, and commanded that he should be brought to *Constantinople*, without noyse, to drown in a sudden and unhoped for joy the spirit of her Confident. She kept him some dayes in her Palace to put him in better liking, and told her dear *Antonina* (who was very curious in her pearls) that she had a rare Jewel to shew her, which made her hast to the Palace with a great desire to see what it was.

The Empresse, after she had a long time suspended her hopes, causes *Theodosius* to come forth out of the chamber of one of her Eunuches, and casts the whole Sun into her eyes. She fell down in a swoune at that sight, and was like to dy, but at length when she had been succoured, and was come to her self again, she had so much stayedness, as not to cast her self hastily upon her friends neck, before she had kissed *Theodora*'s feet, to whom she said with transports of an unparall'd joy; Madame, You have been hitherto my Empress and my Mistris, but I shall now in time to come esteem you as the Goddesse of my safety, seeing you have withdrawn my Son out of the bottomeless pit of Hell, whither his enemy had precipitated him. There were nothing then but Caresses, but Dalliances and discourses upon the adventures of *Theodosius*.

But God, whose just anger follows always sinners at the heels, waited till the Offering was fat to sacrifice in.

He permitted them to make so many Banquets, so many Dancings, and so many youthful debaucheries for the return of that Minion, that he suffering himself to be carryed to excesses above the ability of his Body, fell sick of the bloudy-flux, by which he was carryed within few days into the other World, to render an account to the Sovereign Judge, of his Unfaithfullness and Dissolute life.

Antonina remained near the Corps, as the Ghost of the Body, but a Damned Ghost and deprived eternally of all she loved most. God gave her a life long enough, and prolonged her Hell among the living, to anticipate that of the other life, seeing that we know her crimes, and know nothing of her Repentance.

In the mean while poor *Photius* was three years in a black Dungeon, out of which having twice escaped and saved himself in Churches which served

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for a Sanctuary, he was taken again & shut up close, without being ever able to get forth but by a Miracle, which discovered to him in a Vision the Prophet *Zachary*, who drew him out of that deep pit wherein he was, and conducted him to *Jerusalem*, whether indeed he went, and made himself a perfect Votary to accomplish the Vow that he had made, if ever he did obtain his dear liberty.

Behold here the springs of *Belisarius* his misery, which *Procopius* hath observed in his secret History.

It is believed, that it is but a Fable to say, that he had his eyes put out by the command of *Justinian*, and was reduced to beggery: but it is true that the Emperour had a jealousie of him, as if he had aspired to the Empire, and that *Theodora* who had a minde to persecute him to favour his wives wicked humour, who yet cherished in her heart some poison against him for the business of *Theodosius*, made him to be disgraced, his offices were taken from him, his goods confiscate; the souldiers that he had trained up given to other Captains; his friends interdicted with a prohibition to speak to him. This brave General, who before, drew the whole world in throngs after him, was forsaken, and walked through the streets of *Constantinople* with two or three poor servants, as a man that had out-lived his Funerals, to serve for a spectacle of Pity.

One day as he went to do his Courtship at the Palace, the Empress shewed him a bad countenance, whereat he was so affrighted, that at his coming forth, he expected nothing every hour but murderers to assassinate him. He returns into his lodging, being dismayed above all that can be imagined of so generous a man. He presently throws himself upon his bed trembling and sweating with fear. One comes to tell him, that a Gentleman is at the gate with a message from *Theodora*; he prepared himself already for death, when the man gave him a Billet from the Empress which imported thus: *Belisarius*, thy conscience tells thee that thou hast offended me, and that thou deservest to be punished, but I give thee to thy wife, to whom I am obliged. It is from her that in time to come thou shalt hold thy life, thy goods and thy honour. I shall know how thou shalt behave thy self towards her, and with what submissions thou shalt acknowledge and thank her for her benefits. He instantly kisses the Letter, and in the presence of him that brought it to him, enters into his wives chamber, throws himself down at her feet, kisses sometimes one, sometimes the other; professes that he ows to her his life, and that he will no longer hold the rank of an husband, but of a slave. The Lady receives him into favour, and goes and thanks the Empress.

But is it possible, that *Belisarius*, that thunderbolt of war, that had made the East, and the West, and the South to tremble; that had led two Kings in triumph; that shaked not before armies of an hundred and fifty thousand men, having but a little handfull; *Belisarius*, before whom the mighty Powers of the earth crawled along in dust, was so basely subjugated by women? *Procopius* assures us that it was a Charm that caused that perturbation of his minde, and stole him from himself, and needs must it be a work of the Devil, that could quite change upside down, and besot so great a personage.

Yet may we affirm, that it was not onely the wicked spirit of *Antonina* that made that Tragedy, but that the person of the Popes violated by that General, who was too basely obedient to the Empress, brought on him an infinite number of miseries, that broke out at last upon *Justinian*, and upon the whole Empire.

Here is a great Theater of Providence, where Princes may learn, that it is very dangerous to be observant to womens wicked humours, and to seize even on sacred persons to satisfie their Revenge.

Behold then the Prime and most capital fury of the Empire, *Theodora*, who made her husband fall into Heresie, who made the Popes be plucked out of their Sees to put therein her servants, that turned topsie turvie all Divine and Humane Laws to content her Passion.

Procopius speaks shamefully of the original of this woman, and saith, that she was the daughter of a Bear-keeper, a Comedian by her trade, a Prostitute by her Publick profession, and abandoned even to the little boys of the Theatre from their infancy. He adds also, that she had a very good grace in puffing up her cheeks to receive boxes on them, and to gain money by that pastime; and that in her little youth, she was debauched by one *Ecebolus* who kept her for a time, and afterward was weary of her; which made her, having now nothing whereon to live, run from place to place through the whole East in that shameful prostitution; and afterward returning to *Constantinople*, *Justinian* made love to her as to a famous Courtisan, and finding her to his liking, married her, in the life time of the Emperour his Uncle.

It appears clearly, that this Authour enraged against the memory of *Justinian*, invented execrable lies that pass in the approbation of those that nourish themselves willingly with poison, and that think, that one cannot speak too much ill of great ones, and that those are the best Historians that relate their most abominable vices.

But we ought to consider that this wicked man (who appeared more a Pagan in his Writings then a Christian) after he had highly praised his Master in publick, when he had not the recompence he expected, and was perhaps punished for his looseness and his demerits, sets himself to write a secret History wherein he speaks fearful things which never came into the thought of so many other Historians that wrote after him, and in a time when they had a full liberty, who would not have omitted so many remarkable things, if they had had any foundation in truth.

That man must be of a belief either simple or malicious, that can perswade himself that *Justinian* who was a cold Prince, considerate in all his actions, extremely ambitious of glory, and careful of his reputation, who never was tainted with the vices of youth, should marry a caytiff-wench, cried out upon by the whole world, when he reigned already with his Uncle, and governed the whole business of the Empire. It was he that before his marriage published a Law, by which it was forbidden to the Senatours to ally themselves with mean and dishonest women. Who can believe that he should teach the transgression of his ordinances by his own example, without fearing the severe honesty of the Emperour his uncle, the reproaches of the Senate, the advantage that he might give to his competitours by so ill an action?

All that can be said most truly, is, that *Theodora* was the daughter of the great Huntsman of the Emperours, whose office was to cause wild beasts to be taken and kept for the spectacles of the Amphitheatre, which was not a mean or dishonourable employment. It is not read in all other Historians, that she had

had any ſtain of immodeſty in her converſation, but quite contrary, that ſhe was ſuch a capitall enemy to women and maids of an ill life, that at one time ſhe cauſed five hundred of them to be ſhut up, to take from them the occaſion of doing ill, and to be trained up in the exerciſes of honeſty: which is a thing that *Procopius* himſelf could not conceal, not conſidering, that if ſhe had been in former time ſtained with the ſame vice, ſhe ſhould have expoſed herſelf to the laughter of all the world; ſome blaming her cares, and others her rigours, which would have renewed the memory of her infamy, whereas ſhe ſhould have endeavoured to have buried it in ſilence.

She was certainly too ſtately to be a Proſtitute; thoſe that have ſeen her, ſay, That ſhe was a little woman, that had a face full of Majeſty, eyes burning, and caſting out lightning in their anger, a lively and piercing wit, a ſolid judgement, an expediteneſs in buſineſs, and the activity of fire. She was ſo diſcreet, that ſeeing that *Juſtinian* could not be gained by the fleſh, ſhe took him by the ſpirit, which ſhe adorned carefully with excellent and ſublime knowledges; cauſing her ſelf ſecretly to be inſtructed in State-affairs, which gave her a facility to ſuggeſt advices to the Emperour her husband, which he reliſhed wonderfully, and did nothing in all the buſineſs of the Empire without communicating it to her, calling her, even in ſome ordinances, his Venerable Spouſe, the aſſiſtant and companion of all his Counſels.

It is then the poiſon of the Serpent that ſerves for inck to *Procopius*'s pen, when he writes extravagant fables of the birth of *Theodora*, and when he ſayes that *Juſtinian* was the Son of an *Incubus*, a true Devil in an humane ſhape; that the Servants of his Chamber have ſeen him often in the figure of a Devil; that ſometimes his head hath been perceived ſeparated from his body with mounting it ſelf up to the ſieling of his Chamber, and the ſame body walking on another place without an head; and that a certain Frier coming to ſalute him, was altogether aſtoniſhed, for that he ſaw *Lucifer* in his Throne. After this, he makes him the Murderer of a great number of millions of men; he attributes to him the Comets, the Conflagrations, the Deluges, the Plagues, and the Sterilities of the earth. He complains that he would have reduced all ſorts of ſpirits to the union of the Catholick Belief; that he tormented Hereticks and Jews; that he cauſed ſumptuous Churches to be built; that he took too much care for the protection of Biſhops, Prieſts, and Monks.

This Authour ſpitting out his gall, even againſt the Light it ſelf, with ſo much impudence, and inſerting in his writings ſuch enormous tales, ſhews ſufficiently, that he was altogether filled with the curſed fury of Revenge: a man without Faith, and without Religion, a bloudy ſcoffer, which was more fit to write a Romance of the *Cyclops*, then the life of our *Juſtinian*. He is ſo contrary to himſelf, that having made him the moſt ſubtle, and the craftieſt of all men, he ſayes in another place, that there was nothing ſo eaſie to be deceived, and abundance of other contradictions that deſtroy his credit. We need not then wonder, if a famous Hiſtorian of theſe times, who takes many pieces out of *Evagrius*, who hath tranſcribed a part of this Calumniatour, deals ſometimes ſeverely with the memory of this Monarch, without regarding the great virtues that might counterpoiſe his faults.

That which *Procopius* ſpeaks moſt probably of *Juſtinian*'s imperfections, is, that he was an extreme diſſembler, crafty in his actions, cloſe in his hatred, the Maſter of his countenance, and even of his tears; inconſtant to his friends, inexorable to his enemies (had not Chriſtian Piety made him flexible) covetous of money, and more inclining to rigour then to clemency; obſtinate in his reſolutions, and not conſtant enough in his promiſes when there intervened reaſons of State. Theſe are ſpots ordinary enough to Great ones, which, it is good to correct by the counterpoiſe of God's Law. As for *Theodora*, it cannot be denied, but that ſhe was ſcornfull, proud, revengefull, an intermedler, ſevere, even to the exceſſe and flitting in matters of Religion, which cauſed much trouble to the conſcience of them both.

I have ſaid before, that Pope *Agapetus*, after he had depoſed *Anthimus* the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, died in the ſame City. The news of it being carried to *Rome*, an Aſſembly was made to proceed to the Election of a new high Prieſt. *Theodate* King of the *Goths*, partly by intreaties, and partly by threats, cauſed *Sylverius* to be choſen, that was the Son of Pope *Hormiſdas* by a lawfull Marriage before his Prieſthood. As ſoon as he was choſen, the Empreſſe *Theodora* commanded him by an expreſſe letter to re-eſtabliſh *Anthimus*, and to put *Menas* out of his Chair that had been ſubſtituted in his place. As ſoon as the Pope had opened that letter, he ſaid ſighing, that it was the fore-runner of his death, and anſwered that the depoſition of *Anthimus*, having been made Canonically by his Predeceſſour, he could not in conſcience change any thing in that buſineſſe. *Theodora* was furiouſly provoked at his refuſal, and gave charge to *Beliſarius*, who was then in *Rome* with his Wife *Antonina*, to ſeize upon the Pope, and to ſend him to the Eaſt. *Beliſarius* was very ſcrupulous at firſt, but being encouraged by that wicked woman, he reſolved himſelf, ſaying, That it was their duty that commanded, to render an account of their actions to God, and as for him, he pretended to no other thing but to the glory of Obedience.

There was at that time at *Rome* a Deacon named *Vigilius*, an ambitious and factious man, who knowing that the Popedom of *Sylverius* was tottering, and no way ſettled, offered himſelf to that wicked *Antonina*, deſiring to be introduced into the favour of the Empreſſe, promiſing that he would do nothing in the exerciſe of his charge but by her orders; that he would put *Anthimus* again into his Chair; and beſides all this, would make a preſent to *Theodora* and to *Antonina* of a good ſum of money. The Lady, paſt all reſpect of Conſcience or Honour, cauſes his offers to be accepted, and urges her husband (as much as ſhe could) to the execution of that attempt. *Vigilius* keeps the buſineſſe warm as much as poſſible, and produces two witneſſes, the one a Lawyer, and the other a Souldier, that accuſe *Sylverius* of having endeavoured to betray the City of *Rome*, and to deliver a Gate to the *Goths*. *Beliſarius* was very doubtfull, that there was ſome calumny in all thoſe Proceedings; nevertheleſſe, fearing that if he ſhould uphold the lawfull Pope, he might be involved in a crime of State, as having been a favourer of the party of the *Goths*, he ſends for him to his Palace to hear him, with promiſe to ſend him back unto his houſe, which was performed after he had been pleaſed with his Defence.

But he was called for the ſecond time, and brought into the chamber of *Antonina*, who was ſeated on her Pallat, and *Beliſarius* at her feet. The proud woman uſing this holy man as a Groom, ſayes to him with

with a disdain, and the guise of a Prostitute, Ha, *Sylverius*, what have we done that we should be sold to the enemy? It is time that you should be punished for your treason. Thereupon she makes him pass into another chamber, where she commands that he should be stript of his habit, and cloathed with a Monk's Gown, and sent to the *East*, from whence he was banished to *Patara*. The Bishop of the place knowing the innocence of this Pope, went out to meet him, and received him with all the submissions due to his dignity. Furthermore being lamed, with a great zeal, he had the boldness to transport himself to *Constantinople*, and stoutly to tell the Emperour of the oppression of the head of the Church, which would pull down the vengeance of God upon him, if he did not remedy it. *Justinian* was much astonished at this discourse, and gave command, that the Pope should be carried back again to *Italy*, and preserved in his dignity, with this reservation, that if he should be convicted of having intelligence with the *Goths*, he should not live in *Rome*, but should choose some other dwelling; which sufficiently testified the moderation of the Emperour in that business, when he acted according to the justice of his own thought.

But *Theodora*, who would not stop there, knowing that the Pope was re-conducted into the *West*, writes to her confident that he should not do a business by halfs. On the other side, *Vigilius* ardently solicites, saying, that he could not perform his promise if he did not mount up to S. *Peter's* Throne. He presses so violently, that the Pope was delivered into his hands, whom he instantly caused to be carried away into the Isle of Palmes, which was an Augury of his Martyrdom. This sacred high Priest had so much vigour in the extremity of miseries, that having assembled as many Bishops that lived thereabout, as he could get together, he excommunicated *Vigilius* and all his adherents. He having a mind to revenge himself upon him, and to make sure his Chair, made an end of him with hunger, with vexations, and with torments in that desart Island, where he quickly gave up his victorious spirit to God, gaining the Crown of Martyrdom.

Vigilius his persecutour, who had entred into S. *Peter's* Chair like a Lion, transformed himself into a Lamb, changing totally his wicked manners; so that he was confirmed by the *Romans*, and held for lawful Pope. God, that would not destroy him, gave him for a punishment, the accomplishment of his desires, and caused that all that he had most passionately sought for, was the source of all his torments. *Theodora* the Empress failed not to challenge him of his promise for the re-establishment of the false Patriarch *Anthimus*: but he answered, that he had committed a sin in promising; and that he should commit two if he should perform what he had promised. This furious woman provoked with that answer, declares him an usurper of the Apostolick See, and follows the law against him, accusing him of the murther of *Sylverius*: whereupon, she causes him to be seized on by the violences of one *Anthimus*, and to be brought in chains to *Constantinople*, where she presses again very earnestly the restitution of *Anthimus*. *Vigilius* was so generous and constant, that he protested, that he would rather suffer a thousand deaths, then do it: and when he was violated with injurious words and armed commands, he spake aloud; *I thought I had been come to* Justinian's *Court, but I well perceive that I am in* Diocletian's.

That speech cost him full dear; for *Theodora's* Ministers, who held him not for lawful Pope, beat him so cruelly, that he was almost dead upon the place: yet he scaped out of their hands, and saved himself in S. *Euphemia's* Church, from whence he was suddenly plucked out, and led through the streets of *Constantinople*, with an halter about his neck as a thief, then put in prison, and entertained with bread and water, forsaken of all his Clergy, some of which were banished, and others constrained to labour in the Mines. All this was done by a just judgment of God to expiate the stain of *Sylverius* his blood: but yet the Empress that ordained these violences (in part) to content her passion, should have clearly informed her self upon the point of his character before she should have proceeded to such indignities.

The *Romans* that at his departure from their City, when he was carried away prisoner, loaded him with injuries, so far, as even to throw stones & sticks at him, were touched with repentance, after they had heard of all the usage that he had at *Constantinople*, with the admirable patience that he expressed in his pains, sought for him again, avowing him for the true Pastour of the Universal Church: which coming to the knowledge of *Justinian*, he suddenly commanded that he should be delivered, and the spirit of *Theodora* her self was appeased and reconciled with him. All the Priests and Deacons that had followed him, were rallied together, and so he was sent back to *Italy* with honour. But the poor Pope, after he had surmounted a million of torments and inconveniences, died of the stone in *Sicily*, before he arrived at *Rome*. O phantasms of honour, how painful are ye to those that sue for you! How traiterous are ye to those that possess you, and dolorous to those that leave you! Unhappy are those that prize you through errour, that Court you through vain glory, and obtain you by iniquity. It were better to put one's hand in flames, then to lay it upon *Tiara's*, or on Crowns covered with injustice and with blood.

Theodora died about the same time, carrying into the other World a great account to give to God, for having embroiled the estate of the Church; for having behaved her self impetiously: and for having alway sought with ardency the satisfaction of her Revenge. It is probable that she passed out of this life in the Catholick Belief, and in Repentance. But as concerning the death of *Antonina* her confident, it is buried in a great obscurity, and it is to be feared, that her life extremely dissolute even to her old age, and her damnable practises, have cast her headlong into an eternal misery.

Justinian languished a long time after *Theodora's* death: having seen all his designs of War, of Law, and of buildings perfected, bestowed his whole time afterwards in serving God, and expired the rest of his life in Devotion, to which he ever had a very strong inclination.

It is held, that about the end of his daies, he fell into two errours, the former whereof was, That he should not die, and indeed it seemed to all the world, that death had passed him, since he had already attained to the age of fourscore and four years, which is very rare in an Emperour, and not conformable to the Scripture, which saies, That the life of Mighty men is ordinarily short enough: nevertheless, it is not probable, that in the solidity of his judgment, which endured even to his end, he should suffer himself to be perswaded with such a vanity. The other fault which he committed, is more true, which is, That by a zeal not

discreet enough, that he had conceived for the humanity of our Lord, he would believe that it was not subject to our miseries, but impassible and incorruptible, even before his Resurrection. He was near of publishing this opinion, and authorising it by his ordinances, but yet he never did it, and repented of it at his last hour; calling back in his Will the Patriarch *Eutychius* that he had driven away for opposing this his errour. So *Nicephorus* writes manifestly; and every equitable judgment will conclude with him for the salvation of this Emperour. We have very considerable proofs of it; first, his name hath never been blotted out of the Ecclesiastical Tables, out of which it was a custome to deface the memory of Heretick Emperours. Secondly, S. *Gregory* the Great, who speaks always very correctly, calls him Emperour of pious Memory. In the third place, Pope *Agathon*, writing after his death, saith, that he was an Emulatour of the sincere and Apostolick faith. Finally, he was commended in the sixth universal Council with an Elogy worthy of a most Catholick Prince. Even some Patriarchs of *Constantinople* have caused his memory to be yearly celebrated with acclamations of happiness, and publick Orations in his praise. His great Austerities, his magnificent Alms, his Churches, his Devotions, his Laws, his indefatigable pains for the Publick, have defaced the spots that so easily slide into the lives of great ones. Let us not rashly condemn that which we may excuse with Justice, and let us not be evil with Ours, if God will be good with His.

I confess, that this end somewhat troubles me, seeing my self constrained to follow an opinion different from that of a great modern Historian which handles this Emperour with much severity. It is true that I have alwayes had a venerable esteem of that Authour, knowing well, that by the rayes of his virtues, and of his learning, he hath surpassed the lustre of the most glorious purples. Yet the respect which I bear to Truth, and the honour which I ow to the memory of great men that have so much obliged the Publick, give me permission to say here, that *Justinian* hath never been so black as he hath painted him; being ill informed by the writings of *Procopius* and of *Evagrius* his enemies, or following opinions that by a false intention and manifest equivocation are insinuated into the spirits of men many Ages since. Fables easily surprise us, and when they are authorised by a long time, and by the belief of many persons, they pass oftentimes for truths.

That which I say is manifest in that which *Baronius* himself writes touching the opinion which he had of the gross ignorance of *Justinian*, whom he reproaches often in his History, that he could neither write nor read; and yet it is now more then visible, that it is an errour crept in by an equivocation of Names, and a fault in Printing, which hath caused the name of *Justinian* in the text of *Suidas*, to be taken for that of *Justine*, as I have already said. This is so clear, that the Commentatour of *Procopius* (an enemy to *Justinian* as well as the Authour) hath not been able to dissemble it, but confesses that he hath observed in History, that oftentimes the name of *Justinian* hath passed for that of *Justine*; and that by this means, the ignorance that agreed to his uncle *Justine*, hath been attributed to this Monarch; and farther yet, the accident of the troubles of mind that befel his nephew *Justin*. That which I say is proved after an excellent manner by the great *Cassiodore* (who might have seen *Justinian* when being young he came into *Italy*) who calls him aloud *The learned Prince, and most wise Emperour*. And that grave Authour *Agapetus*, who dedicated to him the Treatise of Reigning well, which *Baronius* highly commends, says openly, that he was created Emperour Philosophizing, and that in the Empire he ceased not from Philosophy. And *Procopius* his calumniatour avouches, that he spent ordinarily a good part of the night in his closet, to study upon the sublimest Sciences; and that he could discourse of them pertinently with the ablest Scholars of his age. After this, judge if there be any reason to set him forth as a Peasant, without Learning, and without Letters. Now, as this illustrious Authour was overtaken in that which he spake concerning the wit and the capacity of *Justinian*: so (as being a man) might he be mistaken in that which he hath written of his manners, following some pieces of the slanderous History of *Procopius*, which he had read in *Evagrius*, and in others like him.

But I intreat my Reader yet once more to see and consider, whether it be reasonable to believe that obscure Libel of an Authour enraged against the memory of that Prince, to the prejudice of so many grave and judicious persons that have quite contrary opinions of him. It is evident, that this *Procopius*, was a Libertine, and a true Atheist, who hath spoken and written in his first book of the History of the *Gothes*, that it is a folly to trouble ones self about the belief of Divine things, and that it should be left to every one, whether Priest or Lay, to believe all that shall seem good to him, rather then disturb the Common-wealth, being extreme angry that *Justinian* tormented the *Pagans*, the *Jews*, the *Samaritans*, and endeavoured to reduce the whole world to the Christian and Catholick Belief. Judge (my Reader) hereupon what faith a man deserves to have, that making a shew to be a *Christian*, acknowledges not their God. Further yet, being a *Philistim* by Nation, a Sophister by Profession, an Impostour by Artifice, he hath been able easily to make some of the pranks of his trade, slip into his History. Add to this, that being but a mean fellow, he was advanced first by *Justine*, and afterwards by *Justinian* to great offices, yet being a man extremely jealous and ambitious, he thought himself not high enough, and bore a mortal hatred to *John* the superintendent of Justice; to *Trebonian* the great favourite of *Justinian*; and not content with tearing them in his History, he falls upon the Emperour that had honoured them with his favours.

Every one that hath the common sense of a reasonable man, sees plainly that it's a most unworthy thing, that a servant, a domestick, taken from the dust of the earth, raised even to the great Offices of the Empire, should leave a Railing History to posterity, written in an hole, and by a singular treason, against his Lord and Master, of whom he held his life and honour. And beyond all this, that he should speak things in his Book, that must needs have been very publick and visible to all the world, that so many other Historians who were near that time, and might speak with all freedom, do not so much as mention.

To this it will be answered, that it is not only a *Procopius* that condemns *Justinian*, but that he himself hath blacked himself eternally by the ill usage which he shewed the Pope *Vigilius*, and by the heresie which he fomented and authorised about the period of his life. To speak truth, there being nothing to be preferred before the fidelity which we owe to our

our Religion, the honour which we ought to render to the common Father of all Christendome, and to the Apostolick See; if this Emperour were directly convinced of these two crimes, and dyed without Repentance, I should be the first man that would subscribe to his condemnation: But there is a notable difference between that which escapes by errour and by surprize, and that which is practised by design and obstinacy.

It is true that the Pope *Vigilius* was at first hardly used at *Constantinople* by the Empress *Theodora*, but his Election being not held at the beginning for Canonical, he being one whom the Romans had chased away with stones, and whom he himself had deposed and banished from the usurpation which he had made upon *Sylverius* his Predecessour by a bold attempt, causing himself afterward to be Canonically chosen; it is no wonder, if in this doubt of his dignity, and certainty of his crime committed against the person of a lawfull Pope, he was not honoured as high Priest, but accused as guilty. It suffices, that as soon as *Justinian* knew that he had been afterward declared the sovereign Pastour of the Church by the ordinary Forms, he rendred to him the respects due to his Character, and permitted him to exercise his Functions with all liberty in *Constantinople*. It is true that he had also some difference with him about the condemnation of three Articles, or rather of three persons, *Theodore*, *Ibas*, and *Theodoret*; but in the end the Emperour yeilded, and permitted all to the discretion of the Pope.

As for the Heresie which is objected to him; it hath rather been an errour of surprize, then a resolute opinion with obstinacy against the decisions of the Church, without which it cannot be a formal Heresie. There arose in his time an Opinion that held, That the body of our Saviour was incorruptible even before the Resurrection, and that he was not subject to the natural and irreprehensible passions of other men. Many Bishops, many great learned Friars, and abundance of illustrious persons profess that Belief; and *Justinian*, deceived by a zeal not well regulated, which he had to the person of our Lord, fell into it, not that he doubted but the two Natures were in Jesus Christ, and that his body was consubstantial with ours, but he could not endure the word Corruptible, when the flesh of our Lord was spoken of. If he had onely meant an exemption from the corruption and rottennesse to which our bodies are reduced, his opinion had been but commendable, but to intend to take away from the Son of God the natural passions of hunger, thirst, wearinesse, and other like, is to be far wide from the Catholick Faith. Yet since that that opinion had not been yet by name, and expressly decided by the preceding Councils, and that many Bishops had the same thought, and that the Pope very much busied by the wars of the Goths, had not yet interposed thereon, it is not credible that it was an Heresie framed in the spirit of the Emperour, but rather an errour. And since that he abstained from promulgating it as he had projected; and ordained by Will that the Patriarch *Eutychus* that had been banished for opposing this Opinion, should be called back by *Justin* his Successour; It is evident that he repented at the last period of his life, and that *Evagrius* who had a strong tincture of the venom of *Procopius* did him wrong to condemn him to hell: for I leave it to every judicious man to weigh, which we ought rather to believe, a mean Historian angered, or the voyce of a general Council assembled after *Justinian's* death. No man certainly can call it into doubt, but that the authority of a Council infinitely passes the opinion of one onely man. Now it is so, that besides the testimonies of S. *Gregory*, and Pope *Agathon* heretofore alleadged; The sixth Council speaking of the Emperour *Justinian*, calls him alwayes *Most Christian Prince, Emperour of pious Memory*, And in the end, *Holy Monarch, and who is in the number of the Blessed.* The German that hath Commented upon the railing History of *Procopius*, is constrained to confesse that he hath read even in the best Copies of that Council, Ἰουστινιανὸς ὁ ἐν ἁγίοις, Justinian *that is among the Saints.* But he being an enemy of his memory eludes that Epithete, and sayes that it hath been attributed to most wicked Emperours, pretending by this means to diminish the lustre of *Justinian*. I acknowledg that the word ἅγιος, *Holy*, or *Sacred*, sometimes signifies that which is Inviolable; and that in this manner it was given to all the Emperours. But I defie him to find one sole Text that saies of a dead Emperour, ὁ ἐν ἁγίοις, *He that is in the company of the Saints* who is not reckoned amongst the Blessed that live in heaven.

This onely is enough to stop the mouth of all those that are of a contrary opinion, and to maintain this great Monarch in the possession of an high and happy renown, which he hath so justly purchased.

It is he that above all the Emperours hath expressed a most ardent Zeal towards the person of our Lord, to whom he dedicated the stateliest Church which was at that time in the whol Universe. It is he that consecrated an Altar to him composed of all the most glittering stones, and of all the most magnificent rich materials that were then to be found in all the world. It is he that had a most tender care of all the Churches of his Empire. He that every where enriched the house of God. The Purveyour for the Hospitals; the refuge of all necessitous persons, and the Sanctuary of the afflicted. It is he that governed the whole world by most holy Laws; who hath revenged, persecuted, and punished those crimes that tended to the infection of the Publick. It is he that warred all his life time against Hereticks, and that upheld the Glory of the Roman Empire, which since *Constantine* was faln into an horrible decay. It is he that displayed his Ensigns, in *Asia*, *Europe*, and *Africa*, under the name of Jesus Christ with a force incomparable, and successes that could not but come from heaven. It is he that banished from Christian society, Sorcerers, Immodest, and Infamous persons; and that planted every where good manners. It is he that made Learning flourish, that rewarded men of Merit, that eternized Laws, that bore Arms to the heighth of Reputation. It is he, that alwayes shewed himself a most ardent administratour of the Justice of God, giving audience very often in person to parties with an indefatigable toil. It is he that pardon'd injuries, and received even into Grace those that had attempted upon his life. He, that God preserved from a thousand dangers, and a thousand ambushes. He, whom God crowned with great age, and an infinite number of blessings.

CHARLEMAGNE,

OR,

CHARLES the GREAT.

IT is not flattery that hath given to our *Charles* the name of *Great*, since that truth it self may attribute to him the title of three-times-thrice Great, for his Piety, for his Arms, and for his Laws. All that *Persia* respected in *Cyrus*, all that *Greece* vaunted in *Alexander*, all that *Rome* honoured in *Augustus* and in *Trajan*, all that Christians have commended in the persons of *Constantine* and *Theodosius*, is found included in our *Charlemagne*.

Ptolemy said, that great Personages are never born into the world without a conspiration of the heavens which collect their best Constellations and most favourable influences to salute them, as soon as they salute the day. We cannot know the quality of the stars that ruled over this happy birth; but we know that Providence which infinitely out-passes the effects of all the celestial Globes, hath taken the care of forming this incomparable Prince, and of making him a Master-piece of her hands to shew him to all Ages. Nature was employed to build him a Body capable to sustain the impressions of that Divine Spirit that God would lodge therein. She made him a stature so advantageous, limbs so well composed, so handsom, and so strong; she engraved so much Majesty upon his countenance; she sowed so much lightning and attraction in his eies, that they triumphed over hearts, before his valour had laid hand upon the Empire. It is not alwaies, that felicity is so prodigal of her benefits, she contets her self in some to adorn the house without troubling herself for the inhabitant: and if there be a fair appearance on the out-side, there is little Sense within. But in our *Charles*, every thing was Great, and his soul never belyed the beautiful spectacle of his Body. His understanding was quick and piercing, his memory most happy, his judgment clean and solid, that discerned exactly good from evil, and truth from falshood. He that saw him in Letters, thought that they were made for none but him: and he that contemplated him in Arms, perceived that he would be one day the chief of Conquerours. He studied Grammar, Rhetorick, Poetry, Philosophy, Law, Astrology, and the rest of the Mathematicks. He learned the *Latine*, the *Greek*, the *Hebrew*, the *Syriack*. He had some tast even of Divinity it self, and succeeded in all Sciences so advantageously, that he might have held the Empire of Letters, if God had not destined to him that of the world. He respected his Tutours all his life-time, as the Fathers of his Soul: he made his Master of *Peter* the Deacon, when the Law of Arms might have made him his slave. He drew *Alcuin* out of *England*, to learn of him the secret of the Arts, honoured him with great benefits, and at last, founded by his counsel the University of *Paris*. His meals were seasoned with the reading of some good book, or with the conference of the ablest men of his whole Kingdom; loving to refresh himself from busines in their discourses, without taking any other directions in his pains, then the change of one labour into another.

That which spoils many great ones, is, that they cannot endure any serious thing for a long time, and yet this King made his Recreations even of that whereof others might have made an hard study: and the grace of it was, that he did all this without pain, and that his spirit was no more disquieted with Sciences, then the eie with the most delightful colours. This occupation that he took in Letters by the orders of the King his Father, served extremely to the fashioning of his manners; because he saw in books, & especially in History, as in a true mirrour, all the stains that flattery dissembles unto Princes that heed not to be in a resolution to washthem off, since they are not in a condition to know them.

It is a marvellous thing to see how Nature seemed to sport her self in reproducing *Martel* and *Pepin* in the person of *Charles*; she moderated the fierce valour of the Grandsire by the sweetness of the father, and made in him an heavenly temper by the happiest of mixtures. His Devotion was not soft nor feminine; neither was it large or lukewarm: but it gently spread its Divine Lights in the soul of this Monarch, without deading the fire of his courage.

He had most sublime knowledges of God and apprehensions very Religious. He offered to him his duties both in publick and in private, with a very sincere piety. He burnt with a great zeal to carry his name into all places whither he could extend his Arms. He was ardently affectionate to the holy See, to which he gave respects and incomparable protections. He honoured the Prelates, and filled the Church with Benefits.

He held, that Justice was the Rampart of Kingdoms, the peace of the people, the policy of manners, the joy of hearts; and that neither the gentle temperature of the air, nor the serenity of the Sea, nor the fruitfulness of the Earth, were any way equal to its sweetness. He made a manifest profession of it in the inviolable verity of his words, in the sincerity of his proceedings, in the duties which he rendred to God, to the authours of his birth, to his kindered, to his Country, and universally to all the world. He gave audience often in person to the differences of his people, and even at his rising out of his bed, he caused the Provost of his house to enter into his chamber with the parties that pleaded, to terminate their Law-suits by his Verdict. His principal care was to commit Justice unto innocent hands; but the horrour of his thoughts were perpetually against the unjust, and against the violent: thinking that his Authority and his Arms could have no better employment then in the destruction of tyrants.

But on the contrary, he had goodnesses of heart inexhaustible for honest men, and a wonderful care of the quiet and commodity of his people: his access was easie, his words gracious, his caresses full of attractions, his command sweet, his answers judicious, his orders so just, that they seemed all consorted in heaven. He denied with sweetness, and gave with measure; although his hands were seas of Liberality and Magnificence that were never dry. He had all his life-time the possession of his soul by a singular moderation that retained his mouth, his tongue, and his anger: but it could not pluck back Love by the wings, which caused some spots to be seen in this Sun, although they were afterward washed away again by a strong Repentance.

That which was most resplendent in all the parts of his life, was an high generosity that never forsook his heart,

heart, and that found exerciſe continually in all his actions. He contented not himſelf with middle Virtues, but he carried them all even up to the altitude of their Glory. He had a Spirit inceſſantly bent to great deſigns, and a ſoul always filled with a ſtrong confidence, which he had ſeated totally in God, of whom he thought himſelf to be beloved. He never was kept back by any obſtacles from generous enterpriſes; he expoſed himſelf to all dangers, even to the moſt terrible, for the glory of his ſovereign Maſter. Proſperity had no charms upon him, and adverſity found not any darts that were able to abate his reſolution.

All theſe virtues marched in him under the conduct of a great Reaſon, and failed not to be followed with an happineſs that had no equal but his Prudence. God having ennobled him with ſo eminent qualities, ceaſed not to furniſh him with Objects to put them in practiſe, as well by the condition of his Birth, as by the divers occurrences of Affairs.

It ſeems that Providence made him be born on purpoſe at *Ingelheim* upon the river of *Rhine*, and on the Borders of *France* and *Germany*, as the man that ſhould unite thoſe 2 eſtates under one Sceptre. He found a Monarchy at his birth, which his Grandfather touched upon, and which his father openly poſſeſſed, that had much need of being ſettled by his power, and husbanded by his cares. He enterpriſed for this purpoſe divers wars, but he never waged any one that he was not led to by ſtrong reaſons of Piety and Juſtice. His firſt Arms were imployed againſt the *Saxons*, who were at that time *Infidels* and *Pagans*; and who, beſides, rebelled againſt the lawful Power that ruled them. One may ſay truly, that that Nation was the *Hydra* of our *Hercules*; whoſe heads continually were born again, and whoſe bloud ſo often ſhed, was but the ſeed of a new War, even to infinite. Never did the Arms of the *Romans* dare to attempt any thing upon this people which they deſired rather not to know then fight with. Their Standards had never reſolution enough to ſee, that which *Charlemaigne* had power enough to beat. They were warlike even to a wonder, and obſtinate even to all extremity. The buſineſs was not only to conquer the Lands, and to gain the men: but to overcome their ſuperſtition, and to diſarm the furies of deſpair. This is that which our *Charles* performed in nine Wars, as cruel as poſſible, and in the ſpace of three and thirty years; ſo much Conſtancy had he againſt ſtubborneſs, and ſo much Power againſt madneſs. He defeated them in many battels; he ſubdued their Cities, and took their principal Fortreſſes; he demoliſhed the Altars of the pernicious *Irminſul*, ſo many times beſprinkled with humane bloud; he plucked all the other Idols alſo out of their demoliſhed Temples; and at laſt, conſtrained the brave *Vitiginde* their King to yield to the happineſs of *France*, which made him find the kingdom of God in Baptiſm, by the loſs of that of the *Barbarians*.

But it is true that this magnificent Conquerour found not any where a Theatre of his deeds more famous then that of *Italy*, whither, the Church groaning under the chains of the *Lombards*, called for him inceſſantly. Above all, Pope *Adrian* the firſt, whom *Charlemagne* loved afterwards as his brother, conjured him to help him ſpeedily, and to recover the Patrimony of Jeſus out of the hands of ſo many unjuſt uſurpers. He tranſported over into *Italy* with an Eagles wings and a Lions ſtrength, marching upon his fathers ſteps that exhaled yet the odour of his generous piety. He took at firſt the City of *Verona*, then that of *Pavia* after a long tedious ſiege, and appeared victorious with an Army of fire in the champains of his enemies. *Didier* King of the *Lombards*, that was more ready to do an injury to a diſarmed power, then to ward the blows of an adverſary, was ſeen, conquered, and taken priſoner, rendring the Church her liberty by his captivity.

It was a ſight filled with Magnificence and Piety, to ſee him arrive at *Rome*, where the heavens ſeemed to be all in bleſſings over his head, and the earth all in reſpect under his feet. He would have marched with a little noiſe, and prevented the Pope, not deſiring to make his entrance with great pomp. But *Adrian* that watched over his march, perceived it, & ſent out very far to meet him abundance of the Nobility and Officers for a Convoy; and when he was near enough to *Rome*, the Souldiery, with all the Citizens appeared in Arms. But that which was moſt delightful was a Proceſſion of little Children, well choſen out, that carried boughs and ſang, *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini:* Bleſſed be he that comes in the name of God. The Pope deſiring to honour the lively image of the Saviour by ſome kind of honours that had been heretofore rendred to the original. When the King ſaw the Croſſes of the Senatours, and that came alſo out to meet him, he alighted off his horſe, and walked afoot as far as S. *Peter's* Church, where the holy Father was at the door to receive him, with his Cardinals, and all his Chair. *Charlemagne* by a Ceremonious devotion, and great reſpect that he bare to S. *Peter* and his ſucceſſour, would kiſs every ſtair of the aſcent of the Portal, before he would cloſe with *Adrian* that received and embraced him with extaſies of joys, and the King kiſſed his hand amongſt a thouſand acclamations of cheerfulneſs and happineſs which the people ceaſed not to redouble. They went both of them into the Church to render thanks for the favours that God had done them on that great day, which was on holy Saturday; and which gave not place for that time, to the triumphs of the Reſurrection. The Feaſts of the Paſſeover were ſpent amidſt powerful Devotions pretty Ceremonies, and infinite merriments. The King not contenting himſelf with having broken the chains of the capital City of the World, made great preſents to her Church; and after he had been crowned King of Lombardy by the hands of that great Pope, who offered him alſo the dignity of a Senatour, the fore-runner of the Imperial, he returned to *France*, leaving to all *Italy* an approbation of his deeds, and a great deſire of his Domination.

On the other ſide, the Chriſtians of *Spain* that ſuffered an Age ſince, inſupportable outrages under the tyranny of the *Saracens*, had alſo recourſe to this invincible Monarch; who, as one always ready to exalt the Standard of the Faith, and to ſuccour the afflicted, paſſes happily over the *Pyrenean* mountains, takes the City of *Pampelona*, croſſes the river *Ebro*, ſeizes himſelf of *Sarragoſſa*, and afterwards of *Barcelona*, plucks the Mahumetans out of the fortreſſes that they poſſeſſed, and re-eſtabliſhed the Chriſtian Faith in all the places from whence the fury of that *Barbarian* had baniſhed it. His zeal alwayes burning carried him by the ſame means to the Converſion of the Infidels, of which he cauſed innumerable multitudes to be baptized; ſo true it is, that every thing gave way to the Arms and to the perſwaſions of that incomparable Prince, whom God ſeemed to lead by the hand to the Poſſeſſion of the *Roman* Empire.

Here

Here is the great work of the Providence of God upon his well-beloved *Charles*, that he did him this favour to wear the first of all, the Diadem of the *Cæsars* in the house of *France*, and to have transmitted it to a sufficient long posterity.

I pray you, Reader, to observe here the sacred traces of that wise Governess of Empires, and to consider how she insensibly collected all dispositions necessary to set this great King upon the Throne of the Emperours. The Conquest of Kingdomes resemble often that golden bough of *Virgil*, which one could not pluck off from its tree by main force: but might be easily taken off by an hand that had good fortune on his side. There are many Princes that to take Cities and Provinces by violence, have covered the earth with Arms, and the sea with Vessels, with a noise that astonished the whole world, without ever compassing their designs; whereas others have come to Crowns with as much haste as easinesse, without troubling themselves, and almost without stirring, because the hand of God was in the mingling of their affairs.

This is the proceeding which we visibly discover in the advancement of our *Charles*, whilst he dream'd of nothing but on the means of exalting the Glory of God, and succouring afflicted Nations. Heaven labours for him in the East, in the West, and raises him occasions, which without his thinking of it, set the Diadem upon his head.

It was already a long time since the Eagle of the Roman Emperours clapt but with one wing; *Italy* having been so many times pillaged by the Goths, the Huns, the Vandals, and the Lombards. The courageous wisdome of *Justinian*, that thought he had freed it from oppression, did but charge, not break its chains. The East had enough to do to defend it self against the incursions of the Barbarians, and could no more contribute any thing to the West but unprofitable compassions and griefs, to lose that which it could no longer keep. It happened, that to aggravate the evils of the successours of *Constantine*, there sprang up an Heresie of the *Iconoclasts*, or Image-breakers, which was worse then a plague of *Egypt*, and which being fomented even by those that were upon the Throne, caused innumerable disasters, and shook the Pillars of the State.

The beginning of this unhappiness came from *Leo* the *Isauric*, who being of a very base extraction, took in hand the Scepter of *Constantinople*, which he soil'd much more by his furious deportments, then by his shamefull original. He had in his Privy Council a pernicious Jew that perswaded him to abolish the holy Images, promising him the Empire when he was yet but a private man, as the recompence of that Sacriledge; and for this reason, he afterward employed himself about it with fury, and cast out the roarings of a Lion which were heard from East to West. The Patriarch S. *Germain* opposed his Edicts, who was for that business deprived of his Dignity; and many great Personages horribly persecuted for the same cause, sealed with their bloud the Belief of the Church.

Gregory the Second thundred from S. *Peter's* Chair against that Lion, although he was under the Captivity of the Lombards, and declared him not onely Excommunicated, but had also forfeited his Imperial Dignity, and all the Demesnes he pretended to in *Italy*. The rage of his Revenge caused a Fleet to be prepared to go down to *Italy*, and to put this generous Pope in chains; but it was cast away, and death strangled his designs, so that he could never root out of the hearts of men the worshipping of Images.

Constantine, *Copronymus* his son, that defiled in the day of his Baptisme the waters that purifie all the world, continued *Leo*'s furies, and made himself the most abominable of all men, a professed enemy of the most holy Virgin the mother of God, and of all the Saints, till such time as he was consumed by the leprosie. He left an heir of his Scepter and Impiety, which was called by his Grandfathers name *Leo*; a prophane and unhappy Prince, who being much in love with pearls and precious stones, took away from the treasures of the Church a magnificent Crown that the Emperour *Maurice* had dedicated to God: but his crime was followed suddenly with vengeance; for scarce had he set it upon his head but it was covered with impostums and sores, accompanied with a violent fever that took him away in few dayes, after a reign of four years and a half.

He had a son named *Constantine* who began his Reign at the age of ten years, under the protection of his Mother *Irene* who was declared Regent of the Empire by her condition, and because she was a woman of great discretion and courage, the daughter of a King, skilfull in holy learning, endowed with a perfect beauty, and accomplished in many graces and virtues that rendred her Government pleasing to all the world. She gave the direction of her affairs to *Stauratius*, a man of sublime capacity, and an equal reputation, that seconded all her good intentions, so that she governed ten years with her son in great peace, and in the approbation of all honest men. Her Regency was greatly remarkable for the Zeal which she testified to the Catholick Faith, following the good counsels of Pope *Adrian*, and of *Tarasius* Patriarch of *Constantinople*, who perswaded her to cause a general Council to be held at *Nice*, where the memory of the proceeding Emperours that had authorized the Heresie of the *Iconoclasts* was condemned, the Images re-established, and the Devotions of the people inflamed to their veneration. The Council gave a thousand benedictions to the Empresse, even so far as to name her, The Revengeresse of the Cause of God; the Conquereresse of Impiety; and the Protectresse of the Catholick Faith. All businesses took a very happy course, and the State prospered visibly in the hands of that great Princesse.

But it seems, that disorder is fatal to the Courts of great Ones, and that virtue can never reign there without contradiction. The ambition that every one hath to promote his fortune, the impatience of good, the desire of novelty, the envy that alwayes follows the happy, cease not secretly to contrive wicked plots which are hatched at last into pernicious effects. The passages to the spirit of the Emperour could not be so well stopped up, but that he had about his person some young men, the most venomous pestilences of the Court, who by giving him suspicions of the Empresse his mother, involved his Dignity and his Life in a misery that causes horrour to my thoughts. They cease not to insinuate into his heart by cursed flatteries that gave him the taste of sin, and the love of a faulty liberty, that would no longer measure his Powers but by the impunity of all vices. They call'd him the perpetual Pupil, the shadow of *Stauratius*, and told him that the age of twenty years might have made him proceed Master of his affairs, and of himself; that it was an insufferable shame to him to indure servitude in a birth that gave him the Empire of the World;

World; that his mother loved his Sceptre and not his Person, and that she was so much used to Reign, that she would never quit the Sovereign Authority, if he did not express Vigour and Resolution to be that which God was pleased he should be born, without dependence on any one; that the Pedagogy of *Stauratius* was infamous to a Monarch that had thrice seven years over his head, and that he ought no more to play the child in a time wherein so many other Princes had plaied the Conquerours.

They talk to him of it so much, that he resolved to take away all Authority from the State-Officer, and to put his Mother out of the Government, and direction of his affairs, which he began to manage after a strange fashion, favouring the heresie of the *Iconoclasts* and all disorders, following the advice of that pernicious counsel of the youth that had began his ruine. *Irene* had an intention at first to marry him to the Princess *Rotrude* daughter of our *Charlemagne*; but some *Greeks* diverted that resolution, telling her, that that alliance would give too great a prop to his natural disposition that seemed already bad enough, and that if the *French* began to set a foot in the Empire, they would one day carry the Crown upon their head. This caused his mother to marry him to *Mary* the *Armenian*, who wanted not good qualities, but whether it was that the Emperour found her not to his liking, or whether it was to spite the Empress his mother that had given her to him, he made a very scandalous divorce from that Princess after he had lawfully wedded her, and married with a Chamber-maid of his Mothers, through the irregularness of his sensuality.

The Patriarch *Tarasius* had a good mind to oppose himself against it, but seeing that this *Prince* enraged with love and choler threatned to open the Temples of the idols, if one crossed the phrensie of his passion, he held his peace, and let a business shameful to Christianity, pass by dissimulation. But *Plato* and *Theodore* who were then the two greatest lights of *Greece* in holiness and learning, much blamed his proceedings, and separated themselves from his communion, which made a great rent in the Eastern Church.

Constantine sullying also his Loves with humane bloud, caused the eyes to be put out of his Uncle *Nicephorus*, and of the General *Alexius* greatly renowned by his prowess, which drew much hatred upon the person and government of this Prince, yet he left not off for all that to continue, even so far as to take pleasure in cutting off the tongues of many that disapproved of the insolency of his manners.

Eight years were already passed in these disorders, and his mother retired into her private condition, was secretly solicited by many to take again the managing of the affairs to stop the Riots of her son. She hearkned to it, and with the assistance of *Stauratius* plotted an horrible conspiracy against the Emperour, whom she caused to be apprehended, imprisoned, and made blind, whereat he conceived so much despight and sadness, that in few days he quitted the Sceptre with his life. The wicked deportments of *Constantine*, and the good reputation in which *Irene* had lived till then, caused many even amongst the Church men, to find out reasons not only to excuse, but also to approve this bold attempt: yet I find it so enormous, so contrary to the law of nature, so injurious to the inviolable Majesty of Kings, that my pen passes over it with horrour and cannot choose but condemn it, not only with the Law of God that detests it, but with the heavens themselves which hid the Sun seventeen days together, veiled themselves with darkness; and wept for the inhumanity of that crime. Yet I rather believe that which Cardinal *Baronius* hath written, that his mother never consented to the making of him blind, although she had given command to seize upon him; but that those who feared the danger of that Commission, wished rather the death of him then the imprisonment.

But howsoever it came to pass, the Empress took again the Government in hand, and seeing that in that great confusion of affairs she had need of a strong prop, she sought for, by an express embassage, alliance and a marriage with *Charlemagne*, which was not any way disrelished, seeing all that had passed failed not to be coloured with fair pretences; and for that purpose sent back Embassadours to her to end the business; but when they arrived at *Constantinople*, they found that *Nicephorus* one of the Grandees of the East, an hypocrite and a traytour to the miserable *Irene*, had already seized upon the Empire, and banished her into the Isle of *Lesbos*, where she died soon after with the testimonies of a strong repentance, and a perfect disengagement from all worldly things. Yet this new Usurper knowing that our *Charles* had already been proclaimed Emperour in the West, treated him with great submissions, not for the love of his person, but for the fear of his credit, and of his Arms.

Behold how Providence disposed businesses in the East to make him mount upon the Throne of the *Cæsars*, she permitted also in the West strange revolutions, and abominable accidents, out of which by her extreme wisdom and goodness she extracted good for the advancement of this Monarch. After the death of *Adrian* the Pope, *Leo* the Third was set in Saint *Peter's* chair, but his Predecessours Nephews, that saw that the Pontificate had taken another visage since the City of *Rome* had been delivered from the chains of the *Lombard*, and that it began to be protected, and courted even by Kings themselves, were very liquorous after it, so that bearing an enraged envy to the promotion of *Leo*, they did in the heart of Christianity that which one would have horrour to commit in the salvage desarts of the *Scythians* and *Tartarians*. The arms of the City being in their hands, they take an infamous band of murtherous Souldiers, set upon the Pope in *Rome*, in full day, in the middest of a Procession, they seize themselves of his person, in an astonishment that put all the world to flight, and after they had laden him with wounds, and covered him with bloud, they put out his eys, and cut off his tongue, shutting him up in close prison.

But God having heard him by miracle, inspired also a generous resolution into some brave Cavaliers to pluck him out of that Captivity, which they did by an happy and magnanimous attempt, so that *Leo* got him to the City of *Spoletum*, and in time recovered *France* the ordinary refuge of the afflicted Popes. The King with all his Kingdom bearing as much compassion to his misery, as veneration to his Dignity, caused him every where to be received with great honours, and when he was arrived near his person, he rendred him all respects and favours posible so far as to enterprise an expedition to *Rome* to re-establish him in his seat. The Parricides that had so ill used him, failed not to colour with Reason, that which they had done with fury, & accused the Pope *Leo* of divers crimes upon which they desired that one should hear a Council. But the Bishops assembled spake aloud, that the highest throne could not be judged by any one, and that this

this buſineſs of neceſſity ought to be left to the judgment of God alone.

Whereupon the Pope mounting into an high and eminent place, to be perceived of the King that was preſent, & of the whole aſſembly, ſaid, that of his own good will, without any obligation, and without prejudice to his dignity, he was come to juſtifie himſelf, & therupon called the living God with his holy Angels, and all the Hoſt of heaven for witneſſes of his innocence which he confirmed by a ſolemn oath, terrible even to the moſt ſhameleſs of perjured men. Every one ſaw that ſincerity & innocence ſpake by his mouth, & all the ſtanders by threw themſelves down and proſtrated themſelves before him, with cries of joy and incomparable approbations of his Holineſs, avouching him for the true and lawful ſucceſſor of S. *Peter*. There was nothing now remaining as it ſhould ſeem, but to cut in pieces the Homicides that had ſo outrageouſly dealt with him; but he inſtantly begged their pardon of the King, which was the cauſe that men were contented with their baniſhment that they might not trouble any more the publick quiet.

The Pope inſpired powerfully by God, and being not ignorant of the conſent of the *Eaſt* and *Weſt* for the Imperial Dignity, which had been to our *Charlemagne* many years ſince, cauſed ſecretly a magnificent Diadem to be made, and taking the occaſion of a ſolemn day of *Chriſtmas*, and of a great Ceremony, put it upon the head of the King, who was praying upon his knees, when he dream't not of it, and before a great aſſembly of all the parts of Chriſtendom proclaimed him Emperour. This action was approved with an univerſal conſent, and followed with ſo ſtrong acclamations of the people, that it ſeemed that the letters of that Election had been ſent from heaven. *Nicephorus* who reigned in the *Eaſt*, oppoſed not himſelf againſt it, but being contented to poſſeſs that which he had uſurped, abandoned willingly to *Charles*'s pleaſure the Empire of the *Weſt*. And there was no doubt but that if *Charles* his moderation had not at that time planted limits to his happineſs, he might with one hand have held the *Weſt*, and extended the other over the *Eaſt*, it being moſt eaſie for him to put by an Uſurper, fearful and ſhaking, and yet troubled with the image of his crime.

In fine, our *Charles* entred into ſo high a point of veneration, that he ſeemed to be amongſt Kings that which Kings are amongſt private men. There was none amongſt the Sovereign Powers on earth that did not deſire his friendſhip or his Protection. *Aaron* King of *Perſia* ſent him his Ambaſſadors, & rich preſents, offering him the keys of the City of *Jeruſalem*, and of the holy Sepulcher, to diſpoſe of them according to his will. *Amirat* King of the *Saracens* of *Fez* in *Africa*, & *Iubibala* King of *Sarragoſſa* in *Spain*, ſought in like manner the honour of his favour; *Cagan* King of the *Avares* put himſelf under his protection. *Ardulph* King of the *Northumbrians* was re-eſtabliſhed by him in his Dominion *Hemingue* King of *Denmark* rendred to him his homages. *Achaie* King of *Scots* ſubmitted himſelf unto him, All Nations repoſed themſelves under the ſhadow of his Scepter, whileſt this great Monarch was as the Compaſs, which keeps one foot firm in the Center, and with the other runs the round of the Circumference. He watched perpetually at home over his Empire, and provided abroad that nothing ſhould ariſe to trouble his repoſe.

He was not ſo attentive to the affairs of war as not to give continual order to that which concerned the government of the State, and as not to make divers Rules for the good of Eccleſiaſtical and Secular buſineſſes. He cauſed five Councils to be held in the Cities of *Mayence*, of *Reims*, of *Chalons*, of *Tours*, and of *Arles*. He cauſed the Hereſie of *Felix* Biſhop of *Urgel* in *Spain* to be condēned. He wrote himſelf in the *Latine* tongue moſt excellent Ordinances, which he intituled *the Capitularies*. He cauſed great care and induſtry to be had in the correction of the Holy Writ, that had been altered by ignorance, or by Hereſie.

He ceaſed not to ſet times apart for pious works, giving great alms in all places, and keeping a ſecond Table for twelve poor people near his own, which he entertained with the victuals as his own perſon. He founded many Monaſteries, and built as many Churches as there are letters in the Alphabet.

God that would accompliſh in all points the happineſs of this Monarch, gave him a great age in a ſtrong body, and a ſound health, bleſſed him alſo with a numerous poſterity, and let him ſee his children in a maturity that rendred them already capable of the government of Empires. So he cauſed his ſon *Lewis* to be crowned after a general conſent of his Eſtates, and appeared on that day like a Phœnix, which is ſaid to receive a new life from his own aſhes. He walked to the Church in an high Equipage, held up by his ſon, and followed by all the Aſſembly, and having prepared upon the high Altar a Crown, after he had made a long and fervent prayer, proſtrated before God with his dear *Lewis*, he put the Crown upon his head, and ſaid to him;

My dear ſon, it is to day that I die to the Empires of the World, and that Heaven makes me born again in your perſon. If you will reign happily, fear God, which is the ſource of Empires, and the ſovereign Father of all Dominions: keep his Commandments, and cauſe them to be obſerved with an inviolable fidelity. Take the care and the protection of his Church. Love your young brothers and your ſiſters, rendring your ſelf good and officious to your kindred. Honour the Churchmen as your Fathers; cheriſh tenderly your Subjects, as your children; and be all your life-time the comforter and the Protectour of the poor. Chaſtiſe the vicious, and recompenſe the men of merit. Eſtabliſh not Governmēts, Judges, and Officers, which are not capable and without reproach, and when you have eſtabliſhed them, deprive them not of their charges without a moſt juſt cauſe. Serve firſt of all for an example to all the world, and lead before God and man a life irreproachable.

After this action he ſtaied about a year longer in the world, purifying continually his ſpirit by repentance, by good works, and by the contemplation of heavenly things. And when he ſaw himſelf infected with an extraordinary ſickneſs, he cauſed immediately the Sacraments to be adminiſtred to him, and died with a moſt pious and moſt exemplary death, at the age of ſeventy two years, the fourty ſeventh of his reign, and the fourteenth of his Empire. His Corps were expoſed in publick, cloathed after the manner of a King, with a Sword and the Goſpel, which he had ſo glorioufly defended. Then he was interred with a ſtately Magnificence in the Church of *Aix*, the Chappel which he had built.

He was univerſally lamented by all the world, as the Father of the Univerſe, and the ſingular ornament of Chriſtianity. The *Pagans* themſelves wept for him abundance of tears, ſo true it is, that the goodneſs and ſweetneſs of a King towards his Subjects, is a ray of God that renders him lovely in his life, and gives ſplendour even to his aſhes after his death. He was afterward Canonized by *Paſchal* that was not a lawful Pope; but foraſmuch as the true ſucceſſours of S. *Peter* never retracted that action, he is held for a Saint, and honoured publickly in the Church, with the approbation of all ages.

Saint

Saint LEWIS.

Lewis the 4th King of France.

I Do not forget that I have already spoken of Saint *Lewis* in the first Tome; but because that was by accident, and by the way, I will here extend my thoughts somewhat more largely, and give you a more compleat *Elogium* of him.

It is very true that an Antient saith, That great Goodness is seldom joined with great Power; and that well-accomplished Kings are so few in number, that their names might be comprehended all together within the circumference of a Ring. But I may add, that if God did take delight to carry this Ring in very deed, as the Scripture doth attribute it to him in an Allegory, and if he would engrave there the names of all the good Kings; that of great Saint *Lewis* would possesse the first place.

This Monarch was so like unto virtue, that if it should have shewed it self on the one side incarnate to mortall eyes, and Saint *Lewis* on the other, one should hardly have been able to judge, which had been the Copy, and which the Original.

It is not my intention to write of his life here, upon which so many excellent pens have laboured very fortunately, but to make a reflexion upon some principal points of his Government. Great things do not alwayes cause themselves to be known by a multitude, or great variety of discourse, but oftentimes by draughts abbreviated. And no man in my opinion ought to conceive amiss of this, seeing that we measure every day the greatness of the Sun by the shadow of the earth, & his goings, in the Dyals by a little thread. I know that heretofore three lines only represented upon a Table, did set forth an Idea of the perfection of the excellentest Painter in the world, in the understanding of the skilfull; and I will draw here three little draughts for to set before your eyes the beauty and bigness of the virtues of S. *Lewis*.

In one word, he hath done three marvellous things, whereof the first is, that he found out the means to joyn the wisdom of State with that of the Cross.

The second, that he hath planted humility upon Sceptres, where it hath ordinarily very slippery footing, and hath likewise placed it amongst the Rubies and Diamonds of the Crown, where its lustre is often darkened by the too stately glittering of the World.

The third is, that he hath joined the devotion of one consecrated to Religion to the courage of the *Alexanders* and *Cæsars*.

As for that which concerns the first conjunction, it is so rare; that *Tertullian*, who flourished 200 years after the Nativity of our Lord, when as yet there had no speech bin of any Emperour that had imbraced Christianity, said, *That if the* Cæsars *should become Christians, they would cease to be* Cæsars; *and if the Christians should become* Cæsars, *they would cease to be Christians*. He conceived, that poorness of spirit could not agree with so high & stately riches, nor humility with a sovereign Empire, or the tears of Repentance with the delights of the Court; that the hungring and thirsting after righteousness could not stand with the desire of Conquerours, nor pitifulness with arms, nor pureness of heart with the conversing with most pleasing beauties, nor peace would consist with the licentiousness of warr, and suffering persecutions with an absolute power to revenge ones self: And nevertheless S. *Lewis* alone hath found means to joyn things together, which seem so contrary, in the highest degree that ever they were found to be in so kingly an estate. Amidst the riches of a Kingdom so abundant; he was not rich but onely towards the poor, & if God had permitted him he would have as willingly covered himself with the habit of S. *Francis*, as with his Royal Purple. He did never consider himself otherwise amongst all the goods that he possessed, but as the Steward of *Jesus Christ*: he left unto God willingly the glory of having given them him, to needy persons the benefit of receiving them, and kept nothing to himself but the pains of distributing them. He assayed a thousand times to enter into Religious orders, and yet still answer was made him, that God would have him to be King: he wore the Crown by way of obedience, he used riches only for necessity, & had no other thing in his desire then spiritual nakedness, and a perfect unloosing himself from all worldly things. In the midst of an Absolute power he was so meek that his heart seemed a Sea, where a calm perpetually reigned. The Scarlet of his attire did never colour his face with the heat of anger. Arrogance did never puff up his words, he

The first marvel, the joyning of the wisdom of State with the Gospel *Tert. Apol.*

made it his glory to communicate himself to the miserablest; & although he was higher then all the Cedars: yet he humbled his eyes even to the smallest worms of the earth. If he appeared in publick with a splendour agreeable to his Dignity; in his retiring, he made his life a continual Repentance, which equalled the strictnes of the severest Religious ones. The zeal of justice was so perfect in him, that he would not usurp a fingers breadth of Land upon his neighbours to the prejudice of his conscience, and his generousnes caused him also to refuse the Empire, which the Pope and all the Princes of Christendom offered him with a general consent, after the deposing of the Emperour *Frederick*. The exercises of War did never stop up in his heart the pitiful bounties that were there towards the poor, not contenting himself to give them most liberally all that they could expect from his condition, but very often being ready at their hand to provide them with necessaries for their life. Amidst the great tumults of war he was alwayes peaceable, never making any war but for necessity, or for zeal of the glory of God, but carrying throughout all places peace with an exceeding meekness. His chastity amidst all the delights of so great a Realm was alwayes impenetrable by the darts of love; and his heart was like the bed of the *Phœnix*, which takes no fire but from the beams of the Sun. He was persecuted by the tongues of slanderers, by the arms of his kindred, by the chains and prisons of Infidels, by the ingratitude of those upon whom he had heaped good turnes, without having one least motion to revenge; rendring alwayes good for evil: and if justice did require of him reasonable punishment of the wicked, he paid the Tribute that Kings owe to the Sovereign Power, without ever altering the quietnes of his minde, in such manner, as if you will judge rightly of that which I have said, you will finde that S. *Lewis* hath brought the eight Beatitudes to the Court, and hath happily joined the highest Maxims of the Gospel, to the Policy of a great Kingdom.

Nevertheless, some one may make himself believe, that he was not sufficiently refined in the Tenets of a great States-man, but that the excessiveness of his devotion must needs mollifie somewhat the vigour of his understanding, and that the tenderness of his conscience was incompatible with the Principles of those Politicians that are compleat in the managing of affairs. I intreat my Reader to consider here the great errour of the Politick ones of the world, that will be wise without God, and believe that the Empires and Kingdoms of Christendom being founded in Piety & Justice can maintain themselves happily, and increase by the subtleties and Maxims that are common amongst the *Pagans* and *Mahometans*. Let any one compare the *Fredericks* (Emperours) that flourished in the same age with Saint *Lewis* the King, let one weigh the Principles of the one and of the other, let him examine their proceedings, and look upon the successe, and they shall finde, that the honest wisdom of our King hath surpassed all the subtleties of those great brains, and that these lights have as far excelled those their false glances, as the eyes of the Eagles are far above those of the Owls.

The *Fredericks* aim was to look at themselves, to bring all to their own ends, to complain against the Pope, to contest with the Princes, to regard nothing but their own greatnes, to have nothing in esteem but their own interest, to measure the true and the false by their own profit, to keep Religion under the State, to think that a good conscience was an hinderance to great designs, and that there was nothing unjust, of all that was profitable and glorious in appearance for so high a Monarchy, to employ all the subtleties and all rigour that might obtain their purposes, to beat down all that they might raise themselves, and to ruine all to make themselves great. S. *Lewis* on the contrary caused the glory and interest of God to march at the head of his actions, esteemed himself little, prized the benefit of the publick above all things, honoured the Pope with a singular reverence, entertained as much as he could Peace with the Princes of Christendom, never undertook any thing to the prejudice of his conscience, would not buy a Kingdom with the smallest lye, made every thing serve for Religion, valued nothing great that was not just, nothing glorious that agreed not with equity, and measured all by the Law of God, and the benefit of his Subjects.

If it be true, which our Saviour saith, That we should judge of men by their deeds and by the fruits of their actions; who sees not, that those men with their refined politick Maxims did very ill govern themselves, seeing that after so general a dissipation of bloud, of men and of wealth, they buried their fortunes in the ruines of the publick? And this man with his honesty, which others do take for simplicity, did free himself happily from civil warrs, frustrated the subtleties of the craftiest, brought to the ground the strength of the mightiest, securing his Crown and Scepter in the hands of a woman against the enterprises of men subtle and interessed. He made forein warrs for the pure glory of God without oppressing his people. He governed his Kingdom in Peace, in Piety, in Justice, and in the abundance of all things, leaving a large posterity, which sits even yet upon the chief Thrones of Christendom.

May we not well affirm that this Prince was indued with marvellous wisdom; seeing that he knew God the fountain of all Essences, and judged of all things according to the Rules of the eternal truth? From this Fountain there ran down in his soul two Rivulets, which were, the great contempt that he had of the world, and the perfect union which he had with God, which poured forth a vigorous influence upon all his undertakings. From hence came that good choice that he took for the ordering of his life, mingling contemplation with action, which were as two sisters mutually helping each other. It happens sometimes to men, that some are carryed away with the world, and others flying from it, carry it along with them, The one let themselves run with the torrent of corruptions, the other retiring themselves to solitarines, carry with them all their worldly affections which do but sleep, and cast forth still sparkles under the ashes. But S. *Lewis* being within the world, was nothing less then of the world; seeing that amidst the meeting with so many people, which encompassed him every day, he built himself a desart in his heart; and in the midst of a great Sea of affairs, he lived as the fishes that are silent in the roarings of the waves, and keep themselves fresh amidst the briny waters.

The sweet familiarity that he had with his Redeemer, did not steal from him the care of his employments, and Government of his Kingdom; seeing that alwayes like the beams of the Sun, he touched the earth without leaving heaven.

The second marvel of S. *Lewis*, is, to have lodged humility upon the glittering splendor of his Diadem, & to have preserved this place for it, amongst all the occasions which might invite him to make use of his greatnes. One may avouch that this virtue in what place soever it is found, is alwayes great, and S. *Paul* justly

The second marvel, the union of humility and royall greatnes.

justly calls it, the virtue of *Jesus Christ* by excellency: but when it mingles it self with the estate of Great ones, it carryes away the admiration of mankind. We are all born with the desire of honour, and this appetite deviated from its proper excellence is found even in the lowest persons. In the age past, there was found in *India* a people called the *Verrais*, of so gross an understanding, and uncomely in body, which lived so basely that they eat nothing but roasted Ants and Crocodiles tails, and nevertheless they were so proud, that when they spake to them of baptizing them, they asked if they should be baptized in the same water with other people, and if they would have no respect to their quality. If presumption doth take such hold on such base souls, I leave it to you to consider what effect it might have on those that are lifted up in all qualities above the common sort. There is no doubt that ambition ruleth over all our actions; and that to see a Prince humble amidst the flatteries of the Court, modest with an absolute power, victorious over vanity in the midst of the great mortifying of truth, which comes into the cabinet of Kings, like money into their coffers, with very much disguising and diminution, is a wonder almost as rare as if one should see the stars to walk on the earth.

And nevertheless S. *Lewis*, as he had very great wisdom and a perfect knowledge of the life of man, was a soul the most humble, the most meek and most amiable that ever conversed amongst men in the like estate. Princes have had at all times an high ambition to carry in their titles great names. There are some which have caused themselves to be called the brethren of the Sun, & cosins to the Stars, others would be the Arms, the Eyes, the Rubies of the world, and some the Saviours and the Gods: but our Monarch named himself *Lewis of Poyssy* the humble servant of *Jesus*, accounting it, that the highest greatness of a Scepter was to serve God. Hence he desired nothing so ardently, in all his behaviour, as to humble himself before God, by a perfect examination, without retaining any thing more of himself then this high point of humility. When he entred into *Damiata*, the first town that he conquered in his voyage to *Egypt*, he caused not himself to be carried in a chariot drawn with Lions or Elephants as the *Roman* Captains use to do, but he caused the Cross to march before him, and followed it with a bare head and naked feet. And when at the Council of *Lyons* they spoke of giving him the name and quality of an Emperour, he avoided that honour like a tempest, and chose rather the extremity of sufferings amongst the *Saracens*, then to ascend into the throne of the *Cæsars*. He carryed his Royalty, as it were a mountain on his back; and there was no greater servitude in the world to him, then his greatness. When he could free himself of the necessary ceremonies in publick for a person of his quality, and that he had full liberty to converse with inferiour ones, he was as a fish in his water. This wise humility caused that he entertained the whole world, every one according to his degree with great consideration. He honoured the Queen his Mother all his life time with a respect which approached near to reverence. He was wonderfully kind to all his kindred, & courteous to all those that came to him, which he did without ceremonies, without constraint, but with an unparalleld cordialness; for that his humility was rooted in a deep charity which gave all the motions to his soul. He walked oftentimes in publick in a plain garment of chamlet; and if he had seen the riot that now reigns in our behaviour, he would have taken our conversation for some *Mascorade*. He conversed not only with the plainest, but abased himself continually even to the feet of the poor, & that the most ill favour'd. He was seen to bow himself, & to make clean the ulcers of the leprous, so horrible that people cast bread to them afar off, not any one daring to come near them. He was seen in the champians of *Asia* and *Africa*, to seek out the bodies of his poor Subjects all stinking with corruption, to bury them with his Royal hand. O what a triumph of humility is here! O what ardency of charity! and where is it that God can place the condemnation of our pride and hardness of our hearts more high, then upon the person of this great King?

The third marvel his devotion and courage.

Lastly, the third miracle that we observe in the life of S. *Lewis*, is, that he hath joined the devotion of the most perfect religious ones, with the courage of the most invincible conquerours. Here it is that I do challenge all those brave ones in appearance, all those Phantasms of valour, for to testifie unto them that S. *Lewis* was one of the most valiant & most courageous Princes that ever bore Scepter in Christendom. For where is valiantness placed, according to *Aristotle*, if it be not conceived in the understanding? & if it tend not to virtuous actions, would you that I should account it an action of courage & ability to hew men in pieces, & to fill the world with massacres, for to cõtent the rage, for to nourish an ambition, or satisfy a revenge? God forbid that we should judge so basely of a virtue that makes thẽ demigods. If the intentions thereof be not right, if the actions thereof be not justifiable, if its effects be not cõmendable, its is a spirit that seduces us, and not a perfection that rectifies us.

The valour of S. *Lewis* was the effect of a lively faith, of an incomparable wisdom, of a strong and puissant charity; faith filled him with confidence, wisdom with moderation, & charity with boldness. This valour was enlivened by three loves, which the Divines do observe, which are, the love incomparable, the love ardent, and the love indefatigable. The love incomparable, caused him to forsake a great and flourishing Kingdom, (filled with peace, contentments, and delights, where he might have lived under the shadow of his Palm-trees in all happiness,) to transport himself into the Land of the *Saracens*, & there to suffer all the inconveniencies of nature. The same love caused him to carry the Queen his wife, young and tender, amongst so many foaming rocks, so many seas, so many monsters, and so many tempests. The same love perswaded him to embark the Princes his children in their tender age in this voyage, conceiving that he ought not to spare any thing which the service of God might require. The ardent love caused him to expose his Royal person, not onely to weariness, but to the most dangerous blows of battels. There is a certain jealous strictness of judgment, in the understanding of men, which would not that any one person should be excellent in the degree of Sovereignty in too illustrious qualities. The reputation of Arms took away the high title of eloquence from *Julius Cæsar*; and we may see that S. *Lewis* contented himself with his rare devotion, without taking that high part that he deserved in valour. But this is the truth, that he was courageous, heroical, and valiant above all those brave ones whom the opinion of men do often deifie without very much desert. Together with all his devotion, he seemed to have obliged himself to take up arms against his enemies, even from his tendereſt infancy. He made wars both by Sea & Land in *Europe*, *Asia*, & *Africa*. He was set upon in his minority by the neighbouring Princes, & by the greatest Lords of his State, from which he freed himself, both by wisdom and valour, marching forth into the field, with the assistance of God, and good counsel of

his Mother. He disarmed *Philip* his Uncle by courtesie, the *English* by force; he vanquished the inconstancy of *Theobald* by his stedfastness, & the self-conceitedness of *Peter de Drues* by his patience. After he had pacified his Kingdom, he undertook the Holy War, by a pious generousness of heart, in the which he shewed marvellous valiantness of his person.

Joinville that was present saith, that he stoutly ventured himself into the hottest conflicts of the battalions, & fought fiercely with his own hand, scattering and overthrowing the *Saracens* that opposed his enterprizes. They speak much of the valour of *Attila*, that visiting a certain place, was set upon by two souldiers, that had a purpose to kill him, & escaped both the one and the other by his valour and mention. But S. *Lewis* on a day having gone aside from the Army, was set upon by six whom he put to flight by a victorious resistance. When they were in some doubt about going a shore in his first voyage to *Africa*, he was the first that threw himself upon the Coast of the Enemies with his sword in his hand without any amazement, although he was up to the neck in water. When he was seen at the beginning of the battel arrayed in his Royal Arms, he appeared like a Sun to the whole Army; but as soon as he began to enter into the fight, he was like a lightning that made a wonderfull flashing upon the Infidels; together with all the misfortune of the time, wherewith he was overborne: he took the great and famous City of *Damiata* in his first voyage, he discomfited the *Saracens* in two battels, he fortified four great places in *Syria*, he compelled the Emmiers of *Egypt* to restore him his prisoners, he provided for the safety of all the Christians that were remaining in *Palestine*. In his second voyage, he vanquished at the first onset the *Africans* which had anciently made *Italy*, *Greece*, and *Spain* to tremble, and had so long time disputed for the Empire of the world with the *Romans*; and if he had not been hindred by sickness, he had forthwith made himself Master of *Tunis* and *Carthage*.

Behold what this ardent love did by his hands. But the love indefatigable, the true and faithful character of a great stoutness of courage, caused him not to be amazed at any thing & that he continued with an invincible magnanimity, under the most burthensome accidents that contraried his enterprizes. This love caused him to make tryal of another voyage, after the sad accidents of the first: this love caused that the seas filled with terrours, the Lands with Ant-heaps of *Saracens* formed into Battalions, the air that seemed from every part to let fly arrows of pestilence, the wayes which were full of toils, the wars of terrours and massacres, the encounters of evil success, and the champions of a million of divers kinds of death, never altered the constancy of his invincible heart. The very day of his captivity, after he had lost a great battel which overthrew all his affairs, when as he saw the wayes covered with the dead bodies of his servants, when he saw the river *Nilus* smoaking and bubling up the *French* bloud, when as the arrows of the *Saracens* did fly round about his head, like the hail on a Winters day, when as he was taken and carried to the Aunt of the *Sultan*, & that he heard the clamours of those outrageous mouths, that he saw so many infernal faces that might shake a soul of the stoutest temper, he remained still in a great tranquillity of mind, and asked his Page for his book of prayers, which being ready, he began to perform the duty of his Orazons, which he presented every day to God, with as quiet a spirit as if he had been returned from taking a walk in his gardens. The very day that he was seized upon by the pestilence, he beheld death coming upon him, with a settled countenance, he disposed of the affairs of his Kingdom and of his house, with a great judgement; gave very excellent instructions to the Prince's children, comforted all his good servants, strengthened himself with the Sacraments, entred into extasies of divine love, which drove out of his heart all the cares of this present life. The poor Prince sooner failed of his life then he could fail of his constancy and faithfulness to his high virtue.

It is here, O Providence, that you cover with a canopy of the night & darkness the great events of the affairs of the world, it is here that we acknowledge your government. This Prince so wise, so humble, so holy, which deserved that the world should bend under his Laws, & to have constrained good fortune to fly no where but about his colours; in the mean while was handled by you, as it seems to many, not like to an indulgent Mother; but as by a step-mother, severe & rigorous. Alas! the Lands haue often undertaken the yoke, and the seas have spread their back with coverlids by a pleasing calmness under the arms & vessels of Pirats. Was there none but this Monarch to whom all creatures ought to have serv'd as a defence, that could deserve to be so evil handled at your hands? In the first of his expeditions he lost his liberty, and in the second his life. What is the meaning of this, O Providence? draw the curtain a little, uncover your secrets, and unseal our eyes to behold them.

She answereth that the general truth hath revealed to us in the Gospel his judgment on this point, when he said to the *Jews*, which were come to take him, behold your hour & the power of darkness. It is true, that by a certain order of God, & for causes very reasonable, well known to his Providence, the evil spirits have their reign & their time, wch good men are not able to hinder, no more then the winter & the night; and that the sovereign Creatour & Governour of all things hath limited their powers and their endurings by certain celestial periods, wch being not yet come to an end, do make all the endeavours which can be used to destroy them unprofitable. This is the cause why there is not taken in hand with such eagerness as might be, Wars in the East and *Africa*, nor that we should undertake great designs against the powers of darkness, if we cānot see by very evident conjectures that God directs us as by the hand. Nevertheless, as he reveals not alwayes to the Saints, the times & seasons of Empires, it happens, that those that with great zeal, and very rational prudence, do embark themselves in generous designs to advance the glory of God, should not justly alwayes be commended even in the default of good success. And I may very well say, that the most glorious actions of S. *Lewis* was his prison and his death: For to kill the *Saracens*, to make mountains of dead bodies, rivers of bloud, to overthrow Cities all in a smoak; this is that which *Chamgy* & *Tamerlan* have done. But to do that wch S. *Lewis* hath done, it is it which hath no compare it is that which the Angels would do willingly, if they could merit it by a mortal Body. God which had drawn him from his Kingdom with the faith of *Abraham*, which had led him through so many dangers with the guiding of *Moses*, gave him in the end, to seal up his great actions, the patience of *Job*. And to counterballance that, which the world esteems mishap, he would have him to govern a great Kingdom a long time, with an high wisdom, & profound peace, an exact justice for the good & repose of his people, & an uncredible sweetness of spirit, wh h hath made him the most amiable of all Kings on the earth, and a great Saint in Paradise, by the consent of all mortals, and the Universal approbation of the Church.

JUDITH.

JUDITH. HESTER.

EXpect nothing Feminine in this Woman, all in her is Male, all in her is Generous, all in her is full of Prodigies. Nature hath put nothing in her but the Sex, ſhe hath left to Virtue to make up the reſt, who after ſhe had laboured a long time in this her Maſter-piece, incorporated her ſelf in her work. Never was beauty better placed then upon this face, which bears a mixture of Terrour and of Love: Lovely in its Graces, Terrible in its valour. What a Court-Lady is this, that came thither for nothing but to draw the ſword? Her hand did much by deſtroying an 100000 men in one onely head; but her eye did much more then her hand: it was that, that firſt triumphed over *Holophernes*, and with a little ray of its flames burnt up a whole army. O what a magnificent employment had Love in this act of hers! and to ſay truth, he conſecrated his arrows; never was he innocent in his Combats, never was he ſo glorious in his Triumphs.

Repreſent to your ſelves a *Nabuchadnezzar* in the flower of his age, in the vigour of his Conqueſts holding a ſecret Council wherein he makes a reſolution to ſubdue the World. After a ſhort concluſion of an affair ſo great, he calls *Holophernes*, and commands him to march towards the Weſt with an Army of 100000 Foot, and 12000 Horſe. All the Captains aſſemble themſelves together, and in all places ſouldiers ſwarm. It ſeems that that brave General did nothing but give a ſtamp with his foot to procreate armed men. Behold him already environed with Legions all glittering with fire and flames; his Army is on foot with an horrible Artillery of military Engines, and a great preparation of Victual and Ammunition. It ſeemed that heaven looked upon this Hoſt with affrightment, and that the earth ecchoed at every ſtep under the clattering of its Arms. The motions of it give terrour to the ſtouteſt ſort, and confuſion to the weaker; before it marches Noyſes, Affrights, and Threats; after it, Weepings, Ruins, and Deſolations.

Holophernes is in the middle as a Giant with an hundred arms, which promiſes to himſelf to demoliſh ſmoaking Cities, to overthrow Mountains, and to beat all Arms to powder with the lightning of his eyes. Ambaſſadours of all Nations are ſeen waiting at his gate, who preſent unto him Crowns, who offer Tapers and Incenſe, deſire peace and mercy of him, and beſeech him to grant them ſervitude. But this ſupercilious General would march upon the heads of men, and make himſelf a river of Bloud to water therewith his Palms.

Fame that publiſhing with an hundred mouths the waſts that that Army made on all ſides, failed not to fly unto *Jeruſalem*, and to carry that ſad news unto the people of God. Nothing was then heard but the ſighs and groans of a ſcared people, who beholding that furious Tempeſt coming afar off had neither heart nor arms to oppoſe themſelves againſt it. Their courages were diſmaied, their hands weak, their tongues mute; they had no other defence but their tears which they powred out in abundance to begin the funerals of their Countrey.

Manaſſeh reigned at that time in *Jeruſalem*, ſeven hundred years before the Nativity of our Lord, who ſeeing no expedient to divert this miſery, abandoned himſelf to ſilence, and to darkneſs. But *Joachim* the High Prieſt, executing a Captains office together with a Prieſts, encouraged his poor people, & wiped off their tears to make them ſee the firſt ray of hope which they conceived of their dear Liberty.

He diſpatches Poſts to all parts, and commands the cities that were menaced with the marches of that army to contribute all that they were able, of Mony Iron, Men, and Victuals, to beat back the common Enemy; and above all to prepoſſeſs themſelves of the ſtreights of the mountains, to ſtop up the paſſages, where a few men would be able to do much, rather then to expect them in the champian, where ſo great forces would ſwallow up all that could be oppoſed againſt them.

After this he commands publick prayers to be made, where the Altar of God was covered with ſackcloth, and the Prieſts with hair-cloth, all the people were at their ſupplications, tears, and faſtings, even the children proſtrated themſelves on the earth and cryed to implore the mercy of God.

This excellent High-Prieſt not being ignorant that

that with Piety we ought to move the hand, contented not himself onely to weep before the Altar, but visited in person the Cities and Burghs, comforting the afflicted, stirring up the slack, strengthning the weak, and doing that which the infusion of the soul doth in the Body, in giving life and vigour to all the members of the State.

The news comes to *Holophernes*, that the *Jews* prepared themselves to make resistance to his Army whereat he entred into great fits of choler, and called the Princes of the *Ammonites* and of the *Moabites* that were in his army with him, to know what forces that people might have that were disposed to make an opposition. Then *Achior* Prince of the *Ammonites* rose up, and made him a long narration of the original and qualities of the *Jews*, telling him by piece-meal how that Nation came from the *Chaldeans*, and separated themselves from them by reason of Religion, despising all the Gods of the *Gentiles*, and believing but one God the Maker of Heaven and earth. He added how they went into *Egypt* when there was a great famine, and that they were there so exceedingly multiplyed, that they began to give terrour to the *Egyptians*, who ceased not to torment them. But that God revenged their injuries by horrible plagues from Heaven, that made havock of all *Egypt*, so that their Land-Lords were constrained to let them go whithersoever it seemed good unto them.

But *Pharaoh* the King having made a resolution to pursue them, and to destroy them utterly, was buried with all his Army in the red-Sea, through which that people had passed on dry-foot. From thence they journeyed through the barren deserts of *Arabia*, where their God miraculously nourished them, giving them food from heaven, and commanding the Rocks to open to them springs and fountains. Furthermore he advertised *Holophernes* that when things were well between their Master and them, they were invincible, which visibly appeared by the victories they obtained over the *Amorites*, the *Jebusites*, and the *Pereszites*, and other, Nations which they had devoured as fire would do the chaff, possessing themseves of their Lands, and estates. But if it happened that they were defiled with some iniquity, there was nothing more weak then they, by reason that they were then forsaken of heaven, and left to their own selves: and therefore he advised him not to hazard any thing against them, before he knew the condition wherein they were at present, because that if they were well united to the Deity, wch they worshipped, he should carry away nothing but confusion.

Holophernes's Captains hearing *Achior*'s discourse, loaded him with reproaches; for that he had so much as a thought that so small an handful of people, and ill trained, should be able to resist a Royal Army of *Nabuchadnezzars*. The General holds him for a mad man, and commands him to be delivered to the *Jews* since he was a *Jew* in heart & affection. And indeed, the souldiers having taken him and bound him to a tree, left him to the discretion of those of the City of *Bethulia*, who carryed him away, and having presented him to the Priests that governed, and to all the Assembly of the City, enquired of him of all that had passed about him. He straightway made them a long discourse, and exalted the Testimonies that he had given to the Majesty of their God, whereat all betook themselves to weep for joy, and praised the Divine Goodness, prostrating themselves on the ground, and promising all favour to their Prisoner.

In the mean while *Holophernes* causes his Troops to advance to surprise the little *Bethulia*, but he saw himself combated by men invisible, hidden in the mountains, that much gauled his Army, being cooped up in very narrow passages. His captains counselled him not to torment his souldiers unprofitably, but to seize onely upon the Channels of the fountains that carryed the water to the City, and that would be a means to take it without putting himself to much trouble. This was performed, and it proved very effectual; for the people seeing themselves deprived of the commodities of those fair sources that gave them drink, begin to murmur aloud against the Priests, who by their rashness had resisted so prodigious a power, against the example of so many Nations, and cry out that they were better render themselves to the *Assyrians*, then see their wives & children buried in the same tomb. *Ozias* in the absence of *Joachim* appeased them by his tears, & caused them to resolve on a patience of five days.

This City of *Bethulia* had within the circuit of its walls a great Treasure, whose merit it was not yet sufficiently acquainted with. It was the valorous *Judith*, in whom heaven had put rare qualities, & God had chosen her to give safety to her Countrey. She was of an high extraction, of the Tribe of *Reuben* three years and an half a Widow, beautiful even to perfection, of a chastity and reputation inviolable, extream rich, but above all, devout and virtuous. She had built on the top of her house a little Solitude whither she with her maids retired themselves to be vacant to things Divine; there was her Oratory, there her intercourses with God, and from thence mounted to Heaven her prayers that carried up the groans of her people even to the throne of the most High.

The holy Lady had her innocent flesh loaden with a rough hair-cloth, fasted every day, except the Saturdayes, and the solemn feasts that were amongst the *Jews*, her heart was inflamed with an incredible zeal of the glory of God, and touched to the quick with the miseries of her people.

When she understood what had been resolved on at the Assembly, and that the City was to be yielded in five days, if it had no other relief; she spake to *Ozias* the Prince of the people, and to the Priests that governed, and made them a most excellent advertisement upon what had passed at their last convention. She told them; That it was to tempt God, to prescribe to him the time of his mercies, and not to expect it of his Providence; that it did not belong to men to dispose of heaven, who are reserved to the disposal of their Sovereign Master; that they ought onely to think upon the performance of an exact repentance for the sins of their life past, and imploring the divine clemency with the effusion of tears, which well knew how to find a remedy to so great necessities. She made them understand that good men are necessarily proved by divers Tribulations, & that those that bear them with patience are at last glorious before God; But those that disquiet themselves and murmur, have no profit by their afflictions, & provoke wrath from on high that redoubles scourge upon scourge to punish their rebellion.

In the end she perswaded them, that seeing they were the Heads of the People, and that so many souls breathe not but by their breath, they would not fail to exhort them to a further patience. The principal men of the City were ravished with a mouth that spake so divinely; and the words that issued from so fair a source, had a grace incomparable to subdue the most obdurate hearts. They all avowed that she was a woman according to the heart of

God

God, that had ſpoken worthily, & there was nothing deficient in her diſcourſe. But ſhe ſubmitted her ſelf by a great humility to their judgments, and beſeeched them to leave one of the city gates free for her to go out at that very night, accompanied with her ſervant, for ſhe had ſome good work in her heart for the ſafety of her Countrey; and intreated, that it might be recommended to the prayers of the whole Aſſembly without curiouſly inquiring what it was that God would do by her means. *Ozias* anſwered her that ſhe might go in peace; and that he prayed that her action might ſucceed to the good of the univerſal people.

Here perhaps may ſome men be aſtoniſhed, that a woman ſhould take the boldneſs to go and adviſe the Magiſtrates, and the Prieſts; and the ſeverer ſort of cenſurers will ſay, that by right *Judith* ſhould have been ſent home to her diſtaff. They will alledge, that the *Jews* give every day thanks to God in their prayers for that he had not made them be born Women. Antienly, they were placed in the Churches on the *North*-ſide, from whence the Scripture makes all the evil of the world to come. *Chryſologus* hath alſo ſaid, that woman was the Way of Death, the Title of the ſepulcher, & the gate of Hell.

But this ought to be underſtood of thoſe that follow the ſteps of the firſt of Women, & not the wayes of the chief of Virgins. Thoſe who abandon themſelves to luxury, to vanity, and to diſſolute pleaſures are no way fit for great affairs, being too delicate for labour, and too ambitious of honour. But many others that have taken pains in the regulating of their paſſions, have rendred great ſervices to Kingdoms and Common-wealths. *Rome* had never been *Rome* without the *Sabine* women. The people of the *North*, by the report of *Tacitus*, have been governed in their Wars and in their Polities by women; profeſſing that they perceived in them a certain prophetick and divine ſpirit. *Plato* in his Common-wealth hath judged them capable of Offices, their ſouls being of the ſame ſpecies or kind as men's. Wherefore then ſhould we think it ſtrange that God made uſe of a virtuous woman to counſel men and to deliver her Countrey?

Before ſhe undertook that great work, ſhe was a long time proſtrated before God in her Oratory, with ſackcloth upon her back, and aſhes upon her head, ſaying, with an amorous heart.

My God, the God of my Fathers, to whom nothing is impoſſible, look down now upon the camp of the *Aſſyrians* with that eye of lightnings and of thunders that thou heretofore didſt caſt upon the army of *Egyptians* when they were buried in the bottom of the Sea. Let the ſame happen to thoſe here that truſt in their chariots of war, in their ſpears, and in their ſwords, and know not that thou art the God of heaven that breakeſt in pieces the mighty powers of the earth with one ſole look of thine eyes: lift up that ſame arm that hath made it ſelf renown'd from all antiquity by ſo many wonders: and tread under-foot all their ſtrength by thine for ever dreadful forces. Suffer them not to violate thy Temple, and to ſack the Houſe where thy Name is from all time invoked. Cauſe this barbarous Colonel, who promiſes himſelf our ſpoils, to be taken by me through the ſnares of his eyes, that his own Courtel-ax may divide his ſoul and body. Strike him with the grace that thy bleſſing ſhall make to flow upon my lips, and with the eloquence that it ſhall give to my ſpeeches; animate my heart, and ſtiffen my arm to make that great blow that ſhall be thine, and carry away an eternal honour for having pulled down that *Coloſſus* by a womans hand. Thy ſtrength is not in the multitude of ſouldiers, nor in the valour of Cavaliers. It is not thoſe proud warriours that ought to expect the ſuccour of thy arm: but it is the Prayer of the humble that gains thy heart, and draws thy forces to their protection. God of the heavens, creatour of the waters, and the God of all nature, hear thy poor ſervant that preſumes nothing but from thy mercy. Remember thy Covenant, give counſel to my heart, words to my mouth, and ſtrength to my hands, for the defence of thy Houſe; and that all the Nations of the habitable world may know, that there is not any other God but thee.

Such were the Arms and Engines of this excellent woman; ſuch was the confidence ſhe had in the God of hoſts. After this prayer, ſhe riſes from her Oratory, comes down from her chamber, & calls her maid to dreſs her. She puts off the ſackcloth, ſhe waſhes her ſelf, ſhe perfumes her ſelf, & quitting the mourning habit which ſhe wore in her widow-hood, ſhe puts on her gayeſt cloathing. The treſſes of her long hairs are combed out with a delicate hand, and her head covered with a ſtately tyre; her handſome body appeared a little taller by the favour of her patins; ſhe hangs on her pendants at her ears; ſhe puts on her bracelets, her chain of pearls, her rings, certain jewels made in form of flower-de-Luce's, and all her richeſt ornaments. It ſeemed that God took a pleaſure that day to render her fairer then ever ſhe had been, and that all the graces ſmiled in her countenance; becauſe ſhe had adorned her ſelf through virtue and not through wantonneſs.

She cauſed her meat & drink to be carryed by her maid, fearing to pollute her body with the viands of the Infidels; and inſtantly ſhe went out of her houſe, and betook her ſelf to the city gate, where ſhe found *Ozias* the Prince, together with the Prieſts, that were raviſhed with the luſtre of her heavenly beauty. Yet no body curiouſly inquired whither ſhe was going, but were contented to wiſh that God would make her deſigns ſucceſful, that ſhe might be one day the honour of *Jeruſalem*, and that her name might be put in the rank of thoſe great & holy ſouls that had rendred to God moſt renouned ſervices. She departs out of the city, calling again upon the name of God, and reciting ſome prayers with her ſervant.

As ſhe went down the mountain upon the break of day, the ſouldiers having perceived her, failed not to run to her, and ſeeing her ſo excellently beautiful, were at firſt dazled in their eyes more by the ſplendour of her viſage then by the firſt rays of the day that then was upon its birth. They inform themſelves of her country, of her journey, & of her intentions; whereto ſhe anſwered, that ſhe was of *Bethulia* and that ſhe had that day forſaken that miſerable city, that was obſtinate in its miſery, & that, for having reſiſted the triumphant legions of the *Aſſyrians* deſerved to be deſtroyed by the thunder-bolts of heaven and earth. That ſhe would have no ſhare in their crime, no more then in their diſaſters; and that her deſire was to preſent her ſelf to *Holopharnes* to reveal to him the ſecrets of the city, and to teach him the means how to take it without looſing any of his men.

Theſe men were raviſhed at the hearing of theſe diſcourſes, and aſſured her that ſhe had taken an excellent courſe to live in quiet, and in honour, & that ſhe would be very welcome to their maſter of whom ſhe ſhould receive all poſſible courteſies.

Some men will marvel at all this proceeding of *Judith*: A woman ſo handſome & ſo capable to tempt men, to go into the midſt of Souldiers without fear-

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ing to expose her modesty that was so dear to her, not considering that she kindled love, and that she was yet in the fair season of her years capable to admit that which she moved in others: Who had told her that the *Assyrians* would let her freely pass without attempting any thing upon her honour? What security could there be in a dissolute Militia, that propound to themselves the ravishing of women for a recompense of their toils? And suppose she had promised her self, that in case she should be forced, her soul should remain incorruptible in the corruption of her body; yet sure an honest woman would hardly ever expose her body to the lest affront, although it were to save a City.

If we consider all this according to man, it cannot be defended: but who should dare so to condemn that which was done by a manifest inspiration of God, and of her good Angel that led her, as by the hand, and made her walk securely upon the tops of precipices, and kept her always green as the Ivie in the ruines of old decayed walls?

With all this she was skilful in the art of dissembling, and deceived those souldiers that took a singular pleasure to hear her talk. And who would make a scruple to speak words with two meanings to deceive an enemy in war, and to save his life, seeing that some Divines and the Lawyers agree that there are deceits that are good and commendable, being done to a good end, and by lawful means?

She was then conducted to the General *Holophernes*, whom she found seated, on his Throne under a pavillion of gold and purple, all bestudded with Emralds, proud as a peacock that spreads in the sun the mirrours of his tail, for which alone he seems to have been created. She suddenly prostrates her self on the earth, and makes him a reverence of civility, and not of adoration. He failed not to be taken with her at first sight, just as she had plotted, and to make of his eyes the snares of his soul.

Those that were about him began to say with admiration, that the land that bore so handsome women, deserved to have no labour spared in its conquest. *Holophernes* caused her instantly to be raised up again, and because she feigned that she had some fear, and that she was seized with a profound reverence at the aspect of that great General of an Army, knowing well that he was vain, and that it would conduce much to surprise him. He speaks to her with an incomparable sweetness, assuring her that he was not so terrible as men would make him, and that since that he had had the arms of that great Monarchy in his hands, he never did hurt to any one that rendred himself to the obedience of his Master, that he bore no ill will to her Nation, but that if they had reduced themselves to their duty, he would not have permitted so much as that a sword should have been lifted up against them. And therefore he desired to know from whence it came that she had forsaken her City and was come to his Camp.

Then that Lady holily-deceitful began to speak to him after such a winning manner, that an hundred *Holophernes*'s would have had work enough to defend themselves against such batteries of Love. She beseeched him to hear with attention, and to take her speeches in good part, by which God would accomplish a great affair.

That she knew well that *Nebuchadnezzar* had been chosen of God to be King of the whole world, and that all the puissance of his Monarchy was included in *Holophernes*, where it lived and triumphed magnificently for the safety of the good, & the chastisement of the wicked. That she was not so ignorant of humane things, as not to have heard of the Prudence & valour of an *Holophernes*, who hath the honour to be the only man in the Kingdom of *Nebuchadnezzar* that is arrived to so high a degree of Power, as that it cannot be equalled by any thing in the world, but by the goodness of his disposition: for he desires to be powerful for nothing but to do good, & all the Provinces well know the good order that he hath put to all the businesses of the Realm. She declared to him, that she had heard of what had passed in *Achior*'s person, and told him, that he truly discovered the weak spirit of her Nation, and that he might do good upon it at the present, now God was provoked against it & had threatned by his Prophets to destroy it. And therefore they were all seized with an unspeakable affright, besides that hunger & thirst conspired together to their ruine, & they had taken a resolution to kill all the cattel to drink their blood and not to spare even the things consecrated to the divine Majesty, wch is a sign of a manifest reprobation. And this was the reason that she had left that abominable city, and was come as a messenger from God, to give him this advice. She added, that the God which she adored was very great, and that she would not fail to pray him to make known his will, and to tell her the time that he hath determined for the utmost misery of that unfortunate City, with intention to inform him of the news, that at last she might lead him even to the gates of *Jerusalem*, delivering up to him all that people as sheep without a shepherd, and that there should not be so much as a dog that should bark against him; it being very reasonable that men and beasts should submit themselves under a power so formidable, conducted by the hand of the most High, and by the orders of his Providence.

Holophernes that had already been taken by the Eyes, was now chained by the Ears with the sweetness and profit of that discourse. His heart was no more his own; he courts her, and promises her that her God shall be his God, and that he will make her great in the house of *Nebuchadnezzar*, & renowned through all the earth. At the same instant he causes her to enter into the chamber where his treasures were, to shew her his Magnificence, and ordered what should be given her day, by day, from his own table for her diet. Whereto she answered, that it was not yet permitted her according to her Law to enter into a community of table with those that are of any other Religion but her own, and that providing for it, she had caused what was necessary for her to be brought with her. But when your provision comes to fail (sayes *Holophernes*) what shall we do with you? She replyed that she hoped to accomplish the business that had brought her thither, before that her ordinary food should be spent. Thereupon, he commanded that she should be conducted into a fair chamber to repose her self, but before she entred into it, she desired a courtesie, which was, that she might go out before day to address her Prayers to the God she worshipped, according to her custome, and passe up and down in his Camp with all freedom, which was granted to her.

She went therefore in the silence of the night to wash her self in a secret fountain, that she might purifie her self from the commerce of those Infidels, and prayed God incessantly, that it would please him to prosper her design for the deliverance of her Countrey.

She had now passed four days in the Army watching

ing an opportunity to execute that which she had projected, when *Holophernes* would needs entertain himself with mirth, and make a magnificent feast, to which he resolved to invite his guest, thinking good cheer and jollity would dispose her to that which he had a mind to have of her. But because the *Assyrians* hold it a great dishonour for a man to make love to a woman, and not to win her, he would not hazard himself so much as to make an overture to her of such a discourse himself, but gave the Commission of it to a *Vagoa*, the chief Gentleman of his Chamber, who used to serve him in such a business. He failed not to make her know that she was very far in the favour of his Master, and that, that very day he made a Banquet, and desired to see her in particular, and that she should take heed of making a scruple of obeying; for it was one of the greatest honours that she could receive in her whole life: He added, that she ought a little to be merry, and pass away her time without engendring melancholy: she understood well what he meant to say, and answered, that she was wholly disposed to obey his Lords commands, and would have no other will but his, and straight-way adorns and dresses her self the most pleasingly she could, to wound him in the eies, and so passes into her Chamber.

As soon as he saw her alone and near him, his heart was totally overthrown; and it seemed that the lightning that issued out of the eies of that beauty, had crushed it to powder. His passion permitted him not to speak much, he was so much moved: he contented himself only with inviting her to be merry, and assuring her that she had gained his heart. The holy woman prayed him, that it might seem good in his eies, that she might entertain her self after her own fashion, and that she might eat of that which her servant had prepared for her, which he consented to, being willing to leave her in a full liberty, that he might not scare nor trouble her.

Now behold him the happiest man in the whole World. He drinks with large draughts, make himself exceeding merry and wonderfully pleasant, whereat *Judith* expressed that she had great content to see him in so good an humour, and said, That she had cause to reckon in time to come that day for the happiest of all her life. The other to please her, drank so much the more, so that he made himself drunk with a dead drunkenness. It appears plainly, that this man was an honest hog, and took not the way to bring about his design, depriving himself of reason when he had most need of it. *Vagoa* that had the word, does his office, brings his Master to bed, gets him gone, shutting the door to leave him alone with *Judith*. All the servants had so well liquoured themselves, that they desired nothing but repose. *Judith* alone was well awake, and made a sign to her servant to stay for her before the door, and not to leave her.

She contemplates this brave General who was now in a dead sleep; she stands still for a certain time by his bed-side, praying God ardently in her silence that it would please him to accomplish by her hand that great stroke that she had destined. From thence she goes to the Pillar where *Holophernes*'s Cimetre was hanged, and draws it boldly out of the Scabbard, then laies hold of her man by his long hair, saying only in her heart, *My God, it is now, strengthen my arm*: and instantly having turned him for her best advantage, she strikes with a masculine hand, and cuts off his head at two strokes, carries away his Pavillion, and tumbled down his body as a log. She gives suddenly his head to her waiting-woman, who puts it up in the same bag that she had brought her victuals in, and both of them pass through the midst of the Army without being staied by any one, by reason of the permission that they had from the General *Holophernes*.

They come by night to the Gate of the City, and cry afar off to the Centinels; *Open, God is with us that hath done Wonders in* Israel. They run to advertise *Ozias* and the Priests, who come in hast to receive her. All the City from the highest to the lowest assemble themselves about her, thinking that she had been lost, and looked upon her as a woman come from the other World. She causes instantly Torches to be lighted, and gets her up into an high place, from whence they were wont to make Orations to the people, and after she had made a silence, she thus spake. Sirs:

Praise God our Lord, who never forsakes his own, and hath through his grace accomplished this day by me his most humble servant, the promise which he hath made to his chosen people; for this night he hath slain by my hands the common enemy of our Nation.

And as she was saying this, she drew out of the bag that horrible head of *Holophernes*, pale and bloody, and shewed it to the whole Assembly, adding; *Behold the head of* Holophernes *the General of the Army of the Assyrians.* And then she spread abroad the Pavillion, saying; *Behold the Pavillion under which he reposed himself in his drunkenness, and where God struck him by the hand of a woman.* I call that living God to witness, that by the protection of his holy Angel, he hath preserved me pure, going and coming, and in the abode which I made in the Camp, without permitting any one to attempt any thing upon my honour: And now he hath brought me back glad of his Victory, of my own safety, and of your deliverance. It is to him that we ought to give all the praise, because his goodnesses and mercies are inexhaustible.

The people felt transports of joyes, and seeing that head by the help of torches in the silence of the night, thought that it was a Dream: but the multitude of those that beheld all one and the same thing, present and real, made them plainly see that it was a truth. They prostrate themselves all on the earth, adoring the living God that was the worker of those great wonders, and then turning themselves to *Judith*, gave her a thousand blessings with triumphal Acclamations, protesting that she was their Mother and their Deliverer.

Then *Ozias* the Prince of the people of *Israel* in *Bethulia*, said to her; *You are this day blessed my Daughter, and glorious above all women that are in the habitable World. Praised be the Creatour of Heaven and Earth, who hath so well guided your victorious hand to the ruine of the Capital of our Enemies, and who by the same means hath so glorified your name, that he hath rendred your praise immortal in the mouth of men that shall have any sense of the wonderful works of God. Every one will remember how you have not spared your life to draw your people out of the ruines wherein they were almost buried.*

Thereupon *Achior* was called, and *Judith*

ſhewing him the head of *Holophernes*, ſays to him, You have loſt nothing by the teſtimonies you give to the power of our God, for behold the head of the Collonel of the Unbelievers which God hath cut off this night by this hand of mine. Behold him that threatned to make you dy when he had taken *Bethulia*, but ſure now he will let you live in great quiet. This man was in ſuch an extaſie at this news that he fell down in a ſwoon, and when he was come to himſelf again, he caſt himſelf at the feet of *Judith*, and gave her a reverence that was near to adoration. And by her means was converted to the true Religion, and rendred all glory to the God of *Jeruſalem*.

Judith purſuing this her conqueſt, counſelled her people to make a ſhew of ſallying out of the City in arms at the break of day as if they would give battel, which would make the *Aſſyrians* haſten to the Pavillion of *Holophernes* to awake him, and ſo ſeeing what had paſſed, would be ſeized with ſo great a fear that they would ſell their lives at a cheap rate. This was executed, and the Captains failed not to repair unto the General to receive orders. It was already forward days, and he was yet aſleep with the ſleep of death, from whence there is no waking, unleſs by an extraordinary power. Every one was aſtoniſhed that he appeared not, but no body durſt take the boldneſs to awake him, ſo greatly was he feared. They preſs *Vagoa* to enter into the chamber, who refuſes at firſt to trouble the pleaſures of his Maſter: but when the time was drawn out in length, he entred, and made a noiſe, not as by deſign, but accident; and ſeeing that no body ſtirred, he went near the bed, thinking that he was yet with *Judith*. At laſt, when one told him that the enemy appeared in arms, he drew the curtain very gently, and ſaw the body of his Maſter weltering in his own bloud.

He therefore became ſo furious, that he rent ſuddenly his cloaths, and ran to *Judith*'s chamber to make her ſuffer a thouſand deaths; but when he could not find her, he ſent out frightful cries, and ſpake aloud, that that ſtranger-woman had filled the houſe of *Nebuchadnezzar* with confuſion, and that ſhe had aſſaſſinated their General, who was now nothing but a trunk without a head, plunged in his own bloud. All ran to this ſpectacle, and the whole Camp was filled with aſtoniſhment, with fears, with deſpair, with tears, and with howlings. At the ſame time appeared the head of *Holophernes* hanged up upon the walls of *Bethulia*; and all the Army of the *Aſſyrians* ſurprized with a panick fear, and, as it were ſtruck with a ſcourge from heaven, began to ſcatter themſelves, every one ſeeking his ſafety in his flight.

The *Iſraelites* purſued them, making a great noiſe, as if they had drawn forth numerous troops, and as if their ſquadrons had marched compacted, and in good order. It was eaſie for them to vanquiſh run-aways, who had already delivered up to fear all the hope of their life and fortune. All the neighbouring Cities came out to take a ſhare of this glory, and caſt themſelves into the fields on all parts to entrap their routed enemies, of whom they made moſt horrible maſſacre.

All the Camp of *Holophernes* was pillaged, where was found ſo great a quantity of booty, that it was a thing prodigious. The noiſe of this victory was ſpread unto *Jeruſalem*, the high Prieſt came to *Bethulia* with his other Prieſts to ſee *Judith*, to whom every one gave a thouſand bleſſings. One could hear nothing but ſhouts of joy and acclamations, that publiſhed her, *The Glory of* Jeruſalem, *the Joy of* Iſrael, *the Honour of her People, the gallant Woman, the Chaſte and Valiant Princeſs, the incomparable Lady, whoſe Reputation ſhould live as long as Eternity it ſelf*.

A moneth paſſed wherein there was nothing heard but joys, but conſorts of muſick, but trophies amongſt the people. They gathered every day ſome new ſpoils, whereof the moſt precious in gold, in ſilver, in purple, in pearls and jewels, were preſented to the victorious *Judith*. She compoſed a ſong of Triumph, which was ſung ſolemnly with the admiration of the whole world. After all, they went (as it behoved them) to *Jeruſalem*, to render to God the Vows of the whole people, and to make great Offerings, where three moneths more were ſpent in an incomparable chearfulneſs. There was not a day that was not Feſtival, nor a face that did not wear the lineaments of the joys of Paradiſe.

Judith offered in the Temple the Pavillion of *Holophernes*, that the memory of it might never be defaced by oblivion. At laſt, all returned home to their own houſes, and the holy woman remained in her little City of *Bethulia*, always in her widowhood, honoured of all the world as the moſt glorious ſoul on earth. She made her ſervant free, and lived even to the age of 105. years amongſt her people in a profound peace. She appeared abroad the Feſtival days in a magnificent glory, ſpending the other days in her ſolitude, and living with great examples of Virtues and Devotion. The day of that happineſs was marked with white, and reckoned in the number of the greateſt Feaſts of the *Jews* to all poſterity. God, who is the worker of ſo many wonders hath taken a care alſo of this Hiſtory.

It is an eternal monument of the virtue of his arm, that ſhakes the mountains, that cleaves the rocks, and overthrows in a moment thoſe ſons of the *Titans*, who make war againſt heaven it ſelf, and would walk upon the wings of the winds. A General of an Army that vaunted himſelf in the midſt of an hundred thouſand ſouldiers environed all about with ſteel, with fires and lightnings; who ſaid, I will go, I will do, I will level with the ground; who held a fatal council, where he decreed the firing of Cities, the ſacking of Provinces, where ſo many dragons drank up the tears of Nations without being touched with any ſenſe of pity. A Giant, that heaped mountain upon mountain to aſcend through fire and ſword, even to the throne of the moſt high; behold, now conquered, ſlain, maſſacred, tumbled in his bloud by a woman that makes a play-game of his head; and an Army that cut their paſſage through the Rocks, that drank up Rivers, that ſhadowed the Sun by the multitude of their flying arrows, overthrown, ſcattered, torn into a thouſand pieces by the enterpriſe of a Jeweſs. *Judith* gives not her ſelf the praiſe of this work; it was God that acted in her, who was the direction of her hand, the ſtrength of her arm, the ſpirit of her prudence, the ardour of her courage, and the ſoul of her ſoul. O how great is this God of gods! O how terrible is this Lord of hoſts! and who is there that fears not God, but he that hath none at all? What *Coloſſus*'s of pride have faln, and ſhall yet fall under his hands! What giants beaten down and plunged even into hell, for kindling fiery coals of concupiſcence, ſhall ſmoak in flames by an eternal ſacrifice which their pains ſhall render to the Divine Juſtice!

HESTER.

THE holy Scripture ſets before our eyes in this Hiſtory, Greatneſſe falling into an eclipſe, and the lowneſſe of the earth elevated to the Stars; Humility on the Throne, and Ambition on the Gallows; Might overthrown by Beauty; Love ſanctified, and Revenge ſtrangled by its own hands. It teaches Kings to govern, and people to obey, great Ones not to rely on a fortune of ice, Ladies to cheriſh Piety and Honour, the Happy to fear every thing, and the Miſerable to deſpair of nothing.

All that we have to diſcourſe of here, happened in the Kingdom of *Perſia*, during the Captivity of the Jews in *Babylon*, about fourhundred and ſixty years before the Nativity of our Lord, and under the Reign of *Ahaſuerus*. But it is a great Riddle to divine who this Prince was to whom *Heſter* was married, and which is called here by a name that is not found in the Hiſtory of the Perſian Kings, and which indeed may agree to all thoſe high Monarchs, ſignifying no other thing but *The great Lord*. *Mercator* ſayes, that it was *Aſtyages* Grandfather of *Cyrus*; and *Cedrenus*, that it was *Darius* the Mede. *Genebrard* is for *Cambyſes*; *Scaliger* for *Xerxes*; *Serrarius* for *Ochus*; *Joſephus* and *Sailan* for *Artaxerxes* with the long hand. The wiſe *Heſter*, that was ſo much in love with Chaſtity, is found to have had fourteen husbands by the conteſtation of Authours, every one would give her one of his own making; ſhe is married to all the Kings of *Perſia*, ſhe is courſed up and down through all the Empire, and her Eſpouſals made to laſt above two hundred years. But as it is eaſie enough to confute the Opinions of all thoſe that ſpeak of her; ſo is it very hard to ſettle the truth of the Chronology amidſt ſo great obſcurities. The Scripture ſayes, that *Mordecai* with *Heſter* was carried away out of *Judea* into *Babylon*, under the reign of *Nebuchadnezzar*; and if we are of the opinion that marries her to *Artaxerxes*, if we reckon well all the years that were between thoſe two Kings, we ſhall find that this yong and raviſhing beauty of *Heſter*, which caught ſo great a Monarch by the eyes, was already an hundred and fifty years old, which is an age too ripe for a maid that one would give for a wife to a King. It is impoſſible to get out of this labyrinth, if we do not ſay that *Mordecai* and *Heſter* were not tranſported in their own, but in the perſons of their Anceſtors; and that that paſſage means nothing elſe, but that they iſſued from the race of thoſe that were lead captives with King *Jechonias*, deſtroyed by *Nebuchadnezzar*: ſo we will take *Artaxerxes*, and not divide that amiable concord of Authours united in this point.

Repreſent then to your ſelves, that from the time that the Jews were diſperſed into *Babylon*, into *Perſia*, into *Media*, and through all the States of thoſe great Kings, they ceaſed not to multiply in Captivity; and that ſervitude which is wont to ſtifle great ſpirits, produced ſometimes amongſt them gallant men. Amongſt others appeared upon the Theater the excellent *Mordecai*, a man of a good underſtanding and of a great courage, who by his dexterity and valour delivered all his Nation from death and total ruine. He then dwelt in *Shuſhan*, the capital City of all the Kingdome, and bred up in his houſe a little Niece, the daughter of his brother, an orphan both by father and mother, which was named in her firſt child-hood *Ediſſa*, and after called *Heſter*.

Now as thoſe great ſpirits that are particularly governed by God have ſome tincture of Prophecie, he had a wonderfull Dream, and ſaw in his ſleep a great tempeſt, with thunderings and lightnings, and an earth-quake, which was followed with a combat of two Dragons who were fighting one againſt the other, and ſent forth horrible hiſſings, whiles divers Nations aſſembled together, ſtood and looked upon them, expecting the iſſue of the combat; thereupon he perceived a little fountain which became ſuddenly a great River which was changed into a Light, and of a Light, transformed it ſelf into a Sun, that both watered and illuminated the earth.

He knew not what his Dream did mean, but he learned the Interpretation of it in the great combats he had with *Haman*, and in the exaltation of his little Niece that was promoted to ſo high a ſplendour, as to give both evidence and refreſhment to all the people of her Nation.

This *Mordecai* being a man of good behaviour and quality, found means to advance himſelf to Court, and to make his beginnings there in ſome inferiour office, expecting ſome good occaſion to make himſelf be known. He had an eye always open to diſcover all that paſſed without any bragging of it. He conſidered the approaches of divers Nations that lived in that Court; the humours, the capacities, the buſineſſes, the obligations, the intricacies, the credit, the induſtry of every one; omitting nothing of all that might advance the benefit of his Country-men.

He quickly diſcovered the ſpirit of *Haman*, who was at that time a mean Cavalier of fortune, but ambitious, cloſe, crafty, revengefull, bloudy, and capable to embroil a State. He had an averſation from him, although he had not yet been offended by him; and began to diſtruſt him, fearing leſt he be one day fatal to his people. Nevertheleſs, *Haman* with the times took an high aſcendant, and *Mordecai* feared his greatneſſe as one would do the apparition of a Comet.

It happen'd that two perfidious Subjects, *Tereſh* and *Bigthan*, uſhers of the door made an abominable conſpiracy againſt King *Artaxerxes*, which *Mordecai*, who was not a drowſie ſpirit, ſoon perceived, and began carefully to watch them, obſerving their goings out and comings in, their words and their countenances, their plottings and their practiſes. He gaue notice of it very opportunely, ſo that being taken, arreſted, and put to the rack, they acknowledged the crime, and were led away to puniſhment. The King gave hearty thanks to *Mordecai*, commanded him to live in his Palace in a certain office which he beſtowed upon him, and cauſed the day to be ſet down in writing, wherein he had been preſerved from the conſpiracy of thoſe unhappy ſervants, to recompenſe, as opportunity ſhould be offered, the good ſervices of his Deliverer.

It is credible that *Haman* had an hand in that execrable deſign, ſeeing that he gave ſo little thanks to *Mordecai* for having been the diſcoverer of it; but the diſſimulation that he brought to cover his fact, and his mighty power that rendered him ſo terrible, ſuffered him not to be involved

in the ruine of thoſe wretched men. Theſe two Courtiers had an eye to one another, and ſought nothing but each others ruine: the power of the one being alwaies ſuſpected by the other; when God, without *Mordecai*'s thinking of it, ſent him a great ſuccour by the choice which was made of his Niece to be the King's wife.

The Hiſtory ſaies, that *Ahaſuerus* would ſhew his Magnificence, and make great feaſts for the ſpace of an hundred and fourſcore daies, in which he entertained the Princes, the Governours of Provinces, and all the Nobles of the Realm. He would have the people too to have their ſhare; and for that purpoſe he cauſed to be ſet up at the entrance of his Gardens (which he was wont to dreſs with his own hands) abundance of great Pavillions of Sky-colour, born up with marble pillars, and tied together with ribands of red ſilk, and rings of Ivory. He cauſed alſo certain beds of gold and ſilver to be ſet up upon a pavement of Emerald and other precious ſtones, ranged by a proportion made, after the *Moſaical* faſhion which had a very fine grace. Thither he invited all the people of that great City of *Shuſhan*, and cauſed them to be ſerved in veſſels of gold and ſilver, with moſt exquiſite Viands, and delicious Wine, and left every one to drink according to his ability, without conſtraining any one.

Vaſthi the Queen, on the other ſide made a Banquet for the women in the Royal Palace, wherein ſhe forgot nothing to equal the ſtately Grandeurs of the King her husband. This merry life laſted the ſpace of ſeven daies, in the laſt of which the King being very jolly and inflamed with Wine, commanded the Eunuchs that were about him to cauſe the Queen to come with the Crown upon her head in her moſt gorgeous attire, to make a ſhew of her beauty in the preſence of all the people. The Queen took no pleaſure in this command, and refuſed to go: in which, ſaies *Sulpicius*, the wife was wiſer then the husband, in that ſhe was not willing to make a ſpectacle of the beauty of her body to men full of meats and wine, and deſerved ſo much the more commendation, as ſhe was more conſtant to keep the Laws of modeſty and comelineſs.

But this was not taken that way as that ſacred Hiſtorian preſents it: they imagined that ſhe had ſome of the diſpoſition of beautiful women, that ſhe was a little proud and ſcornful, which cauſed that ſhe was not ſo well beloved of the Grandees of the Court, who, as it is credible, having long ſince a deſire to do her ſome ill office, laid hold on this occaſion. They cauſed that refuſal to be reported very harſhly by the Eunuchs to the King, when it might have been ſweetned and moderated; they made uſe of his wine, as of an inſtrument of their iniquity, and exaſperated him alſo by the diminution of his Authority, whereof Princes are very jealous if they have not much ſtupidity.

As ſoon as the Anſwer of the Queen was publiſhed, the King turned himſelf about to the ſeven principal Counſellours of his State who were alwaies by his ſide, and governed the Kingdom; and demanded their advice, what he ſhould do to repreſs his Wife's pride. *Memuchan*, which was the laſt and the raſheſt, made of this denial a crime of State, and ſaid, That it tended to the diſorder of all the other women, becauſe that other women, every one in her condition, framed themſelves after the example of the Queen, and would draw a licentious advantage over their husbands, founded upon that affront done to his Royal Majeſty, and that every where they would domineer, which would over-throw the order of Nature, and cauſe great troubles in all houſes: and therefore he was of that opinion, that the Queen ſhould be divorced by the King her husband, and that an Edict ſhould be made to be ſent through all his Kingdoms, touching the obedience that women owe to thoſe that are their heads.

The man perhaps was ill dealt with in his lodging by his wife, and under ſhadow of policy would revenge his wrongs. It is very true that the Law of God ſtrictly recommends the ſubmiſſion of the Wife towards the Husband: but it ought to be underſtood in things good and reaſonable: for if a Wife were bound to render a blind obedience to all the extravagancies of a Huſband that hath but little wit and much paſſion, ſhe ſhould be the moſt miſerable of all ſlaves. There were many reaſons that might make *Vaſthi*'s action be excuſed: but becauſe they ſaw that *Memuchan* had pleaſed the King by his diſcourſe, all the reſt of the Counſellours of State ran to ſervitude and condemned her to a long torment by a ſhort ſentence.

She was degraded and divorced, which was a thing ordinary enough to thoſe Kings who made no great account of loſing a Wife, ſeeing that they had ſo great a number of them in their *Seraglio*. The Edict was alſo made in the terms that the other had required it, and the name of that poor Queen went up and down the whole Kingdom as a ſad ſtory, and a true portraiture of an abaſed greatneſs.

God permitted all this to make way for *Heſter*, whom he had deſtined to *Ahaſuerus* his Bed, not for her ſelf, but for the ſafety of her people. After the divorce and the diſaſter of poor *Vaſthi*, a new Queen muſt be ſought out, and the King comforted about his loſs. A great culling is made through all the Provinces of the Kingdom of the handſomeſt Virgins to be brought to Court. This little *Heſter* is found very delightful, being endowed with a perfect beauty, and a natural grace that ſurpaſſed all things. She is carried amongſt abundance of others, and as ſoon as the King caſt his eies upon her, he liked her, and commanded *Hegai* the Eunuch that had the ſuperintendency of his *Seraglio*, to have a great care of that young Damſel, to ſpare nothing on her, and to give her ſeven waiting Maids with all neceſſary Equipage. Thoſe Virgins that were thus choſen for the Prince's Bed made a Novitiate of twelve months, in which time they had all leiſure to fit themſelves, and to learn the Civilities of the Court. After this, they were preſented to the King, who took thoſe that pleaſed him moſt, and when any one had paſſed a night in his Chamber, ſhe was ſent in the morning into a new *Seraglio*, unto the charge of another Eunuch, and returned no more to the King, if ſhe was not asked for, and that by name.

Heſter ſpent but ten months in her preparation, and was incontinently conducted to the King, who liked her above all the Maids that he had ever ſeen, and declared her Queen in *Vaſthi*'s place, putting the Crown upon her head. *Mordecai* was raviſhed at this choice, and walked every day from the firſt beginning that ſhe was brought to Court, before the *Seraglio* to heare newes of her, having recommended her to a certain Eunuch his Confident, that

that had of her a very particular care. He ſent her very opportunely neceſſary advice, to teach her how to behave her ſelf; and above all, he was ſo wiſe, as to recommend to her not to declare the Nation whereof ſhe was, and to make no diſcovery that ſhe had any relation to him, which he judged to be to the purpoſe, for fear leſt *Haman*, who was in ſo great favour, and who hated naturally the Jews, ſhould ruine her before ſhe had taken rooting in the Kings heart.

Behold a wonderful ſport of Providence, which took a little ſtone with an intention to beat down a great *Coloſſus*, and makes in one inſtant of an earthen pot a veſſel of gold. Men ſtand now amazed to think what wind drave this poor Jeweſs to the Crown of the chief Monarchy, that was at that time in the whole world. They think that ſure it was a great chance, but God knew that it was a great counſel digeſted from all eternity in his thoughts. For if command is due (according to *Ariſtotle*) to perſons that are moſt accompliſhed, there was ſome foundation in the excellent qualities of *Heſter* on which to ſet a Crown: for beſide the beauty of her body, and the ingeniouſneſs of her mind, ſhe had great gifts of virtues that rendred her lovely to all the world, and might ſerve for models to all Ladies.

She was not a lump of fleſh, or a body without a ſoul, nor a worldly woman that had no other Idol but her Beauty, nor other Deities but Pleaſure and Ambition, as it happens ordinarily to moſt women, who ſeeing themſelves elevated to the top of the grandeurs of the age, ſtrangely corrupt their manners and diſhonour their condition. *Heſter's* chief and principal virtue that made a moſt pure ſource of pleaſures flow into the reſt of her life, was, that ſhe was devout, and that being young of age, frail of ſex, high of condition, in a Court of an *Infidel* King, amongſt ſo many other *Pagan* women, ſhe never forgat God, but obſerved punctually, as far as it was lawful and poſſible for her, the exerciſe of her Religion, making her prayers with an incredible ardour, and retaining a faith inviolable in the midſt of the Empire of impiety. She brought the King her husband to the worſhip of God, and to the love of her people, as far as ſhe could perceive any diſpoſition in him. She erected a Temple in her heart, having not yet the power to build one in her Kingdom, and directed all her Devotions to the ſacrificing of her ſelf.

She was alſo greatly to be commended for the little care ſhe had of her Body, againſt the nature of that ſex, which often prefers their fleſh before God and all Paradiſe. This appeared evidently at that ſeaſon when ſhe was to preſent her ſelf to the King the ſecond time, ſince that in an occaſion ſo important wherein all other women would have had an infinite care of their habit and attire, ſhe contented her ſelf with ſo ſmall a thing: and yet in her natural grace, juſt as a roſe adorned with its own leaves, ſhe obſcured all other beauties, even the moſt tricked and pranked. Her art was to have no art at all; to take what nature had given her, and to render all to God.

Furthermore, ſhe brought to Court a great Humility and a perfect ſubmiſſion, which ſhe never quitted, being as obedient to her Uncle when ſhe had the Crown upon her head as in her loweſt age; ſhe hearkned to his advice, ſhe put it in execution, ſhe deſpiſed no body but her own ſelf. The habit of a Queen was to her a burthen almoſt inſupportable, and ſhe never found more joy then in her ſolitude. There are few women that are born without ſelf-wilfulneſs, and without opinions that augment themſelves with age, and increaſe exceſſively in high conditions, which makes us admire this woman in contemplating nearer her deportments, and ſeeing how little ſhe relied upon her own ſelf; but although ſhe was endowed with a rare wit, yet ſhe hearkned to reaſon, and without much ado yielded to good counſel, which rendred her demeanour very happy, and all her negotiations moſt advantageous.

Beſides all this, as God had choſen her for great things, ſo he gave her the prudence of the Saints, accompanied with a good judgment, with docility, with providence, with diſcretion, with circumſpection, and with expediteneſs in the execution of affairs.

To this prudence was joyned a courage, and an incomparable generoſity, even to enterpriſe by a motive of virtue, actions ſo dangerous, that ſhe could expect nothing from them that was leſs then death. And for to crown all theſe virtues, ſhe poſſeſſed (farther) an illuſtrious patience, taking every thing from the hand of God, and ſuiting her ſelf to his will in all the ſucceſſes and events of the buſineſſes of the world.

Behold the principal qualities that adorned this Princeſs, and that may be ſeen in thoſe women that God hath gratified with his favours. In the ſequel of this ſtory he makes us ſee the brave employment that he gave her in that Court of *Ahaſuerus*, to bruiſe the head of a great Serpent, and to deliver her Nation from a gulf of great and horrible calamities.

Princes and great men would be happy, if without dying by procuration, they might live in perſon. They are born often enough with moſt excellent qualities; they are calm ſeas, and killed with riches that might do good to all the world, if the winds would but let them run according to their own nature. But as the Beauties of women are courted by many Lovers; ſo high conditions have their flatterers, that under a ſhadow of themſelves Adorers, make themſelves Maſters; and under colour of Service, exerciſe an Empire even over thoſe that think they command the whole Univerſe. Their name by this means ſerves for a paſſport to all miſchiefs; their Authority for a ſanctuary to crimes; their Taxes for tinder to concupiſcenſe; their Power for an inſtrument to revenge, and for a ſcourge to mankind.

This may be manifeſtly ſeen in the ſequel of this Hiſtory, where it is ſaid, that *Ahaſuerus* exalted *Haman* above all the Princes and Nobles of his Kingdom, and took the wickedſt man of the earth to make of him the moſt puiſſant; that Crimes might have as much aſſiſtance, as this Monarch had power and riches. His goodneſs was ſeduced in this point, and his too eaſie ſpirit was gained by great appearances that ſtole him from himſelf, and left him nothing but a meer apparition of Dignity.

This *Haman* which he thought at firſt to be a *Perſian*, an honeſt man, an able, and affectionate to his ſervice, was partly an *Amalekite*, and partly alſo a *Macedonian*, a ſon of the earth, that had neither God nor conſcience, a ſpirit full of labyrinths, captious, ſuſpitious, great in appearance and little in reality; a Lion in proſperity, and an Ape in adverſity, whoſe life was a perpetual crime, whoſe avarice was a gulf, ambition an abyſs, and fortune a ſcandal, and an injury to Providence.

Yet for all this he entred ſo far into the friendſhip of the King, that he ſaw not, but by his eyes, heard

heard not, but by his ears; walked not, but by his steps; and governed not, but by his counsels. He called him his father, and believed him the most excellent, and the wisest man in his whole Kingdome, commanding every one to acknowledge him for the second person of the Empire, and to give him the greatest reverence. This Court, that was full of slaves, carried many candles to this Idol; some through fear, as to a mischievous Devil, and others through hope and expectation to be preferred.

The poor *Mordecai* felt a most bitter grief to see over the heads of men, him, that would bring the whole world under his feet; and in that slavery so general to all men, he chose rather the loss of his life then of his liberty. He would never bow the knee before that *Baal*; and although his enemy persecuted him in that businesse by fury, and his friends by importunities, he remained unmoveable, resolved to suffer much rather then to do any thing that was base. *Haman* that was at the beginning giddy-headed by the fumigations of the incense that was presented to him on all sides, and that regarded men but as the little gnats, took no heed to it at first; but when he was advertised by his flatterers that there was but one onely man at Court that refused to be an adorer of his fortune, he was inflamed with choler, and esteeming it but a small game for him to cause one man to die, he made a resolution horrible and bloudy to root out a whole Nation.

He goes and tells the King that the Jews dispersed through all the Provinces of his Kingdom, were divided by Religion and by Laws from the rest of all the world, and by affection, from his Person and his State. That they were a people most pernicious to an Empire, that alwayes sate a brood upon some poison, and that if they seemed moderate, it was not but through impotence, being disposed at the first occasion to cast themselves into Rebellion and Insolence. He added also, that the great care which he had of the good of the State, put these words into his mouth, that would cause the universal quiet of all his Monarchy, and that after consideration had of the great perils wherewith his Crowns and Life were menaced by that faction, he hath found nothing better then to prevent them, and to cut them off in time, before they had fortified themselves to the prejudice of the publick. That if the Treasurers of the Exchequer feared by this a diminution of the Tributes he would give with all his heart ten thousand talents of his proper goods to recompense the Levies, so much he took to heart that business that concerned the safety of his King, and the benefit of his people.

This Serpent plaid his game with so much artifice, that he perswaded whatsoever he had a mind to in such a manner, as that poor *Ahasuerus*, who was of a mean and credulous spirit, without examining any thing, plucks his ring from off his finger, puts it into *Haman's* hands, with a full power to do as he in his discretion should think fit. Behold the great confusion of the State, of the Spirit, and of the Conscience of Kings, when they suffer themselves so easily to be led away by evil counsels, and will not so much as know what passes in the government of their people.

It is an horrible thing that in the turn of an hand this miserable Prince should abandon to the vengeance of a pernicious man, so many millions of lives, without making one sole reflexion upon what he sayes, or what he grants. He had no imagination whither that did tend, and his ordinary idleness suffered him not to take any further cognizance of it which rendred him doubly culpable, to permit so many murders, and to be ignorant of it. *Seneca* sayes, that when *Claudius* was in the other world, some men reproached him with abundance of murders done under his name, and yet he knew not what they meant; then *Augustus* rose up and said, Thou miscreant, we talk not here of the slaughters thou hast committed, but of those thou hast not known; for it is a more shamefull thing to a King to be ignorant of the evil that passeth in his Kingdome, then to act it. *Turpius ignoratis quàm occidisti. Sen. in Ludo de morte Claudii.*

The sister of one of the *Ptolomy's*, King of *Egypt*, seeing that her brother as he was playing at dice, caused some criminal Processes to be read to him to decide them in the last Appeal, snatched the papers out of the Clerk of the Assize's hand, and said to her brother, that a dye fell otherwise then the head of a man. One cannot bring too much consideration when there is a question of shedding a mans bloud, be it in peace or war.

Yet *Ahasuerus* trusts this proud *Haman*, as one that would trust the wolf with the lives of the sheep. He triumphs with joy for having obtained the King's ring; he relishes and digests his vengeance with ceremony. He causes a great vessel to be brought him, into which he throws twelve little billets which bore the name of every month, and causes the month to be drawn out by lot in which he should execute his pernicious design. The lot fell upon the last, although it was cast in the first, and he would not change it, whether through an old superstition of his Country, or through the great confidence he had, that what time soever he took to make the projected Massacre, the Jews could not possibly escape him, so impotent they were; and he thought to keep them as beasts shut up which one chases when one will.

It was a pleasure to him to shew them the glittering steel a year before they should die, and to make them perish a thousand times by fear, before their life should be once taken away by sword. He assembles all the King's Secretaries, and dictates to them a bloudy letter, whereof he causes a great many copies to be drawn to send into all the Provinces, and the tenour of them was, That the thirteenth day of the last month, which was that of *February*, the Jews should be massacred in all the Cities and Provinces that were within the utmost limits of the Empire; and that from the least even to the greatest, without sparing either man, woman, or child, all should be put to the sword without remission, and that their goods should be confiscated and exposed to pillage. The Letters marked with the Seal and arms of the King, flew as ill-boding Birds through all the extents of the seven and twenty Provinces of that great Kingdome. It was an Edict of Death, not of the death and of the ruine of one man, or of one City, or of one Province, but of a whole nation. The evil was universal, and carried on all parts, Menaces, Bloud, Slaughters, Fears, and Affrights, from *Euphrates* even to *Nile*. The terrour began at the capital City *Shushan*, where the Edict was seen and read by all the world, hanged upon the pillars and on the walls of Publick places, bearing these words.

Artaxerxes the Sovereign Lord and King of all the Nations, that are from *India* as farre as *Ethiopia*, to the Princes and Governours of the seven and twenty Provinces of our Empire, Greeting:

Since

Since the time that I subdued the universe under my Laws, it was never my will to abase the greatness of my Power, but I have desired to govern my good Subjects with all clemency and sweetness, making them enjoy a peace and tranquillity to be wished for by all mortals; and for this purpose, inquiring of the means that I might use for the effecting of this design, Our most dear *Haman*, the second person of our Kingdom, which exceeds all the men of the world in capacity and fidelity, hath represented to me, that the *Jewish* people dispersed through all the Provinces of my Empire, being separated both by Religion and Laws from all the other Nations, despise our Edicts, and cease not to render themselves troublers of the publick Quiet. Which having been well and duly considered, we have ordained and do ordain, that they be punished, according to the orders of our most dear *Haman*, who is the Superintendent of all our Provinces, and whom we honour as our true father. Furthermore we will and intend that this Edict shall be put in execution, the thirteenth day of the Moneth *Adar*, the last of the year, to the end that all the wicked descending into Hell in one and the same day, may render peace and quietness to our good Subjects, which they have troubled by their Factions. Such is our good pleasure.

Given at Shushan *the first of the Month* Nisan,

Behold how *Haman* and his Complices, workers of Iniquity, cut their Furies Quills, and dipped them in Bloud, to make the King of the *Persians* say what ever pleased them, having his Seal and Authority in their hands. Poor *Mordecai* seeing the great Tempest that was ready to fall upon the heads of all his people, having read that Edict, and knowing that *Haman* was at the Table with the King, who was not seen by any, endeavoured to move the whole world to pity, cloathing himself with Sack-cloth, and covering himself with Ashes, together with all his people that wept and howled about him.

This sad squadron marched even to the Walls of the Palace, without entring in; for it was not permitted not so much as to *Mordecai*, to be seen at Court in so deplorable a Condition, which would have offended the eyes of the delicater sort. Bad news hath Wings to fly, and abundance of Voyces to make it self be heard. The frighted Maids and Eunuches fail not to tell Queen *Hester* of what ever had passed, whereat she was much amazed, and hearing that her Uncle was at the Gate, covered over with Ashes, with Sack-cloth upon his back, she sent him secretly a Sute of Cloaths, which he refused, judging it not futable to his fortune, which made her dispatch another Messenger, which was *Athac* the Eunuch that waited on her, who went out of the Castle, and inquired of *Mordecai* of all the state of so sad a business. The other made him a short Narration of it, and gave him a Copy of the Edict to present unto the Queen, praying him to tell her, that she must necessarily go and see the King, and act powerfully with his Majesty for the deliverance of his people.

Athac returns readily to his Mistriss, and faithfully relates to her what he had heard of *Mordecai*. The poor Princess was in an equal ballance greatly racked in mind; She durst not go to the King without being sent for; and to reject the intreaty of her Uncle in an accident so pressing, it was another death to her. She sends *Athac* back again to represent again to the good *Mordecai* the danger of that Negotiation, and to tell him that there is a Law established by the Prince, that ordains, that whosoever shall present himself before his eyes, without being called for, shall be punished with Death, unless that by his mercy he holds out his Sceptre to him in sign of safety, and that thereupon she had not seen his Majesty these thirty Dayes, not knowing in what posture she is at present in his heart; that if she should find him in some ill humour, there were an end of that Life, which she seeks not to preserve but for the safety of her People.

Notwithstanding all these Remonstrances, her Uncle sends to her to go; tells her, that if she neglected to negotiate in so important an occasion, God would find other means to save his people. But she should had need to take great heed, left her Fathers house, and her self also should perish, by too great a care of their Preservation; and that she ought to think that perhaps the Divine Providence had placed her where she was, it may be for that only reason.

Here one knows not what one ought to admire most, whether the Authority that *Mordecai* took over the Queen, or the Obedience that the Queen rendred to him. She had no sooner heard that Reply of his, but she said, it is concluded; I will go, and sacrifice my self to Death with all my heart, to obey my Uncle, and save, if I can, my Nation. Go to him, *Athac*, and bid him assemble all the *Jews* that are in *Shushan*, let them keep a Fast of three dayes for the success of this Attempt, with continual Prayers. I will do the same on my side with my servants here, and afterward we will adventure upon the business.

Behold how we ought to proceed in great Negotiations, making God alwayes to march in the head of them, who is the source of all good Successes. There was then an admirable Consort of Devotions, both within and without the Palace; *Mordecai* was in the midst of his People, lifting up his hands to Heaven, and saying;

Great God, whose Empire hath no limits, and whose absolute will suffers no contradiction, Your hands have formed both Heaven and Earth, with all the beauties that are included in their bosome, and there is nothing that can resist the puissance of your Arm. My God you know every thing, and are not ignorant that the refusal that I have made to reverence the proud *Haman*, proceeds not of Pride or Vanity that is in me; for from this present time I would kiss the ground whereon he treads for the safety of my people. But I have been afraid to transfer the honour of the Creatour to the Creature, and to give a companion to your Majesty; and therefore I beseech you, O the God of our Fathers, to cause one ray of your mercies to shine upon those poor afflicted ones. You see the rage of our Enemies, who have all sworn our Ruine. Despise not your Inheritance, that you have Redeemed from *Egypt*. Shew your self propicious to your People, that is, as it were, the Lot of your Empire; Change our Mourning into Joy, and shut not the Mouthes of those that sing your Praises. This Prayer was followed unanimously by all the people.

But the Divine *Hester* on the other side, shut up in her secret Closet, layes aside her precious habits, and all the attires of the glory that environed her, taking a mourning sute, and covering her self

with

with Ashes. She was in prayer day and night, and mortified her body with Fastings and Austerities. Care made those Roses of her beautiful face to wither, and the places that had been the complices of her joys, were for that time watered with her tears. She said to God with an amorous heart:

My God, You know the necessity that oppresses me, and you are not ignorant that I detest with all mine heart, that proud Diadem that glitters upon my head, when by constraint I must appear at Court. I have never worn it in the Holy-days of my silence, and of my dear solitude which I prize above all the Empires of the earth. You are not ignorant, O my Lord, that since that I was transported to this Palace, my heart hath never joyed in any thing, but the consideration of your blessings. I am here alone, and forsaken of all friends and kindred, expecting no other succour but that of your Arm. Lo, I hold my life and my soul now in my hands, to lose it for you, or to save it for you. Those that have resolved to pull down your Altars, and to destroy the glory of your Temple, are the men that have sworn our death. But give not, O Lord, your Scepter and your Power to those that have no name amongst your faithful people: Make their own Arrows return upon their own faces, and keep us alwaies under the protection of your Divine Hands. Seeing that I must be the Prolocutress for the good of all your Nation, and of mine, Inspire me with the discourses that I ought to make in the presence of that Lion. Soften for us his heart, and make him turn his gall on the side of our Enemies, that we may render to you our Thanksgivings, and offer to you immortal praises.

The third Day being expired, she puts off her Mourning, and adorns her self with her richest Dresses, to sharpen the Arrows of her Beauty which she had so worthily consecrated to the great Business of the preservation of her Nation. And although she had an heart filled with cares about the event of an Embassage of so great importance, yet she appeared with a Countenance as flourishing, as the fair dawning of the Day; calming the tempest of her heart by the force of an invincible spirit. After she had once more invoked the Authour and Finisher of wonders, she went accompanied with two Maids, one of which held her up, managing exactly the delicacy of her body, and the other carried the train of her Gown largely spread abroad. She passes from door to door, from chamber to chamber, and at last arrived at the King's, who was seated on a Throne, in a Sute all laid with Diamonds, and a pomp unparalell'd. He was ruddy of face, and had eys very sparkling, and it seemed that he took a kind of pleasure in rowling them up and down, to dazle those that looked upon him, by the lightnings of his Majesty. At first, his look appeared a little terrible to this new Wife, whether he did it by an amorous Caress, or whether he was moved with some choler to see her enter, without calling for. The wise *Hester* knew also well enough how to play her game, and to surprize where he was weak, in which he thought himself most strong. She used a mute Eloquence, and a fear wherein there was much quaintness and gentleness of the Sex. The Carnation of her cheeks instantly took a pretious paleness, that came so opportunely as if one had called for it; and as if she had been Thunder-struck with the eys of that mighty Monarch, she let her self fall down in a swoun into the bosom of the Maid that held her up.

This wonderful King that desired so much to terrifie, took for himself what he would give to others, and felt his own heart assaulted, by the fear he had left his Countenance had wounded the heart of his dearest Spouse. He quits the dreadfulness of a King, and takes the servitude of a Lover: he comes down from his Throne faster then a pace, runs as well as others to ease her of her swoun, and cries aloud, *Hester*, my Sister, what ails you? The Law that I have made, is not for you, but for the rest only of my Kingdom: And when she yet gave no answer to that Speech he takes his golden Scepter, gives it her to touch and handle, and kisses her with a great affection, conjuring her to take courage, and to come again to her self.

Then as if she had returned from the Country of the Dead, she spake with a languishing voice, and interrupted words, saying to the King that he need not be astonished at that fear of hers; for she had seen his face as the face of an Angel, that he was truly terrible: but withal lovely above all the Princes of the World, so many Graces he had and beauties upon his Visage. This was to take him where he was easiest to be conquered: and to better colour yet that speech, she let her self fall again upon the bosom of her servant. All the Court had work enough about her, and the King above all did what he could to settle her. At last she came fully to her self, and *Ahasuerus* told her, That if she came to make any Request unto him, she should ask boldly, yea, though it were even the Moity of his Kingdom, for he was now on terms to deny her nothing.

It was a large promise, and one would think that now was the time for her to discover her self. Yet she had so much reservedness, and so great a power over her self, that she advanced not yet her Business, but waited for the hour of his Repast, wherein she knew that the King *Ahasuerus* was ordinarily more free and merry. She told him only that she came to make a small Request unto his Majesty, and most humbly to beseech him to be pleased to honour her with his Presence, together with *Haman*, at a little Banquet which she had prepared for them. The King was very joyful at it, and caused *Haman* to be called, whom he commanded to do whatsoever *Hester* should desire, which was most pleasing to him, being one that loved nothing so much as that which flattered his vainglory.

They failed not to be both of them at Dinner with the Queen, who entertained them very handsomly, and with great Magnificence, & this Entertainment pleased so much her husband, that he summoned her again to ask what ever seemed good unto her, for there was no request but should be granted, that proceeded from her mouth. The Queen that would give her self leisure to consult with her Uncle first, that she might effectually disclose that great affair, put off the offer till the morrow after, and said to the King, That since his Majesty had expressed so great a satisfaction for her little Dinner, and that the cheerfulness of his heart redounded to the benefit of his health, she would present to him again with all humility the very same Petition, and convince him by his friendship, which she prized above all things in the World, to eat again the following day of the Viands that she should make ready for him, and with the same Company.

This was fully granted her, and after she had prepared the spirit of the King by these dispositions, she resolved to open her whole mind, with the

counsel

counsel and art of *Mordecai*. *Haman* went out of the Palace gloriously triumphing and accompanied with a great train: but when he perceived *Mordecai* at the Gate, who made as though he did not see him, when all others killed themselves to make him Reverences, he felt himself moved with fury, and went suddenly to his house, to conclude upon the Death of that innocent man.

Good (say the Philosophers) is never Good, if it be not intire and perfect; which is the cause that there are few felicities in the World, where all Light hath its Shadow, all Fruit its Worm, and every Beauty fails not to have its embasement and Allay. And this is it, that proud *Haman* experiments in the highest glory of his Fortune. He makes a consultation with his Wife and Friends, and tells them; that he is this day, according to the World's esteem, one of the happiest men upon the Earth. If he looks upon his Riches, they are welnigh infinite; If he casts his eys upon his House, he sees it under-propped with a good company of children; If he consider the favour of the Prince, never man was in a like degree. His Counsels are the Felicities of the State, his Words are Oracles, and his Altitudes are Ravishments that dazle the whole Earth from *Euphrates* even as far as *Nilus*. Yet he confesses to them ingeniously, that in this high heap of Honours, and of Blessings that environ him, he hath no content at all, as long as he sees himself out-braved by that beggarly Rascal *Mordecai*, who vouchsafes not so much as to do him any Reverence. All the Joys that he hath in his House, and all the Applauses that he receives every day in publick, gives him not so much Pleasure, as that sole Affront pours bitterness into his heart, which he cannot digest. And therefore he prays them to advise him on some means that he should use, to rid himself of that Villain, and sacrifice him to his vengeance. He added, that he had Dined with the King and Queen, and that he was to go thither again the morrow after, which was a favour that none could hope for after him; yet he lost all the sense of it when it entred into his imagination, that he must see a *Mordecai* at the Palace-gate, to reproach to him his impotence: and that there was no more life for him, as long as that cursed fellow, that was to him as an ill-boding Bird, remained at Court.

The Wife that was of the same humour with her Husband, pronounced a short sentence, and said, that if there were not Gallows enough at *Shushan* to hang a Rascal, he shall cause one to be set up of fifty Cubits high, and should desire the King, that *Mordecai* should be suddenly fastned to it, and that this being done, he might go with a purified spirit to the Banquet of the Queen. This counsel pleased him very much, and he resolved to forward it; but Providence prepared for him far other business to dispatch, to make him know, that no body thinks upon the ruine of another, without hastning of his own.

The Angel of God that governs Kings, gives them thoughts not fore-seen, and raises to them occasions of Virtues and great Actions, sometimes even when they least dream of it. The King was laid upon his Bed to repose himself, and could not shut his eys the whole night, without having the least appearance of care or trouble in his spirit. He calls for his Reader, and bids him read to him some book or other to entertain him. He reads in his presence the Annals of the kingdom, and particularly, that which happened in his time: he comes without not thinking on it, to the year that made mention of *Teresh* and *Bigthan*'s Conspiracy, discovered by *Mordecai*. The Kings heart that was in the hand of God, changed in an instant; the remembrance of that good servant begins to enter into his mind with some tenderness and compassion: that ardent and inconsiderate love that he had had to his friend *Haman*, grows cold again insensibly, without having any reason for it. It seemed as if there had been a charm raised suddenly by an heavenly hand. He resumes thoughts of consideration, of justice, and affection towards honest men.

He asked what recompense *Mordecai* hath had for so great and notable a Service that he did his Person and all his Estate. It was found that he had gained nothing by it, but promises and hopes. The King demands of the Gentlemen of his Chamber, who was in the Ante-chamber? they answered *Haman*, that was come according to his custom, to discourse with him while he was rising, and to presently *Mordecai*'s ruine. He commands them to bid him enter; he enters with a boldness that promised it self all things, and sets himself to his Complements and his ordinary merriments: yet all that had pleased the King heretofore, in the conversation of that man even to a Rapture, begins to displease him now, and he seeks nothing more then the means to humble him.

He frames to himself in Idea's, a man of Fortune rising from nothing, that hath prevailed over the simplicity of his spirit, that hath made great Magazines of gold and silver out of his Levies; that disposes of all the Offices of his kingdom; that makes himself adored of great and small; that is followed as himself, and more then himself; that hath his Privy-Seal and all his Authority in his hands; that hath so much money to lay out, as to offer ten thousand Talents to satiate his Revenge, and that authorizes all wickedness, by the Name, and avouching of his Master, if at least he hath one on this top of glory whither he is mounted. He hath now a mind to undo him, and feels a powerful motion pushing him forward to it; and which permits him not to deliberate of it any more; nor to consider with what security he might execute so great a business.

He knew that he was hated of all the World, by reason of his pride; and that his Adorers themselves would have eaten him up with a very good will, if they might have had but the permission given them: he saw that he subsisted not, but by his favour which he abused so basely. He resolved to pick a quarrel with him, and asked him instantly, What might a great King do, that would honour a Favourite to the highest point? *Haman* thinking that that Question was not made but in favour, and consideration of him, answers with an immeasurable impudence; That to honour worthily a Favourite, and to shew in his person what a great Master can do that loves with passion, he must cloath him with his Royal Cloak, put the King's Diadem upon his head, set him upon his own Horse, and command the greatest Prince of the Court to hold his Stirrop and his Bridle, and lead him through all places of the City, and to cause an Herald to proclaim before him; That it is thus that *Ahasuerus* honoureth his favourites.

The Prince was astonished at this insolence, and to make him burst with spite, said to him, that his Opinion was very good, and therefore he commanded him to render all those honours presently to *Mordecai* the Jew that was at the Palace-gate. This

Devil of Pride was seized with so great an amazement at that Speech, that he had not so much as one word in his mouth to reply; and as he was Vainglorious and Insupportable in his Prosperity, so there was nothing more Amated or more Base in Adversity. He extremely racks his spirit to dissemble his discontent; The fear of death and punishments due to his Crimes, if he did resist the Pleasure of the King, made him swallow all the bitterness of that Cup.

A strange thing! Poor *Mordecai* that was all nasty, covered with Sack-cloath and Ashes, is fetched, is washed, is trimmed up, and clad after the fashion of a King. *Haman* presents himself to hold the Stirrop of the Horse, and to lead him by the Bridle, while his Enemy was shewed in Triumph to the eys of the whole City of *Shushan*. How much Resistance do we think he made, not to accept this Honour? What thoughts came into his head, whether it was not a trick of *Haman*, that would give him a short Joy to deliver him to a long Punishment. He could not believe his Eys nor his Reason; he thought that all this had been a Dream. In the mean while the whole City of *Shushan* beheld that great Spectacle, and could not be sufficiently amazed at so extraordinary a Change.

Haman, after the Ceremony was over, returns very sad unto his House, deploring with his Wife and Friends the sad sport of Fortune. The Confusion of their troubled spirits suggests nothing to them but Counsels of despair, and they say, that since *Mordecai* hath begun, sure he will make an end, He was very loath to go to that Feast of the Queens, he feared that it would prove a sacrifice; and that he should be the offering.

Hester that saw that her sport was spoiled if he was not present, caused him secretly to be engaged, and pressed by the Eunuchs of the King, who under colour of Civility, conduct him to his final Misery.

He enters into the Chamber of the Feast: The King dissembles all that had been done; there was nothing talked of at the first, but of passing merrily the time away; Every thing flourished, every thing Laughed; but Poyson was hid under the Laughter, and Venome under the Flowers.

At the end of their Repast; the King Conjures the Queen to tell him at last what it was that she desired of him; because he was fully resolved to divide his Crown and Sceptre with her. Then sending forth a great sigh, she cried,

Alas Sir, I do not sue to your Majesty for any of all the Honours, or the Riches of your Empire; but I desire of you only my own and my poor peoples lives, which some would overthrow, destroy, and massacre by an horrible and bloudy butchery. Sir, I ought no longer to disguise any thing to your Majesty; God hath made me be born of that Nation, which is given for a Prey under your Authority, and destined to the Shambels. It is me that they aim at; If they had gone about only to make me and my People Slaves, I would have held my peace, and stifled my groans. But Sir, what have I done, that my throat should be cut, after I shall have seen the bloud of my neareſt kindred shed before mine Eys, to be thrown as the last Sacrifice, upon a great heap of dead bodies, and buried in the Ruines of my dear Country? Alas, Sir, shew us Mercy, You that are the Mildest of all Princes, restore me my soul, and the lives of my whole Nation.

The King entred into an Admiration of Extasie upon these Words, and said to the Queen,

I know not to what this Discourse tends, or where the Man or the Authority is, that dares do this without my command.

Then she replyes, He, to whom your Majesty hath given your Seal, that Traytour, and perfidious *Haman*, It is he that hath caused bloudy Letters to be written through all the Provinces, to deliver me and my People up to Death; and know Sir, that his cruelty redounds upon your head.

Haman quickly perceived that he was a lost man; and the paleness of Death came at the same instant into his Face. The King rises from the Table, and walks into the Garden, that was hard by, to chew upon his Choler.

The Queen that had put her self into a Melancholy, casts her self down upon the Bed. *Haman* throws himself at her feet; and as a man that is drowning, lays hold on what ere he meets with, He beseeches her, he urges her, he conjures her to shew him Mercy; and in saying so, bowed himself down upon the Bed, and approached very near unto her.

The King entring at the same time into the Chamber, and finding him in that Posture; How (says he) will he also violate the Queen, my Wife, in my Presence, and in my House? Let some body take him away. Instantly they come, and cover his Face, as they were wont to do to those that were carried away to Punishment, and one of the Eunuchs thought of, saying, that he had prepared a pair of Gallows of fifty Cubits high, for *Mordecai* the Preserver of the Kings Life.

It is that which is his Due, (answered *Ahasuerus*) and let him be hanged suddenly upon the Gibbet that he hath set up.

This was executed without delay, there being no body that was not extreme joyful of his ruine. *Mordecai* was called to the Palace, to take his Place, and to Govern all the Houshold of the Queen, that now acknowledged him in the presence of the King her Husband, for her Uncle.

Hester afterwards beseeched the King, to command Dispatches to be sent through all the Provinces, to countermand and to make void the Letters of Death which cruel *Haman* had caused already to be spread through all the kingdom. This was found very reasonable, and they were forthwith Expedited in these termes.

Artaxerxes the Sovereign Lord and King of all the Nations that are from *India* to *Ethiopia*, To the Princes and Governours of the seven and twenty Provinces of our Empire, Greeting.

Many abusing through their Pride, the Goodness of Princes, and the Honours that have been given them, do not only endeavour to oppress People, but also by a detestable Felony, to attempt upon the Life of their Benefactours, not being able to bear the Weight of the Glory, to which they are Exalted.

They are not contented to be Ingrateful for Benefits, and to violate the Laws of Humanity, but perswade themselves, that, though they run out into so great Crimes, they shall escape the Judgments of that great God, from whom nothing is concealed. Their Fury is so irregulated, that though they be defiled with all sorts of Vices, they accuse those that are Innocent, and observe punctually all the Justness of their Duty, endeavouring to ruine them by the Artifices and Juglings of their Lies. And for this they surprise the Ear of Kings, who have an Heart full of Goodness and Sincerity, measuring those

those that are near their Persons by their own Dispositions.

The proof of this may be found in Antient Stories, and even in those of our Dayes too, which shew sufficiently how the good Intentions of Kings are Corrupted by the wicked Counsels of their Ministers and Servants.

For this Reason, we ought to give order for the Peace of our Provinces, and if we are Constrained to make you a Counter-mand, know, that it proceeds rather from the necessity of the Times, then from the inconstancy of our Resolutions.

It is necessary, that you should understand, that *Haman* the Son of *Amadatha* a *Macedonian* by Nation and Affection, after he had been promoted by our Goodnesse to the second place of our Kingdom, hath defiled by his Cruelty the effects of our Piety, and hath puffed himself up with so great an Arrogance, as to have dared to attempt to deprive us of our Sceptre, and of our Life. For he resolved to cause *Mordecai* to dye, to whose Fidelity I owe my preservation; and to destroy with him *Hester* the Companion of our Bed, and of our Scepter with her whole Nation, by Inventions pernicious, and till this time unheard of.

He hoped by this means, that having taken away our Conservatours, he might surprize us in a Dereliction, and translate the Kingdome of the Persians to the Macedonians.

But we have discovered, that the Jews destined to death by this wicked Villain, are without fault; That they use good Laws; and that they are the true Children of the most High, most Great, and Everliving God, by whom the Empire is given and preserved to us.

And for this Reason, we make void and disannul the Letters that he hath directed to you in our Name, to cause them to be Murthered, making you to know that the Authour of the Lye hath been hanged upon the Gallows at the Gate of *Shushan*, God rendring to him that which he hath deserved.

Furthermore, we Will and Ordain that the Jews live in all our Provinces according to their Law and Ceremonies; and that you assist them in bringing their Enemies to Punishment the same day that they had determined to destroy them, seeing that the God Almighty hath turned to them into Joy, that day of Tears and Grief.

And since that that is important even for our Life and Preservation, We Command that that Day be put in the number of the Feasts, that Posterity may know the Recompense of our Faithfull Servants, and the Punishment of the Traitors oppose our Will, and make attempt upon our Estate.

And if there be any Province or City that refuses to solemnize that very Day with Joyes and Chearfulness befitting it, we Will that it be destroyed with Fire and Sword, and that it be made inaccessible to Men and Beasts to perpetuity, to give an Example to others by the punishment of their contempt and Disobedience.

The Commands of the King were diligently executed, and the Jews Dreaded and Honoured in all places by reason of the great Credit that *Mordecai* had with the King his Master.

It seemed that the Sun was risen a new for these people heretofore afflicted, and that Heaven poured down upon them blessings in abundance. There was nothing every where but Joyes, but Dances, but Feasts, in Testimony of so publick an alacrity. But it is clear that *Hester* held yet somewhat of the Old Testament in the searching out of the enemies of her Nation, and in the Revenge that she caused to be exercised every where upon them that had sworne her Ruine.

Haman's House was given her, and ten of his Sons hanged to accompany the punishment of their Father. Five hundred men were slain in *Shushan* for having adhered to that miserable man, and through all the rest of the Cities of the Kingdome, much bloud was shed on the same day that had been assigned for the Massacres of the Hebrews.

We must avow that this History is wonderfully Tragicall, and one of the most wonderfull Revolutions of Fortune that ever arrived to Great ones, to make Posterity fear the Judgments of a God whose Hand is as weighty in the Chastisement of Crimes, as his Eye quick-sighted in the discerning of hearts.

JOSHUA. JUDAS MACCABEUS.

HE must be ignorant of the chief and most visible of beauties that knows not *Joshua*. One cannot see the Sun without remembring the great commerce that this valorous Captain had with the King of Stars. All the World lift their eys up to it, but none hath ever lifted his voice as far as it, to make himself be heard, and to make himself to be obeyed. The Stars knew *Joshua*, because he bore the Name of him that formed them: It is he that first gave us the fore-tastes of the name of *Jesus*, at which the Heaven, the Earth, and Hell, do bend the knee.

What lovely thing had not this generous *Joshua*, seeing one cannot name him without mentioning Salvation, which is the wish and content of all men? Who would think that such a spirit had been born and bred in servitude? And yet he was *Pharaoh*'s slave, he was as the rest in the chain, that was at that time common to all his people. Those were very patient that could endure it, but he was far more valiant that found a means to break it.

When in his little infancy he played upon the banks of the River of *Nile* with the other prisoners, he then strook terrour into all its flotes, and the Angels of *Ægypt*, knew that he should tread under his feet the pride of *Pharaoh*, & carry away the spoils of that proud kingdom, so many times cemented with the blood of his brethren. He did every thing by *Moses*'s orders, and *Moses* did nothing without him. If one was the eye of his people, the other was the arm; if one was the Conductour of them, the other was the Protectour. If one had the Providence, the other reserved to himself the execution which is ordinarily the most difficult piece of Prudence.

Moses lifted up his hands to Heaven, and *Joshua* his Arms upon the head of the enemies of God; the one combated with the lips, and the other with the sword: the one poured out oyl and wine upon the Altars, the other shed the blood of the wicked to make a sacrifice to the justice of the Sovereign Monarch.

He was inclined to war by the disposition of God himself, he received the sword as from his hands, and wore it fifty seven years always in assaults, always in defences, always in various encounters, and in bloody battels, for the safety and the glory of his Nation.

He hath reaped more Palms, then heaven hath stars, he made as many combats as journeys, and gained as many victories as he gave battels. Happiness never deliberated whether she should follow his undertakings. She was under him as a Souldier in pay, and whither one carried his Standards, the other incontinently displaied her wings to cover them. They never brake asunder; and hazard that hath often a foot so slippery, found firm ground when it was covered with the arms of *Joshuah*.

He affronted Giants that seemed to have been born only for the terrour of mankind. He tumbled down towers of flesh, and trod under feet Monsters that the most valiant durst not so much as look on. He took Cities whose Walls and Citadels were so high that they seemed to be lost in heaven.

The Plains of *Makkedah*, of *Libnah*, of *Lachish*, of *Debir*, of *Hebron*, of *Gilgal*, of *Gezer*, and of *Jericho*, bear yet the seeds of his Lawrels. *Eglon* and *Ai* preserve his Tropheys which are yet standing after they have seen the ruines of the *Pyramids* of *Egypt*. But *Gibeon* carries away the price of his victories, seeing it was it that saw the Sun stand still upon his Conquest.

Plato and *Aristotle* that hold the heavens and the stars, animated; *Julius Firmicus* that believes them filled with sence and with prudence, would not have failed to tell us here, that it was the love and the admiration of the valour of that great Captain, that tied the Sun by insensible chains in the midst of his firmament, and that he could not endure to set before he had seen the end of that famous battel: he could see nothing amongst our Antipodes that came near this spectacle; he esteemed his Light more noble and more precious for that it had shone that very day even upon the Valour of the most rare Man of the whole Earth.

But

But the Scripture teaches us, that the chiefe of the Luminaries of heaven ſtood for that time immovable, not by any underſtanding that it had, but by obedience that it rendred to its Creatour; ſeeing the Creatour himſelf would obey the voice of a man. All the Militia of heaven deſired to be of the Party, the Moon and the Stars waited upon their King, and would not move one ſtep that was not troden according to his meaſures.

After this do we think it ſtrange that the Rivers turned about their Paſſages to favour *Joſhua's*, and that the ſacred *Jordan* was ſenſible of the foot-ſteps of a mortal man, to whom the heavens themſelves gave ſome veneration?

Millions of men grew pale with fear when they ſaw one ſingle man with his ſword in hand; The walls of Cities fell to the ground, though he did not touch them but with his eys.

The only preſence of one *Joſhua* was worth an hundred Regiments; The ſouldiers thought nothing impoſſible under him, and by him the enemies eſteem'd themſelves vanquiſh'd as ſoon as ſeen.

What may one ſay of a General that ſubdued thirty and one Kings, that brake ſo many Sceptres, that ſaw ſo many Crowns and Diadems at his feet? One ſole Victory carried away upon a Monarch, cauſed the *Roman* Captains to be ſeen in a Chariot of Ivory drawn by white Horſes, and ſometimes by Elephants and Lions: *Seſoſtres* King of the *Egyptians*, four Kings to be tied to his Coach, for that he had conquered them in battel. But our *Joſhua*, a ſubduer of pride as well as men, deſires no exteriour pomp to honour his deeds of valour. It ſufficed him that God triumphed in him, and would not have any other glory, but to be under the feet of him that marches upon the wings of the winds, and upon the head of Cherubins.

He was not only a valiant Souldier, and wiſe General, but at laſt the Judge and Prince of his people. Great in Arms and in Laws, and accompliſhed in all ſorts of virtues. The *Iſraelites* thinking one day that *Moſes* their Conductour had been loſt in the Wilderneſs, deſired the High-Prieſt *Aaron* to make them a God to ſupply his default. But after that *Moſes* was dead, and that they beheld *Joſhua* ſeated in his place, they deſired no more any other Deity, becauſe they perceived in him the livelieſt impreſſion that man can have of God upon the earth.

Virtues that ſeemed moſt contrary were reconciled in him, and made but one ſole viſage of perfection. Piety made nothing ſoft in his Courage, nor Courage any thing fierce in his Piety. Height of Spirit found that ſhe was compatible with Meekneſs. Activeneſs went the ſame pace with Providence, and the moſt Illuſtrious of glories repoſed in him under the ſhadow of Humility. Juſtice in him did not offend Clemency; He imitated the living God that is merciful even as far as Hell. He puniſhed Crimes with a zeal mixt with ardour and compaſſion; and when he cauſed *Achan* that ſacrilegious man to dy, at the time that his hand was ſtiff to hold the ballance of Juſtice in an equality, he felt in his heart a tenderneſs that made him give death to the culpable as a benefit, though others took it for a puniſhment.

But let us remember while we ſpeak of *Joſhua* that God hath covered him with the rays of glory; to teach us, that we are conſtrained to cover his brave acts in ſilence.

To conclude, He to whom nothing was wanting but immortality, died as a ſetting Sun, animating his people with the ſpirit that went out of his body: and ſome hold that the *Hebrews* put upon his Tomb the figure of a Sun, as if they would ſay that he was amongſt men that which the Sun is amongſt the Stars, and that there is nothing even as far as the ſhadow of death, that hath not kindled for him lights of Immortality.

JUDAS MACCABEUS.

WHatſoever Virtue hath of Great, whatſoever Valour hath of Generous, met in the perſon of *Judas Maccabeus* to make a marvell of his life, and an Immortal memory of his Name.

God cauſed him to be born in a deplorable age, in the time that King *Antiochus* ſurnam'd the Illuſtrious, raiſed that horrible perſecution againſt the *Jews*, that made the heavens to weep, and the earth to bluſh with bloud. It was a ſport to that barbarous man to prophane holy things, and a continual exerciſe to flea and roaſt men, or to throw them into boyling Caldrons, without having any other crime, but dying for the true Religion. The cruelty of the torments overcomes the weak, and ſhakes even the ſtrongeſt; The Altars overturned upon the bleeding Prieſts, the children ſtrangled in the boſom of their ſighing Mothers; the flames that without diſtinction devoured the ſacred and prophane, the Houſes that ſeemed now but dens of Beaſts, preſented to the world an hideous ſpectacle that gave more deſire to dy, then courage to live.

Amidſt theſe deſolations was found a gallant old man named *Mattathias*, the father of many ſons all men of valour, who went out of *Jeruſalem* to retire himſelf in the City of *Modin*. There be aſſembled all thoſe of his Family, who were followed of whatſoever remained yet of moſt courageous to oppoſe themſelves againſt the fury of the Tyrant, and to retain the remnants of the true Piety. As ſoon as the *Infidels* had heard that a little handful of men aſſay'd to ſubſtract themſelves from their puiſſance, and refuſed to make open profeſſion of the Religion of the *Pagans*, they failed not haſtily to ſend unto them a Lievtenant of the Kings, that ſummoned *Mattathias* to render up himſelf with all his men, and to offer Incenſe to the Idols. But this virtuous man aſſembling his ſons and his allies, ſaid thus unto them,

It would be, to be too much in love with Life, to be willing to ſpare and keep it in the loſs of the true Religion. I am ſorry that I ever entred into the world, when I conſider the time to which God hath reſerv'd my age to ſee the diſaſters of my people, & the deſolation of holy *Jeruſalem*, abandoned to the pillage of rapinous hands, and to the prophanation of the impious. Her Temple hath been handled as the object of all reproaches, and thoſe Veſſels of Glory that ſerved for the Miniſtery of the Living God, hath been taken away by violence. We have ſeen her ſtreets covered with dead bodies, and the little children having their throats cut upon the Carcaſes of their Fathers. And what Nation hath not poſſeſſed our heritages, and is not enriched with our ſpoils? The holineſſe of the Temple hath not ſtayed ſacrilegious hands, and ſo many ſlaves

of

of that proud City, have not been able to preſerve themſelves from flames. After this, what intereſt can we have in life, unleſs it be to revenge the quarrel of God? I am promiſed all the honours, and all the goods that I can reaſonably hope for, If I will obey the King *Antiochus*, and range my ſelf on the party of thoſe that have ſo baſely betrayed their faith. But God forbid, that I ſhould ever fall into ſuch a proſtitution of Judgment or of courage. When all thoſe of my Nation ſhall have conſpired to forſake their Law, to obey the time, and to accommodate themſelves to the Prince's will, I can anſwer for my ſelf, and for my children, and for my brothers, aſſuring my ſelf of their Generoſity that they will never do any thing that is baſe. Let all thoſe that ſhall have a zeal to the true Religion joyn themſelves to us, and know that amongſt ſo many miſeries there is nothing better, then to mark with their bloud the way of Safety and of Glory, to give example to Poſterity.

In the mean time the Kings Commiſſioners preſſed every one to declare himſelf, and to ſacrifice; whereupon a man of the people of the Jewes, whether he was frighted by the terrour of the puniſhments, or allured by the promiſe of rewards, ſtepped forth to ſacrifice upon an Altar ſet up in publick, and dedicated to the falſe Deities. But *Mattathias* having looked ſteddily upon him, felt his heart inflamed with a violent heat of the zeal that poſſeſſed him, and running to that Apoſtate, killed him with his own hand, and laid him dead upon the Altar, making him ſerve for an offering in the place to which he came to be a Prieſt. He added to him alſo that Lievtenant of the King that commanded them to offer thoſe ſacrifices of abominations, and declared open war to all the Infidels that would conſtrain them to forſake their Law.

It is a wonderfull thing to conſider the power of a man in zeal that contemns his life, and is ambitious of death. This holy old man began an army with five ſons that he had, and a few kinſmen. He quitted the City of *Modin*, where he could not be the ſtronger, to entrench himſelf upon a Mountain, whither thoſe that were zealous for the defence of the antient piety arrived from all ſides with their wives, their children, and their flocks; all reſolved to live, or to dye with the Illuſtrious Maccabeans. *Mattathias* ſeeing his army every day increaſe, did brave exploits of war; ſo that he was not contented to beat back the Infidels: but aſſaulted them even in their trenches, and chaſed them away, which gave him all liberty to demolliſh the prophane Altars that they had erected in many places, to cauſe circumciſion to be adminiſtred to little Infants, and to recover the ſacred books out of the hands of the enemies.

In fine, this valorous Captain, after many combats, ſeeing his laſt day approach, made a long oration to his children, inflaming them to the zeal of their Religion againſt the Tyranny of King *Antiochus*; and after he had given them *Judas Maccabeus* for their Chief, and *Simeon* for their Counſel, bleſſed them, and ſhut up his life by a moſt glorious end.

Judas, that had been a good Souldier under his Father, became a great Commander amongſt his brethren, and continued the deſign that had been traced out unto him by the virtue of their Anceſtours, employing all his power to raiſe again the Trophies of the God of Hoſts that had been thrown down by the fury of the Infidels.

I find that this great Cavalier founded his whole life upon Conſcience, and Honour, which he always eſteemed above all that is precious in Nature, and recommendable to Greece. He believed even in perfection a God Sovereignly Almighty, that hath an eye alwayes open upon the actions of men, that is the diſtributer of Glory, and the Revenger of Iniquities; and held firmly that he was to be acknowledged and adored by the worſhip, and the Ceremonies ordained in the law of his Fathers; and therfore embraced with an Incomparable ardour the true Religion, uſing his uttermoſt endeavour to practice, defend, and maintain it, to the prejudice of goods, life, honour, and of all that is eſteemed dearеſt in the world. He yeilded himſelf to be totally conducted by Providence, which he held to preſide in all Battels; ſo that he meaſured not victories by the multitudes of ſouldiers, by arms, by fortreſſes, by ammunitions of war: but aſſured himſelf that there was a ſecret Providence from above, that made all the happineſs and miſery of men.

From thence it came that he had a wonderful confidence in the Divine Protection, believing himſelf to be beloved of God, whom he loved reciprocally more by ſincerity of affection, then by exteriour Pomp; He never went to fight but he fore-armed himſelf with ſtrong and ardent prayers; he never undertook to give battel, but he exhorted his men to implore the aſſiſtance of God upon their Arms.

He alſo ſhewed himſelf very ſenſible of the favours of Heaven, and deſired that God ſhould firſt of all triumph in all the good ſucceſſes that accompanied his Standards; which he expreſſed viſibly, when, having defeated the Generals of King *Antiochus* in manifold aſſaults, and gotten a little reſt to his dear country, he took a preſſing care to cauſe the Temple to be repaired and cleanſed, that had been horribly prophaned by the Infidels.

It was an incomparable joy to all the people when after ſo many deſolations that had preceded, he celebrated a Triumphant Dedication, by which he cauſed the hopes of his Nation to reflouriſh. His cares extended even beyond the World wherein we live, and one may well affirm, that he was the firſt of the Antient Fathers of the Old Teſtament, that expreſſed more openly the charitable offices that ought to be rendred to the ſouls of the Deceaſed. This manifeſtly appears in an encounter which he had with *Gorgias* General of the Army of the Enemy, in which he loſt ſome Souldiers; and when he came to viſit the field of battel to view the Dead, and to cauſe them to be carried to the Sepulcher of their Fathers, he found that ſome amongſt them had in their cloathes certain pieces of the offerings preſented to the Idols, thinking perhaps that it was lawfull for them to accommodate themſelves with it for their uſe, though in effect the Law forbad it. This gave a ſhock at firſt unto his conſcience that was very delicate, and he deplored the unhappineſs of thoſe forſaken people, that had loaded themſelves with prophane Booties; yet when he thought that that befell them more for want of conſideration, and by the hope of ſome little gain, then by any conſent that they had given to Idolatry, he ſent twelve thouſand Drachmes into *Jeruſalem*, to cauſe Sacrifices to be offered for the reſt of their Souls.

This made him to be honoured with very particular favours of heaven; for he hath been ſometimes ſeen in a combat environed with celeſtial virtues that watched for his protection, and filled his enemies with terror. His very dreams were not without a myſtery, witneſs that which ſhewed him the Prophet *Jeremy*, and the high Prieſt *Onias*, who prayed before the face of God for the ſafety of the People; the former of which two put into his hand a gilded

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ſword, telling him that it was that wherewith he ſhould bring down to the earth the enemies of his Religion.

The great love that he had for God, reflected it ſelf continually towards his neighbour, on whom he contemplated the image of the firſt beauty. He bore in his heart all that were afflicted, and burned with a moſt ardent love for the good of his dear country. The zeal of Juſtice poſſeſſed his ſoul, and he had no greater delights in the world, then to ſuccour widows, orphans, and all neceſſitous perſons. They ran to him as to their true Father; they ranged themſelves under the ſhadow of his virtue, and found there a refreſhment in their moſt parching heats. His converſation was ſweet, his ſpeech affable, his manners without avarice. He never ſold his Protection, nor made any Traffick of his Valour. He knew not what it was to buy his neighbours lands, to build palaces, to plant orchards, to make gardens, and to heap up treaſures. He was rich for the poor, and poor for himſelf, living as a man untyed from all things elſe, and faſtned to virtue alone by an indiſſoluble knot of duty.

His Temperance paſſed even to admiration, ſo greatly did he contemn thoſe pleaſures and delights that others regard as their chief felicity. He never dreamed of cauſing the beautifull women priſoners to be preſerved for himſelf; becauſe he was skilful in the trade of defending Ladies honours rather then aſſaulting them. He never had any Miſtriſs, being perpetually Maſter of himſelf; and one ſhall have work enough to find out his wives name: it is not read that he had any other children but Virtues and Victories. He lived as an *Eſſen* eſtranged from all the pleaſures of the fleſh, and taſted no other contentment in the world, then to do great actions. He never enterprized the war againſt King *Antiochus* to make himſelf great, and to reign but for the pure love of his Religion and dear Country.

Traytours and corrupted ſpirits blame him for having taken up arms, ſaying, That it behoved them rather to ſuffer the Deſtinies then to make them. That it behoved them to obey the Powers that God had ſet over their heads. That it was a great raſhneſs to think to reſiſt the forces of all *Aſia* with a little handfull of ſouldiers; that it could not chuſe but provoke the conquerours, and draw upon the vanquiſhed a deluge of calamities.

The world hath been full in all times of certain condeſcending Philoſophers, who accommodate themſelves to every thing, that they may not diſaccommodate themſelves for virtue. They care not what viſage is given to Piety, ſo that they find there in their own advantages. By how much the more mens ſpirits are refined to ſearch out reaſons to colour the toleration of vices, by ſo much the more their courages are weakned, and neglect to maintain themſelves in duty. There are ſome that had rather lie ſtil in the dirt, then take the pains to riſe out of it.

Judas conſider'd that King *Antiochus* was not contented with having brought the Jews to a common ſervitude, but would overthrow all their Laws, and aboliſh entirely their Religion. He did not believe that it was lawfull for him to abandon cowardly the intereſts of God. He thought that there are times wherein one ought rather deſtroy ones ſelf with courage, then preſerve ones ſelf with ſluggiſhneſs. He looked not ſo much upon his ſtrength, as upon his duty. He perſwaded himſelf that a good Cauſe cannot be forſaken of God, and that we ought to eſſay to ſerve him, applying our wills to his orders, and leaving all the ſucceſs of our works to his diſpoſal.

This great zeal that he had of Juſtice was accompanied with a well tempered prudence. As he never let looſe himſelf in that which was abſolutely of the Law, ſo did he never uſe to rack himſelf by unprofitable ſcruples, that are ordinary enough to thoſe that are zealous through indiſcretion. Some of his Nation ſhewed themſelves ſo ſuperſtitious, that being aſſaulted by their enemies on the Saturday, they let their throats be cut, as ſheep, without the leaſt reſiſtance, for fear of violating the Sabbath, if they ſhould put themſelves upon a defence. *Judas* following the example of his father *Mattathias* took away that errour, which tended to the general deſolation of his Country, and ſhewed by lively reaſons, that God who hath obliged us to the preſervation of our ſelves by the Law of Nature, had never ſuch an intention as to give us for a prey to our enemies by an indiſcreet ſuperſtition. That it was a good work to defend the Altars and ones Country againſt the Infidels, and that it was not to break the Sabbath, but rather to ſanctifie it.

Following theſe paths, he was the firſt of all the Jews that made a League with the Romans, which hath ſeemed a little harſh to *Rupertus*, and ſome other Divines. But we muſt conſider what Saint *Paul* ſaith, *That if all commerce with the Gentiles had been forbidden to the Jews, and to the firſt Chriſtians, they ſhould have been conſtrained rather to go out of the world, then converſe in it.* Never did this great Captain in his moſt preſſing neceſſities cauſe the Roman ſouldiers to come into *Paleſtine*, fearing leſt their approach might bring ſome damage and prophanation to an Holy Land. But foraſmuch as he ſaw himſelf environed all round with Kings that bowed under the puiſſance of the Roman Empire, he thought that it would be convenient to endeavour to gain their friendſhip to obtain more eaſily Juſtice againſt the oppreſſions of his neighbours. He employed the power of the Infidels not to torment the faithfull, but to ruine infidelity. He ſought to thoſe into whoſe hands God had put the Power, to have the exerciſe of it to the glory of him that had communicated it to them; this was not a crime, but a moſt exquiſite piece of prudence.

The falſe high Prieſt *Alcimus*, *Judas*'s adverſary, did not uſe the matter ſo, who cauſed the Armies of *Antiochus* to come to the deſtruction of the Altars, and to the maſſacre of his brethren, which cauſed him to be ſmitten with a ſtroak from Heaven, and rendred him execrable to the memory of men.

But we muſt acknowledg, that of all the great qualities that hath ſhined in this ſo famous man, Valour hath alwayes held one of the upper ranks. He was made for Military virtue, and furniſhed with all the neceſſary conditions that make Generals of Armies and Conquerours. An elevated birth, an happy beginning that he made under his father, ſcience of War, Authority, Happineſs, Vigilancy, Activeneſs, Boldneſs, Government, and whatſoever is beſt in the profeſſion of Arms, had contributed to make of him the wonder of his age. He was a Lion's heart, that found ſecurity in dangers, and would not have even Crowns themſelves, if he did not pluck them out of the midſt of thorns. One cannot read without admiration the two books of the *Maccabees*, in conſidering the great progreſſes that he made in ſo little time, and ſo many various encounters. In the ſpace of ſix years he ſuſtained the great and prodigious forces of three Kings

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of *Asia*, opposing himself with a little flying Camp against Armies of fourty, sixty, an hundred thousand men, which he put into disorder and confusion. He defeated in ranged battels and in divers combats, nine Generals of the Infidels, killing some with his own hand, and carrying away their spoils.

The first amongst them was *Apollonius*, who was of an high repute in *Antiochus* his Reign; because that he had been employed in the principal businesses of the Realm, treating with the *Romans* and the *Egyptians* for his Master. It is the very same that entred into *Jerusalem* with an Army of two and twenty thousand men, and under pretence of Peace made there an horrible spoil. Assoon as he heard that *Judas Maccabeus* had put himself into the field with a strength very little considerable, he thought that being Governour of *Syria* and of *Phenicia*, and at that time upon the place, the business concerned him above all others: and therefore he collects together great troops to stop the progress of the *Jews*, and to succeed with all security. But the valorous *Maccabeus* prevented him so vigorously, that he had not the leisure well to bethink himself: he gave him battel, wherein his men, seeing the assaults of the faithful people that seemed the assaults of Giants, began to stagger. Whatsoever pains he took to rally them, fear had so far gained upon them, that they destroy'd themselves for fear of being destroyed. *Judas*, by *Joseph Gorion's* report, made that day the heads of his enemies to fal under his courtle-ax, as fast as the ears of corn fall under the hook of the Reaper. He chose *Apollonius* out of the middle of his best souldiers and ran to him, challenging him to a Duel, in which the other was overcom in the sight of a trembling Army, and *Judas* took away his sword, which he used the rest of his days in so many glorious Combats.

Seron that was Lievtenant under *Apollonius*, pushed on with vengeance, and with glory that made him long since seek out an occasion to make himself renowned, thinking that *Apollonius* his defeat was but a stroke of Fortune, and that he should quickly bring *Judas* into good order, rallied all his forces, increasing his Army as much as possibly he could; which gave at first a great terrour to the *Hebrews*, seeing that the heads of that *Hydra* which they thought had been cut off pushed forth so suddenly. They had journied and fasted the very day of the combat, and seem'd all discourag'd; but *Judas* exhorted them with an ardent speech that put fire and spirit into all his Army. It fell so opportunely upon the enemy, that *Seron* thought he had to do rather with hungry wolves then men; and although he came with a great deal of bravery to the encounter, he quickly perceived that he had sung the Triumph before the Victory, and had very much ado to retire with a whole skin, contenting himself to run away after he had had the hope of conquering.

Lysias, that was the Almighty under King *Antiochus*, grew mad to see himself out-braved by so small an Army of men contemptible, and knew not what account to give the King his Master, to whom he had promised to root out the remainders of the Jewish people, so that there should not be any memory of them left behind. He chose on divers occasions three of the best Generals of all the Armies, which were *Ptolomy*, *Gorgias*, and *Nicanor*. *Ptolomy* made not any great brags; *Gorgias* was vain enough to promise himself the victory, and perswaded himself that he was very dreadful. But *Judas*, though he had then but three thousand men badly armed, defeated him, and took his camp which was filled with great riches, which gave a great temptation to the Jewish Army that desired nothing but readily to throw themselves upon the booty. Yet their Conductour that knew the art of War, and that many busying themselves about the spoils had lost their honour and their life, gave a strict command that they should not touch that pray of the *Infidels* before the defeat was perfected; and thereupon set himself to pursue his enemies that were in a disorder, and after he had killed a good number of them, put the rest to flight.

Nicanor that was the third of those Generals, after he had experimented the valour of *Judas* with the loss of his men, resolved not to commit his reputation to the incertainty of combats, but put off the Lions skin to take the Foxes, endeavouring to surprise *Judas* by treachery, seeing that he was impregnable by force. He made as though he sued to him for Peace, and under colour of friendship to draw him to a parly, wherein he had a design to seize upon him, thinking that it was the shortest way to end the War. But *Judas* took good order for the security of his person, and diverted that wicked design that the other had upon him. The Agreement, that was esteemed a meer dissembling, failed not to succeed: the two Generals saw each other, and having promised faithfulness to one another, *Nicanor* entred into *Jerusalem*, and expressed much cordialness to the *Maccabean*, whether he was taken with the admiration of his virtues, and the charms of his conversation, or that he employed all those caresses to deceive him; Yet they were so visible, that they gave a jealousie to the King by the reports of some ill tongues, that rendred the familiarity of *Judas* and *Nicanor* suspected to the State. He was constrained to take a journy to the Court to justifie himself thereon, and was dismissed with an express command to send the *Maccabean* bound in chains unto the City of *Antioch*, if he would that his justifications should be believed. He returned then into *Judea* continuing always his impostures; but *Judas* having been advertised of it, distrusted him, and left *Jerusalem* to retire himself unto *Samaria*. *Nicanor* caused the Priests to be summoned, to deliver him up alive or dead; and in case they did refuse, he threatned to prophane the Temple, and to make a dedication of it to the false Deities. The Priests having protested to him that it was not in their power, since *Judas* had forsook their City, he retired with an intention to make an exact inquest after him, and to carry him prisoner to the King.

But he seeing that the danger was very great, stifned his courage, and resolved himself rather to die like a gallant man, then to let himself be taken like a fit-still. He disposed his whole Army by extraordinary devotions and exhortations, that were all of fire, as being to enterprize one of the most important Combats. *Nicanor* caused his troops to march who were of a great number, and concluded to give battel on a Saturday, believing that the day of Rest would make him a better market of the enemies blood. He had in his Army some *Jews* that followed him, either by a voluntary Apostacy, or by necessity, that at that time advertised him that he would do well to defer the day of so dangerous a battel, by reason that it was dedicated to Rest. But he demanded thereupon who he was that had ordained that day of Sabbath to countenance their sloth? They answered him, that it was the God of Heaven that had destined it for his Glory; whereto he replyed, That that God of Heaven should content himself

himself to make Laws in his own Dominion, but that he, that was the Almighty here on earth commanded them to march for the business of the King. He was carried away with choler and precipitation, which are two very dangerous rocks in the beginning of a battel, besides the vengeance of God pursued him as the cheif of all blasphemers. He fought so ill, that having been defeated by *Judas*, he left thirty and five thousand dead upon the place, whose number he augmented, finding himself involved in the common misery. The Conquerour caused his body to be sought out, and commanded that his head should be cut off, and the hand that he had stretched out against the Altars; ordering them to be hang'd up in the very remarkable places to be beheld by all the world: the Tongue that had blasphemed against God was plucked out of his palate, and given for a prey to the birds of rapine. Such was the end of that blasphemer, who hath made us see, that a man never despises God in his life but he experiments the arrows of his vengeance at his death. He should make a long discourse that would follow in the trace, all the valorous acts of *Judas*. I content my self, my Reader, to set before your eys all that is most illustrious, and to make you see how God sought for *Judas* and his brethren under the Reign of six Kings, with whom they had great business to scuffle for.

The first and the most capital of their enemies was that *Antiochus* surnamed the *Illustrious*, who was a factious spirit, turbulent, and enraged, that had undertaken to destroy the whole Nation of the *Jews*, because they had rejoyced at the presages of his death. One onely expedition that he made unto *Jerusalem* to revenge himself, cost the liberty or the life of fourscore thousand souls, the entire desolation of the Temple, pillaged, ransaked, and prophaned even so far, as that there was seen in it a Statue of *Jupiter Olympian* upon the Altar. After all these disasters he left *Lysias* his Lieutenant to extirpate the remainder of the *Jewish* people, and drew away to the coasts of *Persia* to make some new pillages. It was a King that *Daniel* calls the Impudent, because he had neither God, nor Conscience, nor Faith, nor Government, alwayes carried away by an impetuous flux of his own passions, that transfigured him into the savagest of all beasts.

After a Reign of twelve years he finish'd his life by a most horrible end, which made it visible enough that God combated for his *Maccabee*, and for all the faithful people. The Scripture saith, That that wicked man that often passed from profusion to necessity without ever separating himself from an insatiable avarice, having heard that there was a Temple very rich in the city of *Persepolis*, and that it was filled with gold and silver, and all the most exquisite rarities that *Alexander the Great* had left there, resolved to take the City, and pillage the Temple, as he had done that of *Jerusalem*; But the inhabitants having had intelligence of his design, beat him back with much confusion and great loss of his men, in the ruin of which he saw himself almost overwhelmed.

As he return'd from that voyage in a very shameful disorder, he heard of the great successes of our *Maccabee*, and of the routing of the Lieutenants, and of the forces that he had left behind him in *Judea*. This news arriving at a crosse time struck him upon his wounds, and pierced him to the heart with a lively and pricking grief. He fumed against heaven, he detested his fortune and his life, and swore that he would make no more of *Jerusalem* but a common tomb of all the inhabitants of the City.

He hastned with great marches for that effect, and was smitten with a stroke from heaven as invisible as it was afterward incurable. He that had plucked out the bowels of so many innocents, felt himself tormented with a furious collick, and with a multitude of infernal pains, that in a moment deprived him of his appetite, of his rest, and of all the joys of life. And as evils ordinarily enough come upon the neck of one another, it happened that whiles he caused himself to be drawn in his Caroch with too much precipitation, he fell, and got a wound by that fall, wherein corruption and worms suddenly arose, that infested that miserable body after a strange manner. The stink of it was so great that all the Army sented the infection of it, and he himself had very much ado to endure himself.

Sometimes he entred into great choler that made him vomit out execrable blasphemies, sometimes he suffered himself to be carried away by lamentation unseemly to his dignity, deploring the losse of that estate which was so beautiful, so stately, so triumphant, filled with honours, with health, with contentments and delights. Sometimes he passed into black affrights, and felt stinging remorses for his life past, saying, that all his misery came from having prophaned the Temple of *Jerusalem*, and made so bloudy a butchery of that poor people; that he perceived at present, that there was a sovereign power in heaven to whom all Kings do owe obedience, and that it is an unmeasurable folly for men to equal themselves with God. Furthermore, he protested, that if he recovered his health, he would make reparation for all his faults by an extraordinary piety, filling with riches the Temple that he had pillaged, and using the *Jews* with all courtesies and all liberalities possible for a great King; adding to all this, that he would make profession of the *Jews* Religion, and would become a servant of the true God. This wicked man had his mouth open to sorrows, and to vows; but God had no ears for him, and it was in vain to seek for mercy after he had so many times despised it. At last he rendred up his criminal soul after a Reign of twelve years, to suffer an eternity of punishments.

One may observe in many Histories, that some very bloudy Tyrants have not ended by the sword; but that God hath laid his hand upon them by some strange malady and visible strokes, that have made them die slowly, and rendred them spectatours of their own dishonour, and of their own funerals. So died *Herod*, and *Tiberius*, *Alcimus*, *Copronymus*, and *Leo*.

This miserable King left a son behind him of a very small age, named *Antiochus Eupator*, who was as soon successour of his fathers miserie as of his Empire. It is a pitiful thing that the children of Sovereign Princes that are born so great should not alwaies be born free. Many are like those creatures that bear purple, pearls, and musk; all that they have of Rich is the cause of their destruction; men cease not to torment them, and to hunt after them; and if they love them, it is onely to have their spoils. *Eupator* for that he was born a King became a slave to two of his fathers servants that contended for the Regency, and fell together by the ears to possess that unfortunate pupil. It is true that *Antiochus* when he was dying in a strange country, called *Philip* one of his great favourites and gave him the diadem, the purple royal, and the ring to carry to his son, and recommended him to him as in quality of a Tutour. But *Lysias* that had bred up this young Prince from his tender infancy, and held him yet

under his Government, thought himself to be in a good possession, and would by no means give it up.

He put off now that countenance of Governour, which bare by necessity of duty some lineaments of severity, and took one of a principal Officer of State, full of attractions and complacency towards his King, who esteemed himself very happy that he was got out of his Wardship, and had his liberty. He gained him to him by the taste he gave him of his greatness and delights, accompanied with a thousand fair promises to make him live the most contented and the most triumphant Monarch under heaven.

Eupator, that found his words true in that manner of life which *Lysias* let him lead, and who durst not anger him, imagining him yet to be his Master, shewed himself entirely for him, rejecting the pretensions of his Adversary. And that which aided more yet this design, was; that the Army of *Antiochus*, that seemed should have upheld *Philip's* party, was found weak, after it had been evil entreated in a long and tedious voyage. But *Lysias* had great forces on foot in *Palestine*, *Phenicia* and *Syria*, who yielded themselves to his disposal, seeing that the young King declared himself openly for him. His competitour then began to flatter, considering him guarded both with favour and with force; but he ceased not to foment his ambitions which made on that occasion a great havock.

The new Regent, whether through the hatred that he had against the *Jews*, or whether through the desire that came to him of giving lustre to the Arms of his young Prince, or whether he was moved to it by the complaints that ordinarily did beat upon his ears about the incursions and progresses of the *Maccabee*, made a great preparation of Warr, and came to fall into *Judea*. His Army was composed of an hundred thousand foot, twenty thousand horse, two and thirty well-trained Elephants that were distributed into diverse legions, and carried wooden Towers with great Engines upon their backs. Thirty women combated upon them, and about them marched five hundred Cavaliers with a thousand foot-men.

Judas had the hardiness to get him out of the fortress wherein he was to go and view them, and to oppose himself against their designs. But as soon as he was perceived, the adverse Army ranged themselves into a *Battalia* in the presence of the young King, who was very early up that day, beginning to relish the trade of Warr with some alacrity. The trumpets began to sound, and the Legions instantly were spread over the Mountains and over the vallies all round about *Jerusalem* with such a pomp, as that the earth trembled under the burden of the arms and of the engines of so great a train of men of Warr. They provoked then their Elephants to fight by shewing them the juice of grapes and mulberries squeezed out. Nothing was heard but shouts of souldiers, but neighing of horses, but clashing of lances and of swords, and just at the break of day, as the Sun appeared in the Horizon, the guilded bucklers cast out so great a light, that all the neighbouring mountains seemed to be filled with burning torches.

It is a prodigious thing, that the great heart of the *Maccabee* should march in the head of his army and begin to charge the enemy, which he dealt roughly with, killing at first five hundred men of the Kings van-guard without any loss of his. But that which seemed most fearfull, was, that *Eleazer* a Jewish Captain, having perceived an Elephant well armed and pompously adorned above the rest, imagined that the King *Eupator* combated upon it, and was pricked forward with a generous glory to assault and overthrow him. He passed through all the ranks of the army of the Infidels that were opposed against him, and arrived even to that terrible beast, under which he slipt himself, and pierced it with his sword, but finding himself cooped in by the multitude of men that were about and over him, he could not make a retreat soon enough, but was (as Saint *Ambrose* said) buried in his triumph.

Yet *Judas* having perceived the puissant forces of the King, saw well that the party was not tenable, and made an honourable retreat into *Jerusalem*. *Lysias* failed not to follow and besiege him in his trenches with abundance of engines of stone and fire. The other defended himself very courageously, resolving rather to bury himself in that place, then to yield it up by any sort of baseness. The besieged after some time were reduced to some extremity, being combated by arms and hunger in a year of rest, wherein the *Jews*, according to their custom, had sowed nothing, & were no more in hopes to gather any fruits. There was every where a very great desolation, but (as the favours of heaven happen often to good men in the bottom of their miseries) behold an unexpected accident, that provided far other business for *Lysias* and his Pupil! *Philip* took his time, and seeing his Rival busied in that Jewish warr, was resolved to ruine him; and to make *Eupator* a companion of his misery, seeing he had rendred himself the instrument of his will. The deceased King had a brother named *Demetrius*, who was at that time at *Rome* given in hostage, having not the liberty to return unto his Kingdom. *Philip* pricked with jealousie against *Lysias*, failed not to solicite that young Prince to seize upon the Empire, businesses being not yet well settled in the Nonage of King *Eupator*. It was an injustice and perfidiousness against the sovereign; but for as much as *Antiochus* the last dead father of *Eupator* had hereunto supplanted his Nephew by the same artifices, *Demetrius* left not to hearken to it.

In those fair hopes of the Crown, and in his captivity he was as a Bird that torments himself in his cage upon the arrival of a spring, and burned with a strong passion to have his dismission from the *Roman* Senate, to put in order as he said, the affairs of the Kingdom, and to assist the King his Nephew after his Fathers death. But the *Romans* that took pity on the Pupil by reason of Justice, and that feared least this man would embroil the State, denyed him the liberty that he desired. *Philip* failed not to possesse himself of the City of *Antioch* the Metropolis of the Kingdom, and to tread out the way for *Demetrius* to his Nephews Throne. There were men suborned that ceased not to sow amongst the souldiers and people, That it was not a fundamental Law in the Kingdom of the *Seleucides*, that the Nephew should precede the Uncle; and although men had a minde to introduce it, that the Father of the pretended King had abrogated it, usurping the Scepter upon his Nephew; that one should do his race no injury to render it the same usage; that there was no reason to refuse a Prince of four and twenty years of age, well made, full of spirit, of courage, and authority, to take a Child that had neither strength nor counsel, nor industry, and which was born for nothing but to ruine all. To this was added, that it was not the bloud of the *Seleucides* that was upon the Throne, but that *Lysias* Reigned, and went about to render himself usurper of the Crown of *Asia*, which was the uttermost of reproaches

that

that ſo generous a Nation could endure to ſee a man of nothing, inſolent, ſavage, to make himſelf Maſter of the moſt conſiderable part of the world, and to exerciſe a tyranny upon men of honour and merit, that oppoſe his pernicious deſigns.

Theſe complaints often redoubled ceaſed not to ſtirre up ſpirits, and to procure the change of State that followed. *Lyſias* ſaw well that it was not now a time to be obſtinate on the ruine of the *Jews*, nor to buſie himſelf about the Siege of one place, when the whole Realm was a tottering. He thought on nothing, but on getting ſpeedily out of that Warr with ſome little honour, thinking it not convenient to provoke a people, mutinous enough, in that commotion. He cauſed the young King to look upon them with a quite other countenance, and told him that it was beſt to let them live in peace, without diſturbing them in the matter of Religion; aſſuring him that in all other caſes they would contain themſelves within their duty, and that good ſervices enough might be drawn from them. Yet that he might not diſcover any lightneſs in this change, he laid all the fault upon *Menelaus*, that was an Apoſtate *Jew*, and an enemy of his Nation, who, he ſaid, had been the cauſe of all the confuſion by his railing ſpeeches; and therefore he made him ſerve for a ſacrifice to that treaty of Peace, in which he ſingularly obliged the *Jews*, and waſhed away the blot, that the favour expreſſed by him to this wicked villain had printed upon his face. He ſhewed by this action the counſel that Politicians give their Sovereigns, to abandon thoſe to the publick hatred that have carried them to reproachable exceſſes, to diſburden themſelves of the envy; and if he had practiſed this example towards him that then made himſelf the teacher of it, his Scepter had been more ſecured, and his life moſt laſting.

Lyſias, before he raiſed the Siege of *Jeruſalem*, made an Oration publickly before the Principals of the Army and all the Souldiery, alledging fair pretences for that reſolution, but taking great heed not to diſcover the chief cauſe, for fear leſt that news ſhould wave the mindes of thoſe that inclined enough already to the ſide of novelty and ſedition. He uſed a wonderfull diligence to render himſelf before the City of *Antioch*, into which he entred, and *Philip*, who found not himſelf yet ſtrong enough to hold out a long ſiege, quitted to him the place, and fled away to *Egypt*. This firſt ſucceſſe puffed up the heart of *Lyſias*, who became exceeding haughty, and conſidered ſo little the *Romans* in that high puiſſance that made the earth to tremble, that he permitted an Embaſſadour, ſent to him by the Senate, to be aſſaſſinated, without ſhewing any reaſon.

In the mean time, one *Diodorus* that had bred up *Demetrius* in his infancy, tranſported himſelf from *Syria* to *Rome*, and animated him by a great vigour of words and reaſons, to render himſelf an uſurper of the Crown. He certified him that his Nephew *Eupator*, which was a child but nine years old, was not any whit conſidered; that *Lyſias* was the object of the publick execration; that he had confidence in no body, nor any one in him; that all the Souldiery and people ſought a new Maſter; and that he was aſſured, that if he did onely ſhew himſelf, though he ſhould be followed but with one Servant onely, all the world would run to him to carry him to the Throne. He kindled ſo ſtrongly the ambition of that young Prince, that he ſecretly ſtole away from *Rome*, and made account to go to the Conqueſt of an Empire, accompanied onely with eight perſons. He failed not upon the way to write to the Senate of *Rome*, making great excuſes for his ſo ſudden a departure, renewing the offers of his ſervices, and the oaths of his fidelity, with a proteſtation that he went not to trouble his Nephew, but to oppoſe *Lyſias* that was an inſolent fellow, and would bring under the ſubjection of his Tyranny both the King and Kingdom; he forgot not to charge him with the Murder of *Octavius* a *Roman* Embaſſadour, that had been newly ſlain, adding that he would become the Revenger of ſo cowardly a Treachery.

The *Romans* ſeemed neither to be aſtoniſhed nor angry at his going: but attended the ſucceſſe of his affairs to make him anſwer. He quickly got as far as the City of *Tyre*, and ſent ſecretly *Diodorus* into *Antioch* to hear the reports, and ſound the ſpirits of men, which he found very much diſpoſed to a change.

Whereupon *Demetrius* declared himſelf, and took the Diadem with a generall applauſe of the *Tyrians*, that made a great faction for him. *Lyſias* with his *Eupator*, found himſelf much ſurpriſed at the news; and deliberated a long time, whether he ſhould go out of that narrow paſſage to meet and fight with him, or intrench himſelf in the City of *Antioch*, or expect him with ſure footing. This laſt advice ſeemed the more ſecure: but it was leſs glorious, ſuddenly to ſhut himſelf up upon the firſt bruit of a ſedition, and as a fearfull creature to run into his hole to hide himſelf. It was repreſented to him, That the ſovereign remedy againſt thoſe tumults, was to fly ſpeedily to them, whereas delay would ſerve for nothing but to augment the boldneſs of the inſolent; that ordinarily they were very much amated when they were ſet upon with vigour, before their conſpiracy was ſettled; that many that were yet but half engaged, would retire from them at the leaſt rumour; that the Majeſty of Kings bore ſomething of great and ſacred, that aſtoniſhed the Rebels. In fine, that it appertained to the dignity of ſo high a Prince, and to the prudence of a Miniſter of State, to endure nothing baſe: but to put themſelves ſuddenly into the field to defend their honour and their Kingdom, which are two things whoſe loſs is irrecoverable.

Thoſe that deſired moſt the ruine of *Lyſias*, were the firſt to flatter him concerning Courage and Generoſity, wiſhing nothing more then to ſee him in the field. This made him go out of *Antioch* to go meet *Demetrius*. But he that had ſeen himſelf ſo well accompanied in proſperity, found himſelf almoſt all alone in danger; for he was betrayed and ſold by his own Souldiers, who ſeized upon the young King and him, to deliver them to *Demetrius*, who was yet in a great uncertainty of ſucceſſe, and ſaid to thoſe that had elected him.

Companions, I am your work; and the queſtion of my life, of your honour, of your goods, and of all that a mortall man can fear, or hope for, is this day to be decided. If ye perſiſt in the good will ye bear to me, I eſteem my ſelf ſufficiently, and ſufficiently rich. The Scepter is nothing to me in compariſon of the approbation of your judgements and of your choice, which ought now to be verified by your courage and by your arms: We march under the favour of the Gods of the *Roman* Empire, againſt a Tyrant that hath poſſeſſed himſelf of that young Prince and of the Crown, to aſſaſſinate the one and rob the other. It is time either to defend Juſtice by our bloud, or to conquer the Empire by our ſweat.

As he was upon these discourses, the news came wholly to him, that *Lysias* had been apprehended (with his Pupil) by the consent of all the Legions, and they were to be brought to him Prisoners. This grand word gave him joy mingled with some doubt, which made him meditate how he should use his fortune. He shewed that he had a very great sense of the honour that had been bestowed upon him; but he desired not to see *Lysias* nor his Nephew (as the Scripture assures us) whether it was that his heart was mollified with some tenderness by the compassion of his bloud, or whether it was a wile of a Politician who would not seem to doe that which he procured to be done, that he might have lesse blame in that action, and that he might the more easily justifie himself to the Roman Senate about the death of the young King. The Souldiers finished that which he had begun, slew *Lysias*, and laid their bloudy hands upon the person of poor *Eupator*, without having any regard either to the innocency of his life, or to the tenderness of his age, or to the character that he bore: so true it is that ambition is filled with a contagious venome that spares nothing for the satiating of it self.

Demetrius saw himself King by a generall consent of all the orders of the Realm, and had no more any thing to fear, unless it was from the *Romans*, the distributers of Empires and of Glories. And therefore he employed all his cares to appease them by great submissions and reasons, that made them plainly see, that it was more for the interest of their State to preserve then to destroy him. He sent them for this purpose a solemn Embassage with with great presents; and above all, a Crown of an high price, for a mark that he submitted his Royal dignity to their discretion. Further yet, to testifie how he embraced their loves and their revenges, he caused *Leptines* and *Isocrates* the Gramarian to be put in chains, that were accused to have had an hand in the murdering of *Octavius* their Embassadour, and sent them away to *Rome*, to receive the sentence of the Senate. The *Roman* relished well all those references, and confirmed the new King in his pretensions upon the protestations that he made, that he was not stained with his Nephews bloud, whom he said to have been taken away by the misfortune of a Sedition raised against him, without having any means to save himself; and if he had not made a search after the crime, he excused himself by the generality of the culpable, as being a thing ordinary enough, that sins that have an infinite multitude of Complices, have not any punishment.

He was no sooner upon the Throne, but he saw himself involved by mishap in a warr against the *Maccabees*. *Alcimus*, that was a disloyall Jew and Traitour to his Nation, pricked forward by the ambition of the Pontificate, and jealous, even to rage, of the great Progresses of *Judas*, failed not to prepossesse the spirit of the King, who was a man of an easie belief, to make black his Adversary by most horrible Calumnies, and to interest all the Kingdoms of *Syria* to his ruine. This Forger of Warrs and Battels obtained all that he did desire by detestable Artifices, and caused Armies to go to the ruine and desolation of his Countrey. *Judas Maccabeus* upon this change, kindled again his antient vigour, and rallied all his forces to oppose the Generals of King *Demetrius*; so that at first, he defeated some of them with a very famous rout, which more inflamed that Monarch, not being able to endure that his Arms should be cryed down at the beginning of his Reign; this made him send into the field Army upon Army with so great impetuousnesse, that there was no more any means left to make resistance.

Yet the great heart of the *Maccabee* could not yield, but sailed against winde and tide, the thoughts of his valour making him forget those of his danger. He had yet three thousand men very resolute fellows, with which he promised himself to continue his Victories; but when *Bacchides* the Generall was seen appear with an Army of two and twenty thousand men, many withdrew themselves for fear of the danger into which the *Maccabee*, following the ordinary Tracts of his courage, was about to precipitate them. These runawayes beginning to wheel about to the other side, stole away so handsomely from the Army, that of three thousand there remained but eight hundred. The *Maccabee* felt his heart much pierced, seeing himself forsaken of his brethren and of his friends in his greatest need; he burned with a desire to charge his enemies, but when he considered the small forces he had about him, his heart bled within him. It was an evident peril to approach the enemy, and death to retire from them; diverse thoughts about this Combat contended in his heart, but those that favoured his boldnes had the upper hand. Let us go (sayes he to his men) and try our fortune; let us essay whether we shall have heart enough to encounter the Army that comes against us. The most considerate men replyed, that they wanted not any courage, but that their small appearance would not be able to affront an Army of two and twenty thousand men, with a Regiment not compleat; and that it was expedient for them to retire that day to rally some new Troops, and to return to the Combat with hopes of greater Advantages. God forbid (replyed the *Maccabee*) that our enemies should have that contentment to see us turn our backs and fly before them; this is a thing I could never yet be taught since I took up Arms. Ha! Where is that gallantry that I have alwayes seen in you? Ought we to be so much in love with life? If our hour be come, let us dye valorously for our brethren, and let us not leave a blemish upon the lustre of the honour that we have acquired.

He carryes them away all by his Authority, and they are already resolved to conquer or to dye. The Trumpet sound on both sides, the Earth eccho's with the noise of the Arms, and shouts of the Souldiers. *Bacchides* causes his Dragoons, armed with Arrows and with Slings, to advance, who began the skirmish, and led up a great Battel that endured from the Morning to the Evening, the one combating by Number, and the other by Valour. And when the *Maccabee* saw that the best Troops were on the right point about the person of *Bacchides*, he resolved to make his way thither, which he did, with a prodigious violence, making them lose their footing, and beating them back with much confusion. But those on the left point, that were yet fresh, seeing the disorder of their Companions, came to fall upon *Judas* and upon all his Troup that were extremely wearied with having laid upon the place so many bodies of the Enemies. These defended themselves valiantly, but the multitude of those that set upon them on all parts, overwhelmed them, and the incomparable *Maccabee*, by having received many wounds, opened as many bloudy-gates to his generous soul to fly away into the other world.

There are neither *Colossus's* nor *Pyramids* that can

can equal the deeds of this gallant man. Never did any man fight better, or for a better Cause. His heart was a source of generous flames; his hand was the thunder it self, his valour a miracle; his life an example; and his death was like to be that of his whole countrey that would have buried it self in his tomb, if his brothers, *Jonathan* and *Simon* had not enlarged his conquests by the imitation of his prowess.

The good party was much weakened by the decease of him that was the soul of his whole Country and it seemed that *Judea* would quickly be swallowed up by the great forces of King *Demetrius*: but the succouring hand of the God of hosts was not wanting to his servants in the extremity of so many miseries. The pernicious *Alcimus* that had raised that whole storm, when he thought himself to be above his hopes, was smitten with a stroke from heaven, and died suddenly of a strange malady.

Demetrius after a Reign of some years saw a great faction raised against him from that coast whence he least expected it, which deprived him of his Scepter and his life. His scornful and haughty nature made him disdain the Kings his neighbours, even so far as to offend them, by ways of words and deeds. He was also little affable and courteous to his Subjects, that loved naturally to be caressed of their Prince; and although at first he was of an humour good enough, yet he was so much changed, that having built a very sumptuous Castle near his Capital city, he lived there constantly to take his pleasure, and let himsef be seen by very few. His people of *Antioch* that was on the other side arrogant enough, were incensed and wearied with his Reign. They began to raise rebellions that were fomented under hand by the Kings of *Egypt*, of *Asia*, and of *Cappadocia* that distrusted him, and thought to find him a successour.

He was quite astonished, when he saw one *Pompalus*, a young man, before that time unknown, that called himself the son of *Antiochus* the *Illustrious*, and brother of *Eupator*, come and demand the Kingdom of *Syria*, as appertaining to him by right of birth. Many Historians hold that it was a pure fiction, and that that pretended was suborned by the artifice of those three Kings, and namely of *Ariarathes* the *Cappadocian*: yet since the Scripture names him the son of *Antiochus* the *Illustrious*; I find that it is very probable to follow that which others have written, and to say that that *Antiochus* had heretofore made love to a young *Rhodian* woman named *Bala*, on whom he had begotten this natural son with his sister *Laodice*. He failed not to shew himself at *Rome*, and to make himself be somewhat taken notice of by the practices of one *Heraclides*, a wise and crafty man in managing businesses. The enemies of *Demetrius* embraced this occasion to disturb him, and carried (as much as they were able) this man to the throne, not by reason of Justice, but because they believed they should have a better market for their pretensions by making a new creature, then suffering any longer him they had rendred more absolute, then they desired he should be.

It is a strange thing that a man of nothing, found instantly Cities, Armies, and a Kingdom at his devotion. It was now that *Jonathan*, the brother and successour of *Judas*, was sought after, and sued to by those two adversary Kings with extreme earnestness. *Pompalus* that took the name of *Alexander*, wrote him letters ful of honour, offering him the Principality and Pontificate of his Nation, qualifying him with the name of friend; and sending him a purple Robe with a Crown of gold. *Demetrius*, whom necessity had rendred very courteous, made him also on the other side a thousand fair promises to draw him to his party. He exempted him from all Tributes, he took away the Garrisons, he gave him places of importance, by a free gift, he received the Jews to offices & governments, he restored all those of their Nation that he held in hostage, He granted them an intire Liberty in their Religion and Policy, and Revenues also for the Temple, so that there was nothing more to be desired.

Yet *Jonathan* would never range himself under his Standards, but (as injuries being yet fresh, smart more then old ones) the *Jews* chose rather to give themselves to the son of their most cruel persecutour, then to *Demetrius* that had taken from them their dear *Maccabee*, and held yet their liberty under oppression. The party already made against that miserable Prince, fortified it self every day; and although he took all the good order that his affairs seemed to require: yet he could not divert his unhappiness that dragged him to a precipice. It is true that he got the better in some small encounters; but when the great battel that was to decide the controversie of the Kingdom was to be given, he saw himself very much forsaken, and his enemy assisted with the best forces of all *Asia*. He failed not for all that to fight with all possible valour, and although his Army was scattered, he would never fly: but cast himself in the hottest of the mingling, killing many of his enemies with his own hand. His horse having taken a false step slipped himself into a slough whence he could not get out; but he suddenly quitted him, got himself on foot, and made a great spectacle, a King covered with dirt & bloud, with his sword in his hand, that laied about with a stiff arm, and without remission sustained the hail of arrows that the enemy let fly upon him, standing in flexible against all those disasters of his evil fortune. In fine, he would not quit his Crown but with his life, and buried himself in honour.

Every one bows under the happiness of that false *Alexander*; he mounts suddenly upon the Throne of his adversary, where he receives the services and adoration of all the world. *Philometer* the King of *Egypt*, that had much upheld his party, in which he sought his own interests, gives him his daughter *Cleopatra* in marriage, whose wedding was magnificently celebrated in the city of *Ptolomais*, in the presence of the two Kings, the father-in law & the son-in law, where *Jonathan* was also present that was caressed of both the two by extraordinary favours, and managed the businesses of his State with all possible advantages.

Alexander seeing himself in unexpected riches, & amidst so many ornaments of a borrowed fortune, could not contain himself, but let himself flag in a sluggish and voluptuous life, abandoning all the affairs of his Kingdom to the discretion of one *Ammonius*, a young brainless fellow, who carried himself most insolently, & incensed the Queen *Laodice*, & all the Nobles of the Court in such a manner, as that he was at last set upon, & slain in the habit of a woman which he had put on to secure himself, God thus taking vengeance of his filthy and effeminate life. The *Antiochians* were first weary of the dissolute life of their Prince that was alwayes in the midst of wine and women, which made them believe that he was a suppositious King that had nothing in him of generous. They began to regret *Demetrius*, whom they had seen dy with so much courage, and knowing

that

that he had left two ſons yet very young, one of which bore his Fathers name, and the other was called *Antiochus Sidetes*; They invited the elder of them, giving him aſſurance that he ſhould have the Crown.

Philometor that was aſhamed of the deportments of his ſon-in-law, and that under pretence of moderation deſired nothing leſs then to add the Diadem of *Syria* to that of *Egypt*, well knowing that ſo many changes of Maſters make a State ſhake, and give fair advantages to thoſe that would invade them, upholds this Rebellion, forſakes *Alexander*, and by a notable affront takes away his daughter from him to give her to the young *Demetrius*. And to colour his inconſtancy, he made a Manifeſt that publiſhed, That his ſon-in-law (by an execrable diſloyalty) had made an attempt upon his Kingdom and upon his life, which made him break the friendſhip that he had ſworn with him. Under this pretence he ſeizes on ſome places, which it was eaſie for him to keep whiles he made himſelf authour of the fortune of the new King. The miſerable *Alexander* awaking out of his ſurfeits, ſaw the *Egyptian* and all his Subjects bandyed againſt him, and a great Army that was coming to fall upon his head, which he reſiſted feebly, and quickly forſook his party, going to hide himſelf in the bottomes of *Arabia*, where he was hunted after and entrapped by *Zabdiel* the *Arabian*, who cut off his head, and carried it to the King of *Egypt*, who contemplated it a long time with a ſpirit more then ſalvage; for which he was puniſhed of God, and dyed three days after of the wounds he had received by a fall from his horſe at the defeating of his ſon-in-law.

Behold marvellous ſports of fortune, and great revolutions that ended not at this point yet. *Demetrius*, young of age and government, was not a man to ſettle a Kingdom ſhaken with ſo great concuſſions. He thought more of taking the pleaſures of Royalty, then of bearing the burthen of it; buſineſſes were to him as many puniſhments, and paſtime a continual exerciſe. This was the cauſe of new factions and great ſeditions that were raiſed in his Kingdom. The *Maccabees*, whom he gained to his party, rendred him very good offices, although he was more ready to receive them, then liberal to reward them.

In the weakneſs of this new Government ſtarted up the diſloyal *Tryphon*, who had been Captain of the Guard to the falſe *Alexander*; and having ſeized himſelf of a little childe that his Maſter had left behind him, he had the boldneſs to propound him for King and true Succeſſour of the Crown. When he ſaw that *Jonathan* already obliged to *Demetrius* was able to oppoſe his deſigns, and to unravel the web of his ambitions, he ſurpriſed him by a deteſtable treachery, and cauſed him to be aſſaſſinated with his children, after he had received the money that he had demanded for his ranſome.

The young King altogether aſtoniſhed at the party that was made againſt him, withdrew himſelf to the King of *Parthia*, to deſire aſſiſtance of him; where it happened, that by the calumny of his enemies, he was clapt up into an honourable Priſon as if he had come to make an attempt upon the Kingdom of his neighbour. His ſpirit, that was alwayes wanton, made love even in that captivity, and debauched a daughter of that King his hoſt, whom he was conſtrained to wed, although he was already married; and when he had ſtoln out of priſon, he was caught & brought back again to this new wife.

Tryphon knowing what had befaln him, cauſed his Pupil to be murthered by an execrable cruelty, feigning that he had been taken away by a natural death, and took the Diadem, profeſſing himſelf to be the revenger of the Tyrant, and the lawful King of *Syria*. After ſome time, the liberty of the young *Demetrius* was mediated, but his wife *Cleopatra*, that had a crafty and proud ſpirit, vext with the inconſtant loves of her husband, and wearied with his looſeneſs, raiſed up againſt him puiſſant enemies that maſſacred him. And ſome are of opinion that ſhe her ſelf was one of the complices of that attempt; and that *Demetrius* his brother, whom ſhe married afterwards, was not innocent of it. My Pen hath horrour at theſe bloudy tragedies, and paſſes over them as upon burning coals.

Antiochus Sidetes ſeeing himſelf on his brothers Throne, eagerly purſued *Tryphon*, and beſieged him in the city of *Dora*, where finding himſelf extremely ſtraightned, and out of all hopes of ſuccour, he killed himſelf with his own hand, and yet could not deface by his bloud the villanous ſtain of perfidiouſneſs that remained upon him by the death of the young King.

The Conquerour perceiving himſelf above his buſineſſes, ſaw that the *Maccabees*, in the troubles of *Syria* poſſeſſed by ſo many Kings, had made great progreſſes, would repreſs them; and made warre againſt *Simon* that ſucceeded his brother *Jonathan*, and who was afterward aſſaſſinated at a banquet by *Ptolomy* his ſon-in-law. the King, as 'tis thought upholding by his favour that cruel baſeneſs. Two of his ſons were involved in the miſerie of the father, and the murtherers were already diſpatched to add to them *John Hyrcan* ſon of the ſame *Simon*. But he, having had intelligence of that firſt deſign, ſtood upon his guard, and governed *Judea* the ſpace of more then thirty years with much prudence and happineſs; outliving a long time that laſt *Antiochus*, that was ſtoned to death as he was going to pillage the Temple of *Mannea*.

Hyrcan had for Succeſſour his ſon *Ariſtobulus* who took the Diadem, and reſumed the name of King among the *Jews*, after a long diſcontinuation, which happened an hundred years before the Nativity of our Lord. Thoſe of his race failed not to continue the Regall Dignity in their houſe, till that *Hyrcan*, which was ſo cruelly ſpoiled and maſſacred by *Herod*, as I have ſaid in the hiſtory of *Mariamne*.

Behold how the virtue of *Judas Maccabeus* extended it ſelf through many Ages, and without thinking of it, put the Crown upon the head of thoſe that were of his family and of his name, God recompencing his Zeal and Juſtice beyond the fourth generation. I have endeavoured to make in this diſcourſe a little abridgment of that which is contained in the two books of *Maccabees*, and relate it to you (my Reader) in a ſtreight line, & a method clear enough, hoping that you will have content and edification to ſee the Juſtice of God reign over ſo many crowned heads, who ceaſes not to puniſh the wicked, and to render to the good, ſafety and glory for a recompenſe of their virtue.

GODFREY

GODFREY of Bovillon.

GEORGE CASTRIOT.

IT was not the voice of a man, but an Oracle of the holy Spirit that Pope *Urban* the ſecond pronounced, when he gave to the Croſier for a Device, *God will have it ſo*: This ſpeech was the ſoul of all the Intentions of *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*. It was the Butt of all his actions. God never made the prodigious effects of his power more viſibly appear then in the conduct of this moſt Illuſtrious Perſonage. It was a Captain formed in his Boſome, and inſtructed by his hand, that was to break the chains of the Chriſtians, and to pull down the pride of the *Sultans*.

So many other expeditions were almoſt all ſplitted, but this of *Godfrey* bore a *God would have it ſo*, and nothing reſiſted its Good hap. Many men torment themſelves all their life-time in great deſigns that are as the Dragons, and Chimera's, and armed men, that our fancy ſhapes upon the body of a Cloud. The wind drives them, the divers poſtures confound them, the Aſpects change them, and all that we behold with admiration in the Heavens, falls in water upon our head, and makes mortar under our feet.

How many Princes have made great preparations both of Men and Elephants, of Horſes and of Ships, of Arms and Ammunitions, out of a deſign to make great Conqueſts! and all this hath vaniſhed for want of a *God will have it ſo*. There are certain impreſſions in great affais which are never found without the favours of heaven. One *God will have it ſo*, will make us ſail in the Sea upon an Hurdle or upon a Tortoiſeſhel; one *God will* not *have it ſo*, wil drown us in a well Rigged Ship.

It was a *God wills it*, that ſeiſed in an inſtant the ſpirit of the moſt excellent *Cavaliers* of *Europe*, to undertake a voyage into the Holy Land; It was a *God wills it*, that made them followed by innumerable multitudes of Mortals. But it was alſo a *God wills it*, that made them caſt their eyes upon *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*, as upon the moſt valiant, the moſt happy, and the moſt able to pluck *Jeruſalem* out of the hands of *Saladine*.

The King of the Bees appears not more viſible in the middle of his ſwarm, then this great Captain appeared amongſt an infintie number of *Cavaliers* aſſembled to revenge the holy Sepulchre. There was not one onely ray of the eyes that beheld him, that did not expreſs ſome favour to his Merit; he had as many approvers as Spectatours, and every man ſigned him his Commiſſions even by his ſilence.

That Illuſtrious bloud of the *Heroes* that ran in his veins, that advantageous Stature that raiſed him the head above ſo many Millions of men, that face that Majeſty had choſen for her throne, that tongue that carried inſenſible chains to captivate mens hearts, that comelineſs of the forehead that was at once modeſt and bold, that valour that was painted on all his limbs, that courage that kindled a delightful fire in his eyes, all the Virtues that ſeemed to march about his Perſon, and in fine, that finger of God that had imprinted on him the Character of Conquerour, made him be choſen as the firſt Mover of that wonderful deſign.

There was nothing but his Modeſty that oppoſed the deſires of all the World, and that would make him yield to ſome other man that which every one conferred on him. But the conſideration of the publick good carried him away, and made him load upon his ſhouldiers a burden that might tire the Giants. It is true that *Hugues* the King of *France* his brother held the firſt range by the highneſs of his Houſe: but counſel, execution of great deſigns, and experience compleated in all ſorts of accidents, gave to *Godfrey* the managing of the Arms.

Our Army was found to be three hundred thouſand Foot, and an hundred thouſand Horſe, that ſeemed to carry away the Maſs of the earth; yet the *Saracens* were not diſcouraged, but aſſembled themſelves on all ſides with ſo prodigious a Multitude, that it might, as it ſeemed, equal the veins of the Abyſs, and the ſands of the Sea-ſhore.

The controverſie was for Religion, Honour, and goods, between two Nations that aſpired to the Domination of the World, and that eſteemed all ſharing inconſiſtent with their Greatneſs. The one came thither moved by their ſuperſtition, that had gained a marvellous advantage over ſpirits poſſeſſed by errour, and inchanted by the charmes of a

falſe

falſe Prophet. The other was carried by the true Religion, perſwading themſelves, that they had all Juſtice to pluck the Sepulchre of their Maſter out of the hands of Infidels; and that it would be an immortal Glory to them to loſe their Blood in the ſame place that *Jeſus* had honoured with his.

Man's ſpirit is overwhelmed with the Number of Wonders that are read in the Hiſtory of this Warr. The Hiſtorians cannot follow them, and we muſt averr, that the brave *Godfrey* having far ſurpaſſed the deeds of *Achilles* and of *Hector*, hath had the misfortune to want an *Homer*.

He gave more then an hundred Battels before he ſaw himſelf at the end of his deſign; He fought with two Nations, that ſeemed Furies which Hell had vomited upon the Earth; he combated with Hunger, Thirſt, Sickneſs, and all the damnable Artifices of *Negromancers* that oppoſed his Valour. The eternal ſnow of the Mountain *Taurus*, the inacceſſible rocks, the Rivers died with blood, the Seas armed with Tempeſts and with Monſters, did never abate his ardour.

He was ready to enter for the love of his Saviour into Regions where Nature is nothing but a benummed maſs, where the Sun hides it ſelf, and the night reigns without a Peer, where the moſt ſalvage Barbariſm makes us believe that it is ranged even as far as the Gates of Hell.

The City of *Nicea* that bore the name of victory it ſelf, was the firſt that preſented Palms to this our Conquerour. It was there, that *Solyman* one of the moſt Illuſtrious Generals of the *Barbarians* was beaten and quite vanquiſhed, all his Army being put into a Rout, with an exceeding Maſſacre, that filled *Aſia* with the terrour of the *Chriſtian* Arms. It was there that the Valiant *Godfrey* killed with his own hand a *Rabſhakeh* that braved it upon the wals of *Nicea*, with an immeaſurable preſumption of his ſtrength. The City was won; and the vigorous ſtorms of the beſiegers beat down before them all the reſiſtances of the beſieged.

The proud *Antioch* followed quickly after. And although that *Corbanes* was come to its relief with innumerable troops of *Parthians*, *Medes*, *Aſſyrians*, he could not ſtop the current of the proſperities of this inviſcible General: but augmented by the loſs of all his Legions the terrour of that victorious arm that overthrew ſmoaking Cities, and made in all places a deſſige of the blood of the *Barbarians*.

The *Caliph* of *Egypt* that was now advanced to divert the Fatal day of his Sect, ſaw himſelf involved in the ſame ruines that he thought to have repaired

All their attempts now remained but for the City of *Jeruſalem*, which was the Object and Deſire of our heavenly *Argonants*. It was aſſaulted and defended with a vigour that never yet had its equal. But in the end it yielded to the Arms of the *Chriſtians*. It was here that the Illuſtrious *Godfrey* was ſeen to combat upon an engine of wood that he had cauſed to be raiſed, to enter into the City. He appeared that day, not as a Man, but as a Demy-God, all flaming in the brightneſs of his Arms, whiles the Hail of Arrows flew about his Head, and his Arm mowing the *Turbants* of the *Saracens*, made way through fire and ſword. He entred firſt of all in bright day in the ſight of the Army into *Jeruſalem*, and pitched the Standard of the Croſs in the place where *Jeſus* had conſecrated it with his blood. What acclamations! What Congratulations! What Palms and Lawrels! The *Turks* fled as the pale Ghoſts of Hell, and the *Chriſtians* erected on all parts the Trophies of our Redeemer upon their ruines.

It was then that all the Princes proclaimed him King of the conquered Country, thinking that there was not any one more worthy of it, in the reſt of the whole world; ſeeing that he had joyned to that prodigious Valour, the virtues of Religion, Piety, Juſtice Prudence, Liberality, Magnificence, Goodneſs, Clemency and affability.

They failed not to offer him a royal Crown richly adorned with Pearls and pretious ſtones; but this good Prince filled with the zeal of Devotion ſaid, What! ſhould I bear the name of King in the place where my maſter hath been covered with reproaches? Should I take the Sceptre in my hand, where he hath taken the Croſs upon his ſhouldiers? Should I ſuffer a Crown of Gold to be put upon my head, where he hath received one of Thorns? Sure I ſhould then hold my ſelf for vanquiſhed, if ſuch a vanity ſhould be victorious over my heart. It is God that hath inſpired into us theſe deſigns, it is he that hath conducted them, and that hath Crowned them. I pretend to no other honour, then to hang all honours at the feet of his Croſs.

He contented himſelf with the name of *Duke*, and ſet himſelf preſently about labouring in the Civil Government, to purge the City of all its Infamies, to pull down the *Moſqueta's* to build Churches, to give a luſtre to the *Clergy*, to cauſe the Goſpel to be preached, to found Hoſpitals, to adminiſter Juſtice, to order the Militia for the defence of his Conqueſt, and in a word, to do all the duties of a moſt accompliſhed Monarch. But (can we ſpeak it without a Groan?) his Reign laſted but a year, and ſo many fair hopes were mowed down in their flower, by the pitileſs ſythe of Death. O impenetrable ſecrets of Providence! There was nothing beyond *Jeruſalem*, there was nothing beyond *Godfrey*, but God and Paradiſe, that could limit his deſigns, and bound his Conqueſts.

GEORGE

GEORGE CASTRIOT.

O Ye Tombs of the *Grecians*, whose Ashes seem yet to exhale Valour, rejoyce now, and hide not the names you bear, for fear they should shame Posterity that hath degenerated from their Virtues. Brave Ancestours! the Glory of your Nation is not yet extinguished; It is raised again in one sole Man, who hath recollected in his Person whatsoever generosity had sown in so many hearts, and whatsoever Honour hath stuffed in so many Tropheys.

I see in *Castriot* a certain object greater then *Leonidas* and *Themistocles*; I see *Pyrrhus*; I see *Alexander*: and if his Enemies have been more stout then the *Macedonians*; his Valour ought not for that, to seem the less.

He was a Souldier as soon as he was born a man; Nature pleased to engrave a Sword upon his body, at the same time as she inspired courage into his heart.

That Stature so proper, that Countenance so filled with Majesty, those Limbs so strong and so robustuous, those Eys that mingle the Rainbow with the Lightning, those Hands that seem to have been made for nothing but to bear the Thunder, those Feet that move not one only step that savours not of a King, hath told betimes that which fame hath afterward related to all Ages.

Little Eaglet! that beganneſt in thy most innocent years to play with Lightning, thou oughteſt not to have been so valiant; or thou oughteſt to have had a more happy Father. Shall we say that fortune was unjust, in that it prepared chains for this young virtue, when she should have planted Laurels? Let us rather say, that Providence was very wise, in that she found out matter for this great heart, that would have consumed it self in its own flames, if it had not met with some obstacles to resist it.

It was meet that this *Hercules* should begin to strangle Serpents from his Cradle: It was meet that he should be bred in the middle of his enemies, to combat from his Infancy with that which he was to abate in his riper age.

His Father *John Castriot*, who had little strength and much misery, was constrained to give him for an Hostage to *Amurath* the Turk, to be brought up at his Gate.

Moses now is in *Pharaoh*'s house, and *Constantine* in *Diocletian*'s: but the Path is here more dangerous, because it leadeth to the ruine of Salvation, and of Honour. His proud Master, that loves him with a love worse then all the hatred in the world, would fit him for himself, and for his infamous pleasures. He aims at the one by the Circumcision that is imprinted on his flesh by an unhappy violence, he pursues the other by shameful courtings which are to the gallant child far bitterer then death. He had, (as 'tis reported) courage enough to take the Sword in hand against him that pursued him with nothing but with flowers: He drew blood from him, when nothing could be expected of him but tears; and put himself in danger of experimenting the horriblest torments that the cruelty of those inhumane people could invent, rather then to deliver voluntarily his Soul to sin, and his Body to dishonour. His cruel friend was astonished at so brave a resolution, and turned the furies that he had prepared for his Innocence, into the admiration of his Valour.

The *Seraglio* imposes on him the name of *Scanderbeg*, that is the same as *Alexander* which he took by a good omen, to fill up therewith the whole capacity of his brave exploits. He was educated in all the exercises of War in the Academy of the *Turks*, where he succeeded with so much force, art, liking, and approbation, that every one carried him in his eys, every one looked on him as a singular prop of *Mahomet*'s Empire. But he bore always *Jesus* in his heart: he always thought on the means that he might find to break his chain; he felt in the bottom of his most generous Soul flames, that burned him incessantly with the zeal he had to raise again the levelled Altars of the Christians, and to destroy the estate of the *Ottomans*.

Amurath saw some sparkles of it flying in his conversation, although he endeavoured to cover his design with a great prudence. The Master began to fear the Slave, and was affraid to nouriſh in his Court a Lion that might be able to shew him one day his teeth.

He endeavoured to destroy him in various Encounters, making the excess of his courage contribute to the hazard of his person. A resolute *Scythian* came to *Amurath*'s Court, challenging the boldest to fight all naked with a Poniard in the inclosure of a perilous Circle, where of necessity one must die, or conquer. That man had carried away already many bloody Palms, and put so much confidence in his strength, that they were (according to his speech) but the sacrifices of Death that dared to attend the thunder of his Arm. Every one trembled for fear when as the valiant *Castriot* undertook him, and putting his Thrust aside with one hand, killed him with the other, with the acclamations of joy of all those that envy hindred not from applauding Valour..

This Combat having not succeeded well for *Amurath*, he raises at another time a *Persian* Cavalier that kept a stir to fight on Horse-back with a Launce. He was a man accomplished in that Trade, who with much cheerfulness of heart transported himself into Cities and Provinces, where he promised himself that he should find Adversaries to exercise his Arms, and encrease his Reputation. He curvetted up and down in the List proudly plum'd, and his flaming Arms made him appear that day as the great Constellation of *Orion* amidst the lesser Stars.

A *David* was needful for this *Goliah*, our young *Alexander* assaults him, falls upon him as an Eagle, handles him very roughly, and at length laid him on the sand, where he vomited out his soul and blood, doing a sad homage to valour by a just punishment of his rashness.

But *Amurath* that plaied the part of *Saul*, failed not to find out some new occasions to exercise his *David*. He gave him all the most hazardous Employments of the War, wherein he had still so good success, that he changed all the Subjects of his ruine into Tropheys, and returned crowned with Laurels even out of the bottom of Abysses, and out of the throat of Lions.

The perfidious *Sultan* entertained him with good words, but handled him with bad deeds. He promised him to restore him his estates after his Fathers Death, but *John Castriot*'s last hour made it appear, that if his words were full of artifice, his promises were but wind.

Scanderbeg impatient to ſtay for that which ſhould never come, pays himſelf by his own hands, and ſeizes himſelf of his Kingdom of *Albania*, playing the crafty fellow, by a Counter-Craft. The Alarm of it is in the Court, and all *Amurath's* Paſſions tend to nothing but Revenge. *Haly Baſſa* is ſent with an Army of Fourty thouſand men to diſpatch the Buſineſs. But all his Troops are cut in pieces; and he had nothing more honourable in his Expedition, then that he was conquered by the brave *Caſtriot*. *Feria* and *Muſtapha* purſue the ſame deſign with new Forces that experiment the ſame fortune.

What ſhall we ſay more of *Schanderbeg's* Greatneſs? *Amurath* beſeeches, the *Turbant* is humbled; that viſage of the Tyrant that was the ſame as that of Cruelty it ſelf, is mollified and takes the Lineaments of a ſupplyant, after it had borne, during his whole Life, thoſe of Rigour. He deſires Peace, and it is denied him; and ſues for an agreement, and is ſlighted. His arrogance being ſorely pricked, vomits out nothing but whirlwinds of fire, and comes to fall before *Croye* the Capital City of the Valiant *Caſtriot*, with an Army of two hundred thouſand men. The other defends himſelf with ſix thouſand. One only place bays that great Deluge, the Storm is ſcattered, the Siege raiſed, the ſhame of it remains on the face of the *Sultan* with ſo lively a Tincture, that the ſhadow of death muſt paſs over it to blot it out. He that had lived with Glory, dyes with the ſadneſs of his Ignominy, and carries with him into the other World the unability to revenge himſelf, and an eternal deſire of vengeance.

Mahomet his ſon, the Scourge and Terrour of the Univerſe, that overthrew two Empires, took two hundred Cities, killed twenty Millions of Men, comes to ſplit againſt the ſame Rock. Was there need of ſo much blood to write upon *Caſtriot's* Trophies, the Title of Invincible?

Who would imagine that a mortal man ſhould have gone ſo far? who ſhould believe that thoſe exploits were the Actions of a ſlave? Truly we muſt avow, that he lent his Name to God in all this buſineſs, and that God lent his Arm to him. It is ſaid of him, that he never refuſed Battel, never turned his back, never was wounded but once very lightly. He ſlew two thouſand *Barbarians* with his own hand, which he cleft ordinarily with his Courtel-ax, from the head down to the girdle. *Mahomet* deſired to ſee that Thunder-bolt that he bore in his hands, and had it in veneration although ſo many times bedewed with his Subjects bloud. He ſaw the Steel, but he never ſaw the Arm that gave it Life.

O brave *Caſtriot!* If the State of *Chriſtians* could have been delivered from the Tyranny of the *Sultans*, it ſhould have been by thy hands. We muſt now acknowledg, that our wounds are irrecoverable; ſeeing that our diviſions hinder us from enjoying the ſuccour of ſo Divine an hand. The Feaver that took thee hence in the City of *Liſſa*, in the Climacterical of ſeven and nine, the moſt to be feared by old men, extinguiſhed all our hopes by the ſame burnings that conſumed thy Body. After thou hadſt lived the moſt admirable of Captains, thou diedſt like a truely religious, melting the hearts of all thoſe that beheld thee by a moſt ſenſible Devotion. Thy victorious ſpirit ſoared up to the Palace of the Beautiful Sion, after it had performed in the Body all that was poſſible for a moſt eminent Virtue, and an Happineſs, to which nothing was wanting but imitatours. The moſt barbarous thy Enemies have kiſſed thy Sepulchre, have reverenced thy Aſhes, and ſhared thy Bones as the deareſt Reliques of Valour. And now thou haſt no more to do with a Tomb, ſeeing that thy Memory hath found as many Monuments, as there are Hearts in all Ages.

BOUCICAUT

BOUCICAUT. BAYARD.

WE need not ſearch the Catalogue of Saints and Martyrs for a Souldier Furniſhed before God and men with great and Divine virtues. Behold one among a thouſand, I mean the brave Marſhal *Boucicaut*, who flouriſhed in *France* under *Charles* the Sixth. Thoſe petty *Rodomonts*, who boaſt of their Duels, but indeed meer cowardiſe varniſhed with a gloſſy colour of valour, durſt not behold this moſt excellent Cavalier, without doing that which was antiently done to the Statues of the Sun, that is, to put finger on the mouth, and admire. For, not to mention his other acts of proweſs, it is he who was preſent at that daring Battel which the Turkiſh Emperour *Bajazet* waged againſt the King of *Hungary*; the Duke of *Burgundy*, then called the Court of *Nevers*, with many other of the French Gentry, being there in perſon.

The Hiſtory relateth, that the Turkiſh Emperour comming to fight with dreadfull forces, began ſo furious a charge, the aire being darkned with a black cloud of Arrows, that the Hungarians, who were alwayes reputed good Souldiers, being much amazed with this fierce aſſault, fled away. The French, who in all Battels had ever learned to conquer or dye, not willing to hear ſo much as the leaſt ſpeech of the name of flight, pierced into the Turkiſh army, notwithſtanding a field of Pikes and ſtakes faſtned in the earth, did hinder their approch, and attended by ſome other Troops, brake the Van-gard of the Turks, by the counſel and example of this brave Marſhall; whereat *Bajazet* much amazed, was about to retire, but that at the ſame time it was told him, that it was but a very little handfull of French-men that made the greateſt reſiſtance, and that it was beſt for him to aſſault them. The Turk, who kept his Battalions very freſh, returneth, and fell like lightning upon theſe poor Souldiers now extremely wearied. Never did an angry Lion exerciſe more violent force againſt the Hunters Javelins, then this generous Cavalier ſhewed proweſs which ſhined in the midſt of the adventurous Pagans. For, ſeeing himſelf at laſt negligently betrayed, he having no other purpoſe but to ſell his own life, and thoſe of his companions, at as dear a rate as he could, he with the French Cavalry, and ſome other people that ſtuck to him, did ſuch feats of Arms, that it was thought twenty thouſand Turks were ſlain in the place. At laſt this prodigious multitude, able to tire out the moſt hardy, although it had been but to cut them in pieces, did ſo nearly encompaſſe our French, that the Count of *Nevers*, with Marſhall *Boucicaut*, and other the moſt worthy Perſonages, were taken Priſoners.

The next day after this diſmal Battel, the proud *Bajazet* ſitting under a Pavillion ſpread for him in the field, cauſed the Priſoners to be brought before him, to drench himſelf in bloud and revenge, which he alwayes moſt paſſionately loved.

Never was ſeen a ſpectacle more worthy of Compaſſion; The poor Lords who had wrought wonders in Arms, able to move Tygers, were led to the ſlaughter, half naked, ſtreight bound with cords and fetters, no regard being had either to their bloud, which was noble, or youth which was pitifull, or their behaviour which was moſt raviſhing; Theſe Saracens ugly and horrible as Devils, ſet them before the face of the Tyrant, who in the twinkling of an eye cauſed their throats to be cut at his feet, as if he meant to carouſe their bloud. A ſad ſpectacle.

The Count of *Nevers*, with the Count of *Ewe*, and the Count of *Marche* had now their heads under the Cymiter, and their lives hung as it were by a thread; when *Bajazet*, who had heard by his interpreters that they were near Kinſmen to the King of *France*, cauſed them to be reſerved, commanding them to ſit at his feet on the ground, where they were enforced to behold the lamentable butchery of their Nobility.

The valiant *Boucicaut*, covered with a little linnen cloth, in his turn was brought forth to be maſſacred over the bodies of ſo many valiant men. He being wiſe, and in this extremity particularly

inspired by God, made a sign with his fingers before *Bajazet*, because he understood not his Language, as if he would declare himself the kinsman of the Count of *Nevers*, who beheld him with so pitiful an eye, that it was able to have rent the most rocky heart. *Bajazet* being perswaded by this design that he was of the Blood-royal, caused him to be set apart among the prisoners; where afterwards by his great wisdom he endeavoured the liberty of those noble Gentlemen, and his own. I cannot think that the puny Novices of war of our time, will compare themselves to the valour of this heroick man, accomplished with such gallant prowess.

Let us come, if you please, and look into his deportment and conversation, and consider whether he were of the number of those who profess themselves wicked that they may seem valiant. Our *Boucicaut* was a man who whilest in time of peace he governed the City of *Genoa*, heard daily two Masses, with so exemplar devotion, that he never suffered any man to speak to him in the Church: where he said the office with singular attention; for which he so accommodated his company, that you should never see the least action of uncomliness in Divine Service, which he did not severely punish. And the Historian addeth, that he who had beheld his people at Divine Service, would rather think he saw Religious men then Souldiers. Noblemen have power to draw their families to what posture they please, were it not through pusillanimity of spirit; they many times give way to the torrent of nurture, and contenting themselves to be good, make all the rest naught by the easiness of their natures. I mention not here a Canonized Saint, an Hermit, a Religious man, or a Priest: I speak of a Marshal of *France*, of a most ardent Warriour and valiant Souldier.

Behold, I pray, whether Piety be incompatible with Arms. This brave Captain happily made his Will, disposing of all his devotions, his affairs, and charge: each day he executed some part hereof, doing all the good he could whilest he lived, not expecting the casual portions of others piety, as those who cause Torches to be carried behind to light them when they have lost their eys; and indeed never do well but when they are in a condition to be able to do no more. This charitable Lord particularly informed himself of the necessities of the bashful poor, and as the rarest pieces of his Cabinet, set their names down in his Register: he appointed on every side his Alms to the poor Religious, to Widows, to Orphans, to needy Souldiers, namely, to those who through disability of old age and sickness could labour no more. He visited Hospitals, giving according to his means round sums of money to furnish and accommodate them: if he walked in the streets he ever had charity in his hands, that himself might give all he could; for he took therein a singular contentment; and never was he seen to be so merry, as when he had distributed good store of money. This was to him as his hunting, his game, his delight.

He bear a singular devotion in memory of the Passion of our Saviour, towards the Friday: and whilest he was able, did eat nothing on that day but Fruits and Pulse, abstaining from all which participated of the life of Beasts and cloathed himself likewise in a most simple habit, desirous to shew outwardly some tast of the Reverence we ow to the blood of the Son of God. Besides abstinencies commanded, he fasted ordinarily on the Saturday, which is dedicated to the memory of the blessed Virgin. He never fed at his repast but on one dish; and though he had great quantity of silver Vessels, he caused himself to be served in Pewter and earth, being glorious in publick, but in his particular an enemy to worldly pomps and vanities.

I leave you to contemplate, how far this kind of life is alienated from the curious Nobility of our days, to whom so many Dispensations and Priviledges must daily be given, that it seems it is needful for their sakes only to create another Christendom, besides that which hath been established by the Son of God. A man would say, to see how they pamper their bodies, they were descended from heaven, and that thither they would return, without passing through the Grave, they Deifie themselves, and to fatten and gild a stinking Dunghil covered over with Snow, they sport with the blood and sweat of men.

Superfluity of tast being so well qualified, all went in true measure in the house of this good Marshal, his Retinue was well entertained according to his quality, and he had a very solemn custom by him religiously observed, which was speedily to pay his debts, and as much as he might possible, to be engaged to none. It is no small virtue, nor of mean importance, to be out of engagements of this kind, If we consider the Nobility at this time, so easily plunged in great labyrinths of Debts, which daily encrease like huge Snow-balls that fall from the Mountains, and require Ages and golden Mines to discharge them.

Is it not a most inexcusable cruelty before God and man, to see a busie Merchant, a needy Artificer, every day to multiply his journeys and steps before the gate of a Lord or a Lady, who bear his sweat and blood in the pleits of their Garments? And instead of giving some satisfaction upon his most just demands, it is told him he is an importunate fellow, and many times is menaced with bastinadoes, if he desist not to demand his own. Is not this to live like a *Tartarian*? Is not this to degrade one's self from Nobility, Christianity and Reason? Is not this to ruine, and, as it were, to cut the throats of whole Houses and Families? Alledge not to me, that it is impossible for you to pay what is demanded at present, foreseeing your weakness of estate, why have you heaped so many debts which cannot be discharged!

Why do you not rather lessen your Port, and live more frugally? Why do you not cast off many superfluous things that might be spared? Are not offences odious enough before God, but you must encrease them with the marrow of the poor? From hence cometh the contempt of your persons, the hatred of your name, the breaches and ruine of your houses.

This man by paying his debts well, was honoured and respected of his Officers like a Demy-god; there was no need of making any question or doubt, nor to make a false step into his house. He would never suffer a Vice, or bad Servant, were it to gain an Empire. Blasphemies, Oaths, Lyes, Slanders, Past-times, Quarrels, and such like disorders, were banished from his Palace as Monsters: and if he once found any of his Family in fault, he put them away, least they should infect the other: yet he would not scandalize them, nor divulge their offences. At the Table he spake little, and did voluntarily entertain himself with the example of virtues which he observed in the lives

lives of the Nobility: never discoursing of his own atchievements but with singular sobriety.

In his marriage he demeaned himself most chastely; and had such an hatred against impurity, that he would not so much as keep a servant that had a lustful eye. Behold, how passing one day on horseback through the streets of the City of *Genoa*, as a Lady presented her self at a window to comb her hair, and a Gentleman of the Marshals train seeing her tresses very bright and beautiful, cried out, *Oh what a goodly head of hair!* standing still to behold her. This Lord looking back on him with a severe eye, said, It is not well done, it is not fit that a wanton eye should be seen to glance from the house of a Governour.

In this kind and all others which concerned the commerce and peace of the Citizens, he rendred so ready and exact justice, that it was a Proverb amongst the *Genoes* when any one was offended, to say to him who had done him wrong: *If you will not right me, my Lord Marshal will.* The other understanding it, ofttimes rather chose to submit to the right, then expect a condemnation, which was inevitable. By this means he so gained the good opinion of the people, that the inhabitants of the City sent to the King, beseeching him, that he might continue the Government to the end of his days; which having obtained, it seemed to them, that they had procured an Angel from Heaven to be set at the Stern of their Common-wealth.

At that time when the Emperour of *Constantinople*, then dispossessed of one part of his Empire by the great *Turk*, came into *France* to desire succour, and had obtained of the King twelve hundred men defrayed for a year, many widow Ladies were seen at the Court, who complained of injustice and oppressions which were offered them after the death of their husbands; whereby this good Marshal was so moved with compassion, that with much freedom he instituted an Order of Knights for the defence of afflicted Ladies, which he surnamed *The Order of the White Lady*; because they who made profession of it, bare a Scutcheon of gold enamelled with green, and thereon the figure of a Lady in a white Vestment: thus sought he by all occasions to do good, and shewed himself a great enemy of idleness, as being the very moth of great Spirits.

He ordinarily rose early in the morning, and spent about three houres in Prayer and divine Service: after that duty was performed, he went to Counsel, which lasted till Dinner-time. After his repast he gave audience to all those who would speak with him upon their affairs, never failing to behold his Hall dayly full of people, whom he speedily dispatched; contenting every one with sweet and reasonable answers: from thence he retired to write Letters, and to give such order to his Officers which his pleasure was should be observed in all his affairs: and if he had no other employment, he went to *Vespers*. At his return he took some pains or recreation, then finishing the rest of his Office, he ended the day. On Sundays and Holy-Days, he either went on foot in some Pilgrimage of Devotion, or caused the Life of Saints, or other Histories to be read, dayly more and more to dispose his life and Conversation unto Virtue. When he marched into the field, he used most admirable discretion, never oppressing any of his Company, nor would he permit even in the enemies Country, that the least disturbance should be done to Churchmen.

Behold you not here a Life worthy of a *French* Cavalier? O Nobility! This man was not a Petty Roister, that makes boast to fight in a green Meadow; But a Souldier, who during the Wars with the *English* kept the Field of Battel three times thirty days together, against those brave Souldiers who did oppose him; from whence he went out all sparkling with glory and wonder.

I would here willingly add a *Bertrand* of *Guesclin* Count of *Longuevil*, and Constable of *France*, whose Life Mounsieur *Menard* hath given us written by a Pen of that antient Age, in as antient Language. You should see a man, who after he had dedicated his Soul, Body, and Arms in the Offertory of a Mass at the Altar, fought six or seven times hand to hand in the Field, exercised strange Feats of Battel and Arms, stood in the midst of Combats unmoved and confident as in his Chamber, being otherwise furious, strong and stout in the press. You should see a man sage in Counsels, prompt in Execution, whom an Enemy found near at hand when he thought him thirty miles off. A man in all things else free from Fraud or Dissimulation, chearful, courteous, obliging and liberal of his own, employing his Moveables and his Wives Jewels for the relief of poor Souldiers.

Then you may judge, whether by being Valiant you may live in the Court of a *Christian* Prince like a little *Turk*. Where is your Judgment? and where is your Reason?

BAYARD.

BAYARD.

BEhold a man whose life not long since hath been published to serve as a model for the Nobility: we yet touch him as it were with our finger, for he dyed under the reign of *Francis* the First, having served three Kings in their Armies, the space of two and thirty years. It is the valiant *Terrail*, otherwise called Cavalier *Bayard* born in *Daulphine*. I willingly make use of his Example, both because one of our most warlike Kings, the son of *Francis* the First would needs be knighted by his hands, to witness the honour he bare to his valour; as also for that I see therein many noble passages which taste of the virtue of a true French souldier. He was a courageous Captain, of excellent direction, valiant and magnanimous, of whom it was said, that he had the assault of the wilde Bull, the defence of the Bore, and flight of the wolf. I set aside his warlike deeds, I take some of his virtues which here I will make use of. This royal courage had no other aim in arms, but the glory of God, the service of his Prince, and the honour of his profession, whereof we have an ample testimony in a short Elogy, which his secretary made upon him, saying, *That after these two and thirty years service, he dyed almost as poor as he was born.* Much is spoken in these few words; and I think *Bayard* more glorious under this title, then if he had borne the Dutchy of *Milan* on his back. He had the true piety of a good Souldier: for every morning he prayed to God most devoutly, and would not permit any man to enter into his chamber during his devotions: he was so obedient to those who commanded in the Army, that he never refused any commission imposed upon him. Yea, well foreseeing that the last charge enjoyned him by the Marshall *Benivet* was most dangerous, and as it were impossible; yet he went thither, sacrificing his life to the commandments of the Lievtenant of his Prince, that he might not digress from his ordinary custom. There was he slain by the most generous manner of death that could happen to any Captain of his quality. He was a Lion in Arms, who with a choice company of men selected by him, and trained to his profession, wrought such admirable effects, that there was not any battel won, of which he was not ever the principal cause. Never was any man more terrible to an enemy in the conflict; but out of it, it was said he was one of the most affable and courteous men of the earth: he was so ill a flatterer of great men, that to gain a Kingdom he would not be drawn to speak any thing but reason. His practise was to honour the virtuous, speak little of the vicious, less of his own atchievements, never to swear; to do favours to all that required them, as willingly as if himself were to receive the benefit; to give secret alms according to his ability, in such manner, that it is written; that besides his other acts of piety, he married at the least an hundred poor young maids. Behold of what elements his soul was inwardly composed. As for the manner of his carriage in the war, he as little cared for mony, as the dust of the earth, and desired not to have any, but to give: witnesse an act of great liberality, which is related of him. He took fairly by law of Arms a Spanish Treasurer, who had about him fifteen thousand Ducats: one of his Captains named *Tardieu*, enraged with choller, swore that he would have part of the booty, because he was in the Expedition. This good Captain smiling said unto him, It is true, you were of the enterprise, but are not to share in the Booty; and if it were so, you are under my charge, I therefore will give you what I think good. This man entred into more violent fury, and went to complain to the General, who having well considered the business, adjudged it wholly to *Bayard*. He caused his Ducats to be carried to a place of safety, and commanded them to be spread on a Table in presence of all his people, saying to them, Companions, what think ye? Do ye not here behold fine junkets? Poor *Tardieu*, who had been put by his pretensions by expresse sentence of his Captains, looked on this mony with a jealous eye, and said, If he had the half of it, he would all his life be an honest man. Doth that depend on this? (saith this brave Spirit.) Hold then, I willingly give you that which you by force could never obtain. And so caused he at the same instant seven thousand five hundred Ducats to be told out to him. The other, (who in the beginning thought it was but a meer mockery, when he saw it to be in good earnest, and himself in possession of that he desired) cast himself on both his knees at the feet of *Bayard*, having abundant tears of joy in his eies, and cryed out, Alas my Master, my Friend, you have surpassed the liberality of *Alexander*: How shall I be ever able to acknowledg the benefit, which I at this time do receive at your hands? Hold your peace, (said this incomparable man) if I had power, I would do much more. And thereupon causing all the souldiers of the Garrison to be called, he distributed the rest of the Ducats; not keeping one sole denier for his own use.

Martial vertues of a brave French Souldier.

I ask of you, whether this were not a heart of true pearl, wherein there could not one least blemish of avarice be found? Yea also, when he passed through the Country, even in a land of Conquest, he payed his expence. And one saying to him, Sir, this mony is lost: for at your departure from hence, they will set this place on fire. He answered, Sirs, I do what I ought, God hath not put me into the world to live by Rapine.

Moreover, the excellency of this man appeared wel in an affair, wherein the life of the most eminent man of the world was interessed. For, he at that time being in *Italy*, was sent by the King to assist the Duke of *Ferrara*, against the Army of Pope *Julius*, then much opposite to *France*; although so many other worthy Popes heartily loved our Nation. When one Monsieur *Augustine Gerlo*, a Gentleman of *Milan*, but yet a traitor and factious, went to the said Duke to perswade him to forsake the French Engagement, with intention to destroy them, and promised him that in recompence he would give him his Neece in marriage, and make him Captain General of the Church. This Prince would not seem in any wise to understand him; but he handled the matter so by his policy and advantageous promises, that he gained this *Augustine* who gave him his hand, that he in few days would destroy the Pope by a mischievous morsel which he could easily give him. The Duke of *Ferrara* having thus dived into his plots and intentions, went immediately to find out this our noble *Bayard* in his lodgings, and made a long discourse to him of the evil disposition of Pope *Julius*, and the enterprises he had both on his life, and on the French-men, of purpose to enkindle him for Revenge. Then he also pursued his opportunity, and made discovery to him

him of the treaſon of this wicked *Gerlo*. *Bayard*, looking amazedly at him, ſaid, How, Sir! I could never have imagined that a Prince ſo generous as you, would conſent to ſuch a wickedneſs; and had you done it, I ſwear by my ſoul, before night I would have given the Pope notice of it. How! anſwered the Duke, he would have done as much either to you or me. It is no matter (replied *Bayard*) this treachery diſpleaſeth me. Whereat the Duke ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, and ſpitting on the ground, ſaith, *Monſieur Bayard*, I would I had killed all mine enemies in this ſort: but, ſince you diſlike it, the matter ſhall reſt, and you and I both may have cauſe to repent it. We ſhall not, if it pleaſe God, replieth the good Souldier: but, I pray you, put this Gallant into my hands that would do this goodly piece of ſervice; and if I do not cauſe him to be hanged in an hour, let me ſupply his place. The Duke finding in him this courage and fidelity, did all he could to wave and excuſe the plot, ſaying he had given him aſſurance of his perſon.

But, behold you not here a brave ſpirit in *Bayard*? See you not a man of a royal conſcience and of an honeſty in all things like to it ſelf? Away then with thoſe petty and baſe ſpirits of the Abyſs more black then ſpectres and infernal furies, who have neither loyalty for their Prince nor Commonwealth, but as it may concern their own intereſts: who ſwallow treaſons as big as Camels, to gain a fly. Such would make truth it ſelf to lye, were not Heaven's Providence awake to make their events as tragical, as are their determinations abominable and hideous.

All the braveſt Chieftains have ever held it to be higheſt of their glorious victories, to be crowned with Chaſtity. It was the Trophey of *Cyrus*, to whom, for this cauſe God gave all the treaſures of *Aſia*. It was the triumph of *Alexander*, who, in recompence thereof, had the Conqueſt of the *Perſians*. And, the Emperour *Julian*, who made profeſſion herein to imitate him, although he had apoſtatized and renounced all other ſacred ties, would never forſake Chaſtity, but wittily ſaid; *This virtue made beautiful lives, as Painters fair faces*. But, not to ſearch ſo far into the duſt and rubbiſh of Antiquity, I will draw one line more upon our *Bayard* in this point, whereon his Hiſtory dignifies him with a paſſage admirable and unparalell'd.

Some there were had adviſed to convey into his Chamber a Maid which was one of the faireſt creatures in the world; and indeed ſhe was endowed with an angelically graceful aſpect, ſave that at that inſtant her eys were ſwoln (above their ordinary orbs) with an extremity of tears: and that too beſpake rather the commendable virtue of her modeſty, then the blemiſh of her beauty. Whom when the Captain had well ſurveyed; How now fair Maid! ſaith he unto her; What ſayeſt thou? Why comeſt thou hither? The amazed Damſel falling on her knees, with that utterance her ſighings would afford her, ſhe thus anſwers him: Ah, Sir! My Mother hath commanded me I ſhould do what you would have me: yet (Sir) I am a Virgin, and never (truly) had I any diſpoſition to do ill, however a neceſſity enforced me hither; for, my mother and my ſelf are ſo poor, that we are nigh periſhing through hunger: but, I wiſh to God I might ſee death, thereby to be diſſolved from the number of unhappy Maidens, rather then to ſully my Soul with the leaſt unworthy and ignoble act. Which words of hers pierced ſo this generous Lord's ſoul to the quick, that they cauſed tears in his eys, aſſociated with this reply; Verily, pretty ſoul, I will not be ſo wicked as to take that from thee which thou ſo charily haſt kept for the ſociety of pureſt Angels. Thereupon he cauſed her to be veiled, leſt ſhe ſhould be taken notice of: and that ſhe might not be expoſed unto the rigid dealings of a rude hand, (not transferring the charge of her perſon to another's care) he, with a lighted Torch in his own hand, conducts her to her ſafe repoſe in the houſe of a virtuous kinſwoman of his, where he for that night leaves her. The day following, he ſent for her mother, and ſaid unto her; Are not you a wicked woman to betray the honour of your daughter, which ought to be more dear unto you then your life? Certainly for thus doing, you deſerve a puniſhment ſo much the more rigorous, as that I underſtand you are a Lady: and by a courſe ſo ſiniſter you wrong Nobility. The Lady hereat wholly confounded, knew not what elſe to anſwer, but that they were as poor as may be. Is there yet (ſaith he) no man that for her birth, beauty, and virtues ſake, who requireth her in holy marriage? Yes, truly (ſaith ſhe) an honeſt man a neighbour of mine: had ſhe (as he with her demands) ſix hundred Florens, which I am in no capacity to raiſe or to procure.

Then the brave *Bayard* drew out his Purſe, and ſaid, Here are two hundred Crowns (which are of more value then ſix hundred Florens of this Country) to marry your Daughter withal: which my will is you diſpatch within three days; and further, to enable you the better thereto: I alſo add one hundred Crowns more to adorn her with decent change of Apparel, and I give your ſelf an hundred Crowns, which well houſewived, may ſerve to ſtave you off from future unbecoming ſhifts and poverty. All which was done accordingly, to the unſpeakable joy both of the mother, and of the Daughter, who thenceforth lived in an honourable and comfortable condition.

O Nobility! I preſent not here an Hermit, but a Captain (who was a *French* ſouldier) who was moulded of no other fleſh, blood, nor bones, then are ye your ſelves; yet he performeth an act of a Religious man the moſt mortified: he exerciſeth the liberality of a King; he equalleth therein, yea, ſurmounted the heroical deeds of the greateſt Saints. True it is, Saint *Nicholas* ſaved the honour of Virgins, contributing thereto his gold and ſilver: as true it is, that in ſo doing he generouſly triumphed over the covetouſneſs of temporal goods: yet, he ſerved not in this action as a triumph to himſelf, which is verily the choiceſt piece of eminent virtues. But, behold a Cavalier who vanquiſheth both Avarice and Luſt (the two moſt dangerous rocks in the world.) *Bayard* commandeth his purſe in a fortune not the beſt accommodated; and that, merriteth no ſmall applauſe. But, *Bayard* in the high flouriſh of his age, of a body vigorous, commands the paſſions of his Soul and conquers them, even at the temptations of an object ſo amiable (as hath been repreſented here unto you) I beſeech you therefore let it be no longer ſaid, that Chaſtity is only to be found amongſt the truly moſt mortified retirers into Cloiſters, for, it is every where, where the fear of the omnipreſent God, & where generoſity or real virtue is. What then can ſo many wretches anſwer to this, who fill the world with ſins, the Nobility with diſgraces, their bodies with diſeaſes, their name with infamy, and load ſo many poor abuſed creatures with miſeries and deſpair? What can our ſpruce gallants deviſe for paſſable excuſe, who brave it through the ſtreets in their ridiculous oſtets of borrowed feachers

and

and in habits; remaining indebted to the Mercer for the ſtuff, and to the poor Taylour for the faſhion, paying yet neither the one or other? True Jack-daws of *Æſop*, who deſerve, that all other birds ſhould aſſemble to pull their plumes off which they have (thus no better then) ſtoln to catch and to be caught with vanity. What will here ſo many gluttons and gameſters ſay, who rent up and eat the entrails of men by their bloudy riots?

You ſee 'twas poſſible that this gallant Souldier, by unravenous hands had four hundred crowns, (a ſum in thoſe days held a huge one) yet all this he gives in one only alms; but, thoſe (whom I thus have taken to task) who in a bravery talk of nothing leſs then piſtolets, nor mind any thing elſe but their ſordid voluptuouſneſs, have not a denier to throw to a poor body.

Purſuing this courſe, he did an act (at the taking of *Breſcia* a City in *Italy*) indeed for ever memorable, which was thus; That being ſet in the front of the perdues, he firſt entred and paſſed the Rampart, whence he received a hurt in the top of his thigh; ſo dangerous that the top of a pike wherewith he was thruſt, ſtuck in the wound. He, nothing terrified hereat, ſaid to one Captain *Molard*, I am ſlain: but it is no matter, let your men march on confidently, the Town's our own. Then, two of his Souldiers bare him out of the throng, who ſeeing his wound ſtreamed forth much bloud, they pulled off their ſhirts and rent them, binding up his thigh therewith; and in the next houſe they hit upon, they took a little door off the hinges whereon they laid their tenderly beloved Captain, to bear him the more eaſily. From thence they went directly to a great houſe which they ſuppoſed (in all likelihood) to be a very convenient repoſe, and for his accommodation (and ſo indeed it proved:) For, it belonged to an honeſt Gentleman who thence retired into a Monaſtery to avoid the fury which is ordinarily found from conquering Souldiers: for, the ſaccage of this City was ſo dreadful, that there were reckoned as well of *Venetians* who defended it, as Burgeſſes, to the number of twenty thouſand ſlain: yet, his wife (the Lady of this houſe) with her two daughters, fortunately had ventured to abide at home, who yet through fear had hid themſelves together under hay in a Barn, from whence the noble Matron made firſt her appearance to the two Souldiers knocking at the gate, which (arming her ſelf with reſolution) ſhe opened to them; when eſpying a Captain all bloudy, for whom they demanded a room in her houſe to retire in, ſhe conducts them with their carriage on that homely bier, (as is before related) into the faireſt and beſt furniſht chamber, where ſhe caſt her ſelf at his feet, ſaying, Sir, I freely make a tender of this houſe unto you, with all the furniture thereof, which you may call yours even by the law of Arms: However, this favour I only beg of you, you will be pleaſed to protect me and ſave mine honour inviolated, as alſo of my daughters (two poor Maids) grown up to marriage eſtate; whom I and my dear husband value as the pledges of our conjugal affection. The Captain anſwered, Madam, fear not, We Souldiers that muſt ſtand the ſhock of War, oftimes do meet with ſuch like caſualties as hath now betided me, which was the cauſe (not any deſign to wrong your perſons or diminiſh your poſſeſſions) that drave me hither: and whether I ſhall eſcape this wound, be a contingency remote as yet from my aſſurance; yet, this I faithfully promiſe you, that, whilſt I live, there ſhall not be done the leaſt injury to you nor your daughters, no more then I would have befal to mine own perſon. Only keep them in your lodging, and let them not be ſeen: ſend for your husband home again, whom you may aſſure and your ſelf too, ye have a Gueſt who will do you all courteſie poſſible. The Lady comfortably acquieſcing in the belief of his nobleneſs uttered by his word, ſhe goes about the orderly contrivance of her houſe-wife-affairs accordingly; and having emploied all her prudentialleſt care to give him good entertainment, ſhe ſoon perceived ſhe had lodged an honeſt man, (amongſt other his own perſonal civil manifeſtations) by the harmleſs and juſt deportment of the Duke of *Nemours* the brave General of the Army (*Gaſton de Foix*) who came daily (with his choiceſt Chevaliers) to viſit him; yet he, and all they (although it was then in a City of their conqueſt) made offer of paying for what ever proviſions they demanded for their repaſts. The good Hoſteſs therefore took her ſelf ſo much the more concerned to wait on her noble inmate (as indeed ſhe did) as on an Angel ſent her from Heaven: ſo much divine honour and virtue ſaw ſhe reſplendent in him. When he was well cured of his hurt, and ſpake of his diſlodging thence to be preſent at the battel of *Ravenna*, where that his General paſſionately deſired him no leſs for his ſociety then his ſervice; the Lady (who accounted her ſelf as his priſoner, with her husband and their two daughters, conſidering that if their Gueſt would rigorouſly uſe them, he might (according to the uſe and liberty of a Souldier) draw ten or twelve thouſand crowns from her,) reſolved to give him a preſent: and therefore went into his chamber with one of her domeſtick attendants who carried a little ſteel Cabinet, and preſently ſhe threw her ſelf at his feet but he quickly raiſed her up again, not ſuffering ſhe ſhould ſpeak a word till ſhe was ſeated by him, at which time ſhe made this ſpeech well obſerved by the Secretary of *Bayard*.

Sir, ſith it ſeemed good to the high Providence, that this City ſhould be deſtined to a captivity by your valour; the favour which God hath afforded me by ſending you into this houſe which is wholly at your ſervice, I thankfully contemplate as one which hath been no leſs then the preſervation of the life of my husband, mine own, and that of my two daughters, with their unattempted chaſtity which they dearlier eſtimate then their precious life. Beſides, your people have demeaned themſelves (to your own rare example, as well as to your lawfull commands, I attribute it) here in my houſe, that I have cauſe for ever to commend their ſober carriage and modeſty, and not deſerving the leaſt blame or complaint for any kind of injury committed by them. And, yet Sir, I am not ſo ignorant of the condition whereunto the miſery of war hath reduced us, as not very well to apprehend that my husband, my ſelf, and our children are your priſoners, and that all the goods in this houſe are in your power to be diſpoſed of at your liking and diſcretion. But withall, knowing the nobleneſs of your heart which is incomparable, I am come moſt humbly to beſeech you to take pity on us your poor captives, and to deal with us according to your manifeſted goodneſs and clemency, whereto we render as a thankfull ſacrifice this poor preſent, earneſtly deſiring it may be acceptable. Having thus ſpoken, ſhe took the cabinet out of her ſervants hands, and opened it before the good Captain, who ſaw it to be full of ducats, whereat he ſmiled, ſaying, Madam, how many ducats have you there? The poor woman,

man dismaied because she thought his smiling had proceeded from conceived discontent, answered; Here are but two thousand five hundred Ducats: but if you be not satisfied herewith we will procure you more. Nay, Madam, (replyed the Captain) I do well assure you, that should you give me an hundred thousand Crowns, you could not (for all that) do me so much good as you have benefitted me already by your courteous entertainment and virtuous offices of recovering me. In what place therefore soever I shall remain, while God prolongs my life, you shall find you have thereby engaged a Gentleman ready to embrace occasions of serving your commands. And now, as for your Ducats, I will take none of them, but give you thanks, and so I pray you put them up again. For my part, I have ever esteemed people of honour more then crowns; and think not, Madam, but I go away as well contented from you, as if this City were at your disposition, and you had made me a present thereof.

She again humbly prostrating her self on her knees, and the Captain lifting her up, she answered, No, Sir; I should think my self for ever the most unhappy woman of the world, if you accept not of this Present, which is nothing in comparison of the infinite obligations I ow to your worth. Well (saith he) sith you give it with so good a will, I accept it for your sake: but, cause your Daughters to come hither that I may bid them farewel. These virtuous souls following their mothers precedency, had also with her charitably assisted him during the time of his infirmities, cure many times touching their Lute whereon they played very sweetly, for his minds recreation. Upon this summon of his into his presence, they fell at his feet; the elder of the Daughters (in the name of both) made a short speech unto him in her mother-language, importing a thankful form unto him for his just performed preservation of their honour. The Captain heard it, yet not without a weeping-joy and admiration at the sweetness and humility he therein observed, and then said: Ladies, ye do that which I ought to do; which is, to give you thanks for the many good helps ye have afforded me, for which I find my self infinitely obliged unto you. Ye know, men of my profession are not readily furnished with handsom tokens to present fair Maidens withal. But behold! your good Lady-mother hath given me two thousand five hundred Ducats; take each of you a thousand of them as my gift, for so I am resolved it shall be. Then turning to his Hostess, Madam (saith he) I will take the five hundred to my self to distribute them among poor Religious women who have not had like happiness with you to be preserved from the Souldier's plundering pillage. And, as you better then any other may judge of the necessities which each one may by such accidents have befallen them: so I am confident I can depute none a more faithful Steward for the disposing thereof, then is your wise, ingenious, and charitable self, unto whose sole disposal I freely recommend it. The Lady touched to the quick with so rare and pious a disposition, spake these words unto him: O flower of Chevalry, to whom none other can be compared! Our blessed Saviour and Redeemer *Jesus Christ*, who for us sinners suffered death and passion, both here in this world, and in the other reward you. The Gentleman of the house who at that time heard the courtesie of his guest, came to thank him with a bended knee, making him (withal) a surrender of his person, and a sequestration of his whole estate: but he most nobly left him master of himself and of his estate. The young Gentlewoman who (amongst others their many accomplishing endowments) were skilful at the Needle, made him a Present of a crimson-sattin purse very richly wrought, and of two Bracelets woven with thread of gold and silver. He very graciously receiving them; Behold (saith he) I esteem these more then ten thousand crowns: and instantly he put the Bracelets on his wrists, and the purse into his pocket; assuring them that while these their respective remembrances would last, he would wear them for their sakes. Which civil ceremonies ended, he mounted on his horse, accompanied thence with his true friend the Lord *D' Aubigny*, and with about two or three thousand other Gentlemen and Souldiers: the Lady of the house, the Daughters, and the whole family, as passionately lamenting his departure, as if they should have been put to the Sword, although they had assurance from him by his undeniable protection under which he left them and their possessions to be unmolested after his departure.

If the Stars were to descend from Heaven, I would demand now whether they might find more love and respect then in this heaven-born piece of generosity did both receive and return. But, be ye your own judges, if your observations tell you not; it far otherwise befals those silly Fencers who in like times of advantages rush themselues into such well-feathered Nests, no otherwise then as fatal Comets portending fire and the destroying Sword, who make the props of buildings tremble with their loud blasphemies, who load whole families with injuries, without the least regard of age, sex, or honour, but make a sport at the blood and wounds over whom they tyrannize, pillaging them like ravenous Harpies fatted with humane ruines. However, should they do nothing else all their life-time but heap up Mountains of gold and silver; they could not arrive to the least part of the contentment which this good Captain enjoyed, who sought no other recompence from his fair way'd actions, but the satisfaction of his serene conscience, and the glory to have done so well. And thus it is (O ye who would your selves to be indeed ennobled) that hearts are gained: thus ye oblige (if I may so say) both earth and heaven to become due tributaries to your virtues, with blessings round about you here, and with a Crown of immortality hereafter.

THE SATES-MEN.

JOSEPH. MOSES.

I Begin the Elogies of holy States-men with the Patriarch *Joseph*, who was the first of God's chosen people, that entred into the Court of an *Infidel* Prince, to make of his life an example of virtue, and of his demeanour a Miracle. Here is an high design of God, who transports a young child out of the cabins and condition of shepherds, to make him the second person of a great Kingdome, to give him the heart and the treasures of his Master, the friendship of the Nobles, the veneration of the People, and the admiration of all the World. Those that look upon this History after a common manner, observe ordinarily therein the changes of humane things; the beginnings, the progresses, and the issues of worldly affairs: But if we would penetrate farther, we should find two great reasons and two admirable designs of Providence about the entrance and negotiation of *Joseph* in *Egypt*.

The first is, that according to the saying of the great S. *Leo*, it was reasonable that the Eternal Word that was to come for the salvation of the whole world should be divided through all Ages, and through all Nations, shewing himself to some in figure, to others in reality, giving himself to some by Hope, to others by Presence, and to many by Remembrance. He insinuated himself into the antient *Jews* by Prophecies; into the *Gentiles* by Oracles; into the Learned by Riddles; into the People by visible Figures; into the Saints and the Religious by Mysteries; into the Prophane and *Gentiles* by Government and Politick Prudence. This is the fashion that he held towards the *Egyptians*, making them see the first rays of the Birth-day of his coming in the person of *Joseph*, that wore very advantageously the Lineaments of his Divine Perfections, and merited to be called by advance, the Saviour of the world.

The second reason is, that God meaning to begin that Divine work of the persecutions and the wonders of his chosen People, transports *Joseph* thither, and makes of him a man of sufferings and of prodigies, to be as a grain of seed out of which one should see spring that numerous posterity that should equal the stars of Heaven. This eternal high Priest prepared for his Altars a great sacrifice of Tribulation and of Patience, which was to be honoured with so much bloud, and so many tears of the righteous, and would invite thereto the Saints by the imitation of a Patriarch that consecrated himself by his own evils, and mounted out of a deep pit to the triumphant Chariot of the *Pharaoh's*.

I have proposed to my self to represent this to you (my Reader) not relating at large his History which is sufficiently known, but by making some reflexions upon it able to make us admire the greatness of God, and to fashion the manners of Courtiers affected to virtue, by originals that God hath placed as upon the Frontispiece of his Palace.

Let us observe then (according to the pursuit which the Scripture makes us see in this narration) his entrance into the Court, his beginning, his progresses, his virtues, his negotiations, and his successes, from which we shall draw great lights and infallible proofs of the work of God upon those whom he embraces by love and by a very particular conduct.

Ambitious spirits have studied in all times the means to make a fortune at the Court of Kings, and have applied themselves strongly to this design, as to the study of the Philosophers stone, or to the conquest of the golden fleece: But they have had work enough to find out the true principles and causes of the good will of great ones, which is the reason that some seem, to have the golden wings of fortune her self to flie to the palace of Honour, without labour, and without difficulty, while others with indefatigable pains grow old in disgrace and in contempt. *Lilius Gyraldus* a learned man digged out of the ground in his searches an antient picture of the industrious *Apelles*, wherein after he had painted *Favour* winged, blind, standing upon a rouling boul, environed

environed with riches, honour, disdain, flattery, and the impunity of all crimes; he places at her feet some Philosophers that studied her Genealogy, some making her the daughter of Beauty, others of chance, others of Industry, others of Virtue: but the ablest confessed that she was a bastard, and not begotten of lawfull Parents, but of an obscure and dark Confusion.

And indeed if we speak of the favour of Princes taken according to the world, we must acknowledge that it is very uncertain, having as many divers births as there are different humours in the mind of great ones; who are ordinarily subject to many changes, whether through an opinion of their greatnesse, or whether through the delicateness of their breeding, or whether through the diversity of those that approach them, and so many fantasticall conceits that proceed from the perturbation of their own felicities. Who is able to tell all the entrances into favour? seeing there are some that have been promoted highly, for having caused a little sucking pig to be roasted handsomely, as it happened to a favourite of *Henry* the Eighth's, King of *England*. It is true that there are some that insinuate themselves by beauty, and by a good grace, others by jesting and delightfull pastimes, others by understanding and the conduct of affairs, others by valour, others by science, others by the invention of crimes and infamous wayes of magick, by unseemly complacencies and unworthy services which they render to the revenges, or to the pleasures of their masters.

But (not to speak of other proceedings that are less clean) those that give precepts of rising at the Court will tell us, that he ought to be of a good birth, of a pleasing behaviour, very dextrous in all sorts of exercises fit for the Nobility, of a gentle wit that hath some tincture of science, of a polished conversation, full of civility, affability, and prudence. In a word, he must be a man of conscience, of understanding, of courage, of service, and held up by some powerfull friend, that will gain the good will of great ones, and to open to himself a large way to the honours of the age. This is said with much prudence; but we must avouch, that beside all these rare qualities, there is a secret push of an invisible hand that thrusts forward the favourites, which some have attributed to the stars, others to destiny, others to a good temper: but which I think with reason to be an effect of the divine Providence, and an operation of the Guardian Angels, who in prosperous affairs, procure often Counsellors and officers to Kings by high and sublime wayes, of exquisite gifts, and profitable to second the good genius of the Prince, and to advance by the same means the favourite.

This is that which may be observed clearly in the person of *Joseph* (whose Elogy I have undertaken to give you.) There is required in a man of a secular State, the birth of a Gentleman, to make a fortune at the Court, and this man was the son of a shepherd; a skilfulness at weapons, he had never handled, or perhaps seen any; a gentleness in the exercises of the body, he knew no other but those of shepherds; a grace of speech, he was a stranger and a barbarian to the Egyptians; Military valour, he knew no other combats but those of the Rams and Bulls; politick prudence, he came from a savage life where he had had no other conversation but that of trees and beasts. What was it then that promoted him in the Court of *Pharaoh*, and made him rise so high? Must we not acknowledge with all submission of spirit, that there is an Heavenly hand that takes a charge of this business, and that it is our Tutelar Angel to whom God having given Commission of our lives and fortunes? It is no way credible, that he neglects us in these great occurrences of exercises, and of conversations that are to compose the happiness or the miseries of our life.

Yet it is true that God destining a man to some great design, fails not insensibly to furnish him with necessary qualities for that disposal, though they are elevated above the opinion of the world, and sometimes even contrary to the ordinary practices of Courtiers; from thence it came that Providence had made *Joseph* of a good mind, and of a grace fitting for conversation, of a sweet and pleasing humour, of a spirit capable of business. She gave him a marvellous gift of Prophecy, and of Interpretation of Dreams, which wrought the principall effect of that high fortune, in a King curious to know the things that were to come, and a Nation much inclined to Divinations and to the knowledge of the secrets of Nature, and above Nature. Here is a point of Doctrine necessary to be observed, as well for the Science, as for the Conscience, since the observation of Dreams, which many make by Superstition, was made by Mystery, to the honour of the Interpreter, and to the profit of all the Nation, as the History will shew you clearly in its sequel.

We know that a Dream is a vision which is made in sleep, caused by the remainders of the images of the things which we have received in our senses and in our imagination when we were awake; and is as the Eccho which brings a repetition of the actions of the day. Our soul hath this mark of its immortality, that it is in a perpetuall motion, without any interruption, after the manner of the Heavenly Globes, and of the Intelligences. When the body is laid fast by the charming sweetnesses of sleep, and the night makes a league with all the actions of the day, the soul makes not any with its operations; it meditates, it reasons, it speaks, it is in action, it negotiates, and without parting from its body flies beyond all lands and seas to enjoy a friend. She opens her self with joy, pricks her self with sorrow, intereſſes her self in businesses, and not being able to use the members of her body, serves her self with her own members and her own faculties for the satisfaction of her desire. And as sword-players cease not sometimes to fence without arms, and to use gestures as if there passed a real combat; so our spirit, whiles we sleep, carries her self away, and does every thing in Idea, as if it were seconded by the body. Such is the state and natural condition of Dreams, as *Tertullian* hath well explained it in his Book concerning the Soul. But beyond this, it is expedient to note that there is something in them of extraordinary and Divine, which made the Stoicks say, that Providence carefull of our preservation, gave us Dreaming, as a domestick Oracle, to inform us of our good and evils. This cannot be understood commonly of all Dreams, the truth being such that there are five sorts of them which *Macrobius* following the Antients names the Phantasme, the Raving, the Vision, the Oracle, and the figurative Dream; we ought not to relie much upon Phantasmes which are as shadows, which present themselves to our imagination in the very first cloud of sleep, nor of Ravings, which follow ordina-

ordinarily the ſtate of the paſſions and affections of our ſoul and of our body, as *Artemidorus* reaſons in the beginning of his work; but much on Viſion, which without following the paths trodden the day before by our ſenſes, make us ſee and diſcover things in our ſleep which we experiment, when we are awake, to be the ſelf ſame which we ſaw when we were aſleep. And as for Oracle, which expreſſes to us apparitions of God and Angels, or certain grave perſons that ſeem to ſpeak to us, and to advertiſe us of what we have to do, or not to do, it cannot be but very conſiderable; as alſo the figurative Dream, which ſhews us under Figures and Symbols the divers accidents of things profitable either to the common good, or to our particular conduct.

I have been willing to clear this with more day, to make us know the excellent gifts of the Divine Goodneſs communicated to our Patriarch in that interpretation which he gave to Dreams. To ſpeak truth, it was a kind of Prophecy, which being properly a manifeſtation of truths elevated above the ordinary knowledge of man, clearly diſcovered it ſelf in *Joſeph*, in the declaration which he made of things ſo hidden, and ſo little penetrable to the underſtanding of the moſt learned men of *Egypt*. Saint *Thomas* diſputes touching the excellency of Prophecies, and ſays, That thoſe are more ſublime that are purely intellectual, then others that are made by ſimilitudes. But although thoſe of our *Joſeph* were revealed by Riddles and by Figures, yet they mount for all that to an high point of excellency: foraſmuch as they were by this means more proportioned to the capacity of a Nation that loved them more when they were involved in the ſhadows and in the clouds of thoſe Figures, then if they had been naked and totally unmixt with corporal Idea's. And I think that the great excellency of a maſter and of a teacher, is to accommodate himſelf to the ſpirit of thoſe to whom he would perſwade the verities of his Doctrine.

Now it diſcovers to us at preſent, that this firſt Courtier of the choſen people had ſomething of Divine that prepared him to great actions, inaſmuch as from his little childhood he was exerciſed by thoſe myſterious Dreams, and amorous of Heaven, and of the Stars that enlightned him in the ſilence of a delicious night, and brought him the preſages of his future greatneſs. God hath often ſpoken to his moſt faithful ſervants by the means of Dreams: as, to *Mordecai*; to the Wiſe-men of the *Eaſt*: to Saint *Joſeph* the Spouſe of the moſt holy Virgin: and the obſervation of them is not bad when one perceives in them ſome extraordinary thing, and which tends to a good end by lawful and commendable means.

It is true that *Ariſtotle* thought, that Dreams came not from God, becauſe if that had any likelyhood, that favour would be for none but for the Philoſophers and for eminent perſons; but we muſt pardon a wiſe worldly man, if he knew not the admirable commerce and the ſweet diſcourſes that the ſpirit of God is pleaſed to make with ſimple and innocent ſouls, which being empty of themſelves are filled advantageouſly with the Deity. Such was little *Joſeph*, when he ſaw in a Dream his ſheaf of Corn that exalted it ſelf above thoſe of his brethren, and when he beheld the Sun, and the Moon, with the eleven Stars that came to worſhip him and do him reverence. This probably ſeemed to him a preſage of a great happineſs, ſeeing that according to the Maximes of *Aſtrampſithus* in his book of Dreams, it is a mark of felicity to ſee the Stars in one's ſleep. He had not been then refined at Court when he boaſted of that Dream by a childiſh innocence, and related it to his brothers, who conceived ſo much jealouſie from it, that they reſolved upon his deſtruction.

Here is a ſecond work of Providence which pleaſes her ſelf in doing the works of her Trade, and in conducting to the haven thoſe whom ſhe hath taken in charge by turning her back to them. His brothers, ſaith S. *Gregory*, ſold him, for fear leſt he ſhould be worſhipped according to his Dream; and he was worſhipped becauſe he was ſold. Envy (which is properly a ſadneſs for the honour and welfare of another; foraſmuch as that it ſeems to us to tend to the diminution of ours) finds objects in all places: it enters into *Jacob's* family, a family of Saints, to teach us (ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*) that the ſervants of God have not eſcaped Paſſions, but conquered them. He that in the Government of all *Egypt* found nothing but admiration amongſt ſtrangers, meets with envy amongſt his brethren, and amongſt thoſe of whom charity ſhould have been adored, though ſhe had been perſecuted in all the habitable world. There is not a more ſubtle poyſon then that of Aſps, nor a more deadly envy then that of brothers, and eſpecially of thoſe that make profeſſion of wiſdom and of holineſs. This animal paſſion, that makes at length a ſin of the ſpirit, feels her ſelf moſt conveniently lodged in the heart of ſpiritual men: ſhe ſleeps in their boſom as in her neſt; and becauſe that ſhe is always a companion of ambition, and that ſuch kind of perſons are ordinarily extreme deſirous of the glory that proceeds from the reputation of virtue and of learning, it comes to paſs that ſhe hath in them more exerciſe and nouriſhment. This ill-boding Comet diſcovers in them without ceaſing, new vapours to be digeſted; and by how the more aged the envious are, by ſo much the more ſtrong are their habits to this ſin. The rays of virtue and of all perfection are darted continually into the eys of thoſe of the ſame houſe, which makes this iniquity increaſe by the frequentation of its objects. Little things prick as well as great, and thoſe Spiders find every where matter for poyſon. Good muſt be hid from them, that their evil may not be diſcovered; and virtue be put out of ſight, that ſhe may be put out of the danger of being envied: *Oleaſter* ſaith, That God covered *Moſes* with a Cloud in thoſe familiar Colloquies which he had with him; for fear, that that being perceived by the *Jews* who were at the bottom of the Mountain in its higheſt luſtre, might move envy by an object that merited nothing but veneration.

But how juſt is God to turn that fury of the Serpents againſt her ſelf, to cauſe her to promote whileſt ſhe abaſes, and to honour while ſhe inſults, and to ſanctifie whileſt ſhe perſecutes, thoſe on whom ſhe imprints the ſtrongeſt venome of her Rage! O what a brave ſpectacle it is to ſee ſo many ſtorms poured down continually at the foot of the Mountain *Athos*, with an eternall deſpaire to cover it! And what an excellent Theater of Providence is it to behold envious men that envy without ceaſing, and that are never envied, becauſe they have nothing that merits envy! They caſt out their foam and their froth againſt a man whom Gods raiſes upon the wings of glory; and by making themſelves an hell in their entrails, they prepare for him a paradiſe.

Joſeph

Joseph sold to the *Ishmaelites*, is bought by *Potiphar* a great Prince of *Egypt*, who had the confidence of King *Pharaoh* and his Arms in his hands. He enters into the Court, a thing which he never had so much as thought on; he comes thither with a chain, to carry away one day the collar of gold; he is received there as a Slave, to become a Master, and submits his neck under the yoke of Servitude, to govern. He enters powerfully into the favour of his Lord, who finding him discret, industrious, and faithful, gives him the charge of all his house, of his goods, and of his revenues, which he causes greatly to increase, so much were his pains accompanied with an abundance of the benedictions of heaven. But the immodest love of his Mistris raised him great combats that served for an exercise to his virtue, to put it in the highest lustre of its glory.

Behold a point where God shews plainly, that one never loses any thing by being faithful to him; and that the greatest triumph of virtues, is, to have sin in ones power, and innocence in ones will. Those that would raise fortunes of glass upon the foundations of iniquity, would have thought that *Joseph* had had a fair opportunity in his hands to promote himself at Court; seeing himself beloved of one of the chief Ladies of the Kingdom, who was as much disposed to wish him well, as powerful to make his happiness. There was no need to woo her, and to gain her heart by many artifices; she loves, she desires, she presses: love hath robbed her of the quality of a Mistris, to make her take that of a Servant who offered to him her passion. That pleasing beauty of *Joseph*, which virtue placed upon the highest of the thrones of love, darted arrows at her that made her forget her self, to run after her slave.

What shall this faithful servant do, that sees that his beauty hath passed him Master in one day of his Lords house and bed? He is young, it is a vice, some one will say, pardonable to his age. He is a stranger, he hath need of an upholder, he is a man of fortune, he ought not to shut the door against her when she offers her self to him. It is a deed that will pass in an eternal secret; if he grants his Mistrisses request, wealth, content, authority, credit, are for none but him; if he denies it, he must fear chains, prisons, fire, and sword, and all that a woman will, and all that a provoked love can do. It was a great combat, wherein Reason had the upper-hand of Passion; Grace of Nature; and God of Man. *Joseph* would not be fair to the prejudice of another, thinking that that was not the true beauty that was adorned to the disadvantage of Chastity; but that which is preserved to the honour of Modesty. He settled his eys fast upon the Natural Law of God whom he adored; and although he seemed then to use him harshly in that captivity: yet he forgot nothing of his duty. He represented to himself the faithfulness that he had promised to his Master; the short pleasures that accompany sin, and the remorse that follows; he extinguished the flames of love; he brake all his darts; and in his slavery made himself master of him that hath captivated so many Kings.

He came out of the chamber where the snare was laid, as a ruby out of burning flames, without losing any thing of his integrity, and making his fair lustre glitter in the eys of heaven, his only witness. He quitted his coat, and thought it no more his own, after it had touch'd the hands of that immodest woman; he feared lest that contagious venome of love might communicate it self to his heart by the simple touch of a garment; he stays not near her; he busies not himself so much as to make her a discourse of continence; he answers fier by running away, and conquers the strongest of the passions by turning to it his back. O why were not all the Roses and all the Lillies that flourished in the Gardens of *Egypt* for that time employed to make immortal crowns for that Chastity that consecrated it self so highly even in the Kingdom of loves! O how well did he then merit, to be mounted upon a Chariot drawn with horses whiter then the snow, and to be shown to all *Egypt*, as a tamer of monsters, and a triumpher over vices!

Nevertheless (the love of his Mistres turning it self into rage) he is accused of having attempted to ravish the honour which he preserved. His innocence is borne down by the artifices of a wise, and the credulity of a husband; he suffers for virtue all that the most faulty could expect in punishment of their crimes. He is put immediately into the dungeon, loaden with irons, used with all possible rigours; without being defended or succoured of any one; he expects nothing every moment but an ignominious death to put an end to the miseries of his life.

Eternal Wisdom! (saith *Tertullian*) you cut your childrens throats and use them as sacrifices, as if you could not crown them but by their torments, as if you could not honour them but by their punishments. But why do we complain (said a learned Father of the Church) *Joseph* is free in this Captivity; if his body groans under the irons, his spirit walks with God, philosophizes with God, and thinks that the recompence of a good action, is, to have done it.

Behold the exact method that Providence keeps in the conduct of her chosen ones; One deep must call upon another deep; the deep of afflictions calls for that of glories, and the heighths of honour are prepared according to the measure of tribulations. It is the gold that (according to *Job*'s speech) comes from the North; it is that divine crystal that is congealed under the breath of God; it is those burning arrows of the Lord of hosts that cause those combatants to let fly their colours; and that make wounds by communicating lights.

Ab aquilone aurum venit flamæ Deo concrescit gelu. Job. 37.

Joseph's prison was a school of wisdom where God spake, and his servant hearkned to him, having his ear in heaven, and his heart in that of his Master. A certain Grace that proceeding from the interiour of his soul spread it self upon his visage, and made it self be heard in every one of his words, gained him the heart of his goaler that used him kindly, having already an high esteem of his innocence and of his virtue. There are some men so happy that they find Empires every where, which was the cause that this holy Patriarch obtained by merit the charge of all the prisoners that were companions of his misery; and made himself by love the Governour even of him that held him in captivity.

It happens in this accident, that two of the King's officers, his Butler and his Baker, were brought into the same prison, and given in ward to *Joseph* to administer to them things necessary for life. He comforted them in their adversity, and entertained them with good discourses, and as he saw them one day very melancholy he inquired after the cause of their sadness, and perceived that they disquieted themselves about their Dreams. The Butler had dreamed that he saw a Vine with three branches, which

which at one time was adorned with leaves, with buds, with bloſſomes, and with ripe grapes; and that after he had gathered of its fruit, he ſqueezed it into *Pharaoh*'s cup which he held in his hand, and preſented it unto him. Whereupon *Joſeph* foretold him that within three dayes he ſhould be re-eſtabliſhed in his office. The other had ſeen himſelf in his Dream carrying three panniers of meal upon his head; and it ſeemed to him, that in that which was the higheſt of all, there was abundance of the delicacies of his trade, which the birds of prey came and ſnatched away, which made his Prophet denounce to him an ignominious death. The effect was anſwerable to the predictions in the limited time, and the one dyed upon the gallows, and the other was re-inveſted in his place.

But, that being very true which S. *Thomas* hath obſerved, that there be four ſorts of people that eaſily forget a courteſie; Proud men, to whom one does ſome ſmall diſpleaſure, though they have been at other times greatly obliged in divers accidents. Baſe and mean perſons that are unexpectedly raiſed to ſome degree of honour. Children, that are become men; and Priſoners that are ſet at liberty. The Butler was ſo raviſhed with his change of fortune, that he was no longer mindfull of his friend; the enjoyment of a preſent good making him loſe the remembrance of the Prophecy, concerning the time to come.

Yet providence that would exalt *Joſeph* to the higheſt top of honour, at the time at which ſhe had deſtined it, ſent Dreams to *Pharaoh* about the ſtate of his Kingdome, which cauſed great troubles in his mind, there being no body that he could find able to reſolve his doubts. It was then that the Butler ſpake, not being ignorant that this news would be moſt pleaſing to the King, and told him the dreams that had happened both to him and his companion when they were in priſon, adding the interpretation given upon them by a young ſlave, an Hebrew by Nation, kept in the ſame goal, and the effect that had followed the Oracles of his mouth. Whereat the King being much joyed, commanded that he ſhould be inſtantly fetched out of priſon, and be brought to be ſeen and heard by his Majeſty, which was readily performed. For after they had trimmed his hair, and cloathed him with a befitting habit, he was preſented to the Kings eyes, who received him with much courteſie, and having related to him his Dreams, which were of ſeven kine, fat and wonderfull fair, that had been followed and devoured by other lean ones, and as much as could be, out of fleſh; as alſo of ſeven ears of corn extremely well filled, that had been eaten up by other empty and barren ones, he deſired him to give him the Reſolution of them. Whereupon, *Joſeph* ſhewed a ſingular modeſty, telling the King, that the true explications of Dreams, and all certain and infallible Prophecies, came from God which is the father of lights; and at length opening his opinion, ſaid, That *Egypt* ſhould have ſeven years, ſuch as never were, for abundance and fruitfulneſs, that ſhould be followed with ſeven others, over which ſhould reign ſuch a barrenneſs and famine through all the land, that it ſhould deface the memory of all that great fertility that had gone before. And therefore he would counſel his Majeſty to find out a prudent and active man to give him the ſuperintendency of all the land of *Egypt*, which ſhould have Commiſſaries under him through all the Provinces, that ſhould cauſe diligently the fifth part of the fruits, and the revenues of corn that ſhould proceed every year out of that fecundity, to be laid up and kept in the King's granaries and magazins, that ſhould be diſtributed in divers Provinces for that purpoſe; and that this would be a moſt ſecure means to remedy the great famine that ſhould follow that long proſperity.

The interpretation of *Pharaoh*'s Dream was admired, and the advice judged exceeding good; which cauſed the King, thinking that there was no man in all his Realm more capable of that deſign then he that had given the invention of it, to eſtabliſh from that time *Joſeph* in that Charge ſo important to the whole Nation. It is a marvellous thing to conſider the honours that this Prince did him, and the high titles wherewith he qualified him (God being pleaſed to ſhew in this, that he multiplies the conſolations of his faithfull ſervants above all the meaſure of the diſpleaſures that they can have received) for he did not content himſelf to give him the ſilk Robe, the collar of the Order, the ring off his Finger, to procure him a rich marriage, by cauſing him to be eſpouſed to the daughter of an high Prieſt of the city of *Heliopolis* conſecrated to the Sun; but he cauſed him to be called The Saviour of the world, and commanded that he ſhould be carryed through the capital City upon his triumphant Chariot, and that the Herald of Arms ſhould cauſe men to bend their knees before him, that he might be acknowledg'd of all the people, and that all the world might underſtand that nothing was done but by his orders.

Where are thoſe admirers of the fortunes of glaſs that happen to the wicked? where are thoſe adorers of the Coloſſus's of dirt that appear by the help of ſome falſe gildings, and are immediately reduced to duſt? Let them ſee, and let them conſider that the God of heaven and earth which we adore, is the God of honour too, whereof he gives a ſhare to his, when it pleaſes him, with magnificences that ſurpaſs all whatſoever one can imagine. For a priſon of three years *Joſeph* is exalted to a principality of fourſcore, with an authority ſo abſolute, that it never yet had its equal ſince the foundation of the Monarchy of the Egyptians.

It now remains to obſerve for the inſtruction of Courtiers the deportments of *Joſeph* in that charge. And although the Scripture ſayes very little of that buſineſs, enlarging it ſelf principally upon the narration of his reconciliation with his brethren; yet it omits not to give us ſomething whereon to meditate, and whereby to inſtruct our ſelves about his demeanour at the Court.

In the firſt place, he is greatly to be commended for having preſerved through his whole life a piety inviolable in the Religion of his fathers, without altering the ſervice of the true God by any bad tincture of the ſuperſtition of the Egyptians. Repreſent to your ſelves a child about ſeventeen years of age, that was in a ſtrange Nation as the Morning-ſtar, whereof the Scripture ſpeaks, in the midſt of clouds, without a father, without a mother, without a governour or a teacher, without a Prieſt, without a Sacrifice, without a Law, without Precepts, and without example; that ſaw himſelf allured and powerfully ſolicited to quit his Religion, by that complacency which he deſired to give his Prince by the conſideration of his fortune, by the friendſhip of the great ones, by the condition of his marriage, and by the liking (which he might aim at) of a people extremely faſtned to their errour, that could not eaſily endure thoſe that had any other opinion of their Gods then their madneſs did preſcribe. And yet, in an age ſo tender he holds his own by conſtancy of

of mind againſt the mighty, by reaſon againſt the Sages of the Country, by warineſs againſt his own wife, by ſweetneſs and by prudence againſt the people. He remains alone, amongſt ſo many millions of ſuperſtitious men, an adorer of the truth in ſpirit, without other ſacrifices or ceremonies which were not lawful for him to uſe. To ſpeak truth, he that ſhall weigh all theſe circumſtances will find a marvellous weight of virtue and conſtancy in this holy perſonage. We may ſee many of the yong Gentry ſufficiently well educated at the firſt, that coming to breathe the air of liberty amongſt the Hereticks, and having not the frequentation of the Sacraments ſo free as formerly, eaſily forget their duty, and without having any other corrupter to ſolicite them, corrupt themſelves of themſelves through the want of courage and weariſomneſs of virtue. But if there be any baits of pleaſure or of honor that allures them to the ſide of impiety they tread oftē-times under foot all that there is of divine and humane, for the ſatisfying of their ſenſuality. But this young man that ſaw every day before his eys a thouſand ſtumbling-blocks in a Nation that was addicted to Idolatry above all the People of the World, and that had often torn in pieces thoſe that expreſſed any contempt of their Ceremonies, preſerves himſelf amidſt theſe enticements and theſe furies, as a fountain of freſh-water in the midſt of the ſalt-ſea. The true God always returned into his thoughts; when he was to combate againſt the paſſion of his Miſtriſs, when he was to preſent himſelf to the King, when he was to require an oath of his brethren, it was by the true God; and when he was ready to render up the Ghoſt, he conjured his children not to let his bones rot in a land of Idolatry.

Yet ſome men may wonder, that in ſo long a ſojourning as he made in *Egypt*, and in an authority ſo abſolute, he took care only of the Politick affairs, and advanced not the intereſts of his Religion. Some may marvel at the alliance that he made with a daughter of a Prieſt of Idols, which could not be without putting his conſcience in great danger, there being nothing more full of Artifice then ſuperſtition that is upheld with Love.

But to this I anſwer; that all that he could do then was to preſerve his Faith, without pretending to ruine the contrary. It was not expedient that the figure ſhould incroach upon the Body, and that *Joſeph* ſhould do the work of the Meſſias. This demolition of the prophane Temples, and this deſtruction of the Idols, was not due but to Jeſus Chriſt, and to the Deifying operations of the Evangelical Law, after the coming of the Holy Spirit. How ſhould *Joſeph* have been able to enterpriſe the converſion of the *Gentiles*, ſeeing that our Lord would not permit, no not his Diſciples, while he was yet on earth, to make incurſions, and miſſions into the Country of the *Heathens*, commanding them to ſtay for that ſpirit of fire and light that was to inflame the whole world with its ardours? And as for that which touches his alliance, there was not yet any Law that forbad the Marriages of the *Jews* with the *Gentiles*, and he had but newly ſeen the example of his Father *Jacob*, who had allyed himſelf with the houſe of *Laban*. This was done indifferently enough in the Law of Nature, by reaſon that God had not commanded any thing that was contrary to this practice, and becauſe that this People were yet but a little family in the middle of the world. But this faſhion was changed afterward, (as it is clear by the Scripture) and thoſe who produce the Examples of *Abraham* and of *Jacob*, to perſwade alliance with *Infidels*, ſhew that they have little Reaſon and much Paſſion.

In the ſecond Place, I ſay that the Modeſty of *Joſeph* is of a rare Example, and of a ſtrength of mind almoſt incomparable. Which will be eaſie enough to prove to thoſe that know how ſeriouſly to weigh the change of humour and of ſpirit, that honour ordinarily brings with it; and eſpecially when it is great and ſudden, and falls upon a perſon that is not accuſtom'd to it. There are ſome that are like the *Thracians* that make themſelves drunk, ſtanding about burning coals, by the odour of a certain herb which they throw into the fire; after which they dance continually, and forget all the functions of the reaſonable life. So may you ſee abundance of ſuch men, who perceiving themſelves raiſed upon the wings of fortune, fall into ſuch a madneſs of glory, that they are as it were dizzy-headed by certain venomous fumigations of ambition, and know themſelves no more. But this man ſees himſelf at his going out of priſon mounted to the higheſt point of honour that ever happened to a Favourite; He hath the King's Ring and Seal, he triumphs upon his Chariot, he ſees the Nobles in admiration of his Fortune, and the Commons in veneration, he ſees the applauſes, he hears the Clamours of thoſe that highly publiſh him the favour of the world; and yet for all this great preparation, there eſcapes not from him one only word of vanity. He expreſſes not any complacency in thoſe honours, and in that habit; and it is not read that after the day of the Ceremony he ever uſed them. He publickly avouches that he is the ſon of a Sheepherd, he cauſes his Father and his Brothers to come into the Kingdom of *Egypt*, not to give them the Offices of the Court, and the Treaſures of *Pharaoh*; but he lets them alone in their vocation, contenting himſelf to procure their quiet, and ſome ſmall commodities ſutable to that Paſtoral Life. He humbles himſelf before his Father, he acknowledges and makes much of his Brethren, he gains the heart of all the world, and bears ſo actively that high top of glory, that he ſeems to be no more laden with it, then a Bird is with his Feathers.

The third perfection of *Joſeph* is remarkable in the great and laborious ſervices that he rendred to his Prince, with an high Prudence, an exquiſite Diligence, and an inviolable faithfulneſs. He viſited in perſon all the Provinces of *Egypt*; and in the great fertility of thoſe fortunate years, when Corn was almoſt as cheap as ſand, he laid up a prodigious ſtore in the King's Magazins to relieve the neceſſities of the barrenneſs that was to come: and indeed it did not fail to happen, but indured the ſpace of ſeven years, with ſuch a violence, and ſo great diſaſters; that it ſeemed, that the bowels of the Earth were iron; and that God had reſolved to deſtroy mankind by a General Famine. It was then that all the People implored the mercy of the King, who ſent them back to *Joſeph* who cauſed the Granaries of all *Egypt* to be ſet open; and ſold Corn to all thoſe that had need of it; firſt for mony; afterward for Cattel; and at laſt when both mony and Cattle failed the *Egyptians*, they ſold their Lands in great number: ſo that all *Egypt* was ſubmitted to the diſcretion of the King, to avoid that raging Famine. They gave themſelves and their little Poſſeſsions with all their heart for Bread; But *Joſeph* taking pity of their great miſeries made them Conditions that were above all their hopes. This people was of a ſpirit bright enough, addicted to novelties & ſeditions, which made them often ſhake off the yoke, but *Joſeph* tamed them inſenſibly

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by their own neceſsities, and ſubjected all *Egypt* to his Maſter, cauſing him to reign peaceably, and with a great authority, and yet for all this drew no envy upon himſelf, but quite contrary he made his Government be admired, and his memory bleſſed!

Amongſt all this it is not ſaid that he enriched his houſe with the great treaſures that he heaped up for *Pharaoh*; and although that his Maſter had put all things into his power: yet he uſed them ſo moderately, that when he had a mind to offer preſents to his brother *Benjamin*, whom he loved as his own heart, he contented himſelf to give him five ſutes of Clothes, and three hundred Livers, making the ſame largeſs to his Father, with ſome Mules to tranſport their Baggage. Yet it is very true that he cauſed the Land of *Goſhen* to be given them; but it was, as it were, by way of loan, to dwell there, and to husband it, till the return that *Jacob* pretended to make to the Country of his Fathers. In a word, *Joſeph* plainly ſhewed that he was little affected to all the Riches of the Egyptians when he received of his father, and made reckoning of it, a little piece of land that he had gained from the Amorites.

A fourth quality of this wiſe Governour, which is greatly to be priz'd, is ſeen in the great prudence and ſingular ſweetneſs which he uſed in his Government, in ſuch a manner that he gained the affection of all the great men of *Egypt*. *David* ſpeaking of this diſcretion, and of this goodneſſe ſaith, according to the Hebrew Text, That he tyed them all to his heart, which is as much as to ſay, That he united them to his perſon by a great affability, by good offices, and by honeſt yeildings. They looked upon him as a Father, and as a Maſter, and had him in veneration: and yet for all this he was not puffed with Pride, nor inebriated with the opinion of his own ſufficiency; But in all the extraordinary favours that he received of the King his Maſter, he was communicable, and eſteeming himſelf as one of them, he ſaw them all under him. To ſpeak ſincerely, it is an admirable thing, That a ſtranger ſhould have held the Stern of a Kingdome the ſpace of fourſcore years in a Nation full of Spirit and ſufficiently ſeditious, without complaints, without diſcontents, and without intermiſſions in a calm ſo peaceable, a Peace ſo amiable, a Love ſo Univerſal. How many do we ſee in Hiſtories that being come to ſome dignity ſeem continually to hold a Wolf by the ears; and as they love nothing but their own Intereſts: ſo are they loved ſincerely of no body, which puts them in continual frights, and makes them fear even the very ſhadow of an hair! They think not that there is any ſecurity for themſelves, unleſſe they put the whole world in danger; nor ſafety, vnleſs it be in the publick Ruines. This makes them be hated of God, and Men; and cauſes cares to leap over Ramparts of Steel and Iron, to beſet their ſilver Balliſters, and to call them to an account at every moment for the Calamity of the Living, and for the Bloud of the Dead.

This was a fifth Lineament of his good demeanour, that he had Bowels of Compaſſion for the poor People in that cruel Famine, and general deſpair of all *Egypt*. And although one might imagine that he had promoted the Intereſts of the King in an exceſſe to the detriment of the Subject; yet is it true that he that will well conſider the eſtate and Lawes of that Monarchy, will impute to *Joſeph's* favour that which he would have taken at firſt ſight for Rigour in his Government.

It is certain, that according to the Antient Hiſtories which treat of the Policy of that Nation, the Revenue of *Egypt* was divided into three parts: the firſt of which was claimed by the Prieſts that were in great number, and in great eſteem in a ſuperſtitious Nation; and that portion was employed in the building of Temples, in the expence of ſacrificings, and in the maintenance of the Sacrificers and Miniſters that were preſerved in their inheritances and poſſeſſions by the Reverence that was borne to Religion. The ſecond was the Kings who was obliged to feed and pay the Souldiery, and thoſe that adminiſtred Juſtice. The third belonged to the Common people compoſed of Labourers, of Sheepherds and of Artificers, who ſeeing themſelves oppreſſed with famine, offered willingly their inheritances and their Bodies too for Bread. But *Joſeph* remitted all, gave them wherewith to ſow, and even the Cattle to Plow the Ground, on this condition, that they would render to the King the fifth part of the Increaſe, which they agreed to with a free will, finding their repoſe, their good, and their ſafety in that tranſaction. So that the holy Patriarch is free from blame in all theſe proceedings. For if upon the fore-ſight of the barrenneſs he made proviſion of Corn, it was Prudence; if he ſold it dear in a time that the want of it was great, it was juſtice: but if he exacted not of the Egyptians all that neceſſity preſcribed them, uſing them with more favour then the miſery of their condition did bear, it was mercy. And to make it evidently appear that *Joſeph* made himſelf beloved of the People, one may obſerve an excellent Treatiſe of *Julius Firmicus* an antient Eccleſiaſtical Authour that aſſures us, That the Egyptians finding themſelves infinitely obliged to his Providence and to his Courteſie, conſecrated him under the name of *Serapis* that carried a meaſure of Corn upon his head, to ſignifie that he was the God that had given them bread.

For a ſixth obſervation, one cannot ſufficiently admire that prodigious goodneſs which he teſtified in his reconciliation with his brethren. Upon which the ſacred Hiſtory extends it ſelf with magnificence and pomp; for he did that action with much preparation, and ſeaſoned it with a certain gentleneſs and memorable circumſtances to render it more ſolemn. He frighted them to ſecure them; he made them ſad to make them joyfull; he tormented them with fears and greifs, to make them taſte their felicity with a more delicious daintineſs.

An Antient ſaid alſo, That there is never any thing Good without the experience of Evil; and for this purpoſe he afflicts them at firſt by a feigned Rigour, to make them experiment a true Goodneſs. For to follow in this Hiſtory the paths of the holy Scripture, without any other amplification, ſuch as one may read in the Hiſtory of the *R. Fa. Talon*, who hath handled this ſubject with a flouriſhing and delightfull ſtile, conſider how, when they preſented themſelves unto him to buy Corn in *Egypt* by his permiſſion, he knew them without being known. He aſſumed a ſevere countenance, and harſh language, he uſed them as Spies that come to obſerve the defects of the Cities and of the Citadels of *Egypt* to make a report of it to the enemy. They very much aſtoniſhed, anſwered, that they were very far from all ſuch practiſes, being of a peaceable nature and condition, the ſons of a good man, the father of twelve children, the youngeſt of which ſtayed at home with him, and the other was dead many years ago.

Joſeph that had not his reckoning if he got not his dear

dear brother *Benjamin* that issued from the same Mother as himself, frighted them more to make them resolve to bring him, and told them, that he perceived well that they were Impostours, and that he would believe nothing of what they said, if they came not to produce that little brother of whom they spake; That these were but inventions to amuze him, but he would not be satisfied, nor put off with Fables. Thereupon he gave command that they should all be put in prison under a good and safe Guard. These miserable men lay three dayes in a place where they endured very long, and they began to think upon their conscience, perswading themselves that it was their brother's bloud that rebounded upon their heads. *Joseph* causes them to be brought, and questions them again, as to make ready their indictment, and to cause them to be put to death. The fear, wherein they thought themselves to be, gave them great remorses, and made them say amongst themselves; It is upon a just ground that we suffer now an accident so little expected by us; we well enough remember that we saw the anguish of our poor brother *Joseph*, when we held him in our cruell hands to kill him; we have sold him to the Infidels, and he dyed in slavery overwhelmed with miseries, It is of his bloud that God makes us now to give an account.

They said this with a low voice in *Joseph*'s and the *Egyptians* presence, thinking that their language had not been understood by any one; but all those words entred into the heart of their good brother, who was very much melted with compassion, and withdrew himself to let fall some tears which joy and pity forced from his eyes.

In fine, he commanded them to return unto their home, on condition that one of them should remain Prisoner till such time as they had brought their little brother. *Simeon* was chosen to be the sacrifice, and was bound in their presence, which they could not see without a sad displeasure. This done they were dismissed with their Loads of Corn; and the money which they had brought, secretly put up again into their sacks by *Joseph*'s order. When they perceived it, it astonished them, but being already far advanced upon the way, they returned to their Father, related to him faithfully all that had passed, and expect thereupon his counsels and commands.

But when the Good-man heard them speak of taking away his *Benjamin*, he felt himself touched in the apple of the eye, and said, that he saw plainly that all his children would be taken from him, that they should remember that one had been devoured by the wilde beasts, and her lay in chains in a strange Countrey; and that instead of comforting him, they would yet carry away him that assisted him in his old age, and made him love more tenderly that little life that remained to him; That if this should come short-home, it would precipitate his grey hairs to the Grave with most bitter griefs. It was pitifull to see the torment of that good old man, and he was not for that time to be pressed farther upon a point so sensible. They let some dayes slip away, and as the famine increased, and the Corn diminished, *Jacob*, without being brought to it by his children, begins again to speak of a Voyage into *Egypt*. They reply, that it was a superfluous thing to think on it, if he made not a resolution to send with them his son *Benjamin*; but when they spake to him of that, they opened the wound of his heart; and he said, that it was to make all the miseries of his unfortunate house fall back on him, and that they might well have omitted to tell the Governour of *Egypt* that they had yet another brother. Whereupon they informed him, that he himself had inquired particularly about the State of all the family, and that they had no list to lye, not being able to divine that he would demand that child.

The necessity of food, and the love of a father combated at the same time in that afflicted heart, and he knew not what to resolve on. His sons seeing him a little stagger, urge him eagerly, as one does those that are slow and fearfull when one would wrest any thing from them, *Reuben* offers him his two little sons in hostage, and would have him kill them, if he brings not back to him his *Benjamin*. *Judah* engages himself for him upon his head and life. The battery was too strong for him not to yield; he orders them therefore to take some of the best fruits of their Land to make presents to that great Lord of *Egypt*, and to carry their money double, to restore that which had been put into their sacks, lest it should have happened by an oversight; and also to take their little brother, seeing that such was the necessity. When they came to a departure, he felt great convulsions, and said to them, go then in an happy hour. I pray my God, the God Almighty, which hath never yet forsaken me, that he would render that great Governour of *Egypt* favourable to you; and that you may quickly bring back that poor prisoner, and my little *Benjamin*, which I put now into your hands upon the promises which you have made, to which I call heaven to witness. Know furthermore, that I am deprived of all my Children, and that I shall be as in the Grave, till such time as the happy news of your return shall give me a Resurrection.

This being said, they put themselves on the way, arrive at *Egypt*, and present themselves suddenly to their brother, who perceived that *Benjamin* was there, whereat he was wonderfully pleased, and commanded his Steward to make ready a dinner, because he would eat with those strangers. They are brought into the house with much courtesie, yet (as an evil conscience is ever fearfull) they perswade themselves that it is to put them in Prison, and to keep them in servitude by reason of that money which they had found in their sacks. They address themselves to the Cash-keeper of the house, very much scared, and beseech him to hear them; they relate to him with great sincerity all that had happened to them, protesting that that came not by their fault, and offering all that they thought they were indebted to him; The other made answer with great affability, that he had received of them good money, that he held himself satisfied, and that if they had found any in their sacks it was their good luck, and the God of their fathers that had a minde to gratifie them. He gave them notice that they were to dine that day with their Lord, who would suddenly return from his affairs to set himself at Table. They order in the mean time their present, and their brother *Simeon* is released who embraces them with a joy which was as the fore-runner of a greater. They are made to wash and repose themselves, and meat is also given to their Mules.

And when all this was dispatched, *Joseph* enters to go to dinner, they prostrate themselves before him with a profound reverence, and offer him their presents. He receives them with great courtesie, and asks of them at first sight, how their good Father did, whether he was yet alive. To which they answered, that God of his goodness had preserved to them that which they held most dear, and that he was in a very good condition. Then he fixed his eyes upon

his brother *Benjamin*, & said unto them, Is this then your little brother of whom you have made mention to me? To which they answer, that they had brought him with them, to obey his commands, & to justifie the sincerity of their proceedings. His heart was ravished at him, and turning himself towards him, my child, sayes he to him, I pray God to give you his holy graces, and to keep you in his protection. Upon this speech, he felt his heart very much moved, and ran into his Closet, not being able any longer to hold his tears, and wept in secret, so great great an impression had bloud and nature, and perhaps the remembrance of his Mother who had borne them both, made upon his Spirit.

When he had wiped his face, he returns with a merry countenance, he commands his men to wait. He dined apart, a little separated from his brethren and from another company of the *Egyptians*, who were also at the Feast, and had no communication with the *Jews*. He gives charge above all that they use well the youngest of those eleven brothers, wch say that they are all the sons of one and the same father, and that they should spare nothing on them. After all, he ordered that they should fill their sacks with Corn, and that they should put again the money also in them, as they had done at their first journey, and spake to his Steward, giving him charge to take the Cup in which he drank, and to put it in the sack of little *Benjamin*, which he did; and after they had well dined, they passed the rest of the day in all tranquillity, expecting the morrow to put themselves upon their way, and to return to their father.

When the day began to dawn, after they had bid their adieus, and given their thanks, they departed from the City very joyful, for that they had had so happy Accidents; But they were not very far before they see a man coming from *Joseph*, that seems exceedingly to chafe, stops them, & sayes to them that some body had stoln away his Masters Cup with which he serves himself to drink in and to Divine things hidden; that this could not happen but from them, and that they were very injurious, after they had been entertained in the house of the Governour of *Egypt* with so much courtesie, to render him evil for good, and to fly away after they had committed a Theft so base and so outrageous.

The brothers extreamly astonished, answer that this cannot be, and that they should be the wickedst men upon the earth if they had as much as dreamt of such an attempt; That there was no likelyhood that they that had brought back faithfully the money that had been put into their sacks, would steal in the house of so high a Potentate; Furthermore, that there was no need of words, but that he should come to proof, and search every where; and that if any one of them was culpable of that sacriledge, they were content to deliver him up to death, and to render themselves all, the Governour's slaves for reparation of that fault.

The condition is accepted with moderation, that the faulty should be punished, and that the innocent should go free. They are all searched in order, and the Cup was found in the sack of the youngest. The brothers are seized with a profound astonishment, and the poor child so amazed, that he hath not a word to defend himself. They begin all to afflict themselves, and to rent their clothes, and return to the City, as Thieves taken in the fact, to render an account to the Governour. As soon as he saw them he reproached them of ingratitude, and said to them, that they were much deceived to come to him to steal, seeing there was not a man in the whole world that had more news of secret things then he. All prostrate themselves on the ground, and do him Reverence; *Judah* takes the word and sayes, That they came not to excuse themselves, that they had nothing to say, since God had rendred their iniquity so visible, that they were come all to offer themselves to him to be his slaves, with him that had done the deed. Nay, it shall not go so, saith *Joseph*, but the culpable shall stay with me, and ye shall return all of you, at liberty to your house. Then *Judah* drew near, desired audience with a profound humility, and declared how that child was his Father's heart and life, and that having received order from his Excellence to pluck him out of the arms of the old man, and to bring him; they had given him battels to make him resolve on that Voyage, to which he would by no means hearken. But the desire they had to give all possible satisfaction to his greatness, had made them press that business so far as to oblige themselves life for life, body for body, and to deliver their little children to death, in case that they brought not back their brother *Benjamin*; that thereupon the goodman rendred himself with much difficulty, and that to go and tell him at present that his dear son in whom he lives, and by whom he breaths, is stayed prisoner in *Egypt*, for a case of theft, would be to give him a double death, and to send him to the grave with inconsolable griefs. And therefore he beseeched his Greatness to shew them mercy, and to take him for a slave in the place of his brother *Benjamin*.

Joseph could hear no more, so much love and pity did he feel in the bottome of his heart. He caused all the servants to withdraw, not being willing that any of the *Egyptians* should be witness of this action, and then he lifted up his voice with a great sigh, and a torrent of tears that glided from his eyes, and said, I am *Joseph*, is my Father yet alive? At that speech these poor men stood so surprised, and in such an extasie, that they made him no reply. By how much the more he saw them astonished, by so much the more did he make much of them, and making them approach very near him, he said again, I am *Joseph*, I am he that ye sold to the *Ishmaelites* to be carried into *Egypt*. Trouble not your selves; God permitted this for my good and for yours. Two years of Famine are past, there are yet five remaining; and I have been sent from on high into *Egypt* to nourish you, and to preserve you in the rigour of the time. It was not by your counsels, but by the ordinances of God that I came into this Kingdom. And now behold, I am as a father to *Pharaoh*, the superintendent of his house, and the Prince of *Egypt*. Go, haste ye to return to my father, carry him the news of my life and of my dignity, relate to him all the glory and all the magnificence that environs me, and tell him that I expect him here, and that it is the will of God that he should come to sojourn in the land of *Goshen*, where he shall have all that he can desire for his children and for his flocks. This said, he embraced them weeping, beginning with the little *Benjamin*, and then they took the boldness to speak to him with open heart about all that had passed, thinking themselves obliged above all measure to his goodness.

The fame of this acknowledgment ran in the house of *Pharaoh*, who ordered *Joseph* to cause his father to come and sojourn in *Egypt* with his brothers, dispatching many chariots to carry all his baggage.

The children returned Triumphing, and gave him the

the news that his ſon *Joſeph* was alive, and the ſecond perſon of the Realm of *Egypt*, that had the managing of all. The Good-man thought that it was a dream, and the admiration of it held him ſo ſeized that he could not come to himſelf again; at length when he ſaw that it was all in good earneſt, and that the Chariots, that were to carry away all his family, were at the gate, he ſaid, that now there remained nothing more for him to deſire, if his ſon *Joſeph* was alive, and that he would ſee him before his death. Some time after, he departed, being encouraged by an heavenly Viſion that promiſed him all good ſucceſſes in that journey; and when he was arrived at *Goſhen*, he diſpatched *Judah* to give the news of it to his ſon *Joſeph*, who at the ſame inſtant went up into his Coach to go to meet him, and ſeeing him, embraced him with cloſe enfoldings, weeping for joy and tenderneſs upon his neck. His Father holding him between his arms ſaid; My ſon, It is at this hour that I ſhall dy content, ſince God hath ſhewed me the grace to ſee you, and to leave you alive after me. The holy man was alſo preſented to King *Pharoah*, who made him a great entertainment, and demanded of him his age; to which he anſwered, that he was but an hundred and thirty years old, that thoſe dayes were few and evil, and were not extended to the age of his Fathers; He bleſſed the King, and his place of abode was aſſigned in the Land of *Goſhen*, where he lived in a moſt full content.

And now I demand of my Reader, if there be any thing more magnificent, more ſweet, and more benigne then the heart of *Joſeph* in all the circumſtances of that Reconciliation with his brethren? We ſee many Hiſtories wherein the Grandees of the earth that mount up on their Throne, after they have been offended, who, have nothing ſo ordinary as to make Furies and Vengeances with ſquadrons of Hangmen march with them by their ſide, to ruine thoſe that have done them any diſpleaſure. But this man, after he had been ſo cruelly uſed, after he had been ſtripped of his cloaths, caſt into an old pit of water, domineered over, and ſold to *Barbarians* by his own brothers, with an intention to keep him in an hard ſlavery the reſt of his dayes, not onely forgets all that had paſſed, but pardons them with a profuſion of Charity. He does them good, he overwhelms with good offices thoſe ungratefull men, and in obliging them, he hath but one trouble, which is, to ſee them ſhamefull of their crime. He weeps, while he embraces them one after another. He would not that that fault ſhould be imputed to them. He ſayes, that it was a deſign of God on which they ſhould think no more, unleſs to thank him. Theſe bad brethren, after their father's death, finding themſelves pricked with remorſe of conſcience, and imagining that that pardon was but a diſſembling, caſt themſelves at his feet, and beſeech him to lay aſide all the reſentments of paſt wrongs; but he raiſed them, weeping, and promiſed them a Charity totally fraternal, and for ever inviolable. And though he was ſo puiſſant and ſo abſolute, he never advanced his own children to the prejudice of his brothers, obſerving them, and reſpecting in every thing the right of Elder-ſhip, which nature had given them over him. Certainly a man that hath ſuch a power over himſelf, ought to be looked upon on earth as a Star that ſhould deſcend from heaven, and as the livelieſt image of Divine Goodneſs: he merits not onely to triumph on *Pharoah's* Chariots, but on the Heaven of Heavens, and to be beheld by Angels with admiration of his deſert. Finally, that which was glorious in *Joſeph* for the fullneſs of this perfection, was the ſtrength and equality of an incomparable ſpirit; he was alwayes like himſelf, and ſaw all the changes of his fortune without changing: He deſcends into the deep pit with the ſame countenance as he mounts upon *Pharoah's* Chariot: He complains of nothing: He accuſes no body: He ſtifles all the diſpleaſures and all the reſentment in nature in him. He is loved of his Miſtriſs, without condeſcending to her paſſion: He is hated of her, without accuſing her cruelty: He is accuſed, without defending himſelf; perſecuted, without reſiſting. So many years roul over his head without writing one onely word to his Father, to the diſadvantage of his inhumane brothers: He ſuffers with ſilence: He hides his evils with induſtry: He does good without affectation: He bears upon his ſhoulders all the cares of a great Government, without groaning under his burden: He communicates his glories and his pleaſures: He reſerves to himſelf onely the toils: He takes the bitter and the ſweet, the hard and the ſoft, proſperities and adverſities, as the ſea that receives all the rivers without changing either colour or ſavour. All his life is but a picture that hath alwayes the ſame viſage: and as the Deity does continually one and the ſame action without altering or wearying it ſelf, he continues the exerciſes of his goodneſs without remiſſion, even to the laſt Article of his life.

MOSES.

WHat ſpectacle is this here? A Cradle of Bulruſhes floating upon the River *Nile*, and in it a little abandoned Infant, for whom his own Mother is conſtrained to make a grave of water to avoid the fury of the Murderers, that came to pluck him from the breaſt. His ſiſter follows him with weeping eyes, and ſayes to him, Go poor Child whether fortune ſhall conduct thee; Go, my dear brother, upon the floats of a furious Element, which perhaps will be more favourable to thee, then thoſe inhumane men that ſeek thy life, when as thou knoweſt not yet what 'tis to live. This River will have pity on thee; or if it ſwallows up thy Cradle in its waves, it will lodge thy bones in its boſom, and cover thy death to ſweeten the bittereſt of our evils, which is, to have eyes to look upon our miſery.

But while that this poor maid weeps upon the bank of *Nilus*, and mingles her tears with the water of the River, Providence takes the care of that Cradle; ſhe makes herſelf as the Pilot of that little Veſſel, which is without Maſt, without Rudder, without Cordage; ſhe ſupplies all, and does all, ſhe ſhews how one may finde life in death, and an haven in a ſhipwrack,

The Daughter of King *Pharoah* comes with her female train, and in it is her intention to bathe her ſelf; but in God's intention, that ſhe might be made the Mother of that little Infant expoſed to the mercy of the waters; and that ſince ſhe could not be ſo by Nature, ſhe might be by Adoption. She diſcovers firſt of all that Cradle which was on the waters ſide, and diſpatches one of her Damſels to take it up and bring it her, that ſhe might ſee what was in it; ſhe findes a very fair child which pleads his caſe before her by the eloquence of his tears and

of his eryes, and implores her mercy againſt the fury of the Infant-ſlayers. Her heart is melted in compaſſion towards it, and ſhe gives command that it ſhould be kept and nouriſhed; his ſiſter ſtanding opportunely by, ſayes unto her that ſhe knew where was a good Nurſe that would well acquit her ſelf of that duty, if it pleaſed her Majeſty that ſhe might call her; whereto ſhe having ſhewed ſome inclination, ſhe cauſes the mother to come that nurſed with all ſecurity her dear Infant, which ſhe had expoſed through diffidence.

This little body drawn out of the bundle of ruſhes, is he that God hath choſen to ſhake all Egypt, to overthrow the pride of *Pharaoh's*, and to draw his people out of Captivity.

The *Hebrews* were already multiplied exceedingly in the Kingdom of *Egypt* after the death of *Joſeph*, in the ſpace of ſixty five years; and began to make themſelves feared of their Maſters. The face of the Realm was changed, and he that was then upon the Throne, was a Prince that remembred not any longer the obligations that the Monarchy had to the Patriarch *Joſeph*: but blamed the counſels of his Predeceſſours for having permitted a ſtranger-people to have a dwelling in his Kingdom; that ſeeming to him, according to humane Policy, of pernicious conſequence, and thinking that that waxing ſtronger, as it did, every day, might be capable to make an attempt upon the State, or be ſerviceable to thoſe that had a deſign to make a commotion, and to embroil the affairs of the Kingdom. He judged not ill, according to the rules of Polititians; and for that purpoſe, he reſolved with himſelf to abate and to deſtroy them by what means ſoever it was don. The firſt was to conſume them amongſt ſtones and mortar in the ſtructure of thoſe prodigious *Pyramids* that are to be ſeen in *Egypt*. The ſecond was to command the Midwives to kill all the Male-children, which they did not execute through the fear which they had of God, and the horrour of that command. This made him adviſe upon a third means, and ordain, that all the Boyes from the day of their birth ſhould be drowned in the River *Nile*.

But God (that would teach Princes and State-Miniſters; that although one ſhould have in Idea any juſt and lawful deſign: yet one never ought to ſeek to compaſſe it by unjuſt and violent means) permitted not this unhappy Prince that gnawed himſelf with cares and unquietneſe, and tormented his life by ſo many new inventions of malice and of fury, ever to bring about what he had projected; and his ſucceſſour after a thouſand ſcourges, and a thouſand diſaſters of his Kingdom which he ſaw every day fall by pieces before his eys, was buried in the red Sea for drowning thoſe little Infants in the *Nile*.

The life of one onely man oftentimes coſts him dear that will have it by Revenge; what then do we think that it is to root out a great family, or a whole Nation to ſatisfie one of our appetites? All the veins of thoſe that are perſecuted bend themſelves to reſiſtance, and God (in fine) taking their cauſe in hand overwhelms all humane Policy in a crudity of undigeſted deſigns, and a ſhame to have tryed every thing and to have done nothing, to have exhauſted the ſweat and the blood of the people, the gold and the ſteel of great Kingdoms, all malices and all hell, and to obtain no other thing but a remarkable Confuſion through the weakneſs of ones power.

Seneca ſaid to *Nero*, that inflicted ſo many deaths by a jealouſie of State, that he killed men to good purpoſe indeed, and that whatſoever endeavour he uſed, he ſhould never put to death his ſucceſſour. When Tyrants torment themſelves without, and ſack ſmoaking cities, and mow off ſo many innocent heads; they have within, that which will deſtroy them. *Pharaoh* ceaſed not to ſtorm, and to make every day new maſſacres, to cauſe him to periſh that would make an attempt upon his State; and in the mean while his own daughter nouriſhes the moſt capital of his enemies, that was to make his Scepter fly in ſhivers, and bury him in his race under the ruines of his Empire.

Natural Hiſtory hath obſerved a ſtrange thing of the nature of the Helmet-flower, that it is a plant as venomous as poſſible, and that kills all thoſe that eat of it; and yet for all this, there are little flies about that plant which are nouriſhed with it, and (what is admirable) ſerve for an Antidote againſt its poiſon. The Court is a reſidence very prejudicial to Innocence; and that of *Pharaoh's* was without doubt a School of Murthers and of Maſſacres, rather then an Academy of Honour: and yet God permitted that *Moſes* ſhould be bred up there; and that without being touched with a venome ſo contagious to virtues, he ſhould give a remedy to thoſe that were offended with it.

He learned all the Arts and all the Wiſdom of the *Egyptians*; he conſidered all their Policy, all their Artifices, their Arms, their Levies, their Victual, their Souldiers, the Principles of their Government, the Effects, the Succeſſes, the Diſpoſition of King *Pharaoh*, the Eſteem, the Credit, the Capacity, and the Deſigns of the Great ones of the Court, the Means that had upheld that Monarchy, and the Things that might ruine it. He was reſpected and eſteemed of all, as the true ſon of the Princeſs, which gave him the liberty to know every thing, and to learn the ſecret myſteries of the Empire, not as a ſtranger, but as an originary.

He ſhewed from his infancy ſome glimpſe of the greatneſs and of the power to which God deſtined him, when (according to the report of the *Hebrews*) being at play one day with the Crown of *Pharaoh* he threw it on the ground, and trod upon it with his feet, which was eſteemed a very bad preſage, and gave much trouble to the King; but when they would diſcern whether that action proceeded from judgment and from malice, or from chance, they preſented to him on one ſide an apple, and on the other a coal of fire, to ſee to which of the two he would reach his hand; now the childe quitting the fruit, took the fire, as if he would put it to his mouth to eat it. Whereupon the Sages of the Nation informed the King, that there was no reaſon to put to death an Infant, adopted by his daughter, for an action of ſimplicity.

He was then trained up in the exerciſe of Arms, and *Joſephus* relates, that being come to maturity of age, he was a great warriour; and that the *Ethiopians* having made an inundation upon the Realm of *Egypt* with great forces, when the State was very much troubled with them, the King was counſelled by his Oracles to make uſe of an *Hebrew* Captain to ſtop the courſe of thoſe hoſtilities. The charge of the Army was given to *Moſes*, who led it with great prudence through places that others judged inacceſſible, and by means of certain Birds which he cauſed to be carried out of *Egypt*, purged the Country of the Serpents that were wont extremely to annoy the Souldiers. In fine, he chaſed the *Ethiopians* and ſhut them up within the walls of their City *Saba*, which he puiſſantly beſieged. The

beauty

beauty of his countenance furniſhed him with darts and engines to take it, that were ſtronger then fire and ſword. The King's daughter having ſeen him from an high tower as he gave orders for the ſiege, was ſo raviſhed with his valour, that ſhe became paſſionately in love with him, and cauſes him to be ſued unto for Marriage, on which condition ſhe would deliver the City into his hands; which was executed, and the Nuptials followed, which changed the thunders of Warr into the ſongs of Love. The glories that this Conquerour gathered from theſe combats were the ſeeds of an enraged envy which the *Egyptians* had againſt him, ceaſing not to perſecute his virtue, ſo that he was conſtrained to get him out of *Egypt*.

Yet it is held that he was at Court till the age of fourty years, without advancing any thing in that great affair of the Deliverance of his people, ſo leiſurely do mighty negotiations proceed, and are like the Planet of *Saturn*, which being the higheſt is the ſloweſt too. He reſented his bloud, and his originall, and had very much ado to digeſt the rigours that he ſaw continually exerciſed upon his brethren; yet as long as he was at Court his ſpirit ſeemed to be in an eclipſe without producing the vivacity of thoſe fair Lights that God communicated to him in the wilderneſs. The wiſe-men loſt their Star at the Court of *Herod*; and *Moſes* was deprived of his high revelations in that of *Pharaoh*. He was in a condition not to be able any longer to diſſemble the evil of his Nation, and in an impotence to advance the good as he would have done; he made a reſolution to leave that place that was ſo familiar to Crimes and inacceſſible to Virtues. The clamours that he heard, and the miſeries that he ſaw, rent his heart; He could not hold from making an inſolent *Egyptian*, that tormented one of his brethren feel how much his hand weighed; for having already a ſecret Magiſtracy from God, he killed him and buried him in the ſand.

A few dayes after, as he played the Moderatour between thoſe of his Nation, an impudent fellow roſe up againſt him, and demanded of him the virtue of his Commiſſion, reproaching him with the murder of the *Egyptian*, which he thought had been very ſecret: yet when he perceived that it was known at Court; and that *Pharaoh*, that was a ſuſpicious Prince, took jealouſies of his courage and of his ſufficiency, he quitted all the greatneſſes and all the delights of the Palace of that Monarch, chuſing rather to ſuffer with his Brethren, as ſaith Saint *Paul*: then to taſte any more the ſweetneſſes of a temporal glory. It is an act of prudence to ſteel away from the fury of a wicked Prince, who holds for enemy all that there is of virtuous, and to hide ones ſelf as thoſe Rivers that go a long way under ground without being ſeen of any one, and then unexpectedly produce themſelves, to water the Meadows, to bear boats, to ſerve for a knot to the commerce of men; and to make Iſlands and Beauties for the ornament of Nature. Theſe retirings have been advantageous to many, whom they have hid for a time, with an intention to ſet them afterward in bright day. The fire, which devours every thing, hath no more to do with the aſhes and the rage of Tyrants, that ſwallows up every thing, thinks no more on thoſe that enter while they live (as it were) into the ſepulchre of a life unknown to all the world.

Moſes paſſed from one extremity to another without the middle, when forſaking the Court, after a ſtay of fourty years, he went to range himſelf in the life of ſheepherds, and remained as one loſt in the world, to finde himſelf with God. He withdrew himſelf into the countrey of the *Midianites*, where he had at firſt approach a pleaſing encounter that made him find a commodious dwelling, and a marriage according to his heart. The ſacred Hiſtory ſayes that *Jethro* a Prieſt and Sheepherd in that Region had ſent ſeven daughters whereof he was the father, to draw water at a Fountain for their flocks to drink; and that having met with other ſheepherds inſolent enough, that taking a pride to inſult over the infirmity of that ſex, ceaſed not to harry them, and to hinder them from the uſe of an Element that Nature had made to ſlide for the commodity of the publick. *Moſes* (that had the quality of *Plato's* Magiſtrate, whom he would have to be zealous and courageous for the defence of Juſtice) could not endure the inſolence of thoſe wicked men, and takes the Maidens part whom he defended againſt oppreſſion with ſo much ſucceſſe, as that he chaſed away their Adverſaries, and gave them free liberty to draw water. For which they thought themſelves very much obliged, and failed not to make a large relation to their father of the courteſie of that *Egyptian* that had taken them into his protection. Their father received him into his houſe, and took ſo much pleaſure in his converſation, that he gave him one of his daughters in marriage, and allied him to his family by an indiſſoluble amity.

This new Son-in-law accuſtomed himſelf to a country-life, and practiſed the laborious exerciſes of ſheepherds; ſo true it is, that able men bend their ſpirit whether they will, and are good at doing every thing, habituating themſelves to perſons and to places where their lot hath ranged them, bearing equally want and abundance, and ſhewing by their example, that there is no life in the world ſo ſtrange, that may not ſerve for matter to virtue. But without ſpeaking yet of the great ſecrets that God kept hidden in this ordering of *Moſes*, I finde that it was the means to make a great States-man of him, becauſe that Philoſopher which hath deſerved the title of Divine ſayes, that a good King is nothing elſe but a ſheepherd of a reaſonable flock; and that he ought to take his firſt Rudiments from the manner of ordering ſheep, to ſucceed well in the Government of Kingdoms; that he ought to ſee the tender love, the cares, and the toils of the true ſheepherds, to learn how he ought to demean himſelf towards his Subjects. *Moſes* had all leiſure to lay thoſe grounds, tarrying as many years in his Country life as he had before paſſed at Court, and ceaſing not to play the Philoſopher, and to contemplate in that great Schole of Nature, where God ſpake to him, and taught him leſſons through the veil of all the Creatures. O how little did the pompous pride of the *Pharaoh's* then ſeem to him! O how contemptible then did ſeem all thoſe beauties of duſt, and thoſe fortunes of wind that are at Court! His heart dilated it ſelf in the greatneſſes of God, and became every day wiſer then it ſelf.

This long ſolitude having purged him from the impurities of the earth, rendred him capable of the viſits and commerce of God; and the time deſtined to the deliverance of his people being now at hand, as he went along entertaining his thoughts, he was got farr into the Deſart, and perceived that miraculous Buſh all crowned with innocent flames that gave it a delightfull beauty, and the fire that conſumes every thing ſeemed rather to dreſſe then to offend it. God meaning to ſignifie by this the eſtate of his choſen people, for whom the burning coals of perſecution prepared an high luſtre of glory.

Moſes

Moſes charmed with this Viſion draws near, and hears a voice out of the middle of the Buſh that calls him, and having commanded him to put off his ſhooes through reverence, ſpeaks with him, and declares to him its will about the going out of *Egypt*, which the *Iſraelites* were to enterpriſe and execute under his command.

To ſpeak truth, this was one of the greateſt Colloquies, and one of the higheſt Diſcourſes that was ever under Heaven, wherein the Sovereign Maſter ſeated upon a Throne of Fire, talked with the moſt excellent man of all Ages touching the means to break the chains of ſix hundred thouſand men, beſides women and little children that groaned under an horrible Captivity, and drowned every day a part of their life in their tears. *Moſes* that was totally accuſtomed to the ſweetneſs of his ſolitude, refuſed at firſt to be the Negotiatour of a buſineſs of ſo great importance, and to betake himſelf again to the Court of *Egypt* to treat with *Pharaoh*, alledging his inability, the incredulity of the people, and the impediment of his ſpeech, to free himſelf from that Embaſſage. But God having aſſured him that he was *He that is*, that is to ſay, The abſolute Being, the Independent, and the firſt Original of all Eſſences, that would be with him, and would give him for a companion, his brother *Aaron*, who was eloquent enough; & in fine, having confirmed him by prodigious Miracles that he cauſed to be done in his preſence won him, and made him conſent to his will.

Ariſtotle in the fifth of his *Politicks* hath ſaid, that of all the things that cauſe the ſubverſions of Kingdoms and of Empires, there was not any more pernicious then Injuſtice and Oppreſſion of the innocent, which may be obſerved clearly in this proceeding. For, behold the ruine of a great Realm procured by the cruelty of the Miniſters of *Pharaoh*, who by his conſent and orders turmoiled inceſſantly a people, miſerable and afflicted, above all meaſure. Their piercing clamours, ſo many times redoubled, clave the clouds, and were carried by the Angels even up to the Heaven of heavens, repreſented before the Throne of the living God with ſo much force and vigour, as they made tender the bowels of the God of mercy, that deſcends, and ſpeaks athwart the Flames and Thrones to bring about their ſafety.

Moſes and *Aaron* failed not to diſcover themſelves to the moſt eminent of the choſen people concerning the Counſel that God had taken of their liberty; whereat they were at firſt ſo joyed, that they proſtrated themſelves on the earth through reſpect, adoring the divine Goodneſs that carried himſelf with ſo much love to the caſing of their miſery: but when this buſineſs proved thorny and full of obſtacles, their courage failed them, and had almoſt as live crouch in their Servitude, as buy their Liberty at the priſe of reaſonable pain. Yet *Moſes*, accompanied with his brother, courageouſly tranſports himſelf to *Pharaoh's* Palace, ſpeaks to him with a generous liberty from the living God, and declares to him his Commands, which were, to diſmiſs his people, and let them go out of *Egypt* to ſacrifice in the wilderneſs.

He that reigned at that time was one *Pharaoh Cenchris*, an haughty and inſolent Prince, who having never heard any ſuch language, ſaid, That he knew not that God, that intermeddled to make him ſuch Commands; and that he was fully reſolved not to let go the prey which he held in his hands; that all theſe diſcourſes of Sacrifices and of Devotions proceeded from nothing but a pure idleneſs fatal to the *Jewiſh* people; and that he would give them ſo much exerciſe, that they ſhould not have the leiſure to dream on ſuch fancies. And, in effect, he commanded the Commiſſaries that preſided over the labour of thoſe poor ſlaves, to redouble their Pains and augment their Burdens, The ſtraw that was furniſhed them before to make the brick, taken from them; they were conſtrained to ſeek for it where they could, and yet for all this the number of their bricks which they were bound to render every day was not diminiſhed. And though this was a thing impoſſible for them, yet muſt they expect rods and baſtonado's, and all imaginable rigours. This made a great noiſe amongſt the People, which began already to murmur againſt *Moſes* and *Aaron*, blaming their enterpriſe, and complaining that they would ſet them at liberty.

It is a moſt ordinary thing in all great affairs; there are ſpirits that are like thoſe watry clouds that never carry lightning, ſo cannot they ever conceive any thing that is vigorous: they would have good things, but they would have them looſely, and would willingly deſire that Nature ſhould renew for them the favours of the Terreſtrial Paradiſe, and ſhould give them roſes that ſhould never be compaſſed about with thorns. But as one ought not to be raſh and violent to puſh forward buſineſſes out of a giddy humour, ſo ought one not to be ſlack and effeminate in letting thoſe alone that oblige us by conſcience and by duty. *Moſes* deſiſts not for all this, but takes a ſtout reſolution to advance the work of God, even to the Point whether Providence would have it come. He had on one ſide men to combat with, that reſiſted their own good: and on the other, an impious, obſtinate, and cruel Prince: he gains the one by reaſons and by ſweetneſs, he brings down the other by threats & prodigies.

One may here manifeſtly ſee the paths that God hath trodden in the puniſhment of *Pharaoh*, when he would abandon a King or a great man for his demerits, and ſacrifice him to his Juſtice, letting him fall into a reprobate ſenſe, which is the laſt ſtep that one makes to enter into Hell. He permits him (to ſatiate an Ambition or a Revenge) to entangle himſelf in ſome great deſign under the pretence of Juſtice and of Honour; and foraſmuch as he is extremely thirſty after the greatneſs of the earth, puts him upon a pinacle in the higheſt dignities and the moſt magnificent negotiations, leaves him to himſelf, and to the wiſhes of his own heart; and although he be vicious, gives him great ſucceſſes and incomparable proſperitie that puff up his heart, and make him preſume upon his own conduct. He takes from him the taſte of Divine things, letting him ſlide into a contempt of the holy Word, and of all the admonitions that one can give him about his ſafety. If ſhe hath any faithful Counſellour, he puts him out, and ſubſtitutes in his place flatterers and inchaunters. If there come any ſcourge from heaven to overwhelm him, he is made believe that it is but a natural thing, and ordinary enough, and that he ought not to trouble himſelf about ſuch a buſineſs. If he be ſenſible of any evil that affrights him, men endeavour ſuddenly to ſcatter it, and to make him underſtand that that is not the wrath of God, but an order of Nature; and that he may mock at the tempeſt as ſoon as the calm returns.

All this is made viſible in this miſerable Prince. A great Kingdom, great Ambitions, Revenges hereditary againſt the choſen People, an immoveable deſign to root them out, a contempt of God,

ſucceſs

ſucceſſe in his vengeances, and ſome ſatisfaction of ſpirit by the pains of thoſe miſerable ones, *Moſes* baffled, the Flatterers harkned to, the Magicians adored, the Plagues of Heaven turned into laughters as ſoon as they were paſſed, an heart (at laſt) hardned by its own malice, and not by the work of God who doth no more make ſin, then the Sun makes the night. *Moſes* endeavours firſt to gain him by the force of reaſons, and by the ſweetneſs of words; whereto, when he ſhewed reſiſtance, he employed Miracles for the proof of his Commiſſion, which the King cauſed to be counterfeited by his Magicians, oppoſing the Shadow to the Light, and a Lie to Truth.

After which, the wrath of Heaven cauſed thoſe ten Plagues, related in *Exodus*, ſucceſſively to rain upon him. For that unfortunate Prince ſaw firſt of all the River of *Nile* all in blood, as if it had demanded Vengeance of God for thoſe little Innocents that had been caſt into it. He ſaw Frogs that came out of the ſame Stream by an impetuous ebullition, in ſuch a manner, as that they covered all the fields, entred into the houſes, filled the tables, mounted upon the beds, and gave horrour and torments to all *Egypt*. He ſaw thick clouds of Gnats, that were raiſed all on a ſudden, caſting themſelves upon the Cattel and upon the men, with ſo irkſome a trouble that their life was full of bitterneſs. He ſaw after that, armies of all ſorts of Flies, ſo different in their kind, ſo violent in their aſſaults, and ſo pernicious in their effects, that they defiled every thing with their venom. He ſaw a furious mortality of Beaſts, that fell every moment, and infected the Air by their corruption. He ſaw the bodies of his Subjects all laden with Ulcers, wherewith the Magicians themſelves, in puniſhment of their crimes were covered in ſuch a faſhion as that they could ſtand no longer in the preſence of their King. He ſaw the moſt horrible Hail fall from Heaven, that ſince *Egypt* was in being, there was never ſeen the like; for it ſuſtain'd it ſelf upon the wings of the Lightning, and the Fire and Ice agreed extraordinarily together for the puniſhment of thoſe perfidious men. He ſaw legions of Graſhoppers that made an inundation upon the champains, and made havock of the plants, finiſhing to deſtroy that which the Hail had begun. In fine, all *Egypt* was covered with thoſe palpable Darkneſſes that laſted for the ſpace of three dayes, during which, the *Egyptians* remained as bound with the inviſible chains of a night without repoſe, which had nothing better in it then to take from them the ſight of their diſaſter.

But that which terrified them above all the plagues was when the deſtroying Angel entring at midnight into all their houſes killed the firſt-born from the childe of the Millers wife, to the Kings ſon, and there was not an houſe wherein the firſt bloſſom of the Family was not lopped off by the pittileſs hook of Death. The fathers were touched with a ſtupid grief, the diſheveld mothers threw themſelves down upon the bodies of their infants, to gather from their mouths the remainders of their life: the whole family ſent out howlings rather then complaints, and the evil was ſo univerſal, and ſo preſſing, that that their was neither conſolation, nor remedy. *Pharaoh* ſighed at every Plague, and ſeemed to be willing to turn to God, but as ſoon as he had the leſt releaſe, he returned to his obſtinacy, which was a mark of a Reprobate ſoul. Yet his ſubjects ſenſibly touched with the laſt accident, urged the *Hebrews* to be gone, & would no longer oppoſe the counſels of God.

The day of departure is taken, and the ſix hundred thouſand combatants, with an innumerable number of women and little children, after the ceremony of the Paſchal Lamb, travel to the red-Sea loaden with Gold, with Silver, with ſuits of Apparel and with all the richeſt Spoils of *Egypt*. The pillar of Cloud and of Fire marched before them in the head of the Army, to give ſignal to the twelve Tribes that beheld it viſibly on all parts. Notice is given in the mean time to King *Pharaoh*, that thoſe fugitives were already ſtoln away, and gone enriched with the treaſures of his People. And although he had given ſome kind of conſent to their going, yet he enters again into his furies, aſſembles his light-Chariots, and all the flouriſhing Legions of *Egypt* to purſue the *Iſraelites*. They failed not to overtake them quickly upon the Sea-ſhore, ſo that the two Armies were in view of one another. The one of which was filled with a great number of people badly prepared at that time for a combat, valour forſaking their heart, and their hands ready to throw away their arms; The other was compoſed of ſprightful and well trained Regiments, to whom choler and the hope of booty gave a new vigour. The glittering of the Arms, the Clouds of duſt that were raiſed, the ſhouts of the Souldiers, mingled with the neighing of Horſes, gave mortal ſtroaks to the hearts of that poor multitude which had now no other thought but to die murmuring, and to revenge their death on *Moſes* by their murmures.

Alas, ſaid they, What! were there no Graves in *Egypt* to bury our lives and miſeries, without leading us into the Wilderneſs to deliver us for a prey to the ſword of the *Egyptians*, and to the Birds of rapine? Did we not ſay well, that we ſhould have ſtay'd peaceably in the bondage wherein God had ranged us, without making theſe great proviſions, and ſhutting our ſelves all up as in a net, to deliver our ſelves to the diſcretion of our enemies? we have the Sea on one ſide, and on the other our incenſed Maſters that breath nothing but fire and blood: on which hand ſoever we go, we ſee nothing but images of death & infallible marks of the miſeries that threatens us.

All the Army was filled with fear, and the ſighs of the Wives and of the Children abated the courage of the Fathers and of the Husbands, who expected nothing any more but to be the ſubject of an horrible butchery. But the generous *Moſes*, although he had an heart pierc'd with grief to hear their blaſphemies, ran through the ranks of the army, encourag'd the Captains, animated the People, & as long as he had any voice or breath cried without ceaſing, Courage, my friend, ye are here aſſembl'd to ſee the wonders of the God of Hoſts: behold the onely, without troubling your ſelves, and God ſhall fight for you. See and conſider thoſe brave *Egyptians* your perſecutours, and believe that it is the laſt time that you ſhall ſee them, for they ſhall be no more. And after he had ſaid this, he ſpake to God with a ſilence that ſurpaſſed all clamours, and therefore God anſwered him, What haſt thou to do any more to cry thus after me? Lift up thy Rod, ſtretch forth thine hand, divide the floats of the Sea, and make thine Army march through the fair middle on dry foot. This was executed, and all that great people of the *Iſraelites* (animated by the ſpirit of God, and the voice of *Moſes* that marched in the head of them) deſcended with a firme footing and a ſecure countenance into thoſe Abyſſes where the water of the Sea retiring it ſelf apart made them ramparts of Chryſtal on each ſide, and diſcovered to them in the middle a path that the hand of God ſeemed to have laid

with

with Tapistry for to make them passage. The pillar of fire that was planted in the midst of the two Armies furnished them with unparaleld lights to manifest the works of God, and on that side which looked towards the *Egyptians* it was horrible and dark, bearing already the presages of the funerals that attended them. The Angel of God shut up in this engine of fire, darted out Thunder-striking looks upon the Diadem of *Pharaoh*, and upon all those that encompassed him. Their courage failed them, and nothing now was left them but a rage yet fuming after blood. They threw themselves desperately into the Sea which they promised themselves to pass over on dry foot as advantageously as their adversaries. But the waters returning into their bed, with an impetuous course invelop'd those miserable men, there was nothing now but a confusion of men and horses, of Arms and Chariots, of bodies pestering one another, that disputed their life with the waves, and died expiring out the remainders of their fury. *Pharaoh* the King was drowned, the assistance of his Captains had not the strength to save him whom the hand of God would destroy. Nothing was to be seen but Bucklers and Turbants floating upon the water, and death painted in a thousand faces that made a mervellous booty. The *Israelites* being in an extasie at these wonders, thundred out a song in the praise of God that hath since ravished the heart and ear of all Ages.

After that *Moses* had drawn his people out of the captivity of *Egypt*, he imitated God that did not make so fair a world to abandon it, but governs it by a secret providence that insinuates it self into all the parties of the Universe. So this great Legislatour employed all his cares to the conduct of this great multitude, to which his presence produced the same effect as the infusion of the soul into the body. The chief and most ordinary pains that he took was to appease the murmures and seditions that were born at every season, and sometimes for very light occasions. But the greatest part was for the belly to which hunger gives a greedines, and the law gives no ears. When amidst the Desarts of *Arabia*, where they journied, they felt any mitigation in their pain, *Moses* was a man incomparable: but as soon as water and bred failed them, he was no more their friend, they longed inceassantly after the fleshpots of *Egypt*, and stirred up furious tempests.

We see examples of this in all Polities, Empires, and Republicks, where all those things that assault the life of the people make them send forth great cries, run to stones and steel, and tear men into little shreds. Those that would reign peaceably, think more of gaining the hearts of their subjects then the money, and take a wonderful order that the inferiour people may have wherewith to nourish and maintain themselves in mean commodities and all that is absolutely necessary to life. *Augustus Cæsar*, the wisest of the *Roman* Emperours, had so particular a care to provide for the City of *Rome*, that when he saw it threatned by any Famine, he would be like to die; and he took more pleasure to hear the poor Mechanicks commending his paternal sweetnes, and the happines of his time, then to behold Colossus's and Arches of triumphs erected in his name. Those that take a way quite contrary say, Let Clown grumble, and let Clown pay, that one ought little to care for the complaints and murmurings of a disarmed Communalty. They fill every place with menaces and with terrours; they authorise themselves by a great force of arms, seeing well that they cannot arrive to what they would have, by love. But besides that this fashion of governing provokes God which is the father of the poor, and the comforter of the afflicted; It cannot subsist but by a great violence which cannot continue long either in nature, or in a civil life.

Moses took nothing from this people, to whom it was an injury in their opinion, to give nothing. It seemed as if he bore them all in his entrails, and that he was to nourish them as a mother; If he came to fail in it, they forgat all the benefits of the time past, and ceased not to grumble and murmur at the present. He had need have had the Magazins of God himself, to satisfie them in a Desart, where there was little to live, and much to suffer. So also the Divine goodnes was never wanting to them in their necessities; and this milde conductour, that made it his glory to overwhelme these ungrateful men with benefits, opened by his prayers the gates of heaven to cause Manna to be rained down for them. It is formed in the dew, when the subtler parts of the Earth mix themselves with the moisture, and when all this composition is purified and baked by the heat of the Sun to a convenient temper. It happens in certain places with profit enough, but if the blessing of God had not given an extraordinary virtue to this food, it was a Diet too dainty for hungry stomachs.

So were they weary of it, and defired flesh, crying with ful mouth, and forcing a man that had nothing, to do miracles to content their sensuality. This great conductour that pitied their necessities, and was not willing to destroy them, pacified them by a fashion full of modesty, a powerful speech, sweet promises and good performances, by making himself a Mediatour to God to obtain favours for them, when they merited punishments. They saw clouds of Quailes fall down upon the Army which God sent them very opportunely, but he failed not to punish afterward their intemperance by sudden deaths, and Sepulchers raised in the Wilderness that bore a long time the name of their concupiscence.

Another time as they were in great want of water, and made a great tumult for the thirst that tormented them, *Moses* assisted by the Divine power, opened the flanks of the Rocks, and made fountains to issue forth of them, that quenched the thirst of the whole Army. Their distrust caused the greatest part of their evils; and if they had nothing capable to afflict them, they themselves framed Spectrums of terrour to themselves, and found their torments in their own imaginations.

Above all, they exceedingly feared themselves at the return of the Spies from the land of Promise; a false Rumour being sowed in the Army, that it was a Land that devoured its inhabitants, and that it was inhabited by Giants of so prodigious an heighth, that other men being compared to them appeared no more then Grashoppers. Then they entred into strange fumes, crying all aloud, that they ought rather to create a General to lead them back to *Egypt*, then to go and sacrifice their wives and children unto Monsters. *Moses* and *Aaron* thinking themselves not able to appease that furious storm of words humbled themselves before them, & remained prostrated on the earth, while *Joshua* and *Caleb* renting their clothes, for the horrour that they had of that sedition, assured them that report was false, that the Land of Promise was very good, that it flowed all in Milk and Hony, and that by the help of God they would possess it, and over-master the

the Originaries which they would eat as bread. Notwithstanding all this they had run to stones, if God had not appeared in that high lustre of his glory, and threatned to consume them all by a general pestilence: but *Moses* laboured earnestly both with voice and prayers to appease the wrath of God, who punished at last the Rebels by the privation of the Land of Promise which they had spoken against with so much extravagancy.

These murmures that proceeded from fear and weakness of courage seemed more sufferable then those that came from pride and malice, as the sedition of *Corah*, *Dathan*, *Abiram*, which made an horrible havock. These men followed with two hundred and fifty of the Princes of the Synagogue, rebelled against *Moses* and *Aaron*, usurping the Censer, and publishing aloud that all the people was consecrated as well as they, and that they did wrong to claim to themselves an Empire over their brethren that belonged not to them: that that which had made them press this going out of *Egypt*, was nothing but an ambition that carried them to domineer over free-men, and that they exercised so great a tyranny over their subjects, that there remained nothing more but to pluck out theireys. *Moses* very much astonished at such insolent language prostrated himself with his face on the earth, referring to God the decision of the controversie, and urged them to appear the morrow after to offer Incense, and to see how God would like their offering.

The Anti-Priests failed not to be at the door of the Tabernacle with their Censers in their hands to make a combination apart, and to oppose the Pontificate of *Aaron*. But the living God that authorises the true High Priests, appeared upon the Tabernacle after a terrible and threatning manner. The people that environed the Mutineers suddenly separated themselves at the voice of *Moses*: the earth opens it self under the feet of *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, to swallow them up alive with their Pavillions and all their riches. The others were devoured by fire from heaven visibly with an extreme affright of the whole Army: and forasmuch as their remained some Rebels that mourned for the dead, and inflamed the division, the hand of God yet smoaking over their heads was ready utterly to destroy them, had not *Moses* prostrated himself before the Tabernacle praying for them; and had not *Aaron* holding the Censer, and beseeching the Divine Majesty between the living and the dead, appeased the wrath of Heaven. But the punishment of these miserable men left much terrour in the souls of the people, and an example of perpetual memory to all those that resist the Powers that are lawfully established by God.

There were Combats at home and abroad; for the *Amalekites*, a salvage Nation descended from *Esau*'s children, endeavoured to beat back the people of God, and gave them battel, which *Moses* accepted, and making *Joshua* General of the Army, contented himself to go to the top of the Mountain to pray to the God of the living, and to obtain the Victory. His prayers were darts of fire shot upon the Enemies; for as long as he kept his arms lifted up to God in prayer, the *Israelites* had the better: but if he slacked them never so little, they had the worst, which made *Hur* and *Aaron* hold up his arms to prevent a weariness in them, and by this means he desisted not till such time as the Adversaries covered with their dead bodies all the field of battel. Now because this great People would have been but a confused mass, had they remained without law and without polity, which is the soul of Assemblies: *Moses* was powerfully inspired by God to make laws, as well those that concerned Religion, as others that regarded the Civil. The Philosophers assure us, that every thing that lives in Nature, lives by the Light, and that all Life is nothing else but Light, which spreads it self into the whole Universe, and not content to gild it with its brightness, communicates to it quickning Spirits and secret influences which make all the productions in the bosom of Matter: That which the Light doth in the natural World, the Law imitates in the Civil. It is a participation of the first Reason of the Ordination and Providence Divine, which insinuates its self into the mass of Mankind, embellishes it with its splendours, and unites it in the point of Felicity, by invisible chains of love and obedience.

God's Reason is the Sovereign Law which resides in the Divine understanding, in the treasures of his Wisdom, and is as the *Primum Mobile* of all the regulated motions of the intellectual Nature. *Plato* says, That the World following that rule keeps an equal path, with all the fitness, and all the measures requisite to its preservation. But as soon as it departs from it, it falls of necessity into great disorders, which cannot be surmounted but by the Divine Ordination that recals Nature to the point of its Felicity. And because the Eternal Law is so high and so sublime that it surpasses all our thoughts God has caused a Rivulet to flow from that source, which is the Law of Nature, a true light of right Reason imprinted in the understanding of all men. But it being so often darkned by the black vapours of the animal Passions, there was a necessity of humane Laws and Magistrates to put them in execution, by the punishment of the wicked, and the recompensing of the good. God gave then a strong inspiration to *Moses* to prescribe precepts and Rules to his People, that have been admired by all nations.

The *Manichees* by the relation of S. *Augustine*, rejected the Law of *Moses*, as wicked and tyrannical; but in this they have been condemned by the Church: for there is no doubt but that (having been given by God that is the Father of all Goodness) it was good and profitable to keep the *Jews* as under a Pedagogy till the Grace of the Gospel. And S. *Paul* himself in the Epistle to the *Romans*, where he seems to go about to destroy it, calls it for all that Holy, Just, and Good: But if ye compare it to the Law of Grace, ye shall find it harsh and imperfect. The *Mosaical* Law, saith that great Doctor, contains Commands, but, that *Jesus* gives assistance; the one bestows light to know, the other strength to execute. In the ancient Law God says, *Do what I command thee*. In the new Law we say to God, *Give what thou commandest*. *Moses* divided that ancient Law into three parts; the first of which contained the Moral, and was included in the Decalogue: the second comprehended what ever belonged to Ceremonies, and was called Ceremonial: the third regarded Justice between party and party, and was Judicial. The first teaches how a man ought to carry himself with God and his Neighbour to obtain salvation. The second Treats of the Temple, of the Synagogue, of the High Priest, of the Priests, of the Levites, of the Prophets, of the Votaries, Nazarites, and Rechabites. It deciphers the instruments of God's Worship, as are the Tabernacle, the Ark of Covenant, the Propiciatory, the Table of Shew-bread, the Altar of the Perfumes, and of the Burnt-offerings. It prescribes the order of the Sacrifices, and of the Sa-

craments, of the divers obſervations of Vows, of Faſts, of Feaſts, of Jubilees, of ſhavings, of Habits. The third part ſpeaks of Kings, of War, of Peace, of Marriages, of Polygamy, of Divorce, of Crimes, of Theft, of Uſury, of Adultery, of Policy, of Men-ſervants, of Maid-ſervants, of Hirelings, of Strangers, and of the Poor. All this is read yet to this day in the Pentateuch, and is ſufficiently expounded by ſo many Interpreters of Scripture. It would be an infinite, tedious, and unprofitable buſineſs to go about to decipher it here peece-meal. Let us content our ſelves that as the Morning dies by bringing forth the Day, ſo the Law is expired by producing the light of the Goſpel.

Moſes undertook not ſo great a work by humane ſtrength, and truſted not to himſelf in ſo high an enterpriſe, God would conduct it with his Authority, and cauſed the people to be commanded to purifie themſelves, and to ſtand ready on the third day to hear his will. That day being come, from the morning were heard great Thunders, and abundance of Lightnings ſeen that iſſued out of thick Clouds at the ſound of an affrightful Trumpet that ſeized all the people with aſtoniſhment. They removed themſelves according to the Orders of their Legiſlatour to the foot of the Mountain *Sinai*, with a prohibition to paſs further. All the Mountain ſmoaked as a great Fornace, by reaſon that God was deſcended thither all in fire, which made it extreme terrible. But *Moſes*, his dear favourite aſcended to the higheſt top amidſt the fires, the darkneſſes and the flames in that Luminous obſcurity, where God preſided that ſpake to him face to face as to his moſt intimate confident. After all, that thundering voice of the Living God was heard that pronounced his Decrees and his Laws in that Chamber of Juſtice hung with fire and lights that trembled under the foot-ſteps of his Majeſty. All this Law was ſet down in writing with a moſt exact care, and is yet read every day in the five Books of the Law.

Now, Religion being the Baſis of all Policy, without which great Kingdoms are but great Robbings; This wiſe Law-giver applied his whole care and travel to the rooting out of Idolatry, and to the cauſing of the Adorable Majeſty of God to be acknowledged in the condition of a worſhip truly Monarchical, and incommunicable to any other; as appears in the puniſhment which he inflicted on thoſe that had worſhipped the golden Calf.

For the Scripture ſaith, that when the *Iſraelites* perceived that *Moſes* tarried a long time on the Mountain of *Sinai* in thoſe amiable Colloquies that he had with God, they grew weary of it, and ſaid to the High-Prieſt *Aaron*, that ſince that man that had brought them out of *Egypt* was loſt, they ought to dream no more of him, but make in his place Gods that ſhould march in the head of their Army. *Aaron*, that perhaps had a mind to make them loſe the reliſh of that deſign by the price to which it would amount, demanded of them the Pendents of the ears of their Wives and of their Children, to go to work about it; but their madneſs was ſo great that they deveſted themſelves freely of all that they had moſt precious, to make a God to their own phanſie. *Aaron* accommodating himſelf to their humour through a great weakneſs, made them a Statue that had ſome reſemblance of the Ox *Apis* that was adored in *Egypt*. As ſoon as they had perceived it, they began to cry, Courage, *Iſrael*, behold the God that hath drawn thee out of the ſlavery of *Egypt*. *Aaron* accompanied him with an Altar, and cauſed a ſolemn Feaſt to be bidden for the morrow after, at which the people failed not to be preſent, offering many ſacrifices, making good cheer, and dancing about that Idol. God advertiſed *Moſes* of that diſorder, and commanded him to deſcend ſuddenly from the Mountain to remedy it; although he intended to deſtroy them: and had done it, had he not been appeaſed by the moſt humble Remonſtrances and Supplications of his ſervant. He failed not to betake himſelf ſpeedily to the Camp, where he ſaw that Abomination and the Dances that were made about it, which inflamed him ſo much with Choler, that he brake the Tables of the Law written by the hand of God, thinking that ſuch a preſent was not ſeaſonable for Idolaters and Drunkards. He rebuked *Aaron* ſharply, who excuſed himſelf coldly enough; and not intending that ſo abominable a crime ſhould paſs without an exemplary puniſhment, He took the Golden Calf, and beat it into duſt, which he ſteeped in water, to make all thoſe drink of it that had defiled themſelves with that ſacriledge; and to make them underſtand that ſin that ſeems at firſt to have ſome ſweetneſs is extremely bitter in its effects.

After which he commanded that all thoſe that would be on Gods ſide ſhould follow him, and the Tribe of *Levi*, as being the moſt intereſſed, failed not to joyn with him; whereupon ſeeing them all well animated, he gave them order to paſs through all the Camp, from one door to the other, with their ſwords in their hands, and to ſlay all that they met, without ſparing their neareſt kindred. This was executed, and all the Army was immediately filled with Maſſacres; Rivers of bloud ran on all ſides, accompanied with the ſad howlings of a ſcared multitude that expected every minute the ſtroke of death. God would have that this ſo ſevere a puniſhment be executed upo thoſe miſerable men to cauſe an eternal horrour of Idolatry which is the moſt capital of all ſins. And to retain the worſhip of God, a thouſand pretty Ceremonies were practiſed after the ſtructure of the Tabernacle of the Ark of the Covenant, of the Table of the Shew-bread, of the Altars, and after, the inſtitution of the Pontifical habits, of the Offerings and of the Sacrifices that were celebrated with much order and a ſingular Majeſty.

Moſes alſo was indefatigable in rendring Juſtice, ſitting from the morning till the night on his Tribunal to hear the requeſts of all the particular men that came to him; which *Jethro* his father in law, that was come to viſit him, having perceived, ſaid to him that it was impoſſible for him to be long able to undergo ſo troubleſome a labour; and that he ought to chooſe amongſt all the people ſome puiſſant men, fearing God, true; and enemies of covetouſneſs to adminiſter Juſtice; and that it would be ſufficient to reſerve to himſelf the controverſies that ſhould be of greateſt importance. *Moſes* believed his counſel, and eſtabliſhed an handſom order for the deciſion of the differences that ſhould ariſe amongſt the people. He paſſed fourty years in the wilderneſs in divers habitations, partly in war againſt the enemies, partly in preſerving peace amongſt his people, and confirming all the Laws which he eſtabliſhed by the command of God. In this exerciſe he lived to the age of an hundred and twenty years, ſeparated himſelf from all things of the world, and was ſo united to God, that it ſeemed that even his Body it ſelf paſſed into the nature and condition of an immortal Spirit. In fine, God having ſhewed him upon the Mountain *Nebo*

all

all the Land of Promiſe which he had got to by ſo many good counſels and ſo much pains, he dyed in that view without entring into it; was mourned for thirty dayes by the Iſraelites, and interred of ſet purpoſe in a ſepulcher unknown to the eys of men, for fear leſt he ſhould give an occaſion of ſome Idolatry to that people that would have held him for a Deity.

Never had man a Birth more forlorn, a Life more various, or a Death more glorious: of an expoſed Infant, he became a Kings ſon, of a Kings ſon an Exile, of an Exile a Sheepherd, of a Sheepherd a Captain, of a Captain a Prophet, of a Prophet a Law-giver, of a Law-giver a Sovereign; the God of Kings, and the King of all the Prophets: Active at Court, Devout in Solitude, Victorious in War, Happy in Peace, Wiſe in Laws, Terrible in his Arms, a man of Prodigies, that opened Seas, Manured Wildernesſes, Commanded things Senſible and Inſenſible, and exerciſed an Empire on all Nature. He was Indefatigable in his Travels, Zealous for the honour of God, diſobliged from his own intereſt in the puniſhment of the Sacrilegious, Patient in his own Injuries, Familiar to few, Courteous to all; a Companion of Angels, the Favourite of God, of a Life very long, and of a Memory that ſhall have no end.

SAMUEL. DANIEL.

Samuel that ſeemed to have been born for nothing but to pray, and to paſs away his life in the Tabernacle of God, got very forward at Court, and in the managing of the great affairs of State. His Birth is a Miracle, his Life an Example, and his Death the immortality of his virtues. He was one of thoſe infants that are expected a long time before they come, that are the ſons of ſo many vowes, and that pay the expectation of their Nativity by the happineſs of their life. It belongs onely to great things to be ſeen before they are, by preſages, by deſires, by hopes, and to make themſelves be ſeen, after they are no more, by an eternal memory.

Hannah his mother barren in children, but fruitful in virtues, conceived him rather by her ſighs, then by her pleaſures. He was a gift of the Tabernacle which ſhe rendred to the Tabernacle; and as ſhe had obtained him by ſupplication, ſhe made of him a man of prayer, devoted from his infancy to the Divine Miniſteries, and a Nazarite by expreſs vow which lived in abſtinence, and had no other profeſſion but contemplation. It is by theſe exerciſes that God raiſes great Perſonages, and we cannot chooſe but expect brave actions on earth, from a man that hath much commerce with heaven.

So God began betimes to communicate himſelf to him, and to make him partaker of his ſecrets. He informed him of the deſtruction of his Maſter, *Eli* the High-Prieſt, and powerfully fitted him for his Service. This *Eli* was a reverend old man, a Judge of the People, that had lived in an high reputation and great glory amongſt the Iſraelites, but his reign being too ſoft, his children that were now great, abuſing his authority, practiſed a petty Larceny even as far as unto the Sacrifice it ſelf, and committed impurities and debaucheries of women; which are moſt ordinarily two of the chiefeſt things that make a change of Government, there being nothing that doth more exaſperate the ſubject, then the avarice and the luxury of thoſe that rule; the one making attempts upon their goods, and the other upon their bed. A grave father of the Church addreſſing a ſpiritual direction to a Governour, admoniſhes him, That it is not enough for him to be innocent, if all his family doth not imitate him, and form themſelves according to his examples; for, what profit is it, ſayes he, to a miſerable people to have a Prince or Governour wiſe and moderate, if, while he abſtains from things not permitted, there be one of his ſervants that making uſe of his name and power takes occaſion to ſatiate his Avarice?

Theſe wicked ſons of *Eli*, *Hophni* and *Phineas* committed a thouſand extortions under the authority of their father, and diſhonoured his gray hairs by the incontinence of their diſſolute youth. The

complaints thereof came to their Father's ears, but instead of depriving them of their Offices and Commissions which they held of him, which would have been a means to wash away the stain that was imprinted on his renown, he contented himself with giving them a weak admonition, which having little force upon their pasions, had yet less effect upon their actions.

God then took the business in hand after a very strange manner: for the *Philistims* the sworn Enemies of the chosen people ran upon their Frontiers, and put an Army into the field, which obliged the *Israelites* to arm, to hinder the wast that they made; but being come to the encounter they lost the battel, wherein four thousand men were slain upon the place. The conquered people resuming heart and arms, set on foot an huge Army that marched under the wings of the Ark of Covenant conducted by *Hophni* and *Phineas* to whom it appertained by office. But these debauched men, and ill-train'd for War, rather precipitated then gave a second Battel, and did their businesses in it so ill, that thirty thousand men were cut in pieces, and they themselves increased the number of the dead, and were both slain in defence of the Ark, that was taken and carried away by the *Philistims*.

This deplorable news being come to the ears of *Eli*, gave him such a confusion of spirit, that he let himself fall, and died upon the place mourning for the Ark of Covenant above his own children. His house fell into great contempt after his death, as had been foretold him, and none of his Race came to old-age, the hand of God not ceasing to revenge the Injuries of his Tabernacle, and of his people, to instruct great ones that are in offices to look carefully to this, that Religion and Justice, as two sisters, by an indissolvable knot be kept fast to one another.

The Affairs of the *Jews* were in a piteous estate after the loss of those two Battels, and there was need of a puissant hand to repair those losses. But the Sovereign Master lent his thereto, and raised up *Samuel* to settle again all that the furies of the wars had shaken. This good Pilot consecrated himself by a Tempest, and took the Government when every rational man would have thought of quitting it. This was a sign that he entred into it by ways very clean, coming in a time when there was more matter for compassion then ambition. He had no other love, but that of the publick good; he knew no other Avarice, but that of time; nor other pleasures, but businesses. His first aim in the Government was to banish Idolatry, and to put in vigour again the Worship of the true God, well knowing that the most fatal plagues of States come from the contempt of Religion. He was a man of order, of a great understanding, and of a powerful speech that never fell to the ground. He caused ordinarily whatsoever he had a mind to establish surest, to pass General Assemblies; that what concerned the good of every man might be done by the advice of all the World.

One of the first functions that he exercised was to make an excellent Oration to the people, and to tell them of their infidelity, making them see, That God's forsaking them came from that they had forsaken God; and that if they would enjoy the favours of his protection, as their Fathers did, they ought necessarily to banish the strange gods, and to abolish eternally the names of *Baal* and *Astaroth* to whom many amongst them had devoted themselves; that God the Sovereign Master could not endure any companion in his Throne, & would not have to do with hearts divided to imaginary Deities; That if they served him faithfully, he hoped that he would deliver them from the hand of the *Philistims*, and would exalt again the glory of their Nation that had been brought low by so many ill Encounters and extream lamentable losses.

He perswaded the whole Assembly so powerfully by the force and sweetness of his discourse, that all those that had been defiled with those bad beliefs, abjured their superstitions, and made a strong resolution to serve no more any, but the living God, and to bury all their Idols in the Grave of forgetfulness. Whereto *Samuel* seeing them disposed, called together the States-General into a place named *Mispah*, where he promised to make very solemn prayers for all his Nation. The people failed not to be there in great number, and with a singular devotion, drawing water, and pouring it out as in the presence of God, whether it was a fashion of purification among the *Hebrews*, or whether by this Ceremony they would represent the vanity and weakness of all men, that are before God as little drops of water spread upon the earth, and that have no true contentment but in God alone who is the Fountain of all good things, They disposed themselves to receive the mercy of God by a publick fast and a repentance of their faults, confessing aloud their ingratitude to God. *Samuel* comforted them, and having reconciled them to God again, united them among themselves by a mutual concord, deciding their differences, and judging their Law-suits in the place fore-named with so much equity, that all the people thought that the golden Age was raised again under his Government.

But the *Philistims* that would perpetually bring them down, having intelligence that they made Assemblies in *Mispah*, which turned to their prejudice, drew themselves again into the field to fight them; whereat the people that had already experimented the disasters that proceeded from such hostilities, was seized with a great astonishment, and implored the aid of *Samuel* to secure them from the fury of their adversaries. This made him have a particular refuge to the goodness of God, whom he invoked by his ardent prayers, and by the sutable Sacrifices which he offered, being a Priest by an extraordinary mission of God. The *Israelites* encouraged by their Protectour, bestir themselves to resist their enemies, and combat them with firm footing not without great success. For by good luck it happened that at the same time that the battel was given, *Samuel* was presenting to God a burnt offering for the whole Army, which was so worthily accepted, that the Trumpet of Heaven sounded aloud in great thunderings and menacing lightnings that affrighted the *Philistims* and put them into a rout, which drew the inhabitants of *Mispah* to the glory of the Combat, and joyning their troops with those that had gone before them, defeated the Army of the *Philistims*, and took from them the desire of hazarding another Battel.

Samuel took his time very opportunely, and seeing them in such a disposition, hearkned to an honorable peace which he made, by recovering the Cities which the *Philistims* had usurped in those great advantages of their Arms. This was a most wise counsel, and worthy of that great States-man that knew by experience that the Nation of the *Philistims* was stirring and quarrelsom as much as possible; and that his had need of rest to shut up the wound that so many stranger-wars had opened.

Further,

Further, he conſidered that the worſhip of the true God periſhed and loſt much of its luſtre by continual wars that rendred his Subjects leſs docile in things Divine; and that the Licence of Arms ſtifled the Laws and actions of Juſtice. In fine he had regard unto himſelf, and was not ignorant that having not been breed in the exerciſe of war, he might ſucceed better in the Civil Government, and give much more ſatisfaction to all his people.

Every thing happened juſt as he had projected; for this Peace being well limited by his Counſels and by his cares, was a ſecond ſource of all bleſſings to his Nations. He viſited himſelf in Perſon the Cities that the Armies had ranſaked, and to whom the commerce of the victorious Philiſtims had given ſome bad tincture of their Superſtition, and went through all places as a favourable Conſtellation, bringing Light and healthful Influences to his People. He marked his foot-ſteps with the zeal of Juſtice, and all his journies with publick felicities.

But we muſt aver that the People is a motly Beaſt that cannot endure war, and yet loath a long peace. If it be in trouble, it doth nothing but ſigh and groan; and if it hath too much eaſe, it is only to kick and winch. It grows weary of its own felicities, and is not ſenſible of its happineſs but by miſery, nor taſts it its proſperities but by loſing them. The *Iſraelites* at length diſreliſhed *Samuel*, and inclin'd under pretence of an advantage, to change the Government. The faſhion of this ſage Judge ſeemed to them too ſimple; they would ſee a Prince of the People that ſhould have more ſtate about his Perſon, and that ſhould make a greater noiſe. And juſt as the *Romans* under the Empire *Galba* lamented the loſs of *Nero*, becauſe they were fallen from a Court full of Luxury and Diſſoluteneſs into another Face of Government under an old man, that had not about him the great Train of an Emperour, and that reduc'd the Libertines to the Ancient Diſcipline; So theſe blind *Iſraelites* diſguſted a calm and temperate adminiſtration that produc'd good effects without oſtentation. They took a colour from his age, and from the Offices which he had given his ſons, making them by a kind of Reſignation Succeſſours of his Office, but not of his virtue; ſeeing that according to the publick voice they had behaved themſelves but with little honeſty, ſtudying more to content their own Avarice, then to render juſtice. Upon this, they demanded a King whom they offered themſelves to receive from *Samuel* his hand, ſo good an opinion had they of his ſincerity, and ſo much reverence to his Perſon.

This Propoſition touched ſenſibly the heart of *Samuel*; for it is true, that good Officers, although they adhere not to their Charges through Ambition, yet they cannot chooſe but have ſome diſpleaſure, to ſee themſelves put out by a Prince, or an ungrateful Common-wealth, after long and faithful Services, and eſpecially if they are aged. They would not have their Age paſs for a Crime; and think that they are always vigorous enough to acquit themſelves of their duty. But it is as certain that *Samuel*, that was a man of God, conſidered not ſo much his own intereſt as the Peoples, which he ſaw weary of their Liberty, and by a profound infatuation, demand a Yoke, whoſe heavineſs it ſhould feel when it had no more the power to ſhake it off.

To ſpeak ſincerely, the Rule of one man over another is a delicate piece; and when God eſtabliſhed the Dominion of *Adam*, he gave him all power over the Creatures, but he would not comprehend therein the men that ſhould deſcend from him. The World was more then two thouſand years before it was known what Monarchy or Empire was; The Younger were ruled by the Elder with a ſweet and amiable diſcretion, in which there was much ſatisfaction and ſmall conſtraint.

The People of God retained always very near this form of Governing; for the Antient Patriarchs prefided over the reſt as Maſters of Families more by Reverence then by Command. *Moſes* in that high Authority that could do every thing both upon Men and upon the Elements, never aſſumed the name of King; and his Succeſſours till *Samuel* his time, contented themſelves with the Stile of Judges of the People.

Nimrod was the firſt amongſt the *Gentiles* that uſurped a new Domination over the liberty of the Nations that he ſubdued by Arms, having learned in the continual Maſſacres of Beaſts, Cruelty towards men. Not but that Kingdoms and Monarchies ſince that time have been holily inſtituted of God; But he hath always willed that Kings ſhould learn that there was none but he in the Univerſe of all the Creatures that was an abſolute Maſter, having alone the Power to Create, and to Annihilate what or whom he pleaſes. This is not permitted to the Greateſt Monarchs on the Earth, who remaining within the bounds of their charges ought to acknowledge themſelves the Vicegerents and Subſtitutes of God, to Conduct Men to their End, making them arrive at the heighth of Felicity, by the ways of Juſtice and of Religion. But when they ſtray from theſe intentions, and abuſe the Goods, the Bloud, and the Life of their Subjects, as if they were the Proprietours of them, and not the Stewards, they render themſelves reſponſible to God's Judgment for all the abuſes that are committed in the whole Kingdom through their default.

This change of Government projected by the *Iſraelites*, was not according to God's Heart, who comforted *Samuel* and told him, that he ought not to be ſad for that they were weary of him; ſeeing they were weary of God Himſelf which is an Infinite Goodneſs, and gave him Collegues in his Empire. He Commanded him to make known to them the Right of a King, which ſhould be; to take their children for his ſervants, and to Employ them on ſuch Trades as he ſhould judge fit for the profit of his Houſe; to uſurp their Lands and Inheritances to accommodate therewith his Minions; to exact Tithes of their Revenues, of their Vines, and of their Corn to enrich therewith his Officers; and in a word, that he would govern every thing after his own Fancy.

Thoſe that take theſe words as a Right that God eſtabliſhed in favour of Kings are very far from the ſenſe of the Scripture, for they are ſpoken by way of Menace and not of Approbation. Otherwiſe we ſhould avouch that King *Ahab* had right to take away *Naboth* his Vineyard, for which he was ſo ſharpely reprehended and ſo ſeverely puniſhed, with his Wife Queen *Jeſabel*. Yet it is moſt Juſt, That Kings and Sovereigns ſhould have ſome reaſonable Tributes from the People to ſupport the Majeſty of the Kingdom, to maintain their Family, to protect their Subjects againſt Hoſtilities, to open them Trading, to give them means to preſerve and increaſe their Revenues, to make Friendſhips, to live peaceably in their Commodities, and to defend them againſt the violent Uſurpers of their Goods.

The School-Doctours, as *Cajetan* and *Gregory de Valentia* require four Conditions to juſtifie

Impoſts.

Impoſts, The First is, The Power and Authority of the Prince. The Second, That they tend to a good End. The Third, That they be according to the ability of the Subject. The Fourth, That they be impoſed upon fit Perſons, and rather upon certain Marchandiſes, then upon that which is totally neceſſary to the Life of Man.

Samuel failed not well to aggravate to the People the Burdens that they ſhould undergo by chuſing them a King, and the Repentance that they ſhould have of it, when the evil ſhould be incurable. But (It being hard to make them believe Reaſon that never uſe it but when it flatters their own will.) The Iſraelites were no way diverted from their Propoſition by all poſſible Remonſtrances; but continued to demand a King with great urgency, deſiring to be like in that to ſo many other Nations. They were much like the Frogs in the Fable that prayed *Jupiter* to give them a King, whereto he agreeing, threw into their Lake a great piece of Wood which much aſtoniſhed them at firſt; but ſeeing it without Motion they deſpiſed it, and ſaid that they deſired a King Robuſtuous, Active, and Nimble, whereupon he gave them a Bird of Prey that ceaſed not to devour them: After which they made great Complaints, but he would hearken to them no more. So God cauſed this miſerable People to be advertiſed that when they ſhould be weary of the Domination of Kings, and that they ſhould deſire another form of Government, he would have no ears for their Requeſts. All this inflamed them the more, ſo reſolved were they upon their Miſery.

Samuel being willing to deliver himſelf from their Importunities purpoſed to chooſe them a King, and to give him to them with his own hand, not for any mind that he had to keep yet the Government, but for the zeal that he had of the Glory of God and of Juſtice, deſiring that the pains that he had taken to procure peace unto his people, and to preſerve it many years together, might not be made unprofitable through the Caprichio's of an evil Succeſſour that perhaps might take a pride in changing all that he had ſo carefully eſtabliſhed. He did not caſt his eyes upon his own Kindred, to make himſelf a creature in whom he might reign according to fleſh and bloud; but he took by the Order of God a man very ignote, and little taken notice amongſt his brethren.

Here is a marvellous ſport of Divinity, that calls things that are not as things that are, that makes the Light break out of Darkneſs, and traces the rayes of his Glory upon an heap of dirt. *Saul*, of the Tribe of *Benjamin*, the leaſt amongſt the Hebrews, and one of the leaſt qualified in that Tribe, a Country-man, into whoſe heart the Court and Royalty never entred, not ſo much as in a Dream, went to ſeek his Fathers Aſſes that then were gone aſtray. A domeſtick ſervant that was with him, ſeeing that he had loſt his labour in that ſearch, gives him notice that in the neighbouring village there was a great Perſonage that was ignorant of nothing, and that he could well tell them news of their loſs; and added, that he had a piece of ſilver that was worth about ſix pence, which he would make a preſent to him. *Saul* conſents to it, and they go along both together into the Village of *Ziph*, where *Samuel* was that was to be preſent that day at a Sacrifice and a Feaſt that was made among the Principal men. Without thinking on it, they meet him, and asked of him where was the Prophets houſe. *Samuel* knew by revelation that it was he of whom God had ſpoken to him; and whom he had choſen to be the King of his People, and entertained him very courteouſly, and invited him to the Feaſt, and to tarry that night in his houſe without going further, and promiſed him that he would tell him all that his heart thought on; and as for the Aſſes he needed not to trouble himſelf, for they were found again. But there were other affairs that concerned him, and that would ſuddenly make all the Glory and all the Riches of *Iſrael* fall into his hands.

The other was extremely ſurpriſed to ſee himſelf entreated with ſo much honour, and confeſſed with all ſincerity the meanneſs of his family, and the little cauſe that he had to pretend to ſuch heighths as thoſe. But *Samuel* taking him by the hand, brings him with his ſervant into the Hall of the Feaſt, and ſets them both at the upper end of the Table, where there were thirty Gueſts, and cauſed *Saul* to be ſerved with all that was moſt exquiſite in the Banquet that was kept upon a little Hill, very near the Burgh to which they deſcended after their repaſt; and *Samuel* led *Saul* into his Houſe, and made him lodge that night in his own Chamber. The morrow he conducted him to the Suburbs of the City, and cauſed his ſervant to go before, poured on a ſudden upon his head a precious ointment, and kiſſing him, told him, That God had Anointed him King of his People which he ſhould deliver from the hand of the Philiſtims. After which he foretold him many things that ſhould befall him, and gave him evident ſigns of the verity of his words.

When he was returned, he had a curious Uncle that inquired after all that had happened to him, to whom he ſpake of the Aſſes, but was very wary not to diſcover the ſecret of the Royalty. Some time after *Samuel* called a General Aſſembly of all the people to proceed to the Election of a King, and having diſpoſed all the Tribes of *Iſrael* for that deſign, the lot fell upon that of *Benjamin*, and upon the Family of *Matri*, and in fine, upon *Saul*, who had hid himſelf, that he might not expreſs any ambition of that Royalty; But he was ſuddenly taken forth out of the place where he had retired himſelf, and was ſhewed to the whole Aſſembly, in which there was not a man that he did not out-paſs by all the head.

This rejoyced *Samuel*, and made him ſay that they might plainly ſee that God took a care of their affairs in that Election, by giving them ſo brave a Man that had not the like amongſt all the People; whereupon they all cryed, God ſave the King.

After this Eſtabliſhment, *Samuel* called a ſecond Aſſembly for his own Diſcharge, wherein he made a powerfull Oration, declaring to the People the Goodneſſe and the Favours they had received from the Hand of God in all his Conduct, ever ſince their coming out of *Egypt*, and made a kind of Recapitulation of thoſe that had Governed, and delivered them from their Enemies even till this time; Then he repeated to them that they had plucked a King out of the hand of God with all importunity, and that it was not pleaſing to his Divine Majeſty. Whereof he gave them a good Pledge, making at the inſtant the Voyce of Heaven ſpeak in a great tempeſt, which affrighted them ſo much that all deſired pardon of that ſin which they would never before acknowledge.

But before he came to thoſe Reproaches, he highly juſtified himſelf, calling them to give a Teſtimony of his Conduct and Converſation amongſt them; He conjured them to ſpeak before God and the new King, if he had ever injured them, or been exceſſive

excessive either upon their Persons, or upon their Goods, and that if they had any thing concerning his Life, or his Conversation, or the Administration of his Charge, he was ready to give them all satisfaction.

The Reverend Old-man melted their hearts, and all rendred him the testimony of an Honesty and Justice irreproachable. Thereupon he protested that he would never forget them; and that being out of his Office, he would offer to God his most fervent Prayers for their Welfare, and would have a care of their Quiet, as far as he should be able, exhorting them furthermore to remain inviolable in the Religion of their Fathers, and in the true Worship of the Living God, and assuring them that he would never cast them off as long as they should adhere to him by the Submission and Duties of true Children.

The People began to perceive what they had lost, in the discharge of so Venerable a Person, and were ashamed of their precipitation; but they were now embarked too far, and must sail to the liking of the Tempest.

Here is a great Secret of Divine Policy which hath tormented Curious Spirits in their search into it, that demand wherefore God (making use of the Ministery of the wisest Man that was at that time on Earth to give a King to his own People, that was to be as the Foundation-Stone, and the Basis of the Royalty of *Judea*) made so ill a choice, that he was as it were forced by the deportments of *Saul* to break in pieces his own work. But we ought to consider that in the choice of Princes and Sovereigns, God approves not alwayes all that he gives, nor gives not also all that he approves. There are Kings that are given by favour, and others by wrath; Those are sent into the world as Stars, and these as Comets. He saith in his Prophet, That he will give a King in his fury, to expiate the sins of his people; and S. *Gregory* hath worthily observed, that Kings are measured out by Providence, according to the disposition of the Subjects; and which is more, that God permits the sins of good Kings for the chastisement of the people, and that there is such a connexion between the manners of the Master and the Servants, that the fault of the Master causes the wicked life of the Servants, and the good life of the Servants, the amendment of the Master. God was provoked against the Israelites by reason of their Idolatry, of their Obstinacy, and of their Ingratitude towards *Samuel*, and this was the cause that he gave them *Saul*, not so much to govern, as to punish them, and make them regret the virtue of their contemned Prophet by the comparison of the two Governments. He suffers also *Samuel* to be deceived in that choice; to teach us, that it belongs onely to the eternal Wisdome to know, and to make turns of State that surpass the capacity of the ablest men.

If the stature of the body made the Excellency of Kings, *Saul* (without controversie) was one of the chief; he had a very fair appearance to the exteriour, but within were found great defects of virtues and royall qualities. He was a gilded portall that nature had built for an house of straw. The people at first were ravished with him, and measuring him by the greatness of the body, judged him the prime man of their Nation, not seeing that making that judgment, they preferred a flint before a pearl. The first unhappiness of his conduct was, that he had not an heart for God, but for his own interest; and that he did not unite himself close enough to *Samuel*, that had made him King, and that was the Oracle from which he should have learned the divine Will. The second was a furious State-jealousie, his capital devil that put his Reason into a disorder, and infected all the pleasures and contentments of his life. He was but weak to hold an Empire, and govern with love, and yet he loved passionately all that he could least compass, and would do every thing of his own head, thinking that the assistance of a good Council was the diminution of his Authority. Sometimes he was sensible of his defects, but instead of amending them, he desired to take away the eyes of those men that perceived them. His Spirit was little in a great body; his Reason barren in a multitude of business; his Passions violent with small reservedness; his Breakings out impetuous; his Counsels sudden, and his Life full of inequalities.

Samuel had prudently perceived that the Philistims were dangerous enemies to the State of *Judea*; because they knew its weakness, and kept it in subjection a long time, depriving it of the means of thinking fully upon its liberty. And therefore he maintained a peace with them, and used them courteously, gaining all that he could by good Treaties, and would not precipitate a War, which was to weaken the Israelites without recovery. But *Saul* thought not himself an able man, if he had not spoiled all, and without making any other provision of necessary things, he made a great levy of Souldiers, and a mighty Army to go against the enemies, in which there was but two swords. It was a plot that permitted not the Hebrews to have Armorers, nor other men that laboured in Iron, totally to disarm them, and at the least motion that they should make, expose them for a prey. These assaulted Philistims found him business enough through the whole course of his Government and Life, and in the end, buried him with his children in the ruines of his State.

But God that would give some credit to *Samuel's* choice, sent at first prosperities to God's people under the conduct of that new King, wherein, that which served for a glory to that holy man, was a vain bait to *Saul*, to make him enterprise things that could give him no other ability but to destroy himself.

About a month after the election *Nahash* the Ammonite, raised an Army to fall upon the Jabites that were in league with the people of *Israel*; and those seeing that they were not strong enough to resist so terrible an enemy, dispatched an Embassage to him to treat about a Peace. But that insolent Prince made answer to their Embassadours, that he would not make any treaty of Peace with them on any other condition, then by plucking out their right Eyes, and covering them with a perpetual ignominy. These poor people that were reduc'd almost to despair, implored on all sides the assistance of their neighbours, and failed not to supplicate to the Israelites (their friends) to do something in their favour. Their Messengers being arriv'd at *Gibeah*, related the sad news of the cruelty of *Nahash*, that filled the people with fear and tears. *Saul* returning from the fields, was driving his oxen, when hearing the groans of his Subjects, demanded the cause of it, and having been informed, entred into so great a rage at the pitiless extremities of that fierce Ammonite, that he instantly tore in pieces his two oxen, and sent the pieces of them through all the Cities and Villages of his Dominion, commanding every one to follow him to revenge that injury, otherwise their cattle should be dealt with, as he had done

done with his two Oxen. The *Iſraelites* mov'd, partly by compaſſion, and partly alſo by fear of thoſe menaces, poured out themſelves from all parts to this War in ſuch a ſort, that he had got together three hundred thouſand men. He divided them into three Battallions, and went to meet the *Ammonite*, whom he ſet upon ſo vigorouſly, and combated ſo valiantly, that he totally defeated his Army, and humbled that proud Giant that thought on nothing but putting out men's eys, making him know that pride goes before reproach, as the lightning before the thunder.

All the great people that compos'd that Army returned unto their houſes, and *Saul* retained only three thouſand men, whereof he gave one thouſand to his Son *Jonathan*, that was a man full of ſpirit and generoſity, and far better liked then his Father *Saul*. This *Militia* was too little conſiderable for ſo great Enemies, yet he had a courage to aſſault a place of the *Philiſtims*, and routed their Garriſon: whereat they being pricked beyond meaſure, betake themſelves into the field with an Army, in which there were thirty thouſand Chariots of War, and people without end: whereat the *Iſraelites* were ſo affrighted, that all ſcatter'd themſelves, and went to hide themſelves in Caves; ſo that there remained but about ſix hundred men with *Saul*, who marched with a ſmall noiſe, and durſt not appear before his Adverſaries. *Samuel* had promiſed to ſee him within ſeven days, to ſacrifice to God, and encourage the people.

But *Saul* ſeeing that the ſeventh day was come without having any tidings of him, takes himſelf the burnt Offering, offers the Sacrifice, and plays the Prieſt, without having any Miſſion either ordinary or extraordinary. As ſoon as he had made an end of burning the Holocauſt, *Samuel* arrives, to whom he related, how that ſeeing all the people debauch themſelves and quit the Army, and how that being preſſed by his Enemies, in a time wherein it behoved them to have recourſe to prayer before they gave battel, he was perſwaded that God would like well enough that in the neceſſity, and long abſence of *Samuel*, he ſhould perform the Office of a Prieſt by preſenting the burnt Offering, which he had done with a good intention, without pretending to uſurp any thing upon his office. *Samuel* rebuked him ſharply for that action, to ſhew, that there is no pretence nor neceſſity that is able to juſtifie a ſin; and that it no way belongs to Lay-people to meddle with the Cenſer, and to do the Functions that regard the Prieſts. Then *Samuel* fore-told him that his Kingdom ſhould not be ſtable, and that God would provide himſelf another that ſhould be a more religious obſerver of his Law: thereupon he left him for a time, and *Saul* having recollected all the people that he could, endeavoured to oppoſe the Enemy.

The brave *Jonathan* accompanied with his Armour-bearer, found a way to climb over Rocks, and to ſurprize a Court of Guard of the *Philiſtims*, which they thought had been inacceſsible, which put them in a terrible fright, imagining that thoſe that had got ſo far had great Forces, though they did not yet appear.

This brought their Army into a confuſion, and God alſo putting his hand far into the buſineſs, fill'd them with ſuch an amazement, that their Ranks being in diſorder, they killed one another without knowing their own party. The people of *Iſrael* having received intelligence of that Rout, take heart again, and get them out of the Caves, into which they had retired themſelves, to range themſelves about *Saul*'s perſon, who was thereby tranſported with ſuch an ardour, that he conjur'd all his Army to follow the *Philiſtims* (without drinking or eating) till they were all deſtroyed.

This was a precipitation of his unequal ſpirit and a true Chimæra: yet deſiring to make that paſs for Zeal which was a pure Paſsion, he would needs cauſe his Son *Jonathan* to be put to death, for having ſucked a little honey at the end of his Rod; but the people reſcued him out of his hands, and deſiſted to purſue the *Philiſtims*, being not in a condition to fight with them.

Some time after, *Samuel* exhorted him to enterprize a puiſſant War againſt the *Amalekites* (ſworn Enemies of the people of God) and conjur'd him to make every thing paſs through the edge of the Sword, without ſparing any body: and above all, to reſerve nothing of the booty that ſhould be made upon them, that ſhould not be conſumed with fire. To this, *Saul* ſeem'd to be inclin'd with vigour, and raiſed an Army of more then two hundred thouſand men: ſo great was the weight of the Authority, when *Samuel* put himſelf into party. He fell ſuddenly upon the *Amalekites* and defeated them with a general rout, ſo far, as to take their King priſoner: but he contented himſelf with deſtroying and burning all that was caytiff and unprofitable, reſerving *Agag* the King with the beſt Flocks and Herds, and choiceſt moveables. In the mean while, he was ſo much puft up with this Victory, that he cauſed an Arch of Triumph to be erected to himſelf, and ſpread himſelf in the vanities of his ſpirit, while God was thinking of rejecting him, and giving Orders to *Samuel* to tell him his unhappineſs. Yet *Saul* (blind in his ſin) received the man of God into his Camp with an extraordinary joy, vaunting himſelf for having efficaciouſly fulfilled the commandment of God; and while he was ſpeaking it, the voice of the Flocks that he had put aſide was heard: whereupon *Samuel* ſaid, What means this Cattel that ſtrikes my ears with its bleatings? To which he anſwered, that he had reſerved them expreſly for an Offering to the living God. But *Samuel* replied, That there was no Sacrifice ſo pleaſing to God as Obedience; and, that ſin, which was contrary to him, was a kind of Idolatry: and that ſince he had deſpiſed the Word of God, he ſhould be caſt off, and deprived of the Kingdom; whereat he being aſtoniſhed, confeſſed that he had offended, hearkning more to the voice of the people, then to that of God; and beſeeched *Samuel* to excuſe his ſin, to bear with his infirmities, and to go with him to the Sacrifice to adore God in ſign of reconciliation. Whereto *Samuel* replied, that he would have no more any thing common with a man whom God had abandon'd, and ſaying this, ſteps forward, and turns his back to him: the other lays hold on the Fringe of his Robe which remained in his hands, which when the Prophet ſaw, Behold (ſaid he) how your Kingdom ſhall be divided and given to a better then your ſelf. The Triumpher of *Iſrael*, the true God of Hoſts is not as a man, to change his purpoſes, and repent him of his counſels. The King humbled himſelf again acknowledging his fault, and beſeeching *Samuel* earneſtly not to leave him, but to render him the ordinary reſpect before the Princes of the People, and to come and worſhip God with him. *Samuel*, fearing the diſorder of the Army, conſented for that time, but afterward never ſaw *Saul* any more to the day of his death.

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He ceased not to weep bitterly for him, considering that he that had been chosen by his hand had come to so little good, and had carried himself with so much contempt of the Commandments of God. This wounded his heart, and would not let him put an end to his mournings, till his great Master comforted him, and suggested *David* to him, who should fill up worthily the place that *Samuel* was about to lose by his iniquity. And (indeed) he performed then a bold enterprize going to *Bethlehem*, under colour of a Sacrifice, and Anointing *David* King in *Saul's* life-time, although that deign was secret, that it might be managed with more success. After that time *Saul* was left visibly by God, possessed with an evil spirit, and gnawed perpetually with jealousies of State, which the person of *David* caused in him by reason of his valour and great virtues, as I shall declare in the following Elogy. In the mean while, *Samuel* lived retired from Court, without meddling with State-affairs: and *Saul*, by his departure changed the sins of Vanity and of Fearfulness into Sacrileges and Massacres, letting loose the bridle to his fury, to retain the phantasm of an Empire that flew out of his hands. Good *Samuel* ceased not in his solitude to bewail two Kings that he had made, looking upon one as an Homicide, and the other as a Sacrifice of death. He was afflicted inconsolably to hear of the deportments of that furious *Saul*, that made of one wickedness a degree to pass unto another, inventing every day new butcheries to cement his Throne with the blood of his brethren. He melted himself with compassion for his poor *David*, seeing *Saul's* Sword hang but by a little thread, always ready to fall upon his innocent head. He deplored the miseries of the poor people which he could not any longer remedy, and passing over again in his remembrance all the vicissitudes of man's life, and the treacheries of the Court, he had an ardent thirst to depart out of this world, to go to find Innocence in the bosom of his Fathers. God heard him, and drew him to himself by a peaceable death the seventy and seventh year of his age, the eight and thirtieth of his Government, and the seventh after his retreat from Court. He was mourned and lamented for, by all the people, as the Father of his Country; and magnificent Funerals were made for him, to render him a testimony at his death of the commendable actions of his holy and generous life. *Saul* remained yet two years upon the Throne after him, and the Even before his great overthrow, the Soul of *Samuel* returned from *Limbus*, not by the work of the Pythoness, but by the will of God, and spake to him and told him of his disaster, as I have said in the Maxim of the Immortality of Souls.

DANIEL.

Daniel entred into the Court by Captivity, stayed there by Mortification, made himself known by Prophecy, and there also rendred himself renowned by great Virtues. To comprehend this, it is necessary to know, that the little Kingdom of *Judea* was ordinarily very much exposed to the Armies of the *Assyrians*, which God had chosen to be the scourges and the instruments of the Justice that he exercised upon the sins of his people. King *Nebuchadnezzar* that reigned in that Monarchy six hundred years before the Nativity of our Lord, fell upon *Palestine* with a mighty Army, took and pillaged the City of *Jerusalem*, carried away King *Jehojakim*, with the richest Vessels of the Temple, and abundance of prisoners of the most noted men, amongst which was *Daniel*, accompanied with other young Children of a good Parentage.

The King gave charge to *Ashpenaz* chief Gentleman of his Chamber, to choose him Pages of Royal Extraction, well made, without any blemish or disgrace, as well of mind as body, that should be versed in Arts befitting the Nobility, well learn'd in Exercises, docile, and well governed, and that he should teach them the *Chaldean* Tongue, which was the Language of the Kingdom, that they might wait upon him in his Chamber. *Ashpenaz* having proceeded in the business with much consideration, resolved to take *Daniel*, and his three Companions, *Ananias*, *Azarias*, and *Misael*. From hence one may collect, that this young Child was endowed with most excellent qualities for the conversation of the world, and the life of the Court. Some have perswaded themselves that he was the Son of King *Hezekiah*, but it is without foundation, and with ignorance of the Chronology, seeing that if this opinion were true, it must be inferred, that *Daniel* that is here dealt with as a Child, and chosen for *Nebuchadnezzar's* Page, was at that time fourscore and ten years old, which would be a great impertinency.

Yet it is credible that he was descended from some Son or Daughter of the same King; but however, one may assure that he was of the Blood royal, seeing the King had expresly ordered, that the children that were to appear before him for his service should be taken out of that quality. Besides his eminent birth, he was endowed with a very gentle fashion, knowing according to his age, dextrous in the exercises of the Court, of a sweet and prudent spirit, very different from the temper of him that we proposed in the precedent Elogy. But to speak sincerely, if a good man ought to be considered as a Temple, these exteriour qualities make but the Portal: there are others in the understanding and in the will, that compose the Mysteries of the Sanctuary.

This young child was endowed with a great intelligence in things of Faith and Religion, and of a chast fear of God, and of rare virtues, that surpassed far the ability of his age. Who can sufficiently commend that which he did at his entrance into the Court with his companions, that took light from his spirit, and strength from the imitation of his courage? They were now from the siege of an hunger bitten City, from a long voyage, and abundance of wearisom toils; they find themselves suddenly in the abundance and delicacies of a magnificent Court, where they were to be fed as the other Pages, with the Viands that were served up to the King's table.

Youth hath ordinarily a great inclination to a sensual life, and to content all its appetites; so that there are some that seem not to eat to live, but to live to eat. Yet these young children made a firm resolution to abstain from all the delicious food that was served up to *Nebuchadnezzar's* table, whether for the fear that they had, lest they should have been offered unto Idols, or for the love of temperance, they earnestly beseeched the Master of the Pages to entertain them with nothing but with pulse: &when he

he feared leſt that uſage ſhould make them lean, and that the King ſhould perceive it, they prayed him to try them for the ſpace of ten days, aſſuring him, that living in ſuch a manner, they ſhould be full of health and vigour. This was verified by experience, and when they were to appear in the preſence of the King, they were found in good plight, active, and well inſtructed above all the reſt.

Pſal. 64. *Pingueſcent ſpecioſa deſerti.*

The Prophet ſaith, *That the beauties of the deſart ſhall be fat and fruitfull*: ſo thoſe bodies that are as deſarts, deprived of the fat and of the abundance that a voluptuous life miniſters to the delicate, have a certain bleſſing of God, that infuſes into them an health, a grace, and a beauty, ſutable to a good temper. Do we not ſee that all thoſe birds of prey that feed themſelves with the fleſh of beaſts, ſend forth an horrid cry? but the Nightingales that live innocently by ſome little ſeeds of plants, ſing melodiouſly. *Daniel* was made to charme the ear of a great King by his diſcourſes, to live in contemplations and in lights; he would have nothing to do with the ſmoak and ill vapours of *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Kitchin.

He was full three years under this Maſter of the Pages, Praying, Faſting, keeping the Law of God, learning the Language of the Country and the Modes of the Court. This time being expired, he was preſented to the King amongſt other children of divers Nations, who liked him exceeding well, with his companions, and found that he eminently ſurpaſſed the capacity of all thoſe of the Country, and of the reſt that were nouriſhed with him. When he was advanced in age, and now approaching to thirty years, it pleaſed God to render him very famous at the Court, as another *Joſeph*, by the Interpretation of a Dream.

King *Nebuchadnezzar* had a great Viſion in his ſleep which very much diſquieted his mind; for there remained in him an Idea that he had dreamt of ſome magnificent thing, but his Dream was eſcaped from him, and he could by no means unfold it, whether he ſaid true, or whether he diſſembled, to try his Diviners and all thoſe that undertook to foretel hidden things. He makes a great Aſſembly of the Sages of the Country in his Palace, to know of them what it was that he had dreamed; whereat theſe men were very much aſtoniſhed, and told him with all humility, that no man ever dealt ſo with the Interpreters of Dreams, but that the ordinary manner was to declare the Viſion, and then ſeek for the Interpretation.

This King that was of an impetuous and extravagant ſpirit, ſaid, that he was not contented with that trivial faſhion of telling his Dreams, to give them matter of inventing afterward ſuch an Interpretation as they would; but that the true ſecret of the Science was to divine the Dream it ſelf. The Magicians replied, that there was none but the Gods that could give a reſolution of that, and that their commerce was far diſtant from ours. The King thereupon ſent them away with anger; and without giving vent to his choler, reſolved to rid himſelf of all the Diviners in his Kingdom, having already given command to his Captain of the Guard to put them all to death. All of them fled, and were exactly ſearched for; *Daniel* that was thought to make profeſſion of theſe extraordinary Sciences was involved in the ſame danger, there being no want of wicked minded men, that ſeeing him ſufficiently in the favour of the King endeavoured to deſtroy him in that occaſion.

He would not ſuddainly forſake the Court, as one feared, but aſſuring himſelf of Gods protection, he preſented himſelf to the Captain of the Guard, praying him to make ſome ſurceaſe upon that rigorous Edict, and not to dip his hands in bloud by the death of ſo many men, but to permit him only to preſent himſelf to the King, and he hoped to give him all content. In this he ſhewed himſelf very prudent, there being nothing better in troubleſome affairs and very ſuddain, then to bring ſome retardment, whilſt the ſpirit may give it ſelf leiſure to come to it ſelf again, and to find expediments to get out of an ill way. He ſpake to the King, expreſſing much compaſſion even for them that bore him envy, and deſired ſome delay, which was very reaſonable, to reſolve ſo crabbed a Queſtion.

Now when he ſaw well that it paſſed the capacity of any created ſpirit, he had recourſe to the Creatour by moſt humble and moſt fervent prayers, which he recommended alſo to his dear Companions, that all conſpiring to the ſame deſign, they might the more eaſily obtain the mercy and the illumination of God in ſo great and ſo profound a ſecret. It is thus that good men proceed in all buſineſſes of importance, diſtruſting all their own managery if it be not directed from on high. Their prayers redoubled day and night, one upon the other, forced Heaven with a pious violence, and the Dream with its Interpretation was revealed to *Daniel* in the midſt of his moſt ardent Devotions. He felt his ſpirit touched with a glimpſe of the firſt light, and ſaw as in a mirrour, all that had paſſed in *Nebuchadnezzar*'s mind with ſuch a certainty, as permitted him not to doubt of it. Then he was not like *Archimedes* who having found ſome ſecret of the Mathematicks, as he was in a Bath, leapt out all naked by a ſtrange tranſport, crying through the ſtreets, *I have found it, I have found it.* This is ordinary to ſpirits that have nothing in their head but vanity; but holy *Daniel* cryes out thereon, *Let the name of God be bleſſed for ever, for to him belongeth wiſdome and ſtrength.* It is he that diſtributeth wiſdome to the true Sages, and that beſtows knowledge on thoſe that range themſelves under his Diſcipline. It is he that reveals things hidden in the moſt deep abyſſes, and knows that which is buried in the moſt thick darkneſs, and light dwells perpetually with him. I praiſe thee, and I confeſs thee from the bottome of my heart the God of my Fathers, that haſt given this ſtrength of ſpirit, and this underſtanding to penetrate the King's ſecret.

He ſpake many ſuch like words, and riſing from his prayer, he went to ſeek the Captain of the Guard, whom he beſought to ſave the Sages of *Babylon*, and to cauſe no more to die, becauſe he had found out the ſecret that was ſearched after by the Prince; which the other received with much joy, and failed not immediately to carry news of it to the King, who cauſed *Daniel* to be called, of whom he demanded the performance of his promiſe. Then the Prophet uſing a great prudence and a ſingular modeſty excuſed all the Sages of *Chaldea* that could not find out the King's ſecret thoughts, and vaunted not himſelf to know them by his own ſufficiency, but by the inſpiration of the God whom he adored. In which, he expreſſed a great Wiſdome and a generous Humility, not giving any Praiſe to himſelf, but tranſferring all the Glory to the living God, that he might work

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in the King an high esteem of the true Religion.

S. *Gregory* saith, That those that seek their own glory in the Commission they have from God, are like those that espousing (in quality of proxies) a wife by order of their Master, would play the Husbands, not contenting themselves to be simple Commissioners. *Daniel* abhorred such proceedings, because he was a star that would shew his Sun, and would not be seen himself but by his favour. He made then a large discourse to the King his master, and told him his Dream, which was touching that famous Statue, that had an head of Gold, a breast and arms of Silver, a belly and thighs of Copper, legs of Iron, and feet partly of Iron and partly of Earth: and added, that whilst the King beheld it in his Dream, he saw a little stone come from a great mountain that strook the feet of the Statue and tumbled it down immediately, scattering the Gold, the Silver, the Copper, the Iron, and the Earth as small chaffe dissipated by a whirlewind, and that that little stone changed it self in an instant into a huge Mountain, and filled the whole earth.

After he had so subtlely touched the Vision of the Prince, making him remember all that his imagination had framed, he descended to the particularities of the Interpretation, and said, That he was the Golden Head of that Statue, God having made him a King of kings, and having given him Strength, Rule, and Glory, with a Power over the Earth inhabited by men, over the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field. Then he advertised, that after him should come a Kingdome less then his, that should be as Silver in comparison of Gold.: And after that second should arise a third, resembling Brass, that should command over the whole earth: And after that a fourth, which as Iron, should subdue and break in pieces all that it should meet with. And as for that that he had seen the Feet of the Statue composed of Iron and Clay, it meant, that there should be a great inequality and disproportion in that last Empire, by reason of the mixture of very differing parts that could not be fitted well together. In fine, that God would raise up a Kingdome of Heaven, signified by that little Stone, that should crush the other Kingdomes, and should remain stable to all Eternity.

The King was so transported with *Daniel*'s discourse, that he rose suddenly from his Throne, and bending with his face to the earth, worshipped him, commanding that Sacrifices and Incense should be offered to him, and publishing highly that his God was the God of gods, and the Lord of kings, to whom alone it belonged to reveal Mysteries, since he could penetrate into such a secret.

Wisdome was never upon so high a Throne, as to see the proudest of Monarchs at her feet. Yet *Daniel* well knew how to moderate the transports of his spirit, and by shewing him the nothing of the creature to draw him to the worship and honour of the Creatour which was the master of Knowledge, and source of all pure Light. These are the wonders of the Sovereign Monarch, to consider, that a young man that came to that Court as a slave should find there suddenly in the esteem of his Prince the quality of a God; he was shut up continually in his chamber, and his spirit walked through the whole Universe; he was a Captive, and saw Kings pass before him as the Dream of a night.

For, represent to your selves with what wisdome and with what greatness of conceptions he saw in one onely Dream that which should extend beyond six hundred years, and that which had been doing thirteen or fourteen hundred years before. That Golden Head of the Statue was the chief Monarchy of the World, founded (as 'tis held) by *Belus* whom *Ninus* his son consecrated for a God, causing a great statue of gold to be erected for him, which had eyes counterfeited of certain precious stones that were afterwards called *Belus* his eyes. This *Ninus* took to wife a maid that came from nothing, named *Semiramis*, that gained him by her charms, and reigned after him in a most imperious way, till such time as she was assassinated by her own son, when she incited him to a most enormous sin. This son that was called *Ninias* was esteemed but little, and followed with about two and thirty sit-still Kings, the last of which was *Sardanapalus*, that was spinning out his distaffe amongst the women of his Seraglio, when he was surprised by a revolt of two of his Captains, and burnt himself with all his most precious wealth, that he might leave to his conquerours nothing else but ashes.

This Monarchy of the Assyrians was then divided into two Kingdomes by those two Chiefs that conspired against their Master. *Arbaces* took the Medes, and *Belesus* the Chaldeans; out of this *Belesus* issued thirteen Kings, amongst which *Nebuchadnezzar* and *Belshazzar*: *Arbaces* was followed by nine, the last of which was *Astyages*.

These two Kingdomes were afterward incorporated into one sole Monarchy of the Persians, figured by the Silver, founded by *Cyrus*, whom God seemed to lead by the hand to the conquest of Nations, and to give him happiness at his disposall, to follow no more any but his standards. His Monarchy reckoned two hundred years, and fourteen Kings, when under *Darius*, one of the greatest spectacles of the inconstancy of humane things, it was buried by the Grecians, after five millions of men had been consumed in three battels.

Alexander founded this third Empire, represented by the Brass, and did that great master-work, by which he seemed to have been born onely to shew posterity to what point of greatness a man may arrive by the heighth of his enterprises, and the vigour of his arms. The course of his Reign ended in twelve years, and so many conquests were bounded by a glass of poyson. His Princes shared diversly the Empire, who, after they had dipped their swords so many times in the bloud of the Barbarians, washed them in their own, and tore one another by horrible civil Wars.

Finally, the Roman Empire was that Iron which brake the Gold, the Silver, and the Copper, and swallowed up all the Monarchies to contribute to its greatness. But there was a mixture of Clay and Iron in this that so many stranger-Kings (that were effeminated by luxury) were adjoyned to the invincible force of that courageous Nation. This was not well founded; there was need of an eternal Kingdome, which began at the Birth of our Lord, seven hundred years after the foundation of the City of *Rome*, and is exercised after a spiritual and eminent manner to the end of all Ages.

I have desired to trace out this in a few lines, to verifie the Interpretation that *Daniel* gave to *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Dream, and the great lights that he communicated to him about the estate of the Empires of the earth. The King in this consideration could not satisfie himself with admiring of him, and raised him unto most high degrees of honour, making him as Vice-Roy of all the Provinces of his Kingdome, the chief Magistrate, and the Prince of

the Council of the Sages. He was constrained to accept all this by reason of the imperious humour of his Master, who in his first motions would no way be contraried; but he so ordered the business, that his cares were divided amongst his dear companions, to whom he caused Offices in the Provinces to be bestowed, whilst he was always about the Kings person.

But it seldome happens that good men are raised at Court but that God makes them know by some revolution or other, the brittleness of all the glory of the world. Scarce had they tasted the first-fruits of the honour due to their merit, but the Prince always puffed up with his victories, and pricked with an high esteem of greatness, without having any remembrance of the Conduct of his Empire that had bin represented to him in his Dream, causes a golde Statue of sixty cubits high to be erected for himself, that should be one of the most formidable Colossus's that had been ever seen. And as it was the custome to make great Ceremonies at the Dedication of these Testimonies of honour that were given to Kings, he summoned all the principal men of his whole Kingdom, the Governours, and the Officers of his Crown. One reades not that *Daniel* had any thing to do with it, be it, that he was absent upon some great employment, or be it that he avoyded that occurrence by a shift: But his Companions were sent for thither, because that the great credit that they had by the recommendation of *Daniel* had already drawn upon them the envy of those of the Country, who sought for nothing but an occasion to destroy them.

They might deliberate among themselves whether it were not permitted to render an honour purely civil to the Statue of a King, and conclude with reason, that such an action tended not to the sin of Idolatry. They could not be ignorant that the Prophet *Elisha* granted leave to *Naaman* the *Syrian* to accompany the King his Master to the Temple of the Idols, and even to bend the knee, not with a design to do homage to the false God, but with an intention to hold up his Prince whilst he leaned upon him, as was his custome. This action seemed more bold, because here is mention of a place wherein worship was rendred to an imaginary Deity; and although that this *Naaman* had neither heart nor adoration for it, yet those that saw him bow before that Abomination, might inferr; that he perished in his Superstition; yet for all that, the Prophet grants him in this thing all that he desired. By a juster title seems it, that these here ought not to have moved so furious a tempest against their Nation for lack of doing reverence to the Image of a King.

Nevertheless, these three young men, after they had considered that the King pretended to cause himself to be adored in that Statue as a God, filled with a sense of their Religion, whiles some suffered themselves to go to that adoration, and others fled for fear of torments, presented themselves to the King, and protested loudly that they were the servants of the living God, and that they should hold it for a great sin to render the honour that is due to him, to an Idol.

The King was suddainly moved with choler, and threatned to cause them to be burnt alive if they obeyed not, and that there was no God either in Heaven or upon Earth that should be able to deliver them out of his hands. These gallant Princes not being able to endure this blasphemy, answered constantly, that the God which they served was the Sovereign Master of all Kings, that nothing was impossible to his power; that it was most easie for him to draw them out of a danger so evident; but happen what would, they would never be so base and cowardly as to betray their Faith, and bely their Religion.

What cannot Resolution do? what cannot Courage do? What cannot true Piety do? And what does not the Spirit of God? That three children that were strangers amidst so many millions of Infidels that environed them as enraged wolves amidst the thundring angers of an inexorable King, the horrible faces of hangmen, whilst the flames of the fornace into which they were suddenly to be thrown flashed over, to the horrour and trembling even of those that were without danger, should stand as three rocks immoveable to all these violent shakings! What menaces did this wicked King employ to make himself to be feared! What sweetnesses and allurements to make himself be beloved! And yet they remain inflexible to rigours, and impregnable to caresses. They are cast into those fiery coals that bore a true representation of hell, to endure the sharpest of pains, and they find there the most sensible of pleasures. The fire forgets it self to be fire; the fornace strows it self with flowers; the gentle breathings of the South-winds temper the ardour of the flames, and that which was the most rigorous of punishments, becomes a Throne of honour, upon which these three Champions speak as Oracles, and all the Creatures change themselves into ears to hear them.

The King that was there present, and that had seen them thrown in fast bound and manacled, when he saw them walk all three, assisted with a fourth that was the Angel of God, in that great and horrible fornace as in a meadow enamelled over with flowers, demanded of his Princes whether they were not those same men that were newly thrown into the fire, and whence it could come to pass that that Element should change its nature for them, after it had devoured their executioners. He draws near to the fornace, he calls them by their names, and commands them to come to him, to see if they were not spirits loosed from the body. They come forth, he embraceth them, he is in an extasie for joy, and confesses with a loud voyce, that the God of those Children is the true God; and ordains, that he that shall be so hardy as to blaspheme him, should be punished with death, and his house confiscated.

What triumph was ever so glorious as that of the true Religion, that then made visible her Grandeurs to the sight of all the Infidels in her Captivity, and when one would have thought her dead, wrote her praises in characters of fire? The Nobles came about these three Princes, considered their habits, the hair of their heads, their flesh, their skin, aud found that every thing was entire. Calumny changed her self into Adoration, Rage into Astonishment, and those that were thought lost ard reduced to nothing, saw themselves consecrated by their punishments.

This should have converted the King, and all his Nation, to the Worship of the true God; and yet (those chains that keep men bound in their Superstition for a long time, aud by deep rooted habits being almost indissoluble) every thing remained in the same condition, and this Prince blinded by the Prosperity of his Arms, carried his Ambitions to the highest Point, to which those of mortal men can mount, whilst it

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pleased God to chastise him by a very extraordinary change.

A year before that the unhappiness befel him, he saw in a dream a tree of an immense heighth, that seemed to him to cover all the earth with its branches; the leaves thereof were pleasant; the fruit most savoury; the beasts of the earth fed under it, and lived by the favours they received from it; and upon it the little birds of the air made melodious consorts; whilst on a sudden he saw an Angel descend from heaven, and commanded that the Tree should be cut down, her branches scattered, her leaves shaken off, her fruits destroyed, that it should be tumbled down upon the grass, wet continually with the dew of heaven, bound with a great iron chain, and that there should be left only some small root to spring up again in time to come, but that it should lie seven years under ground before it should appear.

He was much affrighted at this Dream, and made a second assembly of the Sages of his Kingdom that could not give any sutable Interpretation of it. *Daniel* was called, and the Dream related to him from point to point by the Kings own mouth, from which he immediately discovered much misery for his Master. There is need of a great force of spirit when one is to carry an afflicting Truth to a person that one loves, and of whom one hath received great benefits.

One would have counselled *Daniel* to hold his peace, to dissemble, to elude the true sense by some appearing Interpretation; yet, he knowing that God had sent him to that Court not to vaunt himself in the honour of his Offices, and in the abundance of his riches; but to have a care of the salvation of his King, and to heal the vanities of his spirit, although that by interpreting this Dream according to the truth, he should bring himself in danger of the ruine of his fortunes. He disguised nothing, but told him, that it were to be wished that the effect of that Dream might fall upon his enemies, but since that unhappiness threatned him, it would be better to endeavour to divert it, then to invent artifices to suppress it.

That he was that great Tree that lifted his branches as high as heaven, and covered with his shadow the roundness of the earth, that so many millions of men were in shelter under his protection, and breathed by his favour; but forasmuch as he had despised God, and had entred into a great presumption of his sufficiency, without considering that every thing came to him from on high, that he should be separated from the conversation of men, ranked with beasts, that he should eat the grass of the field as an Ox, and should be exposed to the rain and to all the injuries of the air, living as a beast, till such time as he should know that there is one most high God that rules over the Kingdoms of Monarchs, and gives them to whom he pleases; but there being yet a root remaining to that overthrown Tree, that there should be some recovery from that brutal life, and that he should be put again into his Kingdom when he should know the power of the Heavenly virtue.

This *Daniel* was a sprightly Courtier, to tell a King that he should become an Ox for the space of seven years; this had been enough to have made him been declared an Impostour, and been banished from the Court. Nevertheless it is a strange thing that *Nebuchadnezzar* makes no reply thereto, but hears patiently the counsel that he gives him, to expiate his sins by Alms and by good Works. He was seized with a great fear of God, with an affright that took from his mouth all manner of reply, to think by what means he might appease the menaces of Heaven.

But we must aver that this great King had something in him very wild, and a spirit that had no more subsistence then the clouds and winds. He passed often from one extremity of the passions to the other without lighting upon the middle, and sometimes he appeared humbled to the abyss, and sometimes also clave to the air and clouds, and planted his Throne by extravagant imaginations even above the stars.

This Dream of the Tree kept him in his wits a pretty while; but scarce were twelve months expired, but being one day in his Palace, he entred into a mad vanity about the City of *Babylon*, which he said he had builded by the strength of his wit and of his arm, and for the high magnificences of his glory. The word was yet in his mouth, when the anger of God fell upon his head, as a suddain flash of lightning, and he was changed into a beast; not that he lost his humane soul, nor the ordinary figure of his body, but he entred into so violent and so extraordinary a frenzy, that he perswaded himself that he was an Ox, and instantly forsook his Palace and his Throne, ran up and down the fields, and fed on grass with the beasts; and although endeavour was used to cure him by all sorts of remedies, yet experience shewed that this evil was a wound from heaven, for which no case was to be found. He became so mad that they were fain to bind and chain him, and yet he brake his chains and tore his cloaths, and exposed himself all naked to the rain, to the winds, and to all the rigours that the seasons brought. His hair increased horribly, and his nails so crooked, that they would make one believe that he was some bird of rapine.

All the Court was in mourning and sadness for this so terrible an accident; and although his burnt bloud, and his violent passions had much contributed to his malady; yet so was it, that the blindest saw that there was in it a manifest punishment of God.

Evilmerodach his son took the Government of the Empire in quality of Regent, during the indisposition of the King his Father; and although he appeared to be much moved at that change, yet there was more shew in it then reality. But in fine, this miserable frantick having passed seven years in a pitiful condition came again to his right senses, and the first thing that he did, was, to lift up his eyes to heaven, to bless God, to acknowledge that his might was without limits, that his Kingdom was an everlasting Kingdom, that all men of the habitable earth were but nothing before him, that he disposed of all, as well amongst the heavenly virtues as amongst the creatures of this lower world, that nothing could resist his power without experimenting his Justice.

His good Subjects touch'd with a great compassion sought him out again, and re-placed him upon his Throne, where he reigned with a great modesty, and lived in the knowledge of the true God, as so far, as to work out his own salvation, as *S. Augustine* assures us, together with other Fathers of the Church. So every thing was restored to him with more splendour and Majesty then before, his accident bringing no diminution to his Authority. This give incompatable joyes to holy *Daniel*, who amidst all the Grandeurs of the Court, wished for nothing but the conversion of his Master.

Evilmerodach

Evilmerodach that had taken ſome liking to the Regency, was not contented at this change, but expreſſed ſo much deſpight at it, that the King his father diſtruſting him, kept him in priſon, which was very bitter unto him, ſeeing himſelf deſcended from the throne, in a moment, to the condition of a captive.

It is held, that *Nebuchadnezzar* reigned after his re-eſtabliſhment the ſpace of ſix or ſeven years, and that the ſucceſſour of his Empire was this *Evilmerodach* his priſoner, who remained a long time in the languor of his captivity. He found in that priſon *Jehojakim* King of the Jews, and (as men in miſery have a kind of obligation to love the like) he looked upon him with a good eye, and recreated himſelf often with him, having no other company at all. The memory of this friendſhip accompanied him to the Throne, and he cauſed his companion to be delivered out of priſon, uſing him honourably, and giving him even Offices of importance in his Court. The new King paſſing from one extremity to another in ſuch a ſudden, behaved himſelf but ill; for it is ſaid that he cauſed the body of his father to be torn in pieces, for fear he ſhould return again from the gates of death to reſume his Scepter, and that he reigned with much inſolence, taking a pride to trample under foot all that his predeceſſours had exalted. And therefore, that eclipſe that *Daniel* was in at Court, as it appears from the ſacred Text, might have happened at this time, ſince that the Jews were retir'd, and had little credit in the Kingdome.

This holy Prophet ſeeing himſelf diſcharged of the buſineſſes of the Court, and ranged in a ſolitude, was in his element, and recollected all his thoughts to give to his heart the joyes of God, which good ſouls find in a retirement. It was then that he entred farther into the commerce of the intelligences, that he was viſited by Angels with more favour, that he learn'd the ſecret of Empires, and ſaw all the glory of the world at his feet: yet he could not belly his good heart, nor avoid but that the contempt of the true Religion, and the affliction of his poor people that ſuffered much in this alteration, was very ſenſible to him.

Evilmerodach was never the happier for leaving the paths of Piety which his father had trod out for him; for after a ſhort and wicked Reign he was ſuppreſſed by his brother-in-law *Nerigloſſor*, who having a child by his wife named *Belſhazzar*, the grand-child of the great *Nebuchadnezzar*, put him forward to ſucceed in the Empire. In the mean while the father governed the Kingdome in quality of a Regent, and when *Belſhazzar* was of age, he remitted all the power into his hands, which he uſed moderately during his fathers life; but as ſoon as he was dead he laid aſide his vizard, and grew diſſolute in the quantity of exceſſes and of debauches, ſhamefull to a Prince of his extraction.

The heighth of his fatal pleaſures was in the moſt ſumptuous banquet that he made, to which he invited a thouſand perſons of the beſt quality in his Kingdome, wherein their ſpirits being poured out into an exceſſive voluptuouſneſs, the King himſelf being full of wine and impiety, commanded that the magnificent veſſels which his grandfather had taken in the Temple of *Jeruſalem* ſhould be brought upon their cupboard; which was readily performed, and he put them into the hands of his wanton Courtiers and immodeſt women, who mocked at the myſteries of the true Religion. That banquetting-houſe ſeem'd nothing now but a repair of Bacchanals, where Gluttony, Love, Sport, Jeaſting, exerciſed all their power; and the laſcivious devils were unchain'd to induce the gueſts to all ſort of intemperance, when behold a Prodigy comes that changes the diſſolute merriments of that Court into an horrible tragedy.

An hand of a man without the body appeared upon a wall, whoſe fingers ſeem'd to move, and to write unknown characters, whereat the King was ſo affrighted, that all his body trembled, and his countenance appeared laden with pale colours of Death, which ſpoiled all the ſport, and cauſed a great ſilence in the banquetting-hall. Immediately recourſe was had to the Sages and Diviners of *Chaldea* to read and interpret that writing; but they were found alwayes weak in ſuch myſteries as theſe.

The Queen Mother had a good ſoul, and retained alwayes ſome impreſſion of the true Religion, ſhe remembred *Daniel* that was at that time baniſhed from the Court, and had in eſteem his great wiſdome and good converſation: and therefore as ſoon as ſhe had heard of the accident that had happened, and the great trouble of mind the King her ſon was in, ſhe entred into the hall, and ſpake to him very advantageouſly of *Daniel*, aſſuring him, that he was a perſonage that was fill'd with the Deity, and that under the Reign of his Grand-father he had given admirable interpretation of hidden things, which made him be loved of that great King who fail'd not to declare him the Prince of the Council of the Sages of *Chaldea*; but that the inſolences of *Evilmerodach* (inſufferable to all the world) had driven him from the Court, though not from *Babylon*, in which yet he was, and that he was the onely man capable to reſolve him in ſo ſtrange a buſineſs.

The King received this advice with much joy, and commanded inſtantly that *Daniel* ſhould be cauſed to come to him, who was retired in his little ſolitude. He is ſought for, he is found, he is brought to his Majeſty, who entertained him very courteouſly, and asked of him the Interpretation of the words written on the wall, promiſing him that if he would tel him the truth he would give him the purple robe and the collar of the Order. But *Daniel* expreſſed to him that all theſe preſents moved him nothing, and that he aimed at no other honour at the Court then that of his Maſter, whoſe will and decrees he would declare. He puts the King in mind of his Grandfather, of the Greatneſs and of the Majeſty of his Empire, of the abſolute power that he exerciſed over men, and how his heart being lifted up againſt God, he was reduced to a brutall life, in which he remained the ſpace of ſeven years, till ſuch time as his chaſtiſement giving him wiſdome had rendred to him his health and Scepter. After he had prepared the ſpirit of *Belſhazzar* by a domeſtick example, he told him with a generous freedome, that that which he had known to happen to the perſon of that great King was ſufficient to humble him, and yet he had exalted himſelf againſt the Sovereign Monarch, and had cauſed with much mirth of heart the conſecrated Veſſels of his Temple to be prophaned, when he cauſed his Gods of gold and ſilver to be praiſed to the reproach of the true God, and that in revenge of ſo bad an action, that hand which he had ſeen on the wall was ſent from heaven, and had written three horrible words, which are, *Mene*, *Tekel*, *Pheres*, that is to ſay, *Count*, *Weigh*, *Divide*; the firſt ſignifies that God hath counted the dayes of his reign, and hath put a period to them: the ſecond, that he had been put in the balance of the Sovereign Judge, and that he had not been found

found weight: the third, that his Kingdom ſhould be divided, and given for a Prey to the *Medes* and *Perſians*.

It is a ſtrange thing that *Daniel* having made ſo doleful a prediction, King *Belſhazzar* entred not into wrath againſt him, but on the contrary, commanded that the purple and collar of gold ſhould be given him, which he had promiſed to the Interpreter of his viſion. But there will be leſs cauſe to wonder, if we conſider that it was a Maxim amongſt the *Babylonians* not to be angry with the Diviners and Aſtrologers, when they foretold any evil to come, no more then with the ſhadow of a Sun-Dial that ſhews the hour, or the Weather-cock that declares the Wind. And furthermore, this young Prince hearing his Prophet ſpeak with ſo much judgment and ſanctity, had him in eſteem for a man of God, which he ought not to offend, and beſides that by entreating him with courteſie, he hoped, that being a friend of the true Gods, he might have as much power to turn away the ſcourge wherewith he was threatned, as he had underſtanding to know it, and force of ſpirit to foretel it.

One might alſo marvel that *Daniel*, who at the beginning teſtified that he made ſmall account of the riches and greatneſs of the Court, for all that accepted of the purple, of the chain; and of the dignity of the third perſon in the Kingdom, that was preſented to him. But we ought to obſerve, that ſometimes it is an infirmity of ſpirit not to be able to endure honour when it comes by a Divine diſpoſal and a ſecret of Providence over us. This wiſe Courtier conſidered, that being of his own nature ſo far from all theſe things, they came to ſeek him out in his ſolitude, and that it was a ſign of God that would have it ſo, not for him, but for the benefit of his Nation, which was much more favourably uſed in matter of the exerciſe of their Religion when he was in favour; beſides that the virtue and moderation which he made glitter in all his actions, even in his higheſt proſperities, contrary to the ordinary manner of all thoſe that were then at Court, gave more glory to God, then if he had been perpetually hidden in an obſcure life.

It was an indiſcretion in *Belſhazzar* to expreſs ſo much aſtoniſhment, and to diſcloſe that prediction, by reaſon that there was a ſecret conſpiracy againſt him which was plotted amidſt thoſe publick diſſolutions; and the conſpiratours were the more animated to the execution of that enterpriſe, when they knew that that Prodigy threatned him. The ſame night they performed their wicked deſign, and outrageouſly murdered him, after he had reigned but nine moneths ſince his Fathers death. The principal men of the Kingdom that were of the conſpiracy choſe one of their complices named *Nabonidus*, who is called in Scripture *Darius* the *Mede*, who knowing the Prophecy of *Daniel*, and the freedom with which he had ſpoken to the King, eſteemed him for it, and retained him at the Court in the quality which his Predeceſſour had given him a night before his death. When he ſaw himſelf eſtabliſhed in favour again, he forgat not God, his heart being always animated with a zeal to his Religion; and when he ſaw his King inclining to the Superſtition of the Country, his heart was much grieved at it, and he endeavours to cleanſe him from his errours, ſeeing him to be of a diſpoſition too ſimple and credulous to the prejudice of the truth.

Amongſt theſe falſe Deities, *Bel* was ador'd with an exquiſite & ſumptuous worſhip, in as much as there were offered to him every day out of the King's houſe twelve baskets of meal, forty ſheep, and ſix great meaſures of wine; and it was believed that that Idol did eat up all the offerings. The King that loved *Daniel* ſo much as to make him dine ſometimes at his own table, deſired that he would accommodate himſelf to the Laws of the Country, and that he would expreſs ſome affection to the ſervice of that great *Bel* that was adored univerſally by all the Nation. But this wiſe Courtier anſwered him freely that he would never worſhip any but the true living God. *Darius* replyed, that there was nothing required to be adored but to live; *Bel* was truly the living God, becauſe he did eat and drink well, and coſt much to feed him. *Daniel* ſmiling anſwered, that it was a great ſimplicity to think that that Idol did eat up all that was offered him every day. Whereupon the King was moved with a curioſity to know how all this went, and having cauſed the ordinary viands to be offered at *Bel*'s altar, carefully ſaw all the doors of the Temple ſhut, and put Guards before them that no body might enter in. *Daniel* before he went out thence with the King, cauſed abundance of Aſhes to be ſown there, hoping by this means to diſcover the Impoſture. The morrow after the King cauſed the doors to be opened that had remained faſt ſhut with his own ſeal, and when as he entred in he ſaw that all the victuals had been taken away, he cryed out that *Bel* was a great God, and that it muſt needs be acknowledged that he did eat excellently well, ſeeing nothing of all thoſe offerings was remaining. But *Daniel* inſtantly made him ſee upon the Aſhes the ſteps of thoſe that had entred, whereat he was aſtoniſhed, and called for all the Prieſts of that Idol, to whom he ſhewed their cheat, and preſſed them ſo eagerly that they diſcovered certain little doors under the Altar through which they entred to the number of threeſcore and ten, beſides women and little children to devour the ſacrifice. The King was aſham'd at the ſimplicity of his belief, this ſhame paſſed into wrath, and wrath proceeded as far as bloud, cauſing him to put to death all the Impoſtours.

Furthermore, in the ſame place there was a Dragon which was yet worſhiped by that ſuperſtitious people, which *Daniel*, after he had obtained the permiſſion of the King, killed by making a maſs compoſed of pitch, of greaſe and of hair, which he made him ſwallow, and with it choak himſelf.

This made a great commotion amongſt the people that ſaid that the King was become a *Jew*, cauſing his Prieſts to be murthered, and killing the Dragon, that there was now nothing remaining but to ſtrangle all the ſenſe of the Ancient Religion. In ſuch a manner that behold a great tempeſt is raiſed againſt *Daniel*, which in the opinion of all the world, threatned him with an inevitable death. The Grandees of the Realm endeavour to raine him by all ways, and conſidering that he was exact and irreproachable in his office, they reſolve to enſnare him in a matter of Religion. Under colour of gratifying the King they beſeech him to make an Edict, that whoſoever ſhould deſire any thing of the Gods or of men, for the ſpace of thirty days, except of the King, ſhould be caſt into the Lions-den, which the King granted them, not knowing what their malice plotted againſt the innocence of his Prophet and Officer of State. He was watched on all ſides, and retired himſelf from the King to diminiſh the jealouſie that men had of him for the favours he received from him.

All

All his conſolation was in Prayer, and in thoſe amiable diſcourſes which he had with God; and therefore he was afflicted as much as can be expreſſed, ſeeing that the King his Maſter let himſelf be perſwaded to make an edict ſo outrageous againſt the honour of God, as to forbid to pray unto him. Yet this hindered not him from continuing his oraiſons, lifting up thrice a day his weeping eyes on that ſide whereon the Temple of *Jeruſalem* was built, and ſighing in the preſence of his great Maſter with the ardours of an heart that evaporated it ſelf all in Love.

The nobles that were every day at his door failed not to ſurpriſe him, and to accuſe him that he had tranſgreſſed the Edict, which he acknowledged freely. Complaints of it were ſuddenly made to his Majeſty whoſe heart was wounded for the affection that he bare to *Daniel*, and he laboured even till the Sun ſet to ſave him; nevertheleſs ſeeing himſelf preſſed violently by his Edict, and the vehemence which the Nobles uſed that it ſhould be obſerved, he abandoned the innocent to their fury againſt his will. This defiles the conſcience of many great men, who are evil-doers of their diſpoſition, and yet for all that commit great evils through the complacency that they give to the violent humours of thoſe that are about them. He had ſome hope that *Daniel* would eſcape, and that the God which he adored would ſave him, and therefore he made no reſiſtance by arms, but delivered him into their hands to be caſt into that horrible den of the Lions that had been kept hungry on purpoſe that he might be the ſooner devoured.

But, O God of wonders, what Prodigie is here! The Lions worſhip their prey; *Daniel* is viſited in that Cave by a Prophet come in an inſtant from *Judea* by the Miniſtry of an Angel that brought him his dinner. The beaſts change their Nature, and Nature forces her Laws for the reſpect of a ſervant of God. The King that had lain down without his ſupper, and had not ſlept all night for the fear that he had for his poor *Daniel*, runs early in the morning to the Lions-den, which he had cauſed to be ſhut up with a great ſtone put upon the mouth of it, and ſtamped with his own Seal, and there cryes out with a lamentable voyce, asking of *Daniel* whether he were yet alive; who made him ſee how the God that he adored had delivered him and preſerved him from all evil; Whereat he was ſo raviſhed, that he began to look upon him as an heavenly man, cauſed his accuſers to be apprehended, to be expoſed to the ſame Lions, who devoured them immediately, and publiſhed an Edict in favour of the true Religion. This King reigned ſeventeen years, til ſuch time as *Cyrus* by a moſt particular deſign of God ſeized upon the Monarchy and dealt favourably with the faithfull people. *Daniel* remained alwayes very conſiderable, having ſeen five Kings paſs away, and was at laſt honoured even by his enemies themſelves for his rare virtues, and for the wonders that God had placed in his perſon. One may obſerve in his life abundance of Lineaments that adorn highly the converſation of a true Courtier, as are, his conſtancy in Religion, his Devotion, the tenderneſs of his love to God, his Charity towards his neighbour, his modeſty, his ſparingneſs to ſpeak of himſelf, his Moderation in Proſperity, his Strength of ſpirit in Adverſity, his inviolable Firmneſs never to yeeld to ſin, his exact faithfulneſs towards his Maſter, his Conſcience, Science, and Ability in the Adminiſtration of his Charges, his Love to his Friends, his Compaſſion to the Miſerable, his affability towards all the World, his patient enduring of the humours of Strangers, his Prudence in his Conduct, and the bleſſing of God that made all his enterpriſes proſper.

THE RELIGIOUS MEN.

ELIJAH. ELISHA.

BEhold here an admirable Courtier that was never of the number of thoſe flatterers of the Court that keep Truth in Iron-Chains, and give to vices the colour of virtue. *Elijah* was a Prophet that included the name of God, and of the Sun in his Name, and who all his life-time bare the perfections of them both, as being a true child of Light, of Fire, and a viſible image of the inviſible beauties.

beauties. As he was yet hanging at his mothers breast, his father had a vision, by which it seemed to him that his son sucked fire instead of Milk, and nourished himself with a most pure flame, which without offending him, furnished him with an Aliment as delicious as possible. So was he all his life a man of fire; and as it seemed that that King of Elements followed the course of his words and will, so he burnt also in the Interiour with that fire that kindles the hearts of Angels.

He was the first of men that set up the Standard of Virginity, that consecrated it upon his body when it was unknown and despised in the World, who made an Angelical order of the Mount *Carmel* to which he hath transmitted his Spirit through a long and sweet posterity that hath found sources of contemplation which he derived to the World to water the barrenness of the Earth, that hath traced the Originals of all his virtues upon that fair *Carmel*, upon that sacred solitude that was his first Terrestrial Paradise.

His Speech was Thunder, and his life Lightning, his Example a School of great Actions, his Zeal a Devouring fire, his Negotiations the affairs of Eternity, his Conversation an Idea of the Contemplative and Civil Life, his Translation a Miracle without peer. I leave to those that have undertaken to write his Life the retail of his Virtues and of his Miracles, staying onely upon his Actions that he did at Court, treating with the Kings *Achab*, *Jehu*, *Abazias*, and the wicked Queen *Jezabel*.

He flourished nine hundred years before the Nations of our Lord in the Kingdom of *Israel*, which was then divided both by Religion and by Policy from that of *Judah* and *Jerusalem*. *Ahab* the son of *Amri*, an ill Crow of an ill Egg, held then the Empire. and being married to a *Sidonian* the daughter of the King of *Sidon* which was called *Jezabel*, an haughty and malicious woman, he was totally governed by her, and to render himself complacent to her humours caused a Temple to be erected to the God *Baal*, and near that Temple a Grove to be planted, where were committed all the Abominations, ordinary to Idolaters.

Elijah that burned with the Zeal of the honour of God, was touched with a most sensible grief by so scandalous an Action, and was stirred up by his great Master to destroy that Mystery of Iniquity. Now, he knowing that it was hard to Preach efficaciously the Truth to Spirits froliking it in the midst of the smiling prosperities of the World, thought, by the order of the God of the Universe, that it was best to afflict that wicked people by a long famine and great adversities to make them reflect upon themselves, and return to the Worship of the true Religion. He sware then aloud and publickly before *Ahab* for the punishment of his Idolatry, that there should not be during three years either rain or dew upon the earth, and that the Heavens should become Brass to chastise that Age of Iron, and that he should not expect that it should be opened during that time, unless it were by the words of his mouth.

As soon as he had said this in the presence of witnesses he went away to the *Eastern* Coast; and hid himself at the Brook of *Carith* over against *Jordan*, where God nourished him by Ravens that brought him orderly every day his portion. In the mean while the drought failed not to raise a great famine on the earth, and chiefly in the Kingdom of *Israel*, where one could see nothing but people crying with hunger; but the Heavens took in hand to revenge the God of Heaven, and the Clouds that are as the Breasts of the Earth, had no water for a people that abused the Elements and all the Creatures to the prejudice of the Creatour.

In the mean while, God that spares not always the Lands and Goods of his servants in a common havock, that they may not amuse themselves on the vain prosperities of the World, permitted that that Brook that furnished the Prophet with water, should grow dry as well as the rest. But as the Ocean which retires it self out of one River, swells it self in another, so this great Nursing-father of *Elias* that seemed to fail in matter of that little Rivulet, recompensed it by the miraculous liberality of a poor Widow. He forsook not that station that Providence had assigned him, although barren, before he had orders for it from God his Master, who sent him to the Countrey of *Sidon* to *Sarepta*, assuring him that he had already provided for his nourishment.

The Prophet arriving at the destined place, found at the City-gate a poor Widow-woman, the mother of a little son, and forasmuch as he knew that the Famine was great every where, that he might not astonish her at first, he desired of her only a glass of water, which she gave him with a good will, after which, he prayes her to add to it a morsel of bread; but the woman sware to him that she had but one handful of Meal left in the great rigour of Famine, and that she was going to gather two or three small sticks, to make a little fire and to bake a Cake, which would be the last that she and her son should eat in all their lives, for after that repast they must resolve to die. Yet for all this *Elijah* orders her to make him a little loaf baked under the ashes, and to think afterward upon her self and son, and assure her self that neither her Meal, nor Oyl should diminish any thing till such time as the Famine should be past.

It was a strong proof of the faith of this *Sidonian* that commanded her to take away the Bread from her self and her son to give it to a stranger, and quitting that which she had in her hands to rest upon uncertainties: Yet she obeyed in that great necessity, yielding more to a man that she knew not for the esteem that she had of his virtue, and the opinion which she had that he was the servant of the great God, then to her own life. So true it is That the Considerations of Religion and of Religious persons touch even the souls of *Pagans* and of Infidels. So was she worthily requited, having a little inexhaustible treasure in her house, which was sufficient for her Prophet, for her self and for her child and this was a particular mercy of the Sovereign power to her, that called her to his knowledge by this miracle, and would not that *Elijah* should eat alone the bread which he multiplyed by the words of his mouth, but that he should give part of it to the poor, as our Saviour did afterward; God ordaining that good miracles should be never vain, but profitable to the soul and body of men created after the image of God. While he stayed in this house, the son of the Dame of it dyed of a burning Feaver, whereof this poor afflicted woman laid the fault upon *Elijah*, saying that he had renewed the memory of her sins before God; and *Elijah*, complained of God for that he had afflicted his Hostess. But that great Master did all for his own glory, for *Elijah* having three times contracted himself upon the dead body of the child, breathed into him the spirit of life, and restored him to his mother.

Three years being now passed in the great angui-

ſhes of hunger, God commanded *Elijah* to preſent himſelf again to *Ahab*, and was reſolved to ſend ſome Rain. When the extremity of the evil was very great, and no inventions could be found to appeaſe the ſcourge, *Ahab* a carnal man, inſtead of having recourſe to Prayers and Supplications to eaſe his ſubjects, thought on nothing but preſerving his Horſes and his Mules. He had at his ſervice and at his Court in quality of a ſuperintendent of his Houſe and of his Levies, a great and good man named *Abdias* who moderated the furies of that wicked Court, ſaved the Prophets of God when they were perſecuted, and greatly comforted the People. *Ahab* reſolved to go one way, and ſend him the other, to ſeek ſome herbage to feed his Cattle.

As *Abdias* was going along his way, he met with *Elijah* the Prophet, whom the King had cauſed to be ſearched after in his own territories, and through all the neighbouring Kingdoms, without being ever able to learn any news of him. And therefore he was very much amazed at that accoſt, and asked him if he were *Elijah*, whereto he anſwered, that he was the very ſame, and that he ſhould go and give *Ahab* information of his coming. The other making him a low Reverence with his face to the Earth, replyed, wherein have I ever offended you, that you ſhould deliver me into the hands of *Ahab* with an intention to cauſe me to be put to death: For it is true that there is no Kingdom nor Nation, whither my Maſter hath not ſent to enquire news of you, without ever getting any light of you; and now if I ſhould go tell the King of your arrival, and the ſpirit of God ſhould carry you away (as it doth ordinarily) to tranſport you into ſome other part, I ſhould be found a Liar, and the King would take away my life. What good would it do you to be the cauſe of my death, ſeeing that I have feared God even from mine infancy, and have always honoured his ſervants ſo far as to preſerve an hundred Prophets from the horrours of the Perſecution, and nouriſht them ſecretly at mine own charge in Caves wherein they were hidden? Do not deprive your ſelf now of a ſervant that is moſt gained unto you, The Prophet aſſured him, and ſware to him that he would appear before *Ahab*.

By which I find that this *Abdias* was very prudent in that he would not raſhly carry a news to his Maſter that ſhould be without effect; becauſe that great ones are eaſily incenſed, when men are ſo light as to promiſe them what they ask, and anſwer not their expectation; beſides that, if they are fruſtrated of their deſire, they think themſelves to be ſlighted, and are angry even at the times, and elements, that do not apply themſelves to their humours. When therefore he was aſſured by the inviolable oath of a Prophet, he went to the King and told him that he had met with *Elijah* who was ready to preſent himſelf to his Majeſty.

This Prince that burned with a paſſion to ſee him, ſtayed not till he could come to ſee him, fearing leſt he ſhould ſteal away again, but went to meet him in perſon, and having found him, asked him with diſdain, whether he was not the man that embroiled all his Kingdom? The Prophet as bold as a Lion anſwered him, that he had never embroiled any thing, but that the trouble came from his Fathers houſe, and from him, for that they had forſaken God and followed *Baal*; and that if he would know by experience the errour wherein he was, that he ſhould make an Aſſembly on Mount *Carmel* of all the People of *Iſrael*, and ſummon thither the four hundred and fifty falſe Prophets that are every day fed at Queen *Jezabel's* Table, and that there ſhould be decided the buſineſs of Religion.

It was an high attempt, on which *Elijah* had never ſo much as dreamed, had he not had an expreſs Revelation from God: for one ought not lightly to commit the verity of the faith before the Court and the Common people to uncertain diſputes and doubtful accidents from whence the *Pagans* and Hereticks may by chance draw ſome advantage. But the Prophet being well aſſured on his ſide; King *Ahab* expoſed himſelf on His to cauſe a great revolt among his ſubjects, and a manifeſt divorce with his wife. Yet God would have it ſo, to diſabuſe him, and to bring him back to the true Religion.

As ſoon as he had then accepted the condition and commanded the aſſembly, there were gathered together an infinite number of people (there being nothing that ſo much tempts curioſity as the affairs of Religion.) It was then, that one might ſee the aſſurance and vigour of a true ſervant of God; for he obſerving that the King and people who had not yet choaked all the ſeeds of Truth, floated in divers opinions, ſpake ſolemnly to them, That it was no longer time to halt ſometimes on one ſide, and ſometimes on the other, and that if *Baal* were God they ought to follow him, but if there were no other God but that of *Iſrael*, called upon from all times by their fathers, it was he to whom they ought to adhere with an inviolable fidelity. To this the aſſembly made no anſwer, there being none that was willing to let himſelf forward upon an uncertainty. Then *Elijah* taking the word again ſaid, Behold four hundred and fifty Prophets of *Baal* on one ſide; and I a Prophet of the true God all alone on the other part in this place here; To make a tryal of our Religion, let there be two Oxen given us, for each of the two parties, let them be cut in pieces, and the pieces put upon a pile of wood without putting any fire to them either on one ſide or on the other; we will expect it from heaven, and the ſacrifice upon which God ſhall make a flame appear from on high to kindle it, ſhall carry away the teſtimony of the true Religion.

To this all the people anſwered with a confuſed voyce, that it was a good Propoſition. The victims were brought, ſacrificed, and put upon the wood to be conſumed. The Prieſts of *Baal* began firſt to invoke the heavenly fire, and to torment themſelves with great cries, and a long time without any effect. It was already mid-day, and nothing had appeared to their advantage, whereat being very much aſtoniſhed, they drew out their Razors, and make voluntary inciſions upon themſelves according to their cuſtom, thinking that a prayer was never well heard, if it were not accompanied with their bloud, which the evil Spirit made them ſhed in abundance to ſatiate his Rage.

This nothing advanced the effect of their ſupplications; which gave occaſion to *Elijah* to mock at the vanity of their Gods, ſaying, that *Baal*, that gave no anſwer, was aſleep, or buſie, or on a journey, or perhaps drinking at the Tavern. He remained there with ſecurity amidſt ſo many enraged Wolves, covered with the protection of the God of Hoſts, and began to prepare his Sacrifice, taking twelve ſtones in memory of the twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*, to erect an Altar to the name of God; after which he divided the Offering into divers parts, put them all upon the

upon the pile, and that none might have any ſuſpicion that there was fire hidden in ſome part of them, he cauſed abundance of Buckets of water to be thrown upon the Sacrifice, and all about it, and then began to ſay, Great God, God of *Abraham*, of *Iſaac*, and of *Iſrael*, ſhew now that thou art the God of this people, and that I am thy ſervant, I have obeyed thee in all this, reſting my ſelf upon thy word; Hear me my God, my God hear me, and let this aſſembly learn this day of thee, that thou art the true God, and the abſolute Maſter of all the univerſe, and that it is thou that art able to reduce their hearts to the true beſief.

Scarce had he ended his prayer when the ſacred fire fell down from heaven upon his Sacrifice and devoured the Offering and the Altar, to the admiration of all the People; who proſtrating themſelves on the ground began to cry, That the God of *Iſrael* was the true God. Take then ſayes he, the falſe Prophets of *Baal*, and let not one ſole man of them eſcape us. The People convinced by the Miracle and the voice of *Elijah* without expecting any other thing, fall upon thoſe falſe Prophets, takes them, and cuts them all in pieces. *Ahab* amidſt all this ſtood ſo aſtoniſhed that he durſt not ſpeak one onely word, nor any way reſiſt the Divine Command.

The Prophet bid him take his refection, and go into his Coach, for the ſo much deſired rain was near, and having ſaid ſo, retired himſelf to the top of the Mount *Carmel*, and ſent his Servant ſeven times to the ſea, to ſee whether he could diſcover any clouds; but he ſaw nothing till the ſeventh time, and then he perceived a little cloud that exceeded not the meaſure of a hand; and yet he ſends him to tell *Ahab* that it was time to harneſſe, if he would not be overtaken with the rain. He mounted inſtantly into his Coach to get to the City of *Jezreel*, and *Elijah* ran before as if he had wings.

In the mean time the Heavens grew black with darkneſſe, the clouds collect themſelves, the winde blowes and the rain fals in abundance. *Ahab* failed not to relate to *Jezabel* all that had been done, deſiring to make the death of thoſe Prophets paſs for a decree of heaven, for fear leaſt that imperious woman ſhould upbraid him with the ſoftneſſe of his courage. But ſhe not moved with thoſe great miracles of fire and water, that were reported to her, began to foam with wrath, and to ſwear by all her Gods that ſhe would cauſe *Elijah's* head to be laid at her feet by the Morrow that time.

The Prophet is conſtrained to fly ſuddenly to ſave himſelf, not knowing to whom to truſt; ſo that having brought with him but one young man to accompany him in the way, he quitted him and went alone into the wilderneſſe, wherein having travelled a day he entred into a great ſadneſſe, and laid him down under a Juniper-tree to repoſe himſelf, and there felt himſelf very weary of living any longer, and ſaid to God with an amorous heart; My God, it is enough, take me out of this life, I am not better then my fathers. It is a paſſion ordinary enough to good men to wiſh for death, that they may be no more obliged to ſee ſo many ſins and miſeries as are in the World, and to go to the place of reſt to contemplate there the face of the living God. But this deſire ought to be moderated according to the will of God.

As he was in that thought, ſleep that eaſily ſurprizes a melancholy ſpirit, and wearied with raving on its pains, ſlipt into his benummed members and gave ſome truce to his torments. But that great God that had his eyes open to the protection of ſo dear a perſon diſpatched to him his guardian Angel, who awaked him, and ſhewed him near his head a cruſe of water and a loaf of bread baked under the aſhes (for ſuch are the banquets that the bountiful Father of all Nature makes his Prophets, not loving them for the delights of the body; but contenting himſelf to give them that which is neceſſary to life) he ſaw well that it was a Providence that would yet prolong his life. He drank and eat, and at length being heavy fell aſleep again. But the Angel that had undertaken the direction of his way waked him, and told him that it behoved him to riſe quickly, by reaſon that he had yet a long way to go. *Elijah* obeyed, and being riſen, found that he had gained a marvellous ſtrength, ſo that he journyed fourty dayes and fourty nights being fortified with that Angelical bread, till ſuch time as he came to the Mountain *Horeb*. There he retired himſelf into the hollow of a Rock, unknown to men, but well known to God that appeared to him and comforted him, asking of him what he made there? Whereto he anſwered, That he was zealous with an ardent zeal for the God of Hoſts, but the children of *Iſrael* had forſaken him, demoliſhed his Altars, killed his Prophets, and that he alone remained; yet for all that they ceaſed not to ſeek his life to extinguiſh the whole ſervice of God. Upon this God commanded him to come forth, and to ſtand upon the Mountain to ſee great ſights cauſed by the preſence of God. And ſuddenly there came an impetuous whirlwind that overturned the Mountains and brake the Rocks, but God was not therein; after that impetuous Wind came an Earthquake, but God was not therein; after the Earthquake devouring-fire, but God was not in thoſe flames; after the Fire, behold there came a ſmall gracious gale, and God was in it. And therefore *Elijah* raviſhed with a profound reſpect covered his face with his Mantle, and kept himſelf at the entry of his Cave, where he heard a voice that demanded of him again what he did there? Whereto he anſwered as before, that he fled from the perſecution of thoſe that would give him the ſtroke of death for the zeal which he had to the ſervice of the living God.

But the voice commanded him to return, and to take again his way through the deſart into *Damaſcus*, and gave him order to anoint and declare two Kings, the one over *Syria*, which was *Hazael*, and the other over *Iſrael*, which was *Jehu* that ſhould ſucceed his Perſecutour. Furthermore, God informed him, that all was not loſt, but that he had yet reſerved to himſelf ſeven thouſand ſervants that had not bowed the knee to *Baal*, nor lifted up their hands to adore his Idol. He added yet farther, that he ſhould take *Eliſha* for his Companion and Succeſſour, of whom he had reaſon to expect good effects.

Such was *Elijah's* Viſion, and his diſcourſe with God; and it ſeemed that this Sovereign Teacher of the Prophets, ſhewing him the repreſentation of an impetuous wind, of an Earthquake, and of Fire, in which God was not, although he was in a little gentle blaſt, and would ſignifie to him that His Spirit is not in thoſe great commotions that would ſeem to overturn all nature, but in a certain Calm that produces little noiſe, but much fruit filling the earth with bleſſings. So alſo would he make him hope, that after theſe violent perſecutions, and thoſe fatall Convulſions of Kingdoms, there ſhould come a ſweet and peacefull *Meſſias*; and that for as much as concerned him, *Jezabel's* perſecution ſhould ceaſe, and his ſoul after the toyles of that baniſh-

ment should taste the sweetness of an anticipated Paradise.

He took then his way again according to the command of God without passing by *Samaria*, and finding *Elisha* plowing the ground with twelve yoak of Oxen, cast his Mantle on him, to signifie to him that he was called of God to that sacred ministery of Prophecy, which the other understood, and quitting instantly his Oxen ran to *Elijah*, whom he beseeched that he would permit him to go and give the kiss of peace to his Father and Mother; after that, he would adhere to nothing, but render himself up to him: which *Elijah* having granted, he, when he had acquitted himself of his duty, returned and sacrificed two Oxen which he boiled with the wood of his Plough, and made a Feast with them for the people; after which he ranged himself under the conduct of the Prophet, and was a perfect imitatour of his virtues.

An ill occasion embarked him again in a Combat against *Ahab* and *Jezabel*, which was fatal to them both. The King had a mind to enlarge his Gardens, and *Naboth's* Vineyard was near his Palace, and for his advantage; he calls for him, and asks him very courteously for it, promising to pay him the price that it was worth, or to buy him a better inheritance in whatsoever place he would. The desire was very civill, and not like that of so many other Princes and Lords, that disposed at that time of the goods of their subjects as of their own, usurping by violence that which they could not have by right. Yet this good man, that measured all by the affection he bare his Vineyard and not by the submission he owed his Master, was obstinate, and told him, That it was the wealth of his Fathers, which he would no way part with.

Ahab was much troubled at this denyal, and returning to his Palace threw himself upon his bed, and would not eat at the ordinary hour of his repast. The Queen his wife being surprised at that accident goes to see him, and inquires after the cause of his indisposition, which he declared to her out of a desire he had to receive some ease. This Princess which was a daughter of the King of *Sidon*, and who knew how her Father reigned absolutely over his subjects falls a laughing, and meaning to blame the weakness of her husband, said to him; It appears plainly, Sir, that you are a Prince of great authority, very worthy to govern a Kingdom, since you receive affronts from your subjects, and revenge them upon your self by the loss of your dinner. But if that be all that hinders you, I pray arise, be merry and eat, for I know the way to make you possessour of that Vineyard that you desire.

At the same instant that Imperious Queen takes her Seal, writes a Letter to the Principal men of *Jezreel*, and commands them to call an Assembly, under colour of a Fast and Publick Prayers, to call *Naboth* to it, to make him sit amongst the chief, and not to fail to suborn two witnesses against him, that should depose that he had blasphemed against God and his King, and thereupon indite him, and stone him.

Behold how so many Ministers of Iniquity use the Innocent, not seeing that at the same time as they lay snares against the honour, the goods, and the life of their neighbour, an invisible Hand draws up in Heaven the decree of their ruine. This Letter being come to *Jezreel*, the principal men assembled themselves, and not seeking any delay or incident to sweeten a bad business, betray their conscience to avoid the fury of the King, executing that which was commanded them, and before they are Judges render themselves Criminal. Thus go violent Reigns, where virtue is abandoned by some through weakness, and persecuted by others through fury. Miserable *Naboth* astonished at that wicked calumny, protests his innocence in the face of Heaven and Earth, justifies and defends himself by good reason; but the false Witnesses, which are the instruments of Satan, and the chief furies against the peace of mankind, urge and torment him; His Judges sold to iniquity condemned him; He is led out of the City, delivered to the fury of the people, overwhelmed, as a Blasphemer of God and the King, with a bloody tempest of Stones and Flints, every hand making it self injurious against him, some through a false zeal, and others through a compliance with the humours of *Ahab* and *Jezabel*.

The news of his death comes instantly to the Court, and *Jezabel* carries it to the King, without specifying to him any other thing, telling him onely that *Naboth* was out of the world, and that he might now enjoy his spoiles all at leisure. To speak Truth, Great ones have great cause to make to God *David's* Prayer, and to beseech him to deliver them from others sinnes, and from those that are hidden from them. Unfortunate *Ahab* knew nothing of all that had passed, and takes not the pains to inform himself of the manner of that death; He trusted all to his wife, and gave her his Signet, his authority, his heart and Counsels. It was enough to make him guilty to put the Government of his Kingdom into the hands of that *Sidonian* woman, who he might well know, had great inclinations to blood and rapine. Princes do wisely not to rely too much in every thing upon their Counsellours of State, without watching over their actions, and using all diligence to discover their deportments without believing any thing lightly either on one side or the other.

Ahab without taking any farther information was going to possess himself of *Naboth's* bloody spoil: when the Prophet *Elijah* by the command of God came and found him upon the way, and began to roar against him as a Lion; What, sayes he, Murther the Innocent, and take away his Inheritance bedewed with his blood? After this what is there more to do? Know, Sir, that the Vengeance of God hangs over your head, and that in the same place as the Doggs licked the blood of *Naboth* they shall lick yours. This unhappy Prince extremely amazed at so thundring a speech was not incensed against the Prophet, but endeavouring to pacifie him, said to him; Wherein have I offended you? And in what have you found me your enemy that you use me with all these rigours? You are enough mine enemy, sayes the Prophet, seeing you are God's; and since you have sold your self, through love to an Idolatrous woman, to serve her passions, and committ so many wicked acts in the face of God. In punishment of your crimes, He will ruin your House, and blot out your Posterity; the blood of that murthered Innocent will cost *Jezabel* dear, for she shall be eaten up of Doggs in the field of *Jezreel*.

Poor *Ahab* returns hanging down his head without passing farther, tormented on one side by the remorse of his own Conscience, and on the other by the love he bare to his *Sidonian*, whome he would not any way displease. He said nothing to her of all that she had done without his privity in *Naboth's* business, whether through affection, or through fear of her wicked Spirit. He revenges himself upon himself,

ſelf, he rents his Cloaths, he faſts, he covers himſelf with ſackcloth, without putting it off even when he went to bed; which ſoftned the heart of God, who ordained that the Kingdom ſhould not be taken from him during his life, but that his poſterity ſhould be deprived of it.

Three years were ſlipt away, and *Elijah* was abſent, when *Ahab* reſolved to proclaim warr with the King of *Syria*, to recover *Ramoth* one of his Cities that the other had uſurped, and engaged *Jehoſaphat* King of *Judah* to his party, making a new Alliance of arms and intereſts with him. When they were aſſembled, *Jehoſaphat*, which had a zeal to the true Religion, ſaid, That it would be good to conſult with ſome Prophet before they enterprized the warr; and *Ahab* to content him, called for four hundred, but they were the falſe Prophets of his wife, who were none of the beſt, and who foretold him all falſely, that he ſhould have an happy iſſue of his enterprize. King *Jehoſaphat* asked *Ahab*, whether amongſt that great number of *Baal*'s Prophets there were never a Prophet of the true God that one might hear ſpeak, meaning by this to induce him to his duty, and to the knowledge of the true Religion. *Ahab* replyed, that there was none at preſent, but a certain man named *Micaiah*, but he could not endure him, becauſe he prophecyed nothing but miſchief to him. *Jehoſaphat* ſaid, that he ought not for that to hate him, but that it would be good to hear him; and inſtantly was ſent away a Gentleman of the Court to call him. This man ceaſed not to adviſe him upon the way to remit ſomething of that rigour that was uſual to him, and to render himſelf complacent to the King as all the other Prophets had done; whereto he anſwered, That he could do nothing againſt the Spirit of God, nor againſt his conſcience. When he was come, he perceived a great Aſſembly of falſe Prophets, who all approved that warr. One among them named *Zedechiah* had made himſelf iron horns, to ſignifie to King *Ahab* that he ſhould ranſack all *Syria* with a mighty power, and that nothing ſhould reſiſt his Arms. But *Micaiah* being asked, ſpake at firſt by fiction, as the other Prophets, foretelling proſperities without end. Whereat the King being aſtoniſhed that he did it againſt his cuſtom, conjured him not to flatter him, and to tell him openly the truth. To which he anſwered, that he would not counſel him to hazard a battel againſt the King of *Syria*, for if he did, his whole Army would be ſcattered; and added alſo, that God had given permiſſion to the wicked ſpirit to deceive him, and that he had found no better way to do it, then to ſpeak by the mouth of ſo many falſe Prophets that encompaſſed him. Whereupon *Zedechiah* being incenſed at that ſpeech gave him a blow, and the King commanded his Perſon to be ſeized on, and to be put in priſon, to be kept there faſting with bread of tribulation and water of anguiſh till his return. But the Prophet aſſured him, that if he went he ſhould never return again.

It is a ſtrange thing that we cannot believe Truth that comes from the mouth of God's ſervants, becauſe it complies not with our paſſion. It is alſo a manifeſt puniſhment to thoſe that deſpiſe it, not to conſider that God begins the ruine of their fortune by the blinding of their Counſels. *Ahab* obſtinate to his miſery marches with all his Army againſt the King of *Syria*; *Jehoſaphat* engaged through inconſideration in that league, purſues what he had ill begun; and thinks, that there is no better means to juſtifie an errour, then Perſeverance.

When the two Kings approached the enemy, and the Armies were ranged in Battel, the King of *Syria* gave expreſs charge to his moſt reſolute men to aim at the King of *Iſrael*, and to endeavour to carry him, it being the true means to diſpatch the buſineſs and put an end to the warr. *Ahab* began to fear his unhappineſs, and prayed *Jehoſaphat* to go into the mingling, putting him forward with courage out of a deſign, perhaps, to cauſe him to be deſtroyed, and to draw all the weight of the Army upon him, by diverting it from his perſon; And indeed, when the *Syrians* thought that he that engaged himſelf ſo boldly was the moſt intereſſed, and that without doubt there was all likelyhood that it was *Ahab*; they fell upon him with ardour, ſo that he thought he ſhould have been hemmed in. But when he betook himſelf to crying out aloud, animating his ſouldiers to his defence, the enemies that had a minde to ſpare him retired to fall on *Ahab*; It happened that an Archer letting fly an arrow at random ſtroke him with a mortal wound: whereupon he commanded his Coach-man to turn about, and to draw out of the mingling, well perceiving that he was grievouſly hurt. All the Army was immediately ſcattered, and the Herald of Arms proclaimed, that every man might return to his home. King *Ahab* dyed the ſame day, and his body was brought back to *Samaria*, where it happened, that as his Coach that was all bloudy was a waſhing in a pool of the ſame City, the Dogs ran thither and licked up his bloud according to *Elijah*'s prophecy.

Ahaziah his ſon ſucceeded him inheriting the ſuperſtition and miſery of his father; for after he had reigned a very little while, he fell out at a window of his houſe, and grievouſly hurt himſelf without being ever able to finde a remedy to his evil. And having forſaken God, ſent Meſſengers to the God of *Ekron* to know if he ſhould recover from that ſickneſs; but the Prophet *Elijah* having met his Meſſengers upon the way rebuked them ſharply, for that they went to conſult with Idols, as if there were no God in *Iſrael*; and commanded them to tell their Maſter, that he ſhould not be cured of his wound, but ſhould dye without ever riſing out of the Bed wherein he lay. This Prince offended at this truth, cauſes the Prophet to be purſued, and ſends one of his Captains with fifty Souldiers to apprehend him: This man in a mockery called him man of God, and prayed him to deſcend from the Mountain, whether he had retired himſelf, but *Elijah* perſiſting alwayes in his ſpirit of rigour, ſaid, that he would give him proofs that ſhould make him know that he was not a man of God through vanity and irriſion; and at the ſame inſtant he cauſed fire to deſcend from heaven, which conſumed him and all his Company. *Ahaziah* ſends another of them for the ſame purpoſe, which meets alſo with the ſame ſucceſſe. He charges again a third, the Captain of which gained *Elijah* by ſubmiſſion, and brought him to his Maſter, to whom he ſpake conſtantly the truth, and advertiſed him of his approaching death; and the other durſt not do him any miſchief, well knowing, that he was under God's protection.

The truth of the Prophecy was manifeſt ſoon after by the death of *Ahaziah*, who had for ſucceſſour his brother *Joram*, who reigned twelve years; and although *Elijah* was already tranſlated from this life that is but a paſſage to another eſtate, his Prophecy failed not to be accompliſhed particularly upon the houſe of *Ahab*, and the wicked *Jezabel*. For *Eliſha* according to the order of God, and the command received from his Maſter, cauſed *Jehu* to be

be crowned to reign in *Israel*. To this purpose he dispatched one of his Disciples, put a viol in his hand wherein was the oyl destined for his unction, giving him charge to go to *Ramoth* in *Gilead*, where *Jehu* one of *Joram's* principal Captains commanded, and besieged the city, continuing the siege that *Joram* had laid before it, whiles he went to *Samaria*, to be dressed of some wounds that he had received in the war against the *Syrians*. Above all he recommended to him that the business should be kept very secret, and that when he should be arrived, he should call *Jehu* aside, and withdraw into some chamber; and there consecrate him King with that unction that he had in his hand, making him know that God gave him his master's house and crown to revenge the bloud of the Prophets and servants of God upon the race of *Ahab* and on *Jezabel*.

This son of a Prophet sent by *Elisha*, did all that was commanded him; and arriving at the Camp found *Jehu* environed with other Captains, and signified to him that he had a word or two to speak to him, which made him quit the company, and enter into a neighbouring chamber, where the other powred out the sacred oyl upon his head, said to him, I have anointed you this day over the people of the God of *Israel*, and consecrated you King to ruine from God the house of *Ahab* your Master, and to revenge the bloud of the Prophets and servants of God upon *Jezabel* who shall be eaten up of Dogs and no body shall give her burial. As soon as he had said this, he opens the door and flies; *Jehu* comes forth, and shews himself to his Captains, who had a curiosity to know what had passed in that treaty, and asked of him what that mad-man meant that came to him. *Jehu* feigning that they well enough knew the cause of it, and need not go about to inform themselves, held them in expectation, and in fine, declared to them that it was one of *Elisha's* disciples that had brought him the news that he should reign in *Israel*, and that such was the will of God.

It is a wonderful thing that none of the chief men of the Army opposed themselves against it, but that all at that very instant laid down their Cloaks under *Jehu's* feet as it were to raise him a throne, and cryed out God save the King. The conspiracy against *Joram* being framed, he hinders any notice to be given him, and marches with a strong hand to the City, to surprise him and *Ahaziah* King of *Judah* together with him, that was come to visit him in his sickness. The sentinel that stood at the gate of the City told that he saw a body of *Cavaliers* coming in a right line to the City, whereupon the King ordered that one of his men should go out to discover it. This Scout was gained by *Jehu*, and ranged himself on his side. Another is sent out, which does also the same: whereat the King being much astonished takes his Coach, and *Ahaziah* his, to see what the business was. As soon as he perceived *Jehu*, he said, What are you not a man of peace? Whereto *Jehu* replyed, What peace, while the fornications and poysonings of *Jezabel* your Mother are yet in ful vigour? *Joram* saw plainly by his countenance, and by that answer, that there was mischief and began to wheel about, saying to *Ahaziah* his companion, We are betrayed, and seeing that he was no way prepared to make resistance to such a power betook himself to flight. But *Jehu* bending his bow lets fly an arrow at him that pierced him through and killed him in his Chariot. At the same instant he caused his body to be taken up to cast it on the road, in the field of *Naboth* and pursued *Ahaziah* who having received a mortal wound as he fled, gave up the Ghost at *Megiddo*, from whence he was carried to his Metropolis *Jerusalem* to be enterred with his Fathers.

In the mean while *Jehu* marches victoriously to the City of *Jezreel*, and the miserable *Jezabel* hearing of the death of her son by the conspiracy of his enemy, and considering that there was no way to oppose him by arms had recourse to the charmes of her self sex. She was yet in such a condition as she thought her capable to enamour that new King. Instead of putting on mourning, she decks and paints her self, and places her self in a window of the City in sight of all the world to see that Conquerour pass by. But he having cast his eyes on high, asked who that woman was, not being able yet well to discern her so far off, and when answer was made him that it was *Jezabel* the Queen, he commanded those that were in the window to throw her down, which they did without any farther deliberation, and the miserable in falling bedewed the wal with her bloud, and expired the remainder of her life under the feet of horses. *Jehu* remembred as he was at supper what had passed, and was touched with some remorse for the usage that had been shewed to *Jezabel* his Mistris, and said to his men, Look out the body of that wretched woman, and give it burial, for she was a King's daughter. And when they were come upon the place they found nothing but her head, with the ends of her feet and hands, the Dogs having eat up the rest. This history is horrible, and none can sufficiently imagine the vengeance of God upon those that violate Religion, and shed the bloud of sacred persons and other of God's servants.

One cannot justifie *Jehu* for the rebellion against his Master, but in taking him for a scourge of the wrath of God: who was an instrument of his Justice without for all that becoming just. For whatsoever pretence he made of Religion, he was pushed on by a tempestuous and bloudy ambition; and made himself a Revenger of Tyrants for no other end: but to be their successour, filling with crimes the place that he had voided by fury. He made use of the Prophets for his own interest, and left not to continue the Idolatry of the golden Calves, to render himself pleasing to the most powerful. He was an ambiguous spirit, and had as many waters and folds, as he had pretensions. He caused his Mistris to be killed more for the fear of his mind then for the zeal of Religion. This poor *Sidonian* that was a woman of a good understanding and courage, instead of living quietly with her husband, was pricked on with a vanity to make her Gods be worshipped, and ceased not to persecute the Prophets, having sworn that she would cause *Elijah* to be murthered, making him to be followed and sought after in all places without being able to entrap him. But on the contrary, he ruined her with all her house, leaving a terrour to all great ones to enterprise any thing against those that are protected under the covert of the face of God.

As this Prophet had been a man of Prodigies in all his life, so God limited his conversation amongst men with a strange miracle that since *Enoch* had not been practised in the world. It is said that an egg well emptied and filled with dew, will mount on high and follow the raies of the Sun that draws it. So *Elijah* by a long exercise of contemplation was purified from all earthly things, and filled with the unction of the Spirit of God. He thought on nothing but on Heaven, where he had lodged the better part of himself. God had revealed to him that he

he ſhould not die after the manner of other men, but that he ſhould be rapt and carried away into a place of peace and reſt. He expected that moſt happy day, & thought to ſteal away even from his own Diſciple *Eliſha* that would never quit him. They were walking both together after they had paſſed the River *Jordan* on dry foot, *Elijah* having divided it with his Mantle, when behold a burning Chariot drawn with horſes of fire comes to take up the Prophet. *Eliſha* his Diſciple had earneſtly begged of him, that his Spirit might be multiplied in him, as well in what touches Prophecy as the gift of Miracles, and *Elijah* promiſed him that it ſhould be granted to him, in caſe that he could ſee him when he ſhould be taken up. And this is the reaſon for which that dear Diſciple never went out of his ſight ſo much as one moment, and when that Chariot ſurrounded with innocent flames preſented it ſelf, he ſaw his Maſter aſcend who was on a ſudden ſnatched up above the Clouds of Heaven, in recompence of his zeal and moſt pure Virginity. *Eliſha* looked upon him with tears in his eys calling him his Father, the Chariot of *Iſrael*, and the Conductour of the people of God. In fine, when he appeared no longer, he rent his clothes wearing mourning for a loſs common to all the people of *Iſrael*, but very particular to him; and gathered up his Mantle as a precious Relique, which he carefully kept, making uſe of it to divide the waters of *Jordan*, and to renew the Miracles of his Maſter.

Elijah according to the common opinion was tranſported to the Terreſtrial Paradiſe from which he is to come at the renovation of the world. And as if in that dwelling of delights he had not yet caſt away the care and direction of the Court, *Joram* King of *Judah* received a Letter from him nine years after his Tranſlation, in which he chid ſharply for his bad deportments, and foretold him the ſickneſs that ſhould happen to him. Some hold that that Letter was written by *Elijah* before he was taken up by way of Prophecy, and kept till that time by *Eliſha*. Others as the *Hebrews* think that it came by Miracle and by the Miniſtery of an Angel, directed by *Elijah* at the ſame time, to teach us, That the Saints renounce not a Legitimate care of the Court, and of the Affairs of the World, when they are to be directed to the glory of God, to whom the Living and the Dead ought to render the Homages of their Fidelity.

ELISHA.

HE that hath ſeen *Elijah* cannot be ignorant of *Eliſha*, ſeeing his maſter made him heir of his Spirit (as it were) by a wonderful tranſpiration. That man of fire engraved his character upon the perſon that he loved moſt in all the world, with ſo perfect an expreſſion, that he ſeemed to be born again in him in every thing that he had of excellency.

He went to take a new life in a terreſtrial Paradiſe without looſing that which he had in the world. He lived in the one by himſelf, and in the other by *Eliſha*; in the one he performed contemplative Functions, and in the other, active; in the one he was a Demi-God, and in the other the Prince of men. That Mantle of *Elijah* was more then an heaven beſpangled with its Starres, ſince it carried ſo many Lights and Sciences. It dried up the waters of *Jordan*, but it opened at the ſame time ſprings of Wiſdome. It was an Oracle (more admirable then the gift of the high Prieſt) that ſpake without a voice, and taught without a ſchole, that could change in a moment Ignorants into Doctours, and Peaſants into Prophets.

Eliſhah was taken from the plough, and after he had tilled the earth, he manured his own ſpirit. He that commanded a little field, exerciſed his Empire over great kingdoms; he made and unmade Kings, as the true ſervant of *Elijah*, or rather as the Interpreter of God. Happy are the lands (ſaid one) that were heretofore tilled by the hands of Triumphers, and with a Plough crowned with Lawrels, but more happy thoſe of *Eliſha*, that experimented that ſame arm as was to divide the waters and crown Kings.

O what a great thing is Nothing in the hands of God! ſince that a man come from the plough does miracles in Nature, and prodigies in Empires. His wonders have in ſome ſort exceeded thoſe of his maſter, for he reſembled the ſhoots of the Vine that raiſe themſelves even above the tree that have ſerved for a prop. We let paſs all that he did amongſt the people, to conſider him treating with the Kings and Princes of the earth, where we ſhall ſee how he brought the Maxims of heaven.

The firſt encounter that happened to him at Court, was with three Kings, *Jehoſhaphat* King of *Juda*, *Joram* King of *Iſrael*, and the King of *Idumea*. *Joram* had taken arms againſt the King of *Moab*, that refuſed to pay him a certain tribute, and had drawn to his party thoſe two other Kings that went to aid him in perſon. Now as they paſſed through the deſarts of *Idumea*, they were in extreme want of water, ſo that the men and beaſts were ready to periſh; which put *Joram* in an unſpeakable grief, ſeeing he had aſſembled thoſe two Kings with their Armes, to make them die with thirſt. *Jehoſhaphat*, that was more pious then he, counſels him to have recourſe to God by the interceſſion of ſome Prophet. One of his Courtiers ſuggeſt *Eliſha* to him, who was near the place. The three Kings go to ſeek him in a company, to implore his aid.

But as ſoon as the Prophet ſaw *Joram* the ſon of *Ahab*, who was an Idolater, as his father had been, he ſaid to him with an incomparable conſtancy, *What have we to doe together? Go and conſult with the Prophets of your father and of your mother Jezabel; thoſe that are the ſervants of God, are not for you.* This was to expreſs contempt enough to a King, and yet it is the faſhion of men at Court not to be repulſed at firſt by the diſdains and anger of a man with whom they have buſineſs. This man purſues and tells him, that it was a piteous ſpectacle to ſee thre Kings periſh for thirſt, and ready to be delivered into the hands of the *Moabites*. *Eliſha* remaining in the ſame opinion, replyed, were it not for the reſpect I bear *Jehoſhaphat*, who is a worſhipper of the true God, I would not ſo much as look you in the face.

Which diſcovers clearly, that alliance with Infidels, although for certain neceſſities they may be ſomewhat tolerable, ceaſe not for all that to be alwayes much to be feared. *Eliſha* would not for that time addreſs himſelf to *Jehoſhaphat* and diſunite him from that enterpriſe, imitating the prudence of thoſe that let a buſineſs begun, run on when it may any way be defended; but yet he ſufficiently expreſſed, that that company did not pleaſe him: and when *Jehoſhaphat* was returned to his houſe from the

warre

warr that he had maintained with *Ahab* against the King of the *Syrians*, the Prophet chid him for it, and told him, that he deserved the wrath of God for having given aid to an impious King; but that he had had a regard to other good works done by him, and was not willing to destroy him. So *Elisha* could not endure to see that company with him, and was so far transported with a fervency of zeal, that he was fain to call for a Musician to sing some song, and by his harmonies appease the ardours and commotions of his spirit, to set it again in a perfect calmness. After this, he felt the powerfull effects of the hand of God, and in a desperate drought commanded to make channels and pits, and promised water in abundance, with a compleat victory over the *Moabites*. And this Prophecy was verified the Morrow after, when streams were seen gliding in all places, to the comfort and admiration of all the World.

The *Moabites* having discovered the design of these three Kings that came out against them, put themselves into the field, and when they perceived upon the break of Day a River that was all red by the reflexion of the rayes of the Sun that shined upon it, they imagined that their enemies had mutually slain each other, that that River was red with their bloud, and that there was no more to do but to run after their spoils. But they were extremely amazed when they saw themselves combated furiously by those that they had put in the number of the dead. The King retired into his Capital City, which was immediately besieged, and pressed with violence. He essayed to make a sally and surprize the *Idumeans*, but had no good successe. And therefore he had recourse to an horrible attempt, and made a pitifull Tragedy; for he killed his onely son, the heir apparent of his Kingdom, and offered him in sacrifice to his false Gods, causing his head to be cut off as a victim upon the ramparts, in the view of all the world. The Devil had perswaded those miserable Pagans that the sacrificing of humane bloud was sovereign to appease the wrath of the Gods; which made this desperate King slay his own son to preserve his Crown and State by a Remedy worse then the disease.

This mad man saw not that Kingdoms cemented with the bloud of Innocents cannot be of long continuance in the hands of those that possesse them by such inhumane wayes; and that sacrificing his own son to buy a Peace, he made himself an interiour warr in his own soul, and raised against himself a thousand furies, with as many snakes and torches to stirr up bloudy remorses the rest of his whole life. The besiegers had such an indignation at an act so barbarous, that they left the siege through horrour, being unwilling any more to presse him that for the fear of evil had descended (in their opinions) to the last of evils. This warr had good successe, and the presence of a faithfull King brought a blessing to the Infidels; whereas at other times the faithfull ones have perished by their alliance with the Infidels: as it happened to *Ahaziah* King of *Juda*, who was at last killed by *Jehu* for having too much embraced the friendship of those that were not of his Religion.

Now although the Prophet *Elisha* had an heart pierced with grief to see *Joram* separated from the true God, yet he left not to suffer him as long as Providence would have it so, to serve him like a good subject, and to give him Advice very necessary for the Preservation of his State. He declared to him the Counsels and the Enterprises of the King of *Syria* his enemy, which he knew by the spirit of Prophecy, so that the other was amazed to hear that the most secret businesses which he had treated in his Cabinet with his most intimate Confidents were discovered. He thought that his Counsellours of State sold him to the King of *Israel*, but one assured him that that came from the Prophet *Elisha*, who knew things to come by the spirit of God, which was in him in a wonderfull manner.

This Prince inflamed with choler, dispatches immediately Souldiers (in a great number) to apprehend *Elisha*, who failed not to beset the little City of *Dothan* whether the Prophet was retired. The Prophet's servant being risen at break of day, to go abroad, perceived those Companies of men of arms, and ran to his Master much affrighted, crying out, That all was lost, and that the City was environed with Chariots and with Horses that came to take him. But *Elisha* filled with the confidence that he had in God his great Master, made him answer, That there was nothing to be feared, and that his party was much the stronger; which seemed very hard to be believed by a man whom fear had so much shaken, till such time as his Master taking away the fillet of ignorance that was upon his eyes, discovered to him a Mountain full of Chariots and of Horses that entowred *Elisha*, and watched for his protection.

Thus it pleases God sometimes to draw his Servants out of the hands of Persecutours by extraordinary wonders. At other times he permits darkness to exercise its power upon the light, and the impious to take and persecute the just, to render them glorious by their sufferings. He would not admit on the day of his Passion the twelve Legions that he might have obtained of his heavenly Father for his defence, that he might not deprive our Christianity of the example of his dolours; and yet he raises up armies of fire to defend *Elisha*, with intention to make us see that he is able to hinder us from receiving any harm, but that it is the greater glory to conquer it by patience.

The Prophet seeing the heavenly Legions that stood to aid him, would not for all that thunderstrike those that come to take him, but contented himself to blind them for a time, that he might have given them light for ever, if they would have preferred it before darknesse. Those poor men seeing themselves struck with such a sudden blindness were extremely astonished, yet (as malice quits not so soon her venome) they sought for the servant of God, blind-folded, darkned as well in minde as body, when he presented himself to them, and told them that he would shew them the man they sought for, if they would follow him, which being agreed to, he led them straight into *Samaria*, the capital City of their enemies, and at that instant restored to them their eyes, to give them the knowledge of the danger wherein they were.

They thought that there was nothing now remaining to them but to be cut in pieces; and indeed *Joram* the King of *Israel* would have caused them to be massacred, had not *Elisha* forbid him to touch them, because that he had not got them by the point of the sword, but were come by miracle into his hands. Furthermore, he ordered that something should be given them to eat, which was done, and after they had taken their refection, they were sent back the straight way into their Country. Behold a courtesie worthy of the new Testament and of the Evangelical Law! *Elisha* would not that his miracles should be mischievous; he contented him-

himself to overcome those by Benefits that he might hurt by Justice, to shew, that there is nothing so victorious as a great heart that can make visible, that it is the highest point of power and goodness to pardon that by grace and mercy, that might be revenged by reason.

Sometime after, *Benhadad* King of *Syria* came to lay siege to the City of *Samaria*, where the King was shut in, and pressed so vigorously the besieged by famine, that an Asse's head was sold for fourscore Livers, and a little barrel of Pigeons dung for five Franks. It was an extreme rage, and a furious despair, that expected nothing but the heighth of evils for its remedy.

It happen'd that King *Joram* passed through the street, that he put on Sackcloath under his cloaths, when a poor woman all be-blubber'd with tears came to him, and requested of him life and safety: but the poor King not knowing what to do for her, said only to her, That he was not God to give her bread: she then desired Justice of him in a controversie which she had with a wicked woman. The King was content to hear her, and thereupon she told him, that she had made an agreement with that woman to eat together two little sons whereof they were mothers, on such conditions that hers should be eaten first, and that the morrow following, her neighbours should be serv'd up to the table also: and that in the pursuance of this, her little son had been massacred and devoured by his own mother and the Complice of her crime: but that now there was a question of proceeding to eat the son of her Comrade, she had hid him, and refused to give him, and that thereupon she beseeched his Majesty to do her justice. *Joram* was so affrighted at the proposition of that woman, that he rent his cloaths, and put himself in mourning.

But instead of humbling himself, he sware that the head of *Elisha* should not stay a day longer upon his shoulders, vexing against him, that he being so powerful, suffered such a famine of his people without helping it. He was like those *Mexicans* that make their King swear that the Sun shall give the Day, and the Clouds their Reign, and the Earth its Fruits, and in case that this fails, lay the blame on him and murther him. He imagined that the Prophet had barrenness and fruitfulness in his hands, as his Master *Elijah*, and that he ought to sacrifice him for the Publick. This Speech cost *Joram* dear, who was afterward dispossessed of his kingdom. and the Prophet doubting of this attempt, said to those that were about him, That the son of the Murtherer *Ahab* had given command to cut off his head, that he that was to give the stroke was upon the way, and that they should keep the door fast shut: Where we see, that the same Prophet that had before fiery Legions at his command, is on terms to defend himself after a fashion weak enough to resist the force of a King. But it is to teach us, that God gives not always to the Saints the power of Miracles, no more then the spirit of Prophecy, and that that failing, they ought to make use of the lights of their ordinary prudence.

It may be inferr'd from the sacred Text, that *Joram* changed his mind, and came himself to find *Elisha*, not as a persecutour, but in quality of a supplant, advertising him of the extreme rage of the Famine by the accident that had newly happen'd to those miserable women. Then *Elisha* inspir'd promised aloud, that in that very time that seem'd so calamitous, a bushel of Meal should be sold but for twenty Sous at the gate of *Samaria*, and that for the same price one should have two of Barley. Whereto one of the Nobles of the Court, on whom the King leaned, replied, That that would be very hard to be believed, though it should please God to open Windows in Heaven to make it rain Corn. But *Elisha* answered, that he should see that miracle before his eys, but should not enjoy its good effects.

The morrow after it happen'd, that four Lepers that had withdrawn themselves near to the gate of *Samaria*, pressed with hunger and with misery, of which they could find no ease, neither within nor without the City, were resolv'd to go into the Camp of the Enemy, to find there either bread or death. As they approached their Trenches, they perceiv'd that all was empty, which made them venture to enter in their Tents, where they found abundance of booty and began to pillage. Yet they had some remorse of conscience to think so ardently upon their own profit, without carrying that good news to the City, and ran instantly to the Porters of *Samaria*, to cause the King to be advertised of that happiness. He was so out of hope, that this made him enter into distrust, lest it should be a plot of the Enemies, out of a design to make them come forth and so surprise them. A resolution was made, that some Cavaliers should be sent forth to discover what had passed, and of the five horses that were left in the City, the rest being consumed by the Famine, two are dispatched, who confirm the news brought by the former messengers, and assure that the *Syrians* had raised the siege in disorder, forsaking their victual, their ammunitions, and all their riches. The God of Hosts that holds in his hand the issues of Battels and of Sieges, had operated therein, raising a fervour in them that made them believe, that the King of *Egypt* and the King of the *Hittites* were coming to fall upon them with huge Armies to cut them to pieces, whereat they were so affrighted that they quitted all that they had most pretious, to save their lives.

This hunger-starv'd people that had been so long shut up within the walls of a desolate City goes out in throngs, and runs on all sides to the prey that the hand of Heaven had prepared for them. The abundance was so great, that the Prophecy of *Elisha* was verified, and that great Lord that had contraried it by derision was trod to death by the people at the gate of the City, so dangerous it is to distrust the power of God, and to oppose his Prophets.

Elisha had another passage with *Naaman* in which he expressed a great generosity. This *Naaman* was a *Syrian* by Nation, and Lord high Constable of the King of *Syria*. His condition had filled him with honours and with riches, but his constitution had burthened him with a shameful Leprosie that deprived him of all the sweetnesses of his life. God that often makes the renown of great personages fly upon the tongue of simple people where it is less sophisticated, permitted that a little Girle (a slave) that had come from *Judea*, that was at that time in *Naaman's* Wive's service, should speak a thousand good words of the miracles of *Elisha* to her Mistris; and assured her, that he would easily be able to restore health to her Master, and to cure him of his Leprosie.

This came to the King of *Syria's* ears, who very much prised his Constable by reason of the great and faithful services that he had done him. And, as those that desire cure neglect no advices, he sends *Naaman* to the King of *Israel* with many presents, requesting him to heal him by the means of his

his Prophet. The King was greatly amaz'd at these letters, and imagin'd that that crafty *Syrian* mean'd to pick a quarrel with him to invade his kingdom, entreating him as a Deity, as if he had been the authour of life and death. His apprehension was so great, that he rent his cloaths and put himself in mourning, as in the danger of near disaster.

But *Elisha* comforted him, made him know that there was a most mighty God in *Israel* that wrought by his Prophets, and bad him not to fail to send the sick man to him, which he did, and *Naaman* was immediately at *Elisha*'s door, with a great train of chariots and horses. But the Prophet having a mind to shew at that time that he was not moved with the vanity of all the retinue of great personages, would not so much as see him, but sent him word that he should go and wash himself seven times in *Jordan*, and then he should recover his health. This Lord was vext at so dry a proceeding, and went away discontented, saying, that if there were no other mystery in it, his own Country wanted not Springs and Rivers; so ordinary it is for men to slight remedies that seem too easie, and for the imagination to look to be entreated with pomp.

Yet his servant told him, that the experiencing of that counsel would not cost him much, and would annoy him nothing, and that in any case he should make tryal of it, which he did, and carried away a perfect cure; whereat he was so ravished, that he betook himself suddainly to *Elisha*'s house to give him thanks, confessing that there was no other God in the world but that of *Israel*, in such a manner, as that he gained the health of his soul by that of his body, and quitted at the same time his leprosie and his infidelity.

He urged the Prophet to accept abundance of rich presents, wherewith he came well laden, but he constantly refused them, which is no small proof of virtue and of greatness of courage. For covetousness is like the shadow that hinders the light of the Sun, extinguishes its heat, and nourishes serpents; so she doth eclipse the brightnesses of the spirit of the Prophets, deads the love of the Devout, and gives nourishment to the passions. Men antiently were tryed by the river of *Rhine*, but now they are experimented by the golden streams of *Pactolus*. Those that render piety mercenary, have none at all; the spirit in them follows the flesh, and heaven gives way to earth. All the importunities of *Naaman* could not shake *Elisha*; he was a basilisk that could not be inchanted by the charms of avarice; he had eys of proof against the glistering of the gold of *Syria*; when he would have no mony, the other begged of him a little earth, as much only as would load two Mules, to build an Altar to the true God with holy ground, and not prophaned by Idolatry; expressing by this request, that he desired to worship the true God in spirit and in truth, though he received not Circumcision, nor the other Ceremonies of the *Jews*. He added to his former suit the permission to accompany his Master to the Temple of the Idols through a pure civility, without rendring any inward adoration to the Gods of *Syria*, which the Prophet granted him, and sent him away in peace, all full of blessing.

But *Gehazi Elisha*'s servant was like to spoil all by a wicked couzenage; for he ran after *Naaman*, who seeing him come, alighted out of his chariot and received him with much honour, asking what he desired of him. The other feigned that two children of the Prophets were come to see his Master, and that he desired to gratifie them with a talent of silver, and to give to each of them a change of raiment. *Naaman* thought himself obliged by this request, and instead of one talent gave him two, with two handsome suites of cloaths, causing all of it to be carried by two of his servants, by reason that a talent of silver was a good load for one man. *Gehazi* thought that he had succeeded bravely in his cheat, but when he presented himself to his Master, he told him, that he had been present in spirit at all that had passed, and that he was not ignorant, that he had at present silver from *Naaman* enough to become a great Lord, and to buy lands and servants; but for punishment of his crime, the leprosie of *Naaman* should stay on him, and should pass as an inheritance to all his race: and at that instant he was stricken with the leprosie, and retired himself, leaving an horrible example to all those that betray their conscience to satiate their covetousness.

It happens that these bad servants extremely black the reputation of their Masters that have not always their eys on their shoulders, as *Elisha* had, to see that which passes behind them; but when they imagine that they live very innocently, and that they discharge their consciences in their charges, one may find that a crafty wife, or a corrupted Committee sell them by a thousand practices, and devour the marrow and the bloud of men under the favour of their name. *Sigismond* the Emperour made one of his Officers named *Pithon*, that had betrayed his affairs through covetousness of mony, drink up a glass of melted gold. 'Twas but a bad potion, but sutable for the chastisement of an overflowing avarice that hath no longer eys for heaven, having already given all her heart to the earth. It is credible that *Naaman* was advertised of the untrustiness of *Gehazi*, and that this nothing blemished the high reputation of *Elisha*, that was spread through all *Syria*.

After the cure of this *Naaman*, *Benhadad*, that was his Master and his King, fell into a mortal sickness, and when he had learnt that the Prophet *Elisha* was come as far as his City of *Damascus*, he dispatched *Hazael*, one of the prime men of his Kingdom with fourty Camels laden with great riches, to consult with him about the hope that he might have of his recovery, and to desire his help. the prophet was not like *Hyppocrates* that would cure none but *Greeks*, and refused to go into *Persia*, though he was invited thither by letters, and by the offers of that great and magnificent King *Artaxerxes*. But quite contrary, the man of God thought that one ought not to limit the gifts of heaven, and that he that opens the treasures of nature to all the Nations of the earth, would not have one detain the marks of his power without communicating them to those that bear in any fashion his Image.

He cleansed the leprosie of *Naaman*, but yet for all that cured not *Benhadad*, because it was a decree of Providence that he should dy of that sickness. The Scripture tells us not expressly what became of those great presents, but it leaves us to think that *Elisha* refused them as he had done those of *Naaman*, and did nothing that belied his generosity. Although one may also believe that he accepted them, as well to diminish the levies of the enemies of his people, as to spread them amongst the poor of his Country. He spake only to this *Hazael* the King's Embassadours a very short speech, which was, that he should dy of that sickness, and should never rise out of his bed again; and yet in appearance he commands

him

him to tell him, that he ſhould eſcape it, and recover again his health.

Which cauſes here a queſtion to ariſe (though enough) touching the permiſſion of a lie, and which hath made *Caſſian* and other antient Divines ſay that there are ſome profitable lies which one ought to make uſe of, as one uſes ſerpents to make treacle. But this opinion is no way followed, but is found condemned by S. *Auguſtine*, and the moſt renowned Doctours. So that when *Eliſha* ſaid to Prince *Hazael* touching his King, *He ſhall die, but tel him he ſhall eſcape*: we ought not to take it as a command that authorizes a lie, but as a prophecy of that which ſhould be done. For the Prophet foreſaw theſe two things with one and the ſame ſight, both that *Benhadad* ſhould die, and that *Hazael* to flatter him, ſhould promiſe him health and life. And therefore he adds, *Tell him that he ſhall eſcape*, which in a Prophets terms is as much as a future, and means, that although I declare to you his death, yet I know you well, and am certain, that according to your politick Maxims you will not fail to promiſe him a cure. It is juſt as God commanded the evil ſpirit to lie and to deceive *Ahab*, foretelling what he would do, and not commanding that which ought not to be done according to the laws of a good conſcience.

As *Eliſha* was foretelling of that Kings death, he felt an extaſie of ſpirit and changed countenance notably, and began to weep, whereat *Hazael* was much aſtoniſhed, and had a curioſity to know the reaſon of a change ſo ſudden. But the Prophet continuing in the tranſports of his ſpirit, ſaid unto him, I weep and I ſigh bitterly, for I know the evils that thou wilt make my poor people one day ſuffer. Thou wilt burn down the fair Cities; thou wilt make the younge men paſs by the edge of the ſword; thou wilt daſh out the brains of the little infants; thou wilt inhumanely rip up women great with child; thou wilt ſack my dear Country, for which I now poure out my tears by way of advance. The Embaſſadour was amazed at a diſcourſe ſo ſtrange, and ſaid, Why? What am I ſhould do all theſe outrages? God forbid that I ſhould ever proceed ſo far; I have in all this no more beleif then hath my dog.

But *Eliſha* inſiſting, told him, I know by divine Revelation that thou ſhalt be King of *Syria*, and that which I ſay ſhall come to paſs under thy Reign. Behold a ſtrange Prophecy, and ſome body may wonder that *Eliſha* did not cauſe that wicked man to be ſtrangled that was to make all thoſe tragedies; for how many mothers are there that would have choaked their own children at their breaſt, if they had foreſeen that after they had ſucked their milk, they would one day aſſume the ſpirit of an hangman, to tyrannize over mankind! Yet *Eliſha* rejects not that *Hazael*, but conſecrates him King by his ſpeech, becauſe that he knew that it was a diſpoſition of God who would make uſe of him as of the rod of his fury, to chaſtiſe the Idolatries of his Kings, and the ſins of his People.

All men of God have this property, to ſubmit themſelves exceedingly to God's will, although it ſeems to will and permit things ſtrangely lamentable. In concluſion, as Predictions are very tickliſh and flatter the intention of thoſe that promiſe themſelves Empires and wonders; they animate alſo the heart of thoſe that have wicked undertakings; and one ought never to permit any one to take conſultations with Aſtrologers and Southſayers about the life and fortune of great men. This Embaſſadour returning to the Court deceived his King, giving him all hopes of a life, and when he doubted leaſt of death, ſtrangled him with a wet napkin, paying himſelf with a Kingdome for a recompenſe of his wickedneſs. And although it was a diſpoſition of God that *Benhadad* ſhould be deprived of his Scepter, yet it failed not to be a crime in *Hazael*.

The laſt rancounter that *Eliſha* had at Court was with King *Joaſh*, who went to ſee him a little before his death; and this Prince foreſeeing that he would quickly depart out of this world ſaid to him weeping that he was the Father, the Chariot, and the Conductour of his Kingdome, and of all his People: expreſſing, that he was afflicted with the regret of his loſs above all the things of the world. But *Eliſha* to comfort him, made him take his bow and arrows, and put his hand upon the King's hand as to guide it; after that, he commanded the window to be ſet open towards *Syria*, and cauſed the King to let flie an arrow which he accompanied with Propheticall words, ſaying, That it was the arrow of ſalvation, whoſe feathers God himſelf did guide, and that it was a meſſenger that prophecied to him, that he ſhould combate and deſtroy the Syrians, enemies of his people.

After that, he bad *Joaſh* again ſtrike the ground with the point of a dart that he had in his hand, which he did three times; and the Prophet told him that he ſhould carry away as many victories over the King of *Syria*; but if he had ſtricken till ſeven times he ſhould have ruined him even to the utmoſt conſummation.

A little while after *Eliſha* dyed, with an high reputation of ſanctity, and an extreme regret of all the orders of the Kingdome, and was interred in a place where he raiſed afterward a dead man by the touching of his bones; God rendring every thing wonderfull in him, even to his very aſhes.

It appears by all this diſcourſe that this perſonage had not a Piety idle and fearfull, amorous of its own ſmall preſervation, without caring for the publick good; but he had an heart filled with generous flames for the protection of his people, and an incomparable ſecurity to ſhew to Princes the eſtate of their conſcience. He ſupported all the Realm by his prayers, by his exhortations, by his heroick actions: and the loſs of one ſuch man was the overthrow of the prime Pillar of the State.

ISAIAH. JEREMIAH.

THe Prophet *Iſaiah* hath engraved his Spirit in his Book, and cannot be commended more advantageouſly then by his Works. He that would make him great Elogies after ſo ſublime a Prophecy, would ſeem to intend to ſhew the Sun with a Torch. The things that are moſt excellent make themſelves known by themſelves, as God and the Light: and I may ſay, all the words that this divine Perſonage hath left us, are as many characters of his Immortality.

It is with a very juſt title that we put him amongſt the holy Courtiers, for he was born at the Court of *Judea*, and ſome hold that he was the Nephew of King *Amaſiah*. This birth ſo elevated, and ſo many fair hopes which might flatter him to make him follow the courſe of the great ambitions of the world, did no way ſhake the force of his ſpirit. It was a Soul conſecrated to things Divine, that ſacrificed the firſt fires of his youth by the moſt pure flames of Angels. Never did Prophet enter into that Miniſtry with more authority and diſpoſition of heaven.

He had a ſublime viſion, in which he ſaw the Majeſty of God ſeated upon a Throne of glory environ'd with Seraphims, that were tranſported through the admiration of his greatneſs. God in perſon created him his Prophet; the Seraphim, a meſſenger of the ſovereign power, purified his lips with a Carbuncle, from whence proceeded a celeſtial fire, that if he had got any pollutions at the Court, where tongues are ſo free, they might be taken away by that ſacred touch. He offered himſelf to God with an heart full of chearfulneſs, to carry his word before Kings and Subjects, without fearing their menaces or their furies. And he acquitted himſelf all his life-time worthily of that duty, and propheſied more then fourſcore and ten years, not ceaſing to exhort, to counſel, to rebuke, to inſtruct, to comfort, and to perform all the exerciſes of his charge.

His Eloquence is as elevated as his birth, he ſpeaks every where like a King, with a ſpeech firm, lofty, and thundering, that paſſes all the inventions of man. When he threatens and foretels the calamities of Nations, it is ſo much lightning kindled by the breath of Seraphims that proceeds out of this divine mouth, that pierces the rocks, that ſhakes the mountains, that cruſhes the higheſt Cedars into duſt, the Nations into fear, and the Kings into reſpect.

When he comforts, they are rivers of milk and honey that flow from his tongue, and ſpread themſelves with incomparable ſweetneſſes into afflicted hearts. When he deſcribes the perfections and the reign of the Meſſias, they are the amorous extaſies of a Spirit melted by the heats of *Jeſus* that ſtrikes, burns, and penetrates him, more then ſeven hundred years before his birth.

The holineſs of his life marched always hand in hand with his Doctrine: he was a man dead to all worldly things, that lived but by the raptures of his deified ſpirit. He loved ſingularly the poor, and comforted them in all their neceſſities. He ſpake to Kings and reproved their ſins with an heroick conſtancy worthy of his Blood and Miniſtry.

At the ſame time, as *Romulus* began the Court of *Rome*, *Iſaiah* ſaw that of *Judea*, where he experimented great changes and ſtrange diverſities according to the revolutions of humane things. He paſſed his youth under his Uncle *Amaſiah*, who was at firſt a Prince good enough, and very obedient to the voice of the Prophets: for when he had enterpriſed a mighty war with the *Idumeans*, he raiſed two Armies, one of his own people, and the other of the unbelieving *Iſraelites* which he had invited to his aid; but when the Prophet told him that he did not well to make uſe of the Arms of *Iſrael* that was impious and ſeparated from the true God: he diſcharged them freely, although he had already paid an hundred thouſand men, and contenting himſelf with his own troops, gave them battel, which he gained with great advantages.

But it is a ſtrange thing, that by taking the *Idumeans*, he took alſo their Gods to worſhip them in *Jeruſalem*, and made himſelf an arm of hay with the prop of theſe imaginary Deities that had in nothing profited their Adorers. A man of God that propheſied in thoſe times rebuked him ſharply for it; but he demanded who made him the Kings Counſellor, and threatned to ſlay him, if he did not learn to hold

hold his peace. The other, without being afraid, denounced against him that he should come to some ill end, and left him, by flying from the Court. After which, this miserable Prince fell into a reprobate sense, was taken in war by his enemy the King of *Israel*; his capital City was laid waste, the Temple and his Palace pillaged; there was no more that remained to him but a shameful & miserable life which his own Subjects tare from him by a wicked conspiracy.

Uzziah his son and *Isaiah*'s Cousin-german was set on his Fathers Throne at sixteen years of age, and reigned a very long time with a reign peaceable enough. He built some Cities, and fortified others, set in order an Arcenal stored with good arms, enterprised wars against the Philistims, which he ended happily enough. He defeated also the *Ammonites* and the *Arabians*, which made incursions upon his Territories, and renowned himself by famous victories. He embraced also willingly his rest in season and addicted himself in the time of peace to husbandry.

The conversation of his dear Cousin that began to prophesie the seventeenth year of his Reign, contributed many good effects to his Government. But as he saw himself enjoy a long Reign, with abundance of favours from heaven, he became very absolute in his will, and would joyn the high-Priesthood to the Royalty. For he took the Censer, entred into the Temple, presented himself at the Altar of Perfumes, to burn Incense after the manner of the Priests, and although the high Priest *Azarias* opposed him stoutly, he desisted not from that attempt, till such time as by a manifest punishment from heaven he found himself on a suddain touched with a leprosie, which appeared on his face, and rendred him hideous, and out of knowledg, which made the Priests (animated by the judgment of God that had intervened thereon) chase him from the Temple; and he was constrained to retire himself unto an house out of *Jerusalem*, having left the administration of his Kingdom to his son.

This change was very sensible to the Prophet that had loved him tenderly, and supported the interests of his house; but on the other side, it was a comfort to him to see that he had a sense of his fault, and had reduced himself voluntarily unto the obscurity of that life for the chastisement of his sin.

His example ought to serve for a terrour to the Secular Powers that will encroach upon the Ministery of the Priests, and break the barriers that Providence hath established for the differencing of the Spiritual and Temporal Authority. There is need sometimes but of a little tongue of Earth to seperate two seas, and to keep them in good intelligence, but if one should go and cut it off, they would mix themselves and make a great deluge. So may we say, that the wisdom of God hath put certain bounds between the Priests and the Kings, which keep the affairs of the Church and of the State in a good temper; but when certain young *Abirams* interpose themselves to confound these Powers, they overflow the banks, and make wastes, prejudicial to mankind.

After the death of *Uzziah*, *Jothan* who was already fitted for business, took the Government with title of a King, and making a strong reflection upon the deportments of his Grandfather and of his Father, extracted from thence a most excellent Lesson, ruling his Subjects with great moderation, so that the Prophet *Isaiah* had nothing to do with him.

But he left an abominable son named *Ahaz* that quitted the God of his fathers, renewed the Idolatries of the most corrupted of his Predecessours, took the false Religion of the Kings of *Israel*, caused statues to be planted on the mountains and on the hills, offered Incense to them, made his children pass through the fire, and consecrated them to Idols; which drew the wrath of heaven upon him and upon his people, which was beaten with a thousand scourges and most great calamities.

The Prophet *Isaiah* saw all these storms falling down upon the miserable *Judea*, and ceased not to forewarn them, and to arm himself with a mouth of fire against the disorders of that wicked Prince; but it was without much effect, he being so much corrupted.

Who would ever have thought that of so bad a Father should have been born so excellent a Son as *Hezekiah*, who was instructed by *Isaiah*, and followed totally the course of his will and counsels so Divine, so wholesome; and wiped out the blot that his Father had imprinted upon the Altars of the living God, and made the true Religion flourish again, which seemed altogether extinguished in the confusions of an abandoned age! He brake down all the Idols that that unhappy *Ahaz* had erected. He dissipated the prophane Groves planted on the mountains for the exercise of his abominations. He did not pardon so much as the brazen Serpent that *Moses* had caused to be set up to a good end, although the Idolaters had afterwards abused it.

He commanded that the Temple should be purified and cleansed by the Levites, together with the Tabernacle and sacred Vessels, polluted by his Predecessour. He renewed the order of the Sacrifices, and the Quoires of Singers dedicated to the praises of God; he rallied all the faithful people to celebrate the Passover and the other solemn Feasts amongst the *Jews*. This Reign was a golden Age, and a true School of Wisdom, when the Prophet and the King conspired with a wonderful accord in the service of their great Master. *Isaiah* ceased not to produce sound thoughts; and that which was wholesomely thought on by that holy man, was stoutly executed by the courageous piety of this good King. He laboured in all things for the honour of him on whom do depend all Crowns, and God also laboured powerfully for him, doing more business in one night, then the arms of iron and steel could have done in ten years.

Every one knows how *Sennacherib* the King of the *Assyrians* came to lay siege before *Jerusalem* with a prodigious Army, against which there was no humane resistance. He sent a certain man named *Rabshakeh*, in an Embassage to King *Hezekiah*, who vomited out blasphemies, and proposed to him conditions shameful to his reputation and impossible to all his Powers. All the people were in an affright, expecting nothing but fire and sword. The King covered with sack-cloth implores the heavenly assistance, and sends the chief Counsellours of his State to the Prophet *Isaiah*, to turn away this scourge by his prayers. The holy man, in that confusion of affairs wherein one could not see one only spark of light, encourages him, animates him, and promises him unexpected effects of the mercy of God. The Prophecy was not vain, for in one only night the Angel of God killed an hundred fourscore and five thousand men in the Army of the *Assyrians* by a stroke from Heaven and a devouring fire which reduced them to dust in their guilded arms. This proud

King

King was constrained to make an ignominious retreat, and being returned to *Nineveh* the capitall City of his Empire, he was slain by his own children. This is a manifest example of the amiable protection of God over the Holy Court, who defended his dear *Hezekiah* by the intercession of the Prophet as the apple of his eyes.

He expressed yet another singular favour to him in a great sickness, caused by a malignant ulcer, of which (according to the course of nature) he should have died: and therefore *Isaiah* went to see him, and without flattering him, brought him word of his last day, exhorting him to put the affairs of his State in order. This good King had a tender affection to life, and being astonished at that news, prayed God fervently with a great profusion of tears, that he would have regard to the sincerity of his heart, and to the good services that he had done him in his Temple, and not to tear away his life by a violent death in the middle of its course. The heart of the everlasting Father melted at the tears of that Prince, and he advertised *Isaiah*, who was not yet gone out of the Palace, to retread his steps, and carry him the news of his recovery.

He told him from God that he should rise again from that sickness, and within three dayes should go up to the Temple to render his Thanks-giving. Further, he promised him that his dayes should be augmented fifteen years, and that he should see himself totally delivered from the fury of the Assyrians, to serve the living God in a perfect tranquillity. The King was ravished at this happy news, and desired some sign of the Divine will to make him believe an happiness so unhoped for. *Isaiah* for this purpose did a miracle, which since *Joshua*, had not been seen nor heard, which was to make the Sun turn back, so that the shadow of the Diall which was in the palace, appeared ten degrees retired, to the admiration and ravishment of all the world. And to shew that the Prophet was not ignorant of Physick, he caused a Cataplasme composed of a lump of figs to be applyed to the wound of the sick man, whereby he was healed, and in three dayes rendred to the Temple.

This miracle was not unknown to the Babylonians, who perceived the immense length of the day in which it was done, and their Prince having heard the news of it, sent Embassadours to King *Hezekiah* to congratulate his health, and to offer him great presents; whereat this Monarch, that was of an easie nature, suffered himself to be a little too much transported with joy, and out of a little kind of vanity made a shew of his treasures, and of his great riches to those strangers; which served much to kindle their covetousness. And therefore the Prophet, who was never sparing of his remonstrances to the King, rebuked him for that action, and fore-told him that he made Infidels see the great wealth that God had given him, through a vain glory which would cost him dear; and that having been spectatours of his treasures, they had a mind to be the masters of them; and that at length they should compass their design, but that it should not be in his time. This Prince received the correction with patience, and took courage, hearing that the hail should not fall upon his head, passing over his to his childrens.

Manasses his son succeed him, a Prince truly abominable, who wiped out all the marks of the piety of his father, and placed Idols even in the very Temple of the living God. All, that Idolatry had shown in sacriledges, cruelty in murders, impudence in all sort of wickednesses, was renewed by the perfidiousness of this man abandoned of God. Poor *Isaiah* that had governed the father with so much authority had no credit with the son; this tyger was incensed at the harmonious consorts of the divine Wisdomes that spake by his mouth, and could no more endure the truth, then serpents the odour of the vine.

Yet he desisted not to reprehend him, and to advertise him of the punishments that God prepared for his crimes; whereat this barbarous man was so much moved and kindled with fury, that he commanded that this holy old man that had passed the hundreth year, should be sawn alive by an horrible and extraordinary punishment.

O *Manasses*! cruel *Manasses*, the most infamous of tyrants, and the most bloudy of hang-men! this was the onely crime that the furies themselves even the most enraged should never have permitted to thy salvageness. This venerable Master of so many Kings, this King of Prophets, this prime Intelligence of the State, this Seraphim, this instrument of the God of Hosts, to be used so barbarously at the Court by his own bloud, after so many good counsels, so many glorious labours, so many Oracles pronounced, so many Divine actions so worthily accomplished! All the Militia of Heaven wept over this companion of the Angels, and the earth caused fountains to leap up to bedew her lips in the midst of her ardent pains. His Wisdome hath rendred him admirable to the Learned; his Life inimitable to the most Perfect; his Zeal adorable to the most Courageous; His Age Venerable to Nature; and his Death deplorable to all Ages.

JEREMIAH.

BEhold the most afflicted of Holy Courtiers, a Prophet weeping, a Man of sorrows, an heart always bleeding, and eys that are never dry. He haunted not great men but to see great evils, and was not found at Court but to sing its Funerals, and to set it up a tomb.

Yet was he a very great and most holy person that had been sanctified in his mothers womb: that began to prophecy at the age of fifteen years; a spirit separated from the vanities and the pretensions of the world, that was intire to God, that lived by the purest flames of his holy love, and quenched his thirst with his tears. He drank the mud of bad times, and found himself in a piteous Government, in which there was little to gain, and much to suffer.

After that the cruel *Manasses* King of *Judea* had been spoiled of the Scepter, and led prisoner into *Babylon*, chained as a salvage beast, he was sensibly touched with his affliction, and made a severe repentance, being cast with his irons into a deep pit, where he converted himself to God, with bitter sorrows and roarings of heart that made him obtain a pardon of his sins, even so far as to restore him his Liberty and his Crown. He behaved himself exceeding well the rest of his days, destroying that which he had made, & repairing that which he had destroyed. But he left behind him a wicked son, who having imitated him in his vices, followed him not in his repentance. It was the impious *Amon*, who was nevertheless the father of the holy King *Josiah*, who began to reign at 8 years old, and was governed by the good and salutary precepts of the Prophet *Jeremy* who took him into a singular affection.

This

This good Prince conſecrated the firſt fruits of his government by the expiation of Idolatry, which he deteſted alwayes by words, and combated by an indefatigable zeal. He never took any repoſe till he had cauſed the Idols in *Jeruſalem* and in the neighbouring places to be beat down, plucking up all thoſe abominations even by the root. He had ſworn ſo capitall an enmity with impiety, that he perſecuted the authours of it even to the grave which the condition of our mortality ſeems to have made as the laſt ſanctuary of naturall liberty, yet he cauſed the bones of thoſe that had heretofore ſacrificed to Idols to be burnt upon the ſame Altars as had been prophaned by them. After that, he commanded that the Temple ſhould be purged, and that the orders of the ſacrifices and of the praiſes of God, ſhould be there carefully obſerved.

The reading of a good book found in the Temple had ſo powerfully wrought upon him, that he aſſembled his people, and cauſed it to be read in preſence of all the world, with fear and trembling at the threatnings contained therein againſt the impious. Then he conjured all the company there preſent to renew in the ſight of God the oath of fidelity, & to promiſe him never to depart from his Laws and his Commandments, which was performed. There was a re-birth of a quite other world under the reign of this wiſe Prince that rejoyced the heart of the Prophet *Jeremy*; but he taſted a little honey, to drink afterward a cup of wormwood.

Joſiah was now come to the flower of his age, and of his brave actions, having reigned more then 30 years in a marvellous policy and great tranquillity, when *Pharaoh Necho* King of *Egypt* making war againſt the Aſſyrians would paſs through *Judea*, which gave ſome fear to this good Prince as well for the oppreſſion of his ſubjects that were menaced by the paſſage of a great army, as not to give cauſe of diſcontentment to the King of *Aſſyria*; and therefore he beſtirs himſelf to reſiſt him, and to oppoſe his paſſage.

It is the miſery of little Princes to be engaged in the differences of greater ones, as between the Anvil and the Hammer; they cannot favour the Party of the one, but they muſt render themſelves the ſworn enemies of the other, and Neutrality renders them ſuſpected to both. It is a difficult paſſage, where whatſoever Induſtry one brings to it, one often leaves behind the beſt feathers of his wings. *Joſiah* without advertiſing the King of *Aſſyria* that the Party would not be maintainable if he ſent not a powerfull Ayd, arms ſuddenly againſt a mightier then himſelf. *Necho* ſends to him his Embaſſadours to tell him that he meant no harm to his Perſon or to his State; that his deſign was againſt another King whom he went to combat by the orders of Heaven; that God was with him, and that if he endeavoured to ſtop his paſſage, evil would betide him for it. Notwithſtanding theſe preſſing ſpeeches *Joſiah* goes out to meet him, and as he was come to coping with his adverſary, at the very beginning of the mingling he was wounded mortally with an arrow; and commanded his Coachman to draw him out of the combat, which he did, and as he was put in his ſecond chariot which followed his chariot of war after the faſhion of Kings, he gave up the ghoſt without finding any remedy to divert the ſharpneſs of that fatal ſtroke. His body was brought back to *Jeruſalem* all bloudy, and the mournings for his death were ſo ſenſible and ſo piercing, that it ſeemed as if there had been an univerſall ſacking of the whole City.

Never Prince was ſo beloved, never any more paſſionately lamented, nor is there to be found any one among all the Kings of *Judea* that had leſs vices, and more zeal for the honour of God; his life was without ſpot, his reputation without reproach, and to ſay truth, his goodneſs was as it were the breath that all the world did breath. Poor *Jeremy* was ſo caſt down at a death ſo ſudden, that he loſt all his joyes, and begun then, according to S. *Jerom*, to make thoſe ſad lamentations that have engraved his grief on the memory of all men.

To queſtion why ſo good a King after ſo many actions of Piety was killed by the hand of an Infidel, as an old ſuit that human curioſity hath commenc'd againſt providence from the begining of the world; Some (ſaid *Pliny*) thrive by their wickedneſs, and others are tormented even by their own Sacrifices: But who are we to think to draw the curtain of the Sanctuary before the time, and to know the reaſons of all that God does, and permits in the world? For one virtuous Prince that is afflicted in the accidents of humane things, we ſhall find alwayes ten wicked ones that have ended miſerably; and yet we ceaſe not to quarrell with the ordination of heaven. By what contract is God to make his ſervants alwayes win at play and war? Muſt he do perpetually miracles to make himſelf be thought what he is? What wrong did he do *Joſiah*, if after a reign of 31 years, conducted with great ſucceſſes, and an univerſal approbation, he dy'd in the bed of valour defending his Country, and rendring proofs of the greatneſs of his courage? What injury was it to have giuen him the honour to carry the hearts of all his ſubjects to his grave, & to ſpread the glory of his name through all ages, and all the living? After that we have ſeen in Hiſtories 100 Tyrants die, almoſt all in a row, of hideous and bloudy deaths; we come again to King *Manaſſes*, who after he had ſhed ſo much bloud, paſſed out of this life by a death peaceably enough, we return to *Herod*, and *Tiberius*, and to *Mahomet*, who died in their beds, as if they had been great Saints of fortune, canonized by their happineſs.

Alas, what is the life of theſe and of their like! to be ſtabb'd every moment in the heart, and in the publick opinion; to be curſed of a million of mouths every hour of the day; to remain ſhut up in the encloſure of a palace walls, as old owls; and to have no other pleaſure but to make fire and bloud rain upon the heads of men! What contentment to wax pale at every flaſh of lightning; to tremble at every aſſault of the leaſt diſeaſe; to prepare poiſons and halters for every change of fortune; to live for nothing but to make men die; and to die for nothing but to make the devils a ſpectacle of their pains! Is this it that deſerves the name of felicity, and the admiration of the world?

After that *Joſiah* had drawn teares from the eyes of all the Kingdome, the people honouring his memory, ſet his ſon *Jehoahaz* upon the Throne, who reigned but three months, becauſe that *Nechoh* puft up with his victory, that would not ſuffer them to think of making a King without his conſent, came and fell upon *Jeruſalem*, and carried him away priſoner into *Egypt* where he died of diſpleaſure and bad uſage. He took his brother *Eliakim* or *Jehojakim* to put him in his place, and to make him reign under his authority. But *Nebuchadnezzar* who eſteemed himſelf the God of Kings could not endure that the Egyptian ſhould intermeddle with giving Crowns, came to beſiege *Jeruſalem* with great forces, and having won it, carried away the miſerable *Jehojakim* captive into *Babylon* with the flower of the City, and the ſacred veſſels of the Temple, when

he reckoned yet but the third year of his Reign.

It was a pitiful thing to see this infortunate King in chains after a dignity so short and so unhappy, but this so lamentable a change moved his adversary to compassion, who released him upon condition of a great annual tribute. He discharged it for the space of three years by constraint, his heart and inclinations leaning always towards *Egypt*, and never ceasing tacitely to contrive new plots. Besides, he so forsook the service of God, and abandon'd himself to the impiety of the Idolaters, that the admonitions and menaces of the Prophet *Jeremy* that had foretold him of a most tragical issue, had no power upon his spirit.

And therefore *Nebuchadnezzar* returned the XI year of the reign of this unhappy King, and having conquered him again, caused him to be assassinated, and his body to be cast on the dunghil for a punishment of his rebellion. He permitted his son *Jehoiachin*, otherwise *Jechonias* to succeed him: but scarce had this disastrous Prince reigned three months before this terrible Conqueror transported him, with his mother, his wives, and servants, & made him feel in *Babylon* the rigours of captivity after he had robbed him of all his treasures, and drawn out of *Jerusalem* ten thousand prisoners of the principal men of all *Judea*; so that this deplorable Realm was then between *Egypt* and *Babylon*, as a straw between two impetuous winds, incessantly tossed hither and thither without finding any place of consistence.

Nebuchadnezzar made a King after his own fancy, and chose *Zedekiah* the uncle of *Jehoiachin* who was at last the most miserable of all the rest. Here it is that *Jeremy* received a good share of the sufferings of his dear Country, and found himself entangled in very thorny businesses, in which he gave most excellent counsels that were little followed, so resolute were the King and Nobles to their own calamity. He had been very much troubled under the reign of *Jehojakim*: for as he was prophecying one day aloud of the ruine of the City of *Jerusalem*, and the entire desolation of the Temple, the Priests seized upon his person and caused the people to mutiny against him out of a design to make him be torn in pieces. But it chanced by good hap that some Lords of the Court ran to appease that tumult, before whom *Jeremy* justified himself, and protested it was the Spirit of God that moved to foretel those sad disasters for the correction of the sins of *Jerusalem*, and that the only means to shelter themselves from the wrath of Heaven, was seriously to embrace repentance; and told them that it was in their hands to do him justice, and that if they used him otherwise, they would shed innocent blood that would rebound against them and the whole City. These Courtiers judged that there was nothing in him worthy of death, and delivered him from the hands of those wicked Priests that were ready to assassinate him; there being no persecution in the world like to that which comes from sacred persons when they abuse their dignity to the execution of their revenge.

After this shaking, command is given him again to hold his peace, and to remain shut up in a certain place without preaching or speaking in publick: which was the cause that he dictated from his mouth his thoughts and conceptions to *Baruch* his Secretary commanding him to read them in a full assembly of the people, which he did, without sparing the great and principal men to whom he communicated them, so that this passed even to the ears of King *Jehojakim*, who would needs see the book, and when he had read three or four pages of it, he cut it with a Penknife, and cast it into the fire, commanding that *Jeremy* and his Secretary *Baruch* should be apprehended. But God made them escape, ordaining that that deplorable King that had despised his Word and the admonitions of his Prophet should fall into that gulf of miseries that had been foretold him.

The same abominations ceased not under the reign of *Zedekiah*; and *Jeremy* resumed also new forces to fight against them, and to publish the desolations that should suddenly bury that miserable Nation: then *Pashur* one of the principal and of the most violent Priests caused the Prophet to be brought before him to reprehend him, for that he ceased not to foretel evils, and to torment all the world by his predictions. Whereupon he entred into so great a wrath against the innocent, that without having any regard to the decency of his dignity, he stroke him, and not content with that, caused him to be clapt in prison, and chains to be put upon him.

This Divine Personage seeing himself reduced to that captivity for having brought the Word of God, and being left (as it were) to himself to do and suffer according to nature and humane passions, was seized with a great melancholy, and made complaints to God which parted not but from the abundance of love that he bare to him.

Ha! what (said he) my God, have you then deceived me? And who doubts but that you are stronger then I? Who am I to resist you? You have made me carry your word, and to speak boldly your adorable truths to Kings and Peoples, and for this I am handled as an Imposture, and as the dreg of nature, and the reproach of the world. Behold what I have gained by serving you with so much obedience and fidelity. Often have I said by my self, I will obey the Magistrates, I will hold my peace, and remember no more the thoughts that God reveals to me; nor speak any more in his name: but then I felt a fire boiling in my heart that was shut up in the marrow of my bones, and I fell into a swoon, and could not endure the violence of my thoughts without unloading my self by the tongue, and publishing that which you inspired into me. And for this, behold me reduced to irons. And have I not good cause to say that which miserable men use to say, That the day of my Nativity in regard of Original sin, and so many calamities that spring from that source, is lamentable and cursed; and that it were to be wished, that the Womb of my mother that bare me had been my Sepulcher? Wherefore did I come out of the bowels of a woman to be a spectatour of so many sorrows and so much confusion?

The Saints speak sometimes like men, according to the sense of the inferiour part of the soul, especially when they see themselves overwhelmed with great evils; but God raises them up immediately, and makes them resume the tongue of Heaven.

As the Prophet was deploring his miseries in that dark prison, God gave lights and remorses to his persecutour that came the next day to deliver him, either through some compassion, or because he had attempted that beyond the limits of his authority. The prisoner instead of expressing some kind of weakness spake more boldly then before, foretelling even to *Pashur* that he should be led captive into *Babylon*, and that he should die there, the other not daring to enterprise any thing against him.

After that very time, *Jeremy* betook himself to the Palace to speak with the King & with the Queen his wife, to advertise them of the utmost misery that menaced their Crown, if they did not make an entire cóversion to God to give an example to their subjects.

Besides

Besides this, he gave some State-counsel, & told the King, that since God had permitted that he should be subdued by the Arms of the King of *Babylon* that had put him on the Throne, & to whom he had promised Faith, Homage, and Tribute, he should do wel to keep his promises inviolable, rather then to adhere to the King of *Egypt*, and expect the assistance of his Arms. This was the most important point of State, that concerned the safety of all the Kingdom.

Nevertheless, King *Zedekiah*, whose spirit was a little soft, hearkned to the advice, & took sometimes fire, but it was but for a little times, he being no way constant in his good resolves. When he saw himself menaced with a siege by the King of the *Babylonians* he was affrighted, and inclined a little to his side, but as soon as he perceived that he diverted his arms another way, he brake his promised faith, being weary of the rigour of the tributes that the other exacted of him. Thereupon, *Jeremy* ceased not to publish, that it was an errour to expect that the army of *Pharaoh* K. of *Egypt* wch was reported to be upon its march to help *Jerusalem* should do any good, that it should return upon its own steps without enterprising any thing; that *Nebuchadnezzar* was not so far off, but that in a small time he would render himself before the city to besiege & win it: That it was a decree of God, & although the Army of the *Chaldeans* should be defeated, yet those that remained (though wounded and sick) should be sufficient to take *Jerusalem* abandoned of the Divine protection.

When he had spoken this publickly, he resolved to retire himself for a time, and to go into the countrey; but he was taken at the gate of the city by *Irijah* that accused him falsely, and said that he was going to render himself to the army of the *Chaldeans*, whereupon, he carried him under a good guard to the Magistrates, who having beaten and ill used him, sent him to prison, where he remained many dayes without consolation.

At last, the King having heard of what had happened to him, caused him to come secreetly to him, & spake to him, to conjure him to tell the truth, whether those Predictions that he ceased not to sow in the ears of all the world were Revelations from God whereof the Prophet assured him again, & gave him some good incitement to incline to the most wholesome counsels. Poor *Jeremy* seeing this Prince use him kindly, said unto him.

Alas, Sir, what have I done, and in what have I offended your Majesty to be used as a rogue by those that usurp your authority? What crime have I committed by telling you the truth? Where are your false Prophets that said, that there was no need to fear the coming of *Nebuchadnezzar*, and that he had other business to dispatch? is he not at length come to verifie my Prophecies? since you do me the honour at present to hear me, My Lord and my Master, hearken to my most humble request, & grant me a courtesie that I desire of you in the name of God, which is, that I may no more return into the the prison out of which your Majesty hath caused me to be drawn; for, the continuation of the evils that I have suffered there, is able suddenly to tear my soul from my body, and it will be but a grief to you to deliver me to death for having given you counsels of life and safety.

The King was softned by the words of the Prophet but he was so timorous that he durst not take the boldness to cause a prisoner to be delivered by his absolute authority, fearing the reproaches and outcryes of those that would have the upper end in all affairs. He caused onely the gaoler to be bid to use him a little kindlier, taking him out of the black dungeon, to give him a place more reasonable, and to have a care that in that great famine of the City he would not want bread.

This was executed, and he staid some time at the entrance of the prison with a little more liberty, during which, he spake again to those that visited him, & said freely, That there was no way to escape the sacking of the City, but by rendring themselves to the *Chaldeans*. This made *Pashur* and his complices incensed again with a great wrath, and spake insolently to the King, that *Jeremy* might be delivered to them, publishing that he was worthy of death, that he was a seditious fellow that did nothing but make the people mutiny, and separate them from their obedience to him.

The miserable *Zedekiah* that had let these men take too high an ascendent upon his person had not strength of spirit enough to resist them, but against his conscience abandoned his poor Prophet to them, although it was with some regret. These wicked men having taken him, let him down with cords into a deep pit of the prison, which was full of mire and filth, where he expired the remainder of his deplorable life, and dyed there of miseries, if God had not raised him up a protectour, of whom he never so much as dreamed.

There was in the King's house a famous officer, an *Ethiopian* by Nation, & a man of heart, who hearing of the cruelty that was used against the Prophet took pity on him, and said boldly to the King, what (Sir) can your Majesty well approve of the rigours that poor *Jeremy* is made to suffer for doing the function of a Prophet? It well appears that his enemies would have his skin, for they have let him down with ropes into a deep dungeon, where it is almost impossible to breath. There is danger if this good man dyes by this ill usage that you are guilty of his death, and that this may draw some wrath of God upon your Majesty. He spake this with so good an accent, that the King was moved, and gave him charge to take thirty souldiers, and to draw him thence, which he did quickly, casting down to him old linnen raggs to put under him, that he might not be galled by the cords when they should make him ascend out of the bottom of that hideous prison.

When he was plucked up again the King had another time the curiosity to see him, not in his Palace but in some secret place of the Temple, where *Jeremy* spake to him with much fervency and tenderness telling him that the onely means to save his person, his house, and all the city, was to render up himself to *Nebuchadnezzar*, and that if he refused to do it, he and all his would be destroyed. The King answered that he was afraid to commit himself to the King of *Babylon*, lest he should deliver him to his rebellious subjects that had fallen from him to the enemy. *Jeremy* replyed, That he need not fear any such thing, and affectionately beseeched him to have pity on his own soul, on his wife and on his children for otherwise there would happen a great misery. This poor Prince feared to attempt this against the opinion of those that governed him, and to scatter them by this means from his party. Nay, he was afraid even to be seen with *Jeremy*, and recommended to him very much to keep secret that discourse, and to tell no body that he had spoken to him about State-affairs. He was sent back to prison that he might not make the seditious mutiny, & all that he could obtain was not to be plunged

again in that pit from whence he had been delivered. In the mean while *Nebuchadnezzar* after a long siege carried the city of *Jerusalem* which was taken about mid-night, the enemies being entred by a breach that no body perceived. *Zedekiah* much amazed betakes himself to flight with his wife and children, and a few men of war about him, taking his way through night darkness, affrights, fear, and a thousand images of death. The *Chaldeans* had notice of his retreat, and caught him on the plains of *Jericho*, where he was immediately forsaken of his men, and left with his wives and little children that sent out pitiful cryes through the apprehension of servitude and death.

He was carried away from thence to *Riblah*, where *Nebuchadnezzar* was expecting the issue of that siege. This unfortunate Prince was constrained to present himself before the frightful countenance of a barbarous King, puffed up with his victories and prosperities, who loaded him with reproaches and confusions, upbraiding him with his rebellion, his ingratitude and unfaithfulness: he would willingly have been ten foot under ground before he suffered such indignities, thinking himself sufficiently punished by having lost his crown and liberty.

But this cruel Conquerour would give other satisfactions to his revenge, for after he had a long time digested his gall and thought on the means that he would use to punish him, he causes his children to come before him, and commands the Hangmen to murther them in the father's sight. These poor little ones seeing the glittering sword now ready to be plunged in their bloud, cried out for mercy, and called pitifully upon the sad name of their father that had no other power but to suffer his calamity. The sword passes through the bodies of his children to find his heart who dyed as many deaths as nature had given him gages of his marriage.

He expected that the sword stained with the bloud of his dear progeny should have ended his life and griefs; but this inhumane Tyrant having left him as much light as was needful to illuminate his misery, after that he had filled himself with this lamentable spectacle, caused his eys to be plucked out by an execrable cruelty; and having commanded him to be put in great & heavy chains caused him to be carried into *Babylon* where he ended his miserable life, & in his Person ended the Kingdom of *Judea* that had subsisted since *Saul* four hundred & fourscore years.

Nebuchadnezzar having heard the narration that was made of *Jeremy* & the good counsel that he had given to his K. esteemed him highly, & gave charge to *Nebuzaradan* the General of his Army to give him content, whether he had a mind to go to *Babylon*, or whether he would stay in his own countrey. But to shew he sought not the splendour of greatnesses, he chose to make his abode amidst poor labourers and vine-dressers that were left after the sacking of the city, the better sort being transported into *Babylon*.

He was recommended to *Gedaliah* who was settled Governour of those miserable reliques of the people by *Nebuzaradan*, but when this *Gedaliah* was murthered seven months after his creation, *Johanan* that was one of the principal men, counselled the *Jews* to quit that miserable land, & to follow him into *Egypt*. *Jeremy* opposed it, and foretold misery to all those that should go thither; but instead of believing him, they dragged him along by force, either to afflict him, or to prevail over his prophecies. He failed not to prophecy the desolatiō of *Egypt* that was to bend under the arms of *Nebuchadnezzar*, whereat his country-men found themselves incensed; and fearing left he should draw some envy on them, stoned him in a sedition. The *Egyptians* hearing talk of the life and predictions of this great personage made account of him, and set him up a Tomb, where God to honour his servant did great miracles, chasing away by his ashes the Crocodiles and serpents. *Alexander* that flourished two hundred years after him admiring those wonders caused his reliques to be transported into *Alexandria*, where he caused a magnificent sepulchre to be erected for him, as the *Alexandrian* Chronicle reports. Behold how virtue persecuted in its own house finds a prop with strangers, and even veneration amongst the Infidels; God using all sorts of instrumēts to honour the merits of those that have rendred him proofs of a perfect faithfulness.

Saint IOHN Baptist. Saint PAUL.

WHat makes an Hermit at the Court, a Solitary man in a Tumult, a sacred amongst Prophane, a Saint in the house of *Herod*? He was far more secure amongst wolves, amongst Foxes and Tygers, then amongst those wicked Courtiers. He was more contented with his little

little dinner of Locusts and wilde Honey, retired in his Cabben, then at the sight of the pomps and pleasures of the King of *Galilee*. But God that is the Master of Kings and the Directour of Hermits hath thus disposed of him, and willed that he should dye at Court after he had so long time lived in the wilderness.

It is not certainly known what occasion drove him to it, whether he went thither by zeal, or whether he was sent for by design, or whether he was forced by violence. Some think that the miseries of his countrey afflicted under the Government of a dissolute Prince, affecting him with a great Compassion, He went out of the desert, of his own accord to admonish the King of his duty; Since that all those that came near him, and were obliged to speak to him were mute, partly by a servitude fatall to all those that are tyed to the hopes of the world, and partly also being seized with fear by reason of the power and cruelty of a womans spirit that possessed *Herod*. Others, as *Josephus*, have written that the Prince hearing every day of the great concourse of all sorts of people that went to the wilderness to see S. *John*, was afraid lest under colour of piety this might make some change of State. Tyrants love not men endowed with an extraordinary vertue, and that have not learnt the trade of flattering; their voice is the Cock that frights those cruel Lions; their life is a flash of Lightning that dazles their eyes; their actions are as many Convictions of their Iniquity. And therefore this Authour saith, that without other form of process, *Herod* caused him to be apprehended, to prevent him and break off those Assemblies that were made about him.

Yet it is probable and more consonant to the Scripture (which assure us that this Prince bare some respect to *John*, and heard him, and did many things according to his advice) that he proceeded not against him at first with so much violence. But the cunning Fox (as he was, according to the judgement that the Eternal Truth made of him,) seeing that St. *John* was in an high esteem for holiness, and on great credit amongst the people, strived to winn him, and to draw him to him, to make himself be reputed for a good Prince that cherished honest men, and to maintain by this means his authority that was already tottering, and little rooted in the true Maxims of a good Government. It was thus that *Dionysius* the Tyrant made use of the Philosophers, not for any affection that he bare them, but to appropriate them to the bad intentions that he had in State, and to give them some colour by the express or interpreted approbation of those personages that were in reputation for their wisdom. But *Herod* did ill choose his man; this was not a Court-flatterer, a Tool for all Trades, a Shoe for all Feet, but a stiffe and austere man, to whom a whole World would not have given the least temptation to do any thing against his conscience.

It would be a superfluous thing to enlarge ones self at length upon the rare qualities of Saint *John*, who having been many times highly commended by the Creatour of Vertues, and the Distributer of true praises, who hath preferred him above the greatest of the world, seems to have dryed up by his abundance the Elogies of the most eloquent. Let us content our selves to say, that there are abundance of excellencies in him, enough to make all chaires speak, and all pens write even to the end of the world.

He was born of the bloud of *Aaron* the brother of *Moses*, the first ornament of the Priesthood, and the great Conductour of the People. He came out of a barren Womb which he rendred fruitfull above all fecundities of the earth. His birth was declared miraculously by the voice of an Archangel. He was sanctified almost as soon as conceived, and vertue appropriated him to her self before that nature had brought him to the Light. He was a worshipper of the word when he was yet in the bowels of his Mother, and received the first rayes of the everlasting day before that his eye was open to the brightnesse of the Sun. Reason was advanced to him by a wonder altogether extraordinary. He hath had this honour, to know first, after the Virgin *Mary*, the news of that high mystery of the Incarnation, and of the Redemption of the world. Of all the Nativities of so many children of *Adam*, the Church celebrates none but that of *John*, who hath this common with our Saviour and his most holy Mother, who by a special priviledge honoured his birth by her actual presence; So that he saw his first day under the aspect of the Mother of the Universe. His name was given him by an Archangel, a name of grace and favour, that shewed he was placed in the rank of the dearest delights of Heaven, and the tongue of his dumb father tyed by an heavenly vertue, was loosed by its power, that it might pronounce that fair name. He was exempted from grievous sins, and (as many Divines hold) even from venial. He consecrated his retirement in the Desart almost as soon as he entred into the world. Furthermore he was a Prophet, and more then a Prophet, a Virgin, a Doctour, a forerunner of the Son of God, the Trumpet of Repentance, the Authour of a Baptisme (that ushered in that which regenerates us all) whereof *Jesus* was pleased to receive the sprinckling. In fine, he was the Horizon of the Gospel and the Law, and the first that shewed with the finger, the Lamb of God and the Kingdom of Heaven.

But let us make no reckoning of what I have alleadged, but let us say onely that which the word hath said of him, That he was not a Reed to bow at every wind, nor a man that could be allured by the delicacies of the Court; He spake their as a Prophet, he conversed there as an Angel, and at last dyed there as a Martyr. The time furnished him with an occasion, about which he could not speak without making much noise, and he could not hold his peace without betraying his Conscience.

That *Herod Antipas*, which we are to speak of here, was the son of the great *Herod* the Murtherer of the Innocents and of a *Samaritan* woman, who after the death of his Father (for as much as the Legitimate issue of *Mariamne* had been unworthily murthered to make way for unjust heirs) had for his part of the Kingdom of *Judea*, *Galilee*, which he held in quality of a *Tetrarch*. He was a Prince of a small courage, addicted to his pleasures, lascivious and loose, that endeavoured to preserve himself by poor shifts, having nothing stout nor warlike in his person.

He had a Brother named *Philip*, which held another parcel of that Kingdom of *Judea* dismembred and little enough considerable, the *Romans* having possessed themselves of the best part of it, after they had deposed *Archelaus* that had reigned as Successour of his Father in quality of a King. *Philip* was married to *Herodias* the Daughter of his Brother *Aristobulus*, and by consequence his Niece, those Marriages being ordinary enough in the Court of *Herod*. The Husband was a sweet and moderate spirit, that kept his small Government very peaceable, and pleased himself with rendering Justice to

his people with so much ardour that he often stayed his Chariot by the way, and heard the differences of the meanest people to reconcile them. But the Wife quite contrary was an Haughty, Ambitious, Turbulent, Immodest spirit, that was not content with what God had given her, but tryed by all means to become Queen.

It happened that *Herod Antipas* under colour of a progress or recreation, went to visit his brother *Philip* who received him in his Palace with all curtesie and sincerity. He amused himself in the abode that he made there, to cajoll that *Herodias* his sister in Law, that needed not much courting to be brought in Love, so fickle was her disposition, and so desirous still of Novelties.

They found that *Antipas* was not pleased with his Wife, nor *Herodias* with her Husband; they make an audacious and irregular complot, which was to seperate themselves from their Mates under colour of a divorce, and to marry themselves together. *Herod* promised her, that he would go to *Rome* and make her Queen, which she could never hope for of her Husband, who (he told her) was a man without heart, and born onely to converse with inferiour people. He made himself a brave man at his Sword, Rich, Valiant, Happy, Magnificent; and his body was not ill made, so that this false marriage is concluded between the parties, and it is not known whether it began then by a clandestine adultery. Their privacies were but too remarkable: so that *Herod's* wife that was the daughter of *Arethas* King of *Arabia* had an inkling of them; and dissembling her thoughts, wrote to the King her father, that she could no longer live with a dissolute husband, that had no affection to her; and that violating the faith plighted in marriage, had made a promise to an adultéress to espouse her. Her father was greatly exasperated at this affront, expressing that he was ready to receive her to his Court, and counselled her to steal away warily from her Husband; which she did prudently enough, asking leave of him to take a little journy to the Castle of *Macheron*, which was upon the frontier to recreate her self. This was very freely granted her; and in the mean while she orders her fathers men to carry her away into *Arabia*. Yet she needed not to have studied her flight, and to have made a mystery of it; since her Husband had no great minde to run after her, but had given her much annoyance out of a design to weary her, and to make her escape from him of her own accord, to have an excuse to the King her father when he should complain of him.

This departure of the *Arabian* suddain and meditated, came to the ears of *Herod* and *Herodias*, who made Bonefires of joy at it in their hearts, and believed that it was an overture that Heaven had given them, to the accomplishment of their design. The wicked woman quits *Philip* her husband and comes into *Galilee* to lodge in the Palace of her brother bringing with her a shameless daughter, whom the deportments of the mother made men believe not to have appertained by good right to her husband. *Josephus*, out of whom we have in part taken this History, doth not tell us whether the good *Philip* was much troubled for his wife; but her insolent spirit makes us believe that he had no great reason to lament her. This coming was coloured at first with the pretence of a visit that she gave her brother in Law; but at last the business came to light, and to cover the scandal of it, a divorce was to be protested, and a marriage feigned. *Herod* had no want of flatterers and servile spirits at his Court that found out reasons to colour so great a crime.

He would have much desired that Saint *John* would have approved it, or that staying near him without speaking a word, his silence would have made the people believe that he was not upon tearms of disapproving it. But this was to judge too basely of so high a virtue. The holy man resolutely tells him, that it was not permitted him to marry his brothers wife; that it was an Adultery, and an odious incest in the sight of God, and scandalous to all his Subjects. He advertised him of the obligations of the Law, whereof he made profession, of the examples of the good Kings that had preceeded him, of the chastisements of the wicked that had felt the weight of divine justice. He laid before his eys how States passed from one hand to another by Injustice, Iniquity, Impiety, and the filthyness of those that Governed ill. He put also into his admonition the contempt of God, that was dreadful above all things, the interests of his brother, the ill example that he would give his family, the speeches of his people, the judgments even of stranger Kings; and as it is credible, forgat nothing of all the considerations that were worthy to be represented to him.

The spirit of *Herod* was not altogether bad, nor as yet forsaken of God, He heard Saint *John*, and conceived sometimes a remorse of his fault. But as soon as he had seen *Herodias* he remembred no more any of those advertisements, and durst not express that he had so much as any scruple of his marriage, So imperiously did this cunning woman carry him. She knew at last what the man of God had spoken, & was transported with a fury that suffered her not to breathe any other thing but revenge & menaces.

She laid hold of an opportunity to her advantage, and seeing this Prince besotted with her Love, and in a condition to deny nothing to her inticements informed him (as far as one may guess) that *John* was very dangerous to the welfare of the State; and that that great deluge of people that he drew after him spake nothing good; and that if he were a crafty man, as he seemed to be, he would be able to raise a sedition for the interest of his ambition; and if he were but simple, which she did not imagine, there would enough be found with him every day that would abuse that simplicity; that it was a great arrogance in him to find fault with the alliances of his marriage, and to disallow of that, which so many others, as good men as he had approved of; that she saw plainly that this tended to his ruine, and that if Saint *John* could bring about what he aimed at, she should be good for nothing but to be cast to Doggs, and that that was not the recompence that she expected of her love and faithfulness towards him after she had despised every thing for the price and esteem of his contentment.

She ceased not to beat upon the Prince's ears with such like words, and to breed a distrust in him of Saint *John*, in such a manner, as that he consented that he should be apprehended and put in prison; under colour, as *Josephus* saith, that he went about to change the peoples minds, and to embroil the State. This detaining of a man so holy and so renowned made a great noyse through all *Judea*, but the wicked woman had this Maxim, That one ought to take ones pleasure to content Nature, and little to trouble ones self at the opinions of the world below, nor at the complaints of honest men, judging that all mouthes ought to be stopped by the rigour of punishments, and that she should be innocent when no body durst any more find fault with her actions.

She

She slept not one good sleep with her *Herod* as long as Saint *John* was yet alive, but fearing alwayes either that her pretended husband whom she thought light enough, might be softned with compassion to release him, or that the people that held him for a Saint, might break open the prisons to take him thence, she resolved to see the end of him to give all liberty to her unbridled passions.

She watches the opportunity of *Herod*'s birth-day, on which he was accustomed to make feasts and to entertain the principall Officers of his Kingdom. This crafty woman tampered with all the wills of those that had any power over his spirit for this design, and seeing that her Daughter was a powerfull instrument to move that effeminate Prince, and that he was extraordinarily pleased to see her dance, conjured her to employ all her Genius and all her industry, all the baits, allurements and gentilesses that she had in dancing, to gain the King's heart, and that if she saw him very freely merry, and on terms to gratifie her with some great advantage, she should take heed of asking any thing but the head of *John*; and that he was necessarily to fall, if she would not see her Mother perish and all her fortunes overthrown.

The daughter obeyed, and fits herself even to perfection to please the Prince's eyes; she enters into the banqueting house richly deck'd, and makes use of a dance not vulgar, whereat he was ravished, and all the Guests (that were perhaps hired by *Herodias* to commend her) made a wonderfull recital of her perfections. There was nothing now remaining but to give her the recompence of her pains. This daughter of iniquity and not of nature, sayes *Chrysologus*, seeing that every one applauded her, and that the King, that was no longer his own man, would honour her with some great present which he would remit to her own choice, even as far as to give her the Moity of his Kingdom, if she would have desired it, made a bloudy request, following the instructions of her wicked Mother, and required that instantly S. *John*'s head should be given her in a plate.

Herod felt his heart pricked with a Repentance piercing enough, but because he had sworn in presence of the Nobles of his kingdoms to deny nothing that she should ask, would not discontent her, but gives command to the Master of his House to go to the prison and to cut of S. *John*'s head, to put it in the hands of this wanton wench. As soon as the word was pronounced, her Mother was not quiet till she saw the execution of it; to Prison they run; every one thought that it had been for some grace, since that it was upon the nick of the feast of the Nativity of the King; but they quickly saw an effect quite contrary to that thought, when S. *John* was called for and told, that he must resolve to dye.

What, think we, did this divine Forerunner do at this last moment that remained to him of so innocent a life! but render thanks to God that made him dye a Martyr for the truth, after he had inlightened his eyes with the visible presence of the Incarnate Word which permitted him not to have any thing left in this world to be desired. He exhorted his disciples to range themselves about our Saviour, who was the Way, the Life, and the Truth. He prayed for his Persecutours, and for the easing of the miseries of his poor people; afterward having a relish of the first contentments of his felicity by the tranquillity of his spirit, he yielded his neck to the bangman. His body was honourably buried by his disciples, and his head brought in a plate to that cruel feast, put into the hands of that Dancéresse, who presented it to her Mother; and the Mother, according to S. *Jerome*, made a play-game of it, pricking the tongue with the needle of her hair.

All that one can speak is below the horrour of its spectacle, sayes S. *Ambrose*. The head of S. *John*, of the Prime man of the world, that had shut up the Law, that had opened the Gospel, the head of a Prophet, of an Angel, is outrageously taken off and delivered for the salary of a dancéresse. The sobereſt of men is massacred in a feast of drunkards, and the chastest by the artifice of a prostitute. He is condemned on an occasion, and on a time in which he would not even have been ablolved, as abborring all that proceeded from intemperance. O how dangerous is it then to offend a woman that hath renounced her honour! *Herod* gave her an homicide for a kiss. The hangmen wash their hands when they are ready to sit down at table, but these unhappy women pollute theirs in the banquet with a Prophet's bloud. The righteous slain by Adulterers, the innocent by the guilty, the true Judge by criminal souls. This banquet that should have been the source of life, brings an edict of death. Cruelty is mingled with delights, and pleasure with funerals. This horrible plate is carried through all the table for the satiating of those inhumane eyes, and the bloud that drops yet from his veins falls upon the pavement to be licked up with the ordures of that infamous supper. Look upon it, *Herod*, look upon a deed that was worthy of none but thy cruelty; stretch out thine hand, put thy fingers in the wound that thou hast made that they may be again bedewed with a bloud so sacred. Drink, cruel man, drink that river which thou seest glide to quench thy thirst. Look upon those dead eyes that accuse thy wickednesse, and which thou doest wound again with the aspect of thy filthy pleasures. Alas! they are shut not so much by the necessity of death as by the horrour of thy luxury.

The vengeance of God delayed not long to fall upon those perverse souls that had committed so enormous a crime. *Arethas* King of the *Arabians*, resenting the affront that had been given to his daughter by those Adulterers, enters in Arms upon the Lands of *Herod*, who bestirrs himself but weekly to resist him. Pleasures held him so fast chained that he had not the boldnesse to go to his frontiers in person to oppose his adversary: but contented himself with sending a Colonel that lost the battel hazarded against the *Arabian*; and this miserable King was in the way to have been deprived of all his Kingdoms, if the *Romans* had not intervened, who would not permit *Arethas* to make himself great in their vicinity. Some while after happened the passion of our Saviour, who as we know, was presented to this *Herod*; but by reason that there was no *Herodias* to urge him then to murther, he contented himself with the mockeries and derisions of his person. He thought from that time forward to enjoy a great quietnes but the justice of God that punishes exemplarily the violences that are committed against his servants, raised him up a great *Catastrophe*.

His Wife that spurred him incessantly with ambition perswaded him to take a journey to *Rome* to make himself great by the favour of the *Romans*, and to bear openly in his Titles the name of King. But he was much amazed that young *Agrippa* his Kinsman had supplanted him, and found so much favour with the Emperour *Claudius*, that he gave him the Kingdom of *Herod Antipas*, with the other of *Philip* that was now deceased, and sent him into *Judea* with the name of King, and with good Patents to authorize his Election. And for as much

as concerns this murtherer of the Prophet, having been accused of much insolence and cowardise, the Edict of the Prince banished him to *Lyons*, so that he was like the Camel in the Fable, that for having asked for horns of *Jupiter* lost his ears. The Emperour let *Herodias* know that he intended not to comprehend her in the Edict, but that he permitted her to stay in the Countrey. Yet she was so constant in a wicked friendship, that she answered, That since she had been a companion of her husband in prosperity, she would by no means abandon him in adversity, & that she had rather be banished with him then have a Kingdom with another man that should not be according to her heart. She was left to do after her own head, & both of them set forth to go to exile, accompanied with that little wanton, which according to *Nicephorus*, passing over a frozen River fell in before she was aware, the Ice melting under her feet. She hung a long time in this snare, moving her self up and down as if she would have danced, in such a sort as that her neck was cut off by a razour of Ice, and her life fisled under the waters to make an honourable revenge to the holy forerunner of *Jesus Christ*. *Herod Antipas* and his *Herodias* were overwhelmed with poverty, with misery, and with ignominy in a strange land, offering up a long sacrifice of their pains to Divine vengeance without ever recovering either liberty or safety.

Saint PAUL and SENECA
In the COURT of NERO.

BEhold here a Theatre and a spectacle worthy of Saints, of Philosophers, and of Kings, the meeting of *Paul* and *Seneca* in the Court of *Cæsar*. The Doctour of the Nations with the most knowing man in the Universe. The Wisdom of the Cross with that of Philosophy. The birth of the *Roman* Church in the Bloud and in the Flames of Martyrs. The Gospel preached in a City which was the gulph of corruption; and which is more admirable, the Habitation of Christians in the Palace of *Nero*. To understand aright the greatness of our *Christianity*, the force of the Gospel, the combats of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*, the Triumphs and the Majesty of the Church, it is needful to represent unto you an Idea of the estate of this chiefest city of the world, and the wicked manners which those two great Apostles observed in it, to root them out, and to cause a people to be born anew, regenerate in the Bloud of their Saviour.

The estate of *Rome* and the Court of *Nero* when *Paul* came to it.

It seemeth, that S. *Paul* in his Epistle to the *Romans* hath undertaken to describe the inordinate life of *Nero*, and of those in his Court who did conform themselves to his example to partake of his favours. He speaketh of some men who were faln into a reprobate sense, & who had changed the order of nature, and their sex, by most infamous lusts, being filled with all Iniquity, with Riot, Covetousness, Detraction, Envy, Murder, Debate, Deceit, and Malice, Whispering, Despiteful, Cursing, Proud, Arrogant, Inventers of evil things, Disobedient to their parents without Understanding, without Order, without Affection, without Fidelity, without Compassion: And this most clearly is manifested in all the Deportments of this most infamous Emperour, who was the monster of men. And we of necessity must affirm, that it is the manifest choler of heaven, and a scourge, enough to exterminate mankind from the earth, when a wicked and a licentious life is joyned with the heighth of Power, which giveth as much force to wickedness as it takes off from the strength and execution of the Laws. It is not my design to stretch forth that in words which might be spoken of *Nero*, but to make a short Collection of the manners of his own person and his Court, that the Readers might observe on what stuffe *Seneca* and S. *Paul* did work, and what were their proceedings and success.

The birth and education of *Nero*.

In the seven and thirtieth year of our Saviour, this prince (fatal to the ruine of the Empire) was born on the fifth of *December*, betwixt seven and eight of the clock in the morning; he came into the world with his feet foremost, contrary to the order of nature; he took all the vices of his ancestours and did partake of none of all their virtues. On the Fathers side he was descended from the *Domitians* sirnamed *Barbarossa*, whom the *Romans* vulgarly called *Brasse-beards*; & it was one of his ancestours unto whom the Oratour in choler did reply, That it was no marvel that he had a Beard of Brass, since Nature had given him a Mouth of Iron, and a Heart of Lead. His grandfather was a fiery man, cruel, & prodigal, and so amorous of playes, that he caused the Ladies of *Rome* to ascend the Theatre, and to act the Comedies themselves. He gave also the combate of the Gladiatours, performed with so much cruelty, that *Augustus Cæsar* was constrained to stop it by his Edicts. His father *Domitius* was detestable over all his life, insolent, furious, who with his own hand did stab one of his Free-men to death, because he would not be drunk; & in the pride of heart made his caroach to pass over a little child in the street; & quarelling with a Knight of *Rome* he caused one of his eys to be pulled out. Besides his cruelty, he was a man without faith, without probity without honesty, who deceived all his creditours, mocked all the world, and secretly abused his own sister. His wife was named *Agrippina*, she was daughter to *Germanicus* of the Bloud of the *Cæsars*, but of an evil Spirit, and prostituted to all manner of vices. And it is no marvel, that *Domitius* father to *Nero*, (when much joy was wished him on the birth of his son) did make answer, that there needed not such acclamations, for nothing could be born from him & *Agrippina*, but what should be pernicious to the Empire. Not long after, this unfortunate man did dy, consued with diseases that attended his filthy life, & left behind him his son three years of age, who saw his mother banished, & being destitute of means was brought up in the house of his Aunt *Lepida*, under the discipline of a dancer and a barber who did corrupt his spirit with the first impressions of vice, wch from his birth he was too much disposed to receive. The times changing, his mother returned into favour, & by her charms prevailed upon the spirit of the Emperour *Claudius* the successour of *Caligula*, a simple and a stupid man who espoused this dangerous woman, who afterwards poysoned him by a potion, and so placed her own son on the Throne of the

The perfidiousness of his mother.

Cæsar's.

Cæsars. And although the Astrologians had foretold her that he should be Emperour, and withall the murtherer of his mother, she made nothing of it, and thought it no hard bargain to buy the Empire with her own blood, saying, Let him Reign, and let him kill me.

By the artifices of this wicked woman, *Nero* was saluted Emperour in the seventeenth year of his age with a marvellous applause, and in the publick acclamations honoured with all great Names and specious Titles, all which he received, saving, onely that of *Father of his Country*, saying, He was too young to have so many children. He was very tractable in his youth, upright, gentle, discreet, well-spoken, and demeaned himself for the first five years very worthily under the conduct of *Seneca*. But when he approached to the one and twentieth year of his age, the ingredients of vice, which, with his birth he brought into the world, the base education in his infancy, the heat of his youth, the delights of the Court, and (which is the greatest of all temptations) the power to do all, did weigh down the Philosophy and the Instructions of *Seneca*, who proved by experience, That there is nothing more difficult then to perswade those to virtue whom too much power had put in the possession of all vices. His debaistnes began by the ill examples which he learned in his infancy, which were altogether unbeseeming his person: he became a Tumbler, a Puppet-player, a Comedian, a Waggoner, a Songster, and a Minstrel, not for Recreation but to make a publick profession of it, to dispute with the Masters of those faculties, and to abandon all the affairs of peace and Warre to be vacant to those exercises; insomuch, that he made it more to out-act a Comedian on the Stage, then to gain a Battel in the Field. He was also a Night-walker, and gave, and sometimes received many sore blows which did not permit him to pass unknown.

From hence he laid himself open to most extravagant profuseness, insomuch that he gave to Tumblers the patrimonies of Consuls, and made the funerals of some inconsiderable men to equal the Magnificence of the Obsequies of Kings; he never did wear the most gorgeous garments longer then one day. He did build his Palaces with so much cost, as if he would dispend on them onely all the wealth of *Rome*. When he travelled, he would be followed with a thousand Caroches, and his Mules were all shod with silver He made his Hall after the form of the Firmament, where the Vault being of Gold intermingled with Azure, and illuminated with counterfeit Starres did roul continually over his head, and rained on him showers of flowers, and waters of a most exquisite smell. There would he dine from noon till midnight in the riot of execrable services. He had a touch in his tender age of the vices of wantonness, luxury, avarice and cruelty, but being in the beginning, it was with some shame concealed in private.

But in the end he took off that mask by an open and inordinate dissoluteness, which knew no restraint. He was of belief that there was not one chaste person in the world, and took great pleasures in those who did repeat their filthiness to him. There was never man more abandoned to all manner of uncleanness without distinction of kindred, Sex, time, place, or man-hood. There was not one part in all his body that was not sacrificed to dishonesty: his polluted spirit made him invent those abominations, which are not to be endured by chaste ears, and with which I will not defile my paper.

The excess of his insolencies did at last render him odious to those who were most near unto him, and when they gently told him of his extravagancies, he would leap into a fury, and made a crime of their virtue, who did best advise him. He filled up the apprentiship of his enormities with the death of *Britannicus*, a young Prince the son of the Emperour *Claudius*, and brother to his wife *Octavia*, in which he employed the most famous Sorceress of *Rome* named *Locusta* who prepared the poyson, and made an assay on it before him on a sucking pig, who died immediately: now finding it for his turn, caused it to be served to his brother as he dined at the table with him. The malignity of the poyson was so piercing, that in an houre after, he fell dead at the feet of his mother and his sister, who were both present at this tragick spectacle. *Nero*, to excuse himself, said, That it was the effect of a great sickness to which he had been subject from his cradle, and that they ought to be of comfort. But the Princesses concealing their imagination for feat of provoking his rage, did manifestly perceive that he sowed those seeds of his murther, which he would afterwards continue in his Family.

His cruelty towards *Britannicus*.

It is almost impossible to believe the tender affection with which he prosecuted his mother *Agrippina*. He sometimes did give to the Souldiers that did guard his body for their word, *The good Mother*. He could not live without her. He did put into her hands the most delicate interest of all his Affairs, and desired that all things should stoop to her Authority. The mother also did endeavour by all possible artifices to tie her self unto his person, even unto the using of Charms; for it is most certain that she gave him the skin of a Serpent inclosed in a Bracelet of gold, which he carried ordinarily about him, & afterwards in despite did lay it by, & did look for it not long before his death but could not finde it. The endearments of this *Agrippina* were too fond, and her kisses more hot then belonged to a mother.

The love to his mother degenerated to misprision.

Seneca was amazed at the horrour of it, and to avoid a greater evil, he procured a young maiden named *Acta*, who otherwise was a slave that came from *Asia*, but very beautiful, to serve as a Love for *Nero*, and to divert him from that infamous passion towards his mother, in which he demean'd himself as *Lot*, who presented his daughters to the *Sodomites* to avoid the greater fury of their brutish lust. This *Acta* played her part so well by the counsel of *Seneca*, that mingling with her familiarities the considerations of State, she gave *Nero* to understand that his great privacies with *Agrippina* would render him contemptible to the Great ones of his Empire, and to all his Subjects, and would also give an advantage of power to his mother, which she would abuse to his own destruction.

Seneca by a less evil diverts a greater.

He believed her, and became very amorous of her, and that so furiously, that he intended to prepare a *Genealogy* for her, in which, he would make her to be descended from the Kings of *Asia*, and afterwards would marry her. His mother was as much enraged on the other side, that a Slave was become her rival, her choler did so much boil over, that she made horrible threatnings what she would say, and what she would do: She would go to the Army, she would complain to the Senate, she would discover the disasters of her infortunate house, and the empoysonings by which she had ravished the Diadem which belonged to the sons of *Claudius* her husband, to put on the head of ingrateful *Nero*.

His mother inraged.

Nero whether he would appease her or else deride her, did send her a gown of the antient Emperours which was very rich, but quite out of fashion; at which

Nero's present to his mother.

which (she was much incensed, and said she was no Comediah to be dresst in such habiliments as those; and that he ought not but give one part to her from whom he received the whole, she would see she said if so poor a fellow as *Burrus* was, or such a pedantick as was *Seneca*, should govern the world at their pleasure in the disgrace of the bloud of the *Cæsar's*. Sometimes again she would display her self so weakly, that she would offer her self to be a procurer of Loves for her son, and to hide in her own cabinet, nay, in her own breast, whatsoever he would keep secret.

The fond love of parents chastned by God in their children.

Behold how God doth punish all fond affections and wickednesses by those themselves who have received the profit from their poysons! What shall this miserable mother do? She is no more in a condition to give content if there came by the by any small re-accomodation in their freindships, it was but langoishing and of a short continuance. *Nero* desired nothing more then to eschew her company, & if he was obliged to see her, it was with a Complement as cold as ice; he would kiss her indeed, but rather out of ceremonies then out of love, and would immediately forsake her.

Tacit. ex. 35. in Nerone.

It is recorded, that beholding her self altogether misprised, her fury provoked her to love a young Prince (on his mother side of the bloud of *Augustus*) named *Plautius*, whom she served for the satisfaction of her desires, and to find a subject to embroil the seat. This was brought to the ears of the Prince who began to startle at the apprehension of it, and could not be at rest until he was rid of them both. He killed *Plautius* having first violated his body and took a dismal resolution to infold his mother in the same calamity.

The horrible attept of *Nero* upon his mother.

After a faint reconcilement which continued for a few dayes, he sent her a letter full of fine Complements, inviting her to *Baja* whence he then took his pleasures. *Aristotle* saith, That women are naturally credulous, especially when they have something sent them to amuse their passion. She immediately prepared to come to him, who was as ready to entertain her, and brought her to *Baula* where was his house of pleasure. He had a desire to poyson her as he did his brother *Britannicus*, but he knew she had an eye always open for her own preservation, and had with her, antidotes to divert the operation of any poyson.

Therefore he consulted to put her to death on the sea, which is the field of dangers, where there is more of the effect and less of the suspicion. To accomodate her on her return, he caused a pópous vessel to be prepared, the deck whereof was to fall down by artifice, and charge was given to disloyal *Anicetus*, who was to conduct it, to put the device in practice, and to drown the barge. In the mean time he entertained the Queen in his Palace of delight, with incomparable chear. He would place her at the table above him; he would comport and comply with her in a gallant & graceful posture; sometimes he would whisper some soft words in her ear; sometimes he would openly renew the tenderness of his first love, and ancient confidence; he served her both with the gentle and with the serious, to give her full satisfaction: she poor woman in long draughts drank deeply of the sweets of those poysonous endearments, and found her heart much inlarged at so unexpected a change. At the hour of her departure he would conduct her to the boat, and entertain her with sugered words, telling her, that he would not live but onely for her love, and that the greatest and the most acceptable office that she could do him, was to be chearful, and to have a particular care of her health. He seemed to look upon her with ravishments, whether it were to put the better countenance on his perfidiousness, or whether he were touched in mind at the near misfortune of his mother, who being made a lamentable sacrifice was going now insensibly to her death. At parting, he was not onely content to kiss her mouth, but taking her in his arms, he in a lovers complement did embrace her, and omitted nothing to cover his horrible design.

She entred into the barge in the evening: The sea was calm, the winds had fallen asleep upon it. The sky was full of stars, as if it had opened all its eyes to behold the spectacle which it ought to revenge upon the Authour. *Agrippina* had two Gentlemen which sate on each side of her, and a Lady on whom she much relyed, named *Acrocerannia*, who was placed at her feet, who entertained her with the rehearsal of many of the late passages at Court, and the obligations and the protestations of her son, when (behold) the sign being given, the roof of the cabbin in which they were being covered with weights of lead (with which their treason overcharged it) did fall down, and killed one of the Gentlemen, and wounded *Agrippina* on the shoulder. The Ingineers who undertook the charge that the deck should fall directly down (being troubled in their consciences, or counterchecked by those who knew nothing of the game they were to play) did not perform it with that dexterity as was pretended but gave leisure to those whom they would destroy to provide for their safety. *Acrocerannia* beholding her self in that danger, cryed out that she was the mother of the Emperour, and that they should make haste to preserve her which was the occasion of her death, for immediately on those words she was killed with blows of the poles and oars.

Agrippina beholding this goodly pageant, and being most assured that it was a design of her sons, had yet such a command over her passion that she spake not one word, & was saved by the swimming of one of those who were not of the Conspiracy. The Frigots made to receive her, and to convey her to her own house which was not far off. The amazement of the accident did not so abate her spirits, but she sent to *Nero* to acquaint him, That the Gods & the good fortune of her Son had delivered her frō a great danger, but she desired him not to take the pains to visit her, nor to send any of his servants to her, because she desired to take her rest.

The amazement of *Nero*.

The dismal Prince who every moment attended the issue of this most execrable enterprise, was much amazed to understand that she had escaped the danger, and counterfeited that the messenger whom his mother had sent was an Assassinate imployed to murder him. He awaked *Seneca* and *Burrus* to demand their counsel, and did remonstrate to them the danger in which he was, if he should not throughly accomplish what he had so ill begun. These two great personages did look on one another, being unwilling to dissvade him without effect, or to consent unto it by reason of the horrour of it. *Seneca*, to whom the fluencies of Language were never before wanting, held his eys fixed on *Burrus* Captain of the Life-guard, as if without speaking to him he would ask him if he had not souldiers enough of his company to execute that which should be conceived to be expedient: but *Burrus* did prevent him, & told the Emperour, that the men under his command were too much affectionate to the Bloud of the

the *Cæsars* to undertake so hardy an Enterprise. They both had a desire to divert him from so bad a deed for the want of an undertaker.

The death of *Agrippina.*

But the detestable *Anicetus*, Admiral of the Fleet, did again present himself to put the last hand unto the massacre. He immediately with some souldiers did transport himself to *Agrippina's* Castle; he broke open the gates, and found her in bed forsaken of all the world. As soon as she beheld three frightful faces to enter into her Chamber, she spake courageously to them, & told them, if they came to give her a complement, that she had no need of it, and if they had any other design, she believed her Son was not so wicked as to command her murther. These Villains without answering one word, did begin the assassinate; one struck her with a Truncheon, another had his Sword at her bleeding breast, to whom she cried out and only said, *The Belly, Souldier, the Belly that did bear the Monster.* After which she gave up the ghost, her body being hacked with many wounds. Her Corps was burned that very night, and one of her Servants killed her self before the Funeral pile, either for fear of the Son, or for grief of the Mother. Howsoever, *Nero* caused a Declaration to be published, in which, not without horrour to the Readers, he laid all the fault upon his Mother; and after this, he had never any rest, for he dreamed almost every night that he saw his mother calling him down to Hell, and beheld unnumbred Furies tormenting him in the flames thereof.

Nero continueth his Cruelties.

For all this, he desisted not from the nature of a Tyger, but to the massacre of his mother he added the murther of his wife *Octavia*, the most innocent Princess on earth. The cause of it was, one *Otho*, a companion of his deboistness had taken from *Crispus*, a man of quality, his *Poppea*, and in a fury (such as *Nero's* himself) had espoused her. He told *Nero* so many wonders of the pleasures of his marriage, that he gave him a desire to tast them, thinking it would be a means to raise him to a higher dignity: but the event was, that the Lady perceiving her self to be beloved of the Emperour, did totally devote her self unto him, and did advise him to send her husband into *Portugal* under the colour of Ambassadour.

He falls in love with *Poppea*, and estrangeth himself from his wife *Octavia.*

This cunning woman had a commanding beauty, a sweet and pleasing voice, and incomparable attractions and allurements. She did lead *Nero* as a child, and observing him so violently enamoured of her, she would be his Mistriss without a Paramour, and would not permit his own wife to partake of his bed. For which purpose she contrived a detestable plot, and caused the virtuous Empress to be accused for prostituting her self to a Player on the Flute, who by his birth was an *Alexandrian*; an accusation which could not be spoken without the absolute dislike of all good men, nor believed by any but ignorant and depraved persons.

Nevertheless, *Tigillinus* the most intimate with *Nero*, who was a great stickler in the marriage with *Poppea*, caused the men and maid-servants of the Princess to be examined; some of whom being torn upon the Rack, did in the extremity of the torment let fall some untruths to deliver themselves from the intolerable pain: others continued constant; and there was a maid-servant of that courage, that being in the midst of all her torments, she said to infamous *Tigellinus*; *Know, Executioner, that there is not one part in all the body of my Mistriss, but it is more chast then thy mouth.*

There being not proofs sufficient to destroy her, *Nero* was content to send her away into one of his houses, and to be divorced from her under the pretence of barrenness. Not long after, she was removed thence and kept under guard, and was afterwards called back to *Rome*, to appease the trouble which the absence of so illustrious and so virtuous a Lady had caused. She was received with great applause of all the City, which so alarm'd the spirit of *Poppea*, that she threw her self at *Nero's* feet, and did remonstrate to him; "That he should take no "more care for his loves, but for his life; and that "this return did tend to nothing else but to ruine "him with her self, and to make them both fall un-"der the fury of the people. That this was not it "which she had deserved of his friendship; and if "he had rather advance in his Palace the Child of a "player on the Flute, then to have from her a le-"gitimate heir; that he would give her leave to de-"part in a good hour; and that she would look "out her husband *Otho* in whatsoever place of the "world she could find him.

She used such and so many attractions, so many counterfeit tears, such sweetnesses, and such rigours of love, that she prevailed with detestable *Nero*, who (by *Anicetus*, the same man who before killed his mother) did raise a horrible calumny against the honour of his wife, and caused this instrument of the Devil to affirm, that he had played with the Empress; on which he caused her to be banished, and poor *Octavia* as a guilty person, did suffer under that wicked sentence, and was banished into the Isle of *Pandaluria*: and because *Poppea* could not sleep in quiet with *Nero*, as long as *Octavia* was alive, he filled up his cruelty, and by a most unworthy death he sacrificed her to the appetite of that most bold woman, whom afterwards he killed with a spurn of his foot on the end of his life and of his Empire.

A horrible calumny.

My Pen is weary to describe so many horrours, and doth go over them as on so many burning coals, but (my Reader) it is to represent unto you, that this pernicious caytiff causing the poyson of his evil actions to diffuse it self into the veins of all the City of *Rome*. The world was in its heighth of iniquity, when S. *Paul* and *Seneca* (meeting together at one time) did endeavour to cure the maladies of this wicked Court, the one by Philosophy, the other by the Gospel. Behold here the manners, learning, abilities, and the success, both of the one and of the other.

Johannes Sarisburiensis.

Who hath not *Seneca* in veneration (a good Authour saith) hath not the understanding of a reasonable man. He is known by all knowing men in his Writings, and mis-known by some in his Manners and in his Life. *Suillius*, a *Roman* Advocate, accused for corruption and banished by the counsel of *Seneca*, at what time he was employed in the government of Affairs, did write a defaming Book against that great Personage, which two *Greek* Historians, but men of small judgment, *Dion*, and *Xiphiline* have followed, and in many things have blamed him with as much passion as impertinence. This Opinion hath infected divers spirits, who, either for want of capacity or application, do discourse unto us of *Seneca*, as of a man quite contrary to his Books, which hath made me diligently to examine his Life, to take away the abuse and to give you an Idea of that puissant Genius with as much clearness as sincerity.

From whence proceeded the calumnies against *Seneca.*

Know then that he was a *Roman* by his Extract and bloud. He was born at *Corduba* a City in *Spain*, which was then under the Empire of *Rome* and full of *Italians*, who being born almost in all the parts

His birth.

of the world, were yet born within the Circle of their Empire. His father was of an ordinary family, a Gentleman of no great account, removed from the observation of the world, and as far from command as from ambition, addicted above all things to the study of Eloquence, reasonably learned, but of an admirable memory; for having but once heard them, he would readily rehearse two thousand names, and two hundred verses. His mother was named *Helvia*, one of the most beautiful women in the Empire, full of understanding and judgment, of a high virtue and a rare modesty; she had some knowledge in letters, and an extraordinary capacity to increase that knowledge, if time and custome had given her leave to take an advantage of it. His elder brother was called *Novatus* or *Gallion*, and had a great command in the Empire. His younger brother was named *Mela*, a man far from ambition, who lived in the house, and studied Eloquence with his Father, who in that regard did prefer him in his own judgment above his brothers.

His Education and Spirit.

But *Seneca* was nourished and advanced in *Rome* in the time of *Augustus Cæsar*; he received his first elements of learning under the Discipline of his father, and afterwards studied Philosophy under *Attalus* and *Socion*. In his first years he made the vigour of his Spirit, the force of Eloquence, and the abundance of Learning, to appear so fully in him, that he was admired by the most knowing men. But that great spirit did by degrees consume his body which was lean and thin, and troubled with defluxions and the ptisick, which would have brought him to his grave, if the cruelty of *Nero* had not prevented it.

The fury of *Caligula* against him.

He was obliged to make an Oration in publick before *Caligula* the Emperour, concerning which that monster in nature who could not endure any thing that was great and praiseful, and by a malignity of manners, envied all professours of Learning, did pronounce aloud that he had too much spirit, and that they must kill him; which had presently been put in execution, if one of the Mistrisses of the Emperour, who knew *Seneca*, and favoured him for his Eloquence, had not perswaded him, that he was not worth killing, a lean poor fellow, and one whom death would suddenly of it self take away from the world. Howbeit, he lived many years afterwards, and increased in knowledg as in age, and as much in Eloquence as in them both, attending a more favourable time to make a manifestation of it.

Claudius succeeded the Emperour *Caligula*, who was not a man for *Seneca*, and though he was induced with extraordinary qualities for a Courtier, yet the favour of the times did not much smile upon them. His clear spirit and his brave works made him to be known in the house of *Germanicus*, a Prince of the Bloud, who was poysoned in the flower of his age, and left behind him children of great consideration, namely two Princesses who made themselves diversly talked of in *Rome*; the one was *Julia*, the other *Agrippina*, the mother of *Nero*. This *Julia* took an affection to *Seneca*, being much pleased with the beauty of his spirit, and the grace of his discourse. He daily frequented the house of *Germanicus*, being no less in discretion then in favour, and wisely judged that these two high-born Princesses might one day contribute to the making of his fortunes.

Dion doth distinguish them in his 9. Book and *Suetonius* chap. 19.

But the Court is an uncertain sea where sometime a tempest doth arise when a calm is expected. The favour of *Julia*, in the stead of advancing *Seneca*, did suppress him, and did almost overwhelm him without any hope of rising again, although in the end it was in effect the cause of all his reputation. It came to pass that *Messalina* the wife to the Emperour *Claudius*, the most insatiable woman in her lusts that Nature ever produced, did conceive an enraged hatred against the house of *Germanicus*, and especially against the Princess *Julia*, because she was highly esteemed for her rare beauty; and the high spirit of *Messalina* could not endure that any Lady should be praised at Court for her beauty, but her self. Besides, she perceived that her husband, whom she absolutely governed, did make very much of that young Princess; she therefore caused her to be falsly accused for prostituting her honour, and procured her to be banished the Court. An inquiry was made after those who did frequent her house: *Seneca* was named amongst the foremost, and by calumny invelopped in the same accusation, whether it was suspected that he had treated of love with her, or whether it was thought that he was an accomplice in her excesses, and had flattered her in her passion without giving her advice.

Calumny against *Julia* and *Seneca*.

It it true that our *Seneca* was then in the flower of his age, and was none of those sullen and stern Stoicks that had put the world into a fright: He had a gentle spirit, discreet, and agreeable to women; but he was too advised to let his passions fly so high as to commit any loose act in the house of the *Cæsars*. *Dion* his greatest Enemy doth justifie him in this business, and doth confess that all this accusation was most unjustly grounded, and that *Messalina* was so depraved and so corrupted with the inordinateness of filthy lusts, that no credit was to be given to her.

Nevertheless, she ceased not to bear down the innocent with the weight of her power; she condemned the Princess to banishment, and afterwards to death, as *Dion* and *Suetonius* do affirm. It did much afflict her that *Seneca* was alive, who by divers sentences in the Senate was allotted to death: but the good Emperour *Claudius* was most unwilling to extinguish in that Spirit, the Glory of Eloquence and of the Empire, desired his life of the Senate, and was contented that he should be banished into the Isle of *Corsica*, where at the beginning he was touched with a melancholy amazement to find himself separated from the pleasures of the Court to live amongst the rocks, and people as ungentle as the rocks; but he imployed all his Philosophy to comfort himself, and to temper the eagerness of his fortune with the tranquillity of his mind.

Here his spirit being delivered from the noise and the tumults of *Rome*, and the servitudes of the Court, did altogether reflect upon it self, and found there those Lights and those Treasures which before lay undiscovered to him. Tribulation is to men as a spur to incite them to the production of brave works and of generous actions; and this appeared in *Seneca*, who in this place of banishment did write most excellent Treatises, neither did his conversation with those rude inhabitants alter the graces or the beauty of his language. He treated there with the Intelligences, and dived into the Contemplation of the World: He took off the vail from Nature that she might the better be seen in her Majesty. Howsoever in that solitary place he had sometimes his hours of affection, beholding himself severed from his Mother whom he tenderly loved, and whom, in that affliction, he comforted with a Letter which might pass for a good Book. He passionately desired the Company

Seneca banished to *Corsica* where he composed excellent works.

of

of his brothers, and ſome perſonages of Honour who loved him with as much ſincerity as profeſſion.

There was ſome that think it ſtrange in *Seneca* that he ſhould deſire and endeavour his return, and that in his conſolatory letter to *Polybius*, he did write the praiſes of the Emperour *Claudius* who did baniſh him. But have not they ſomething to do who exact more perfection in *Seneca*, a man at that time of the world, then is required in a Prophet: where is the bird that doth not ſometimes beat his bill againſt the cage to find out the door to his liberty? *Jeremy* was exceeding patient, and yet he humbly beſought K. *Zedekiah* to draw him out of priſon where he had ſuffered much, and much feared that he ſhould be committed again unto it. Doth not S. *Paul* ſay that liberty is better then ſlavery, and that one is to be ſupported by neceſſity, and the other to be procured by reaſon. What fault hath *Seneca* done, that in his exile he wrote unto *Polybius* (a great favourite) a letter conſolatory on the death of his brother, and inſerted in it a few good words to appeaſe the Emperour. Should he have ſpared a period or two to deliver himſelf from a baniſhment where he had continued for the ſpace of 8 years? I ſhould no way approve him for beſtowing flatteries on a wicked man, which ſhould be an act unworthy of a Philoſopher; for a generous ſpirit had better to endure the extremity of evil then praiſe a tyrant, and give applauſes to his perſon. You may obſerve how careſull he is in that Tract to give not ſo much as one Complement to *Meſſalina*, who was a very bad woman, although ſhe had the command of all; he onely praiſed an Emperour who in that time wherein he wrote his Conſolation to *Polybius*, was in good reputation, and made the face of the Empire look far otherwiſe then it did in the Reign of *Caligula* his predeceſſour. He is ſo diſcreet, that all the praiſes he doth give him, are no more then wiſhes.

Seneca did well to deſire and procure his liberty.

The excellent Complement of *Seneca*.

Let the Powers of Heaven preſerve him long on earth; Let him ſurmount the years and the acts of Auguſtus; *and as long as he ſhall be mortall, let there not any die in his houſe. Let him give us a long ſon to be Maſter of the Roman Empire, having approved him by his long fidelity; And let him have him rather for his Colleague then for his Succeſſour. (Afterwards he addreſſeth himſelf to Fortune, and ſpeaketh unto her,) Take heed, O Fortune, how thou makeſt thy approaches to him. Let not thy power be ſeen in his perſon but by thy bounties. Let him redreſſe the calamities of mankind, and re-eſtabliſh all that which the fury of his Predeceſſour hath ruined and made deſolate. Let that fair Star which is riſen when the world was falling into the Abyſmes, continue alwayes to illuminate the Univerſe. Let him pacifie* Germany, *and let him open* England. *Let him gain and ſurmount the Triumphs of his Father. His Clemency, which is the firſt of his Virtues, doth promiſe that I ſhall not be a Spectatour onely, and that he hath not caſt me down, to raiſe me up no more. But why ſay I caſt down? he hath upheld me from the hour that I fell into my misfortune; When they would have thrown me headlong down, he interpoſed; and by the moderation of his divine hands he laid me gently on the earth. He hath entreated the Senate for me, and not content himſelf to give me life, he hath deſired it of others that I might enjoy the Grant with more aſſurance. Let him deal with me as he pleaſeth, I aſſure my ſelf that his Juſtice will find my cauſe to be good, or his Clemency will make it ſo. It is all one to me whether I am judged not guilty by his Equity, or whether I am made innocent by his Bounty. In the mean time I rejoyce in my miſeries with a ſenſible conſolation to ſee the courſe of his Mercy which goes through the Univerſe, and which every day doth call forth the Baniſhed from this little corner of the earth in which I am buried alive. I have that hope that his Mercy will not come to me, to go beyond me, and to leave me to die in this place. He knoweth the time in which he will relieve thoſe whom he pleaſeth, and I muſt leave that to his Diſpenſation; onely I ſhall endeavour not to render my ſelf unworthy of his Benefits, and I will provide in ſome ſort that his Goodneſs ſhall not bluſh to have made its approaches to me. How happy, O Cæſar, is your Clemency! under whom the Baniſhed do live more contented, then Kings did heretofore under your Predeceſſour.*

Behold here the fineſt Complement that ever proceeded from the mouth of man, and he who well obſerves it, will find nothing of ſordid flattery in it. And that the Reign of *Claudius*, compared to that of *Caligula*, doth go ſo far beyond it, as ſilver ſurpaſſeth lead. Yet for all thoſe fair words, *Claudius* did nothing for him as long as *Meſſalina* did manage the heighth of the Affairs, and till after his *Polybius*, who ſuffered himſelf to ſink into that infamy, as to be numbred in the Liſt of the Adulterers with the Empreſs, was diſgraced, and condemned to death: not long after which, this proſtituted Woman having wearied both heaven and earth with her filthineſs, did incenſe her husbands Patience into a Rage, who cauſed her to paſs under the edge of the ſword.

The revolution at Court, and the return of the baniſhed.

Agrippina, widow to *Domitius* the Father of *Nero*, returned then to the Court, having abſented her ſelf long from it by reaſon of the misfortune of her ſiſter *Julia*; ſhe knew ſo well to cajole the Emperour, that he eſpouſed her as I have mentioned before. The firſt action ſhe did, and for which ſhe was praiſed by all the world, was her revoking of *Seneca* to *Rome* from the Iſle of *Corſica*: immediately afterwards, ſhe committed the charge of her ſon *Nero* into his hands, who was then eleven years of age, and finding him to be a man of a choice ſpirit, ſhe took a reſolution to make one day uſe of his ſervice in the management of the affairs of State.

Seneca returns into high repute.

To ſpeak ſincerely of the manners of *Seneca*, he had a great and a gallant ſoul, and diſpoſitions to a high virtue; he was neither guileſull, nor wilfull, nor malicious, nor cruel, nor voluptuous; and I do ſtrongly believe, that of a Gentleman he was the beſt man of that Age. Alſo *Cornelius Tacitus*, who concealeth no evil that he knows, and oftentimes doth divine on that of the which he is not throughly informed, doth never ſpeak of *Seneca* but with honour, as a wiſe and ſober man, and moderate in his paſſions. And Saint *Hierome* himſelf doth witneſſe, that he was a moſt continent perſon, which may ſuffice to diſabuſe thoſe who ſuffer themſelves to be amazed with the Rapſodies of *Dion*.

The manners of *Seneca*.

Without all doubt he had ſomething in his ſoul as religious as it was great, which did not content it ſelf with words but did proceed to actions; And this did eaſily appear in his youth, for when ſo many gentlemen of *Rome* did reſort to the Univerſities of the Philoſophers, ſome for the wantonneſs of ſport, others to ſee faſhions, others to carry away ſome fine ſentence in their Table-book, and by that

means to get some esteem in conversation, *Seneca* addressed himself unto them to learn and to practise virtue. When he intended to speak of Riches, of Solitude, of Chastity, of Sobriety, he found his heart inflamed, and he would have lived altogether a retired life, if the great qualities wherewith God had endued him, had not imbarked him in the Affairs of the Court.

It is a wonder that amongst so great a confluence at the Court, he always observed that austere life which he practised in his infancy. He did never eat of any Delicacies which do serve only to flatter the appetite, and did content himself with the most simple Viands. He never drank any Wine; he used altogether cold Baths, he did not care for perfumes, he oftentimes would lie on the ground upon a poor Mattress, where no print of his body was to be seen, so hard it was. He also sometimes did abstain from food, and he found it good for him, and all his lifetime he had practised it, if his Father had not expressly commanded him to the contrary, because in the reign of *Tiberius*, there was a sect of strangers condemned at *Rome*, who made a profession of certain Abstinences. Some are of opinion that he did speak of Christians, but they were neither known nor persecuted under the Emperour *Tiberius*. For the rest, all his Train were carried in one Caroach, which oftentimes was out of order; and instead of lovely Pages and Minions, he was served by men only, and small was the Retinue that attended on him.

Epist. 108.

He received all things that were given him with facility, and complained not of any thing: He took no offence at the reports and slanders of men, and pardoned many other inconveniencies, he had an honest heart and full of love to those to whom he professed love: he was tender of compassion on the behalf of the poor, and a hater of covetousness. After he had satisfied the Affairs of the Empire, he took no pleasures at all but in Contemplation and Study, Books being unto him as necessary as his bread. His table was moderate, his discourse affable, his life innocent, and his conversation most attractive. Amongst other things, he would be angry with himself for not having professed Virtue openly enough., and for reflecting his thoughts on the considerations of the World: and in modesty he would say, that he aspired always to the heighth of Virtue, and nevertheless he still found himself to be in the center of Vices. Those who condemn him without knowing what he was, would think that they themselves did great penance if they should live after the manner of *Seneca*. He was with *Nero* five or six years before he was made Emperour, and formed his Infancy with excellent Instructions: in the mean time *Agrippina* did the fatal act, as I have spoken and poisoned *Claudius* her husband. to devolve the Empire on her son, who was elected by the general consent of all the States.

It is too true that *Seneca* found himself overcharged with joy at so great a change, and at that time a little forgat the severity of a Philosopher, when he composed a railing Book on the death of *Claudius*, which he called *Apocolocynthosis*; as if he should have said, Divinity acquired by the means of a Drug, alluding to that he was numbred in the Catalogue of the Gods, being preferred to Heaven by poyson. Some believe that he composed that Book as well to revenge himself for the death of his dear Benefactor *Julia*, and for the affliction of his long banishment, as to rejoyce his Scholar *Nero* who took great pleasure in it. But in my opinion it is unworthy the gravity of so great a personage: and I know not to what purpose it is to revile the Ashes of the Dead, although it is not forbidden to write a true History to leave a horrour to Posterity in recording the lives of the wicked. This, howsoever may serve for instruction not to play with wasps, or incense those who have the Pen in their hand, and can eternally proscribe their Adversaries.

Seneca made a Libel against *Claudius*.

He is made Minister of State.

After this sport he was employed upon the Earnest, and *Agrippina*, Mother of the young Emperour, desiring to confirm her self in the Monarchy, and to govern by her Son, did supply him with two creatures, men of great capacity and fidelity; *Burrus* for Arms, and *Seneca* for Laws. The first, was severe in his conversation, the other, was of a mild and pleasing disposition. They both agreed even to their deaths in the government of the Affairs of State. Then it was, that *Seneca* did enter into those great Employments, and exercised that high wisdom which he had acquired for the Government of the Empire. He began with his Prince, who was the first and the most amiable object of all his troubles: and although at the first he did express himself very tractable and agreeable to all the world, yet *Seneca* perceived in his infancy the marks of a cruel & bloody nature; and told to his intimate Friends that he nourished a young Lion whom he endeavoured to make tractable, but if he should tast once of the blood of men, he would return to his first nature. And this was the occasion that at that time he did write for him the two Divine Books of Clemency, where, with variety of remarkable proofs he doth establish the Excellency, the Beauty, and the profit of candor of Spirit, and the advantage which redounds unto a Prince to govern his Subjects with Bounty and Love. On the contrary, he remonstrates the horrour and disasters of Tyrants, who would prevail by cruelty in the management of their Estates. All his endeavour tended that way, wisely foreseeing that *Nero* would fall into extreme Cruelties, and for that cause he did willingly give way that he should delight himself in Comedies, in Musick, and such Exercises of softness, hoping that in some manner it would make more civil his savage nature. He also composed for him many eloquent Orations, which the young Emperour would pronounce with great grace, to the general admiration both of the Senate and the people.

His judgment on *Nero*.

He made also many excellent Ordinances, some whereof by the report of *Dion*, were engraved upon a pillar of silver, and were read every year at the renewing of the Senate. He hated all the inventions, the deceits, and tricks of State, as a trade of iniquity, and did ground himself on the eternal principles of Justice, by which he kept the Empire in a profound peace, in great abundance, and a sure felicity. So that in a manner *Frontine* makes a true narration: he saith, that *Seneca* had so redressed all abuses, that it seems he had brought goodness into the Empire, and called the Gods from Heaven to be conversant again with men. In which he made use of the Philosophy of the Stoicks, not that which is so rigid and so sullen, but that which he had tied and seasoned for that design, to give to the world a tast thereof. His opinions for the most part are Rational, Sacred, and Divine.

He put his State in good order.

The Maximes of *Seneca*.

If he speaks of God, it is in the same sense as the Saviour of the world did discover to the *Samaritan*. He professeth openly that God is a Spirit, and that the difference betwixt God and us, is, that the better part of us is Spirit; but that God is all Spirit, most Pure, Eternal, Infinite, the Creatour of the great works

Of God.

works of nature which we behold with our eys.

Of Religion. If he ſpeaketh of true Worſhip and the moſt ſincere Religion which we ought to imploy to honour and adore the Sovereign King of the Univerſe; he doth ſufficiently declare, that the worſhip of God ought to be in Spirit and in Truth, as our Saviour hath preſcribed. When you figure God (ſaith he) repreſent a great Spirit, but peaceable, and reverend by the ſweetneſs of his Majeſty; a friend to men, and who is always preſent with them, who is not pleaſed with bloudy Sacrifices, for what delight can he take in the butchery of ſo many innocent creatures. The true Sacrifice of the great God, is a pure Spirit, an upright underſtanding of him, and a good Conſcience. We ought not to heap ſtones upon ſtones to raiſe a Temple to him, for what need hath he of it: the moſt agreeable Temple that we can build for God, is to conſecrate him in our hearts. *Lactantius* hath ſo much eſteemed of this paſſage, that in the ſixth Book of his Inſtitutions he doth oppoſe it to the Gentiles as a buckler of our Chriſtianity.

Lactan. div. Inſtit. lib. 6. cap. 25.

Of the divine preſence Epiſt. 83. If there be a queſtion about the Preſence of God, which above all things the maſters of ſpiritual life do commend in their Inſtructions, he ſaith, that it is to no purpoſe to conceal ones ſelf from man, and that there is nothing hid from God who is preſent in our hearts and in our moſt ſecret thoughts.

Of Providence. If we reſt in the Contemplation of the Divine Providence, which is the foundation of our life, he believeth a Providence which reacheth over all. And in a Tract which he hath compoſed, he pertinently doth anſwer thoſe who are amazed, why Evil arriveth to good people, ſince ſo great and ſo good a God hath a care of their ways. He ſaith, that it is the chaſtiſement of a Father, an exerciſe of Virtue, and that what we take to be a great Evil is oftentimes the occaſion of a great Good; that ſuch is the courſe and order of the world according to the Divine Diſpenſation, to which we ought to ſubmit our ſelves.

Of the Immortality of the Soul. *Juvat de æternitate animarum quærere, imò credere.* Epiſt. 102. If we conſider the Immortality of the Soul, which is the foundation of our Faith and of all virtuous actions, it is certain that he had a good opinion of it, and profeſſeth in his 102. Epiſtle, that he delighteth not only according to Reaſon to ſearch after the Eternity of the Soul, but to believe it; and he complaineth that a letter received from a friend did interrupt him in that Contemplation, which ſeemed to him ſo palpable, that it was rather to him an agreeable Viſion that he had in a Dream, then any Diſcourſe in Philoſophy. And in the end of the Epiſtle he ſpeaketh of wonders, of the Original of the Soul, and the return of it to God. And in the Preface of the firſt Book of Natural Queſtions, which he did write ſome few years before his death (which makes the truth more remarkable) he ſpeaketh clearly, that the Soul returneth to heaven, if it be well purified from its commerce with earth; that heaven is its true Country and Element; and that it is a great proof of its Divinity, that it delighteth to hear of heavenly things as being the affairs proper to it ſelf.

We muſt take care not here to judge and condemn *Seneca* on a doubtful word, as when in his Conſolation to *Martia*, he ſaith, that all end by Death, and by Death it ſelf. He only there toucheth of Goods and Evils, of Honours, Riches, Pleaſures, Troubles, and the Cares of this preſent life. It is moſt clear, that there is nothing in that Sentence which derogates from the Immortality of the Soul, becauſe he concludes that Treatiſe with the joys which a happy Soul receiveth in the other life. And it is not from our purpoſe to conſider, that *Seneca* ſometimes in diſputing ſpeaketh by ſuppoſition, according to the Idæa of others, and not according to his own. We cannot know better the opinion of an Authour then by his Actions and his Practiſe; and we obſerve that *Seneca* hath not only profeſſed the Immortality of the Soul by words, but believeth the effect in ſecret; for he reverenced the Souls of great Perſonages, and did believe them to be in heaven, which he teſtified before he received the Chriſtian Faith, when being in a Country-houſe of *Scipio* of *Africa*, he rendred divine honours to his Spirit, proſtrating himſelf at the Altar of his ſepulchre, and perſwading himſelf (he ſaid) that his Soul was in heaven, not becauſe that he was General of the Army, but becauſe he lived an honeſt man, and having infinitely obliged his ingrateful Country, he retired himſelf in a voluntary ſolitude to his own houſe to give no fears and jealouſies of his greatneſs. Epiſt. 86.

His opinion of the ſovereign good. If we demand where he placed the ſovereign good and the end of Man, we ſhall find that he eſtabliſhed the felicity of this preſent life to live according to Reaſon; and that of the life to come in the re-union of the Soul with its firſt beginning which is God. From this foundation he hath drawn a rule and propoſitions which he hath diſperſed over all his Books, and theſe are to deſpiſe all the goods of the world, Honours, Empires, Riches, Reputation, Pleaſures, gorgeous Habiliments, ſtately Buildings, great Poſſeſſions, Gold, Silver, precious Stones, Feaſts, Theaters, Plays, and to take all things as acceſſory, and to regard them no more then the moveables of an Inne where we are not but as paſſengers. And above all things, to eſteem of virtue, of the mortification of looſe deſires, of contemplation of eternal virtues, of Juſtice, Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance; of Liberality, Benignity; of Friendſhip; of Conſtancy in a good courſe of life; of Patience in Tribulation; of Courage to ſupport Injuries; of Sickneſs, Baniſhment, Chains, Reproaches; of Puniſhments, and of Death it ſelf.

We may affirm, that never any man ſpoke more worthily then he, of all theſe ſubjects. Never Conquerour did ſubdue Nations with more honour, then this great Spirit, with a magnificent glory at his feet, hath levelled and ſpurned down all the Kingdoms of Fortune. All that he ſpeaketh is vigorous, ardent, lively. His heart when he did write did inflame his ſtyle to inflame the hearts of all the world. His words followed his thoughts. He did ſpeak in true Philoſophy but as a King, and not as a ſlave to words and periods. His brevity is not without clearneſs. His ſtrength hath beauty, his beauty hath no affectation: he is poliſhed, ſmooth, full, and entire; never languiſhing, impetuous without confuſion; his diſcourſe is tiſſued, yet nothing unmaſculine; invincible in his reaſoning, and agreeable in all things. Howſoever, we ought not to conclude by his Books that he was a Chriſtian, becauſe he wrote them all before he had any knowledge of Chriſtianity, and therefore it is not to be wondred at, if ſometimes he hath Sentences which are not conformable unto our Religion.

The anſwer to the calumniatours of *Seneca*. Some one will object that he is admirable in his Writings, but his Works carry no correſpondency with his Pen. This indeed is the abuſe of ſome ſpirits grounded on the calumnies of *Dion* and *Suillius*, which thoſe men may eaſily ſee confuted, who without paſſion will open their eyes unto the truth. He reproacheth him for his great Riches,

in lands, in gold and silver, and sumptuous moveables, and layeth to his charge that he had 500 beds of Cedar with feet of Ivory. It seems that this slanderer was steward of *Seneca's* house, so curious he was in decyphering his estate. But all this is but a mere invention; for how is it possible that he who according to *Cornelius Tacitus* did not live but onely on fruit, and bread, and water, and who never had any but his wife to eat with him, or two or three friends at most, should have 500 beds of Cedar and Ivory to serve him at his feasts. It is true that he had goods enough, but nothing unjustly gotten; they were the gifts and largesses of the Emperour. And because he had sometimes written that Goods were forbidden to Philosophers, he therefore was content to hold them in servitude and not to be commanded by them. He was overcome by *Nero* to carry some splendour in his house, as being the chiefest of the Estate; and it was put upon him as a sumptuous habit upon some statue. We cannot find that he had ever any children but his Books, or that he made it his study to enrich his Nephews or his Nieces, or to raise a subsistence for his house from the charges, greatnes, and riches of the Empire. He had the smallest train and pomp that possibly could be, and when he had the licence to be at liberty from the Court, he lived in an admirable simplicity; and which is more, he besought *Nero* with much importunity to discharge him from the unprofitable burden of his riches, and to put several stewards into his houses to receive his revenues: but he made answer to him that he did a wrong unto himself to demand that discharge, for he had nothing too much, and that he had in *Rome* many slaves enfranchized who were far more rich then *Seneca*.

Yet for all this Reproach is proved to be unjust, *Dion* proceeds further in his slander, and alledgeth, *That he indeared Queens and Princes to him; for he wrote their Papers, and professed himself a friend to the richest Favourites.* What is this, but to reproach a Courtier with his Trade, his Discretion, his Civility, his Affability which this great personage made very worthily to comply with his Philosophy. *He married an illustrious Lady, and of invaluable wealth.* What! should he being in that high dignity to please *Suillius*, become suitor to some chamber-maid, or for mortifications sake, court some country girle? Ought he to bring such a reproach after him to the Court of the Prince, what sin hath he committed to espouse the most honest Lady in *Rome* called *Paulina*, and to have lived with her in the condition of a good husband, and in a perfect intelligence. *But he made love to the mother of the Emperour.* This slander never came into the thought neither of *Tacitus*, nor *Suetonius*, nor any other Historian who was a man of judgment. It was onely the invention of an Impostor infected with poyson that dreamed of any such thing. *Agrippina* had other manner of gallants and servants then *Seneca* in her Court: she sought not after bodies made thin with abstinence, and manners quite removed from such commerce. In a Court so clear-sighted, there could never be discovered any familiarities which might give the least impression of such a thought, and which would have removed both the one and the other; no, *Seneca* did rather incline too much unto severity then to give any allurements to *Agrippina*.

His falling off from *Agrippina*.

The Glosser yet goes further and saith, *That he was ungratefull to her.* What ingratitude? he always endeavoured to tie the spirits of the mother to the son in a perfect friendship, and did not cease to redress all breaches that might give occasion of offence. But when he observed that *Agrippina* did mount upon the Throne of her son, did give audience to the Ambassadours of the Nations, did visit the Armies; and when he heard her vaunt that the Empire came unto him by her means, and that she would take it away from him when she thought good, he could not digest it. He preserved himself in that fidelity which he had sworn unto the Emperour, but he never counselled him either to remove *Agrippina*, or to displease her. When *Nero* very warmly called him and *Burrhus* together, and in a great fright told them that his mother had conspired against his life, and that he was but a dead man if he did not prevent it, *Seneca* remained so lost in amazement, that in all his life he was never dumb but at that instant. And *Cornelius Tacitus* makes no mention of the least word he did let fall that might witness his consent to so horrible a deed. It is true that he composed the Declaration of *Nero* after his mothers death, but it was by a rigorous necessity. He found himself betwixt two desperate extremities, either to leave the whole Empire at randome, to forsake the Helm and the Vessel in the tempest, and tender his neck to *Nero*, or to find some lenitive to ease the calamities so full of virulence. Some there are that do thus excuse him for it, and say, It was no marvel that he did deport himself in this fashion, because he was near to Princes; and that those who even make a profession of virtue, do study their own preservation, and oftentimes conceal those affairs which they cannot redress.

He is excusable for making the Declaration.

For my own part, I am of judgment, that great men being in a place where they are obliged to speak, if they should wilfully or timorously hold their peace, do grievously offend God by their silence; and that *Seneca* should rather have died then have adhered to *Nero* polluted with his mothers bloud, and execrable to all the world.

He had before demanded leave to be gone from Court, wisely foreseeing the tempests that follow, but he could not obtain it, nor resist *Nero*, without putting himself in danger of his life. You see there may be a time when an honest man should rather venter his life then give a scandall unto Virtue. But his dissimulation could not help him from being made at last a sacrifice to his most cruel Scholar, as we anon shall declare unto you.

Why *Seneca* having so many gallant qualities did perform so little in the reformation of Manners.

But for the present let us demand and examine the cause, why *Seneca* with so much Power, Authority, Eloquence, Philosophy, and humane Wisdome, did effect so little for the reformation of manners in the Court of *Nero*, and in the City of *Rome*? It is without all doubt that the wisdome of Books was too low for so high a design. We must make use of the grace of Redemption, and the Bloud, and the Gospel of Jesus to redress such lamentable confusions. Let us then behold S. *Paul*, who at the same time did come to plant the Faith in *Rome*, and talked with *Seneca*, and made him to behold more excellent Light in the purity of his Life and Doctrine.

Serrar. Tal. Tac. Cornel.

It is not my intention in this place to write at large the life of S. *Paul*, which is already sufficiently known, but particularly to touch on those things which he did at *Rome* when *Seneca* was in the government of the Affairs of the Empire. Nevertheless, it is expedient to make a short recapitulation of the Times and the Voyages of this great Apostle, to understand the occasion that did bring him to *Rome*, and what he there did practise for the advancement of the Faith.

S. *Paul* being born in the second or third year of our

S. *Paul* came to *Rome*.

S. Paul. came to Rome.

our Saviour, was miraculously converted to the Christian Religion in the three and thirtieth year of his age. By his Extraction, he was a *Jew* born in the City of *Tarsus*, in the Province of *Cilicia*, where was a flourishing University, from which came *Antipater*, *Archidemus*, *Artemidorus*, *Diogenes*, and *Diodorus*. But S. *Paul*, although he took his birth in the air of the Philosophers, and had some tincture of their Principles, did not amuse himself on the Philosophy of the *Gentiles*, but retiring to *Jerusalem* he studied at the feet of *Gamaliel* a great Doctour of the *Mosaick* Law. The zeal which he had for his Religion made him furiously to persecute Christianity from his birth unto the time that he was subdued by the Spirit of God; and of a ravening wolf was made a lamb of the Fold. *Saul* fell (saith S. *Augustine*) and *Paul* did rise, the interpretation of which name according to *Hesychius* is admirable; to shew unto us, that all things are marvellous in him, even his name it self.

S. Paul falsly accused

After his Conversion, he preached in *Arabia* and in *Damascus* for the space of three years, and did powerfully convince the *Jews* on the verities of our Faith, who to divert the course of his Ministery in the embroilments which then were raised between the King of the *Arabians* and the *Romans*, did accuse him for having moved in the favour of *Rome* against the *Arabians* and their King *Arethas*, who at that time held the City of *Damascus*, and had placed in it a Governour of his own faction. This *Barbarian* made an exact inquisition, and would have apprehended S. *Paul*, who was then in the same City. But his brethren the Christians were very careful to deliver the Innocent from the hands of the guilty; and shewing themselves neither slothful nor fearful in a business of that difficulty, (although he who had in his hands the Government of the City did threaten to destroy them if they delivered not *Paul* unto him) they caused him to escape out of a window, and to come down all along the Ramparts thereof in a panier which had a cord fastned to it.

Baron. Anno Christi. 39. Cornel. in 2. apud Corin. cap. 11.

His conversation with S. Peter.

From thence he transported himself to *Jerusalem*, where he saw S. *Peter*, and continued with him fifteen dayes in one lodging, not without joys and ravishments that cannot be expressed. We ought to content our selves with that which the Doctour of the Nations saith in his Epistle to the *Galathians*, where he assureth us, that he did historize the Prince of the Apostles, that is to say, he did contemplate on him as an Historian doth on a Prince whose History he hath a design to write. He regarded not (saith S. *Hierome*) whether he were fat or lean, or whether he were bald, or had a *Roman* nose, he only dived into his spirit and his heart, and there he discovered all the treasures of wisdom.

Gal. 1. 18. Ἱστορῆσαι Πέτρον.

After this most pleasing Colloquy he retired himself into the City of *Cesarea*, from whence he passed to *Cilicia* the place of his nativity, which he made fruitful with his Instructions for the space of four years. From thence S. *Barnabas* did lead him into *Antioch*, a famous City, where were a great number of Christians, who in that place were first called by that most glorious Name, and which hath ever since continued with all those who have made Profession of our Faith.

He preacheth the Gospel.

Having there sojourned one year, he was deputed with S. *Barnabas* to carry the Charity of the Faithful in *Antioch* unto *Jerusalem*, which office he most worthily discharged, and they both taking *John* and *Mark* into their company, did travel into divers Cities of *Greece*, and gave the Light of the Gospel unto the Nations, which is at large described in the Acts of the Apostles, which seems almost to be only written for S. *Paul* his sake.

On the end of this long Voyage he came unto *Jerusalem* at the first Council held by the Apostles for the abolishing of Circumcision, and other Jewish Ceremonies, to which certain *Jews* would oblige the *Gentiles*, who were converted to the Faith, which Saint *Paul* could not endure, and what in him lay, did endeavour to chase away the shadows of the Old Law to make place for the light of the Gospel; which was the reason that the *Jews* stirred up great Persecutions against him, and caused him to be apprehended in the fourth journy he made unto *Jerusalem*, and were resolved there to put him to death.

A great persecution against him.

As he entred privately into the Temple with *Trophimus* his Disciple, to discharge himself of some legal Ceremonies, the *Jews* that were come from *Asia* did discry him, who could not be ignorant of his conversation with the *Gentiles*, and began to cry aloud against him, saying, that he was an enemy of the Temple and the Law, which he endeavoured to destroy both by words and deeds, and that it was not fitting he should live. On this cry, a mutiny of enraged people did advance their fury, who did throw themselves upon S. *Paul* to stone him, and to tear him in pieces. The noise was brought to the *Roman* garrison in *Jerusalem*, and the news thereof came to Colonel *Lysias*, informing that all the City was in a confusion. He presently marched thither with the most resolute of the Souldiery, and plucked the Innocent from their hands to hear his Defence at their leisure. But these insolent *Jews* ceased not to follow him to the *Corps de Guarde*, where he was so environed with them that he was carried by force on the Arms of the Souldiers into a place of safety.

When he saw himself within the power of the *Romans*, he demanded of the Colonel the permission to speak to appease the people, which being obtained, he began to make an Oration to them in Hebrew, to inform them of his life and condition, and of the zeal which he had to the Religion of the *Jews*, and of his miraculous Conversion from it, as also of his Orders which he received from God to preach the Faith unto the *Gentiles*. When they heard these Words, they believed what was told them of him, and they did deal with him as a friend of the Heathen, and an enemy of their Law. They began to lay down their Garments to stone him, and to throw dust in the air, and to make a horrible tumult; whereupon, Colonel *Lysias* who understood not the Hebrew tongue was amazed, and conceived S *Paul* had been some felon, and guilty of some hainous crime. He took him to be the *Egyptian* who a little before had raised a great Sedition, and had drawn after him four thousand men into the wilderness; and to give consent to the wild multitude he did command that he should be scourged.

S. Paul condemned to the whip, did divert that punishment.

They proceeded to the execution of this Injustice; and now Saint *Paul* was bound by the hands of the Executioners, who prepared themselves to put him into bloud, when he advised with himself to acquaint the Officer who was to begin the punishment that he was a Citizen of *Rome*, in regard that those of the City of *Tarsus* did enjoy the priviledge of being Burgesses of the principal City of the World. The Officer made haste unto the Tribune, and informed him with the quality of the prisoner, advertising him, that if they proceeded

proceeded further on him they might be questioned for it. This was the occasion that the punishment was forborne, and the Tribune (to understand what he could plead for himself, being unwilling to trust unto the people) did assemble the Priests and Scribes with the chief of the Jews, to hear his Apology.

His Address.

S. *Paul* did here use great discretion, and observing that the Assembly were composed of *Sadducees* and *Pharisees* who were counterpointed in the question of the Resurrection, he did cast them on it, and publickly acknowledging the Resurrection, he cried out, that the Dead should rise again, and held it as an inviolable Article of his Faith. On this, the Doctours of the Law did enter into a hot dispute, and there was a great debate amongst them, without making any examination at all concerning the fact of the prisoner. *Lysias* did very well perceive that all the contention was concerning some questions of the *Jewish* Law, and knowing that *Felix* Governour of *Judea* was then at *Cesarea*, he resolved to send *Paul* to him with a strong and a safe guard, because there were fourty *Jews* so obstinate, that they had made a vow neither to eat nor drink until they had massacred S. *Paul*.

He is committed into the hands of *Felix* the President.

Felix, who was a man of a delicate ambition and jealous of his Authority, was well satisfied with what the Tribune had done, and did resolve to examine the Process himself. The Saint was presented before one of the most corrupt Judges under Heaven; he was brother to *Pallas* (a Servant infranchized) who in the reign of *Claudius* was the God of the times: and *Felix* (as *Cornelius Tacitus* doth affirm) being covered with the great power and favour of his brother, did usurp the authority of a King, which he managed with a servile spirit, making Cruelty and Lasciviousness to reign with equal power in his Government. He was the husband, or rather the adulterer of three Queens, and she who then possessed him was called *Drusilla*, who was the Daughter of that *Agrippa*, who was in chains by *Tiberius*, of whom I have made mention in the Tome of the *Maximi*, and descended from the bloud of *Mariamne*. She was married to one named *Azizus* King of the *Emmessaens*; but because that Royalty was of no great extent, she preferred the President above the King, so that *Felix* courting her for her rare beauty, she did willingly forsake her husband, to espouse the brother to the great Favourite *Pallas*, who lived then under a most high consideration. She conversed with him according to the Law of the *Jews*, and was almost as nice in the curiosity of Religions, as of her beauties, which was the reason that (the more to gratifie her) *Felix* did cause S. *Paul* to be brought before him.

S. *Paul* before the Tribunal of *Felix*.

He was brought in chains before the President, and the Prince of the Priests failed not to make his appearance at *Cesarea*, with the Antients of the *Jewish* Nation, who brought with them an Advocate, named *Tertullus*, to plead against S. *Paul*, which he performed coldly enough. But the great Champion of Jesus Christ did defend himself with so great a vivacity of spirit, that the Judge did clearly discover that he was not guilty of any fault, which was the occasion that he used him with the more humanity, and told him, that at leisure he would decide that business himself: in the mean time he permitted him to live at more liberty, not hindering any to come unto him and administer things necessary for his life; yet for all this, he was still under a guard of Souldiers.

Not long after that, *Felix* called for him, and his wife *Drusilla* (who was the cause of his more gentle usage) did speak unto him in the presence of her husband, and desired to hear him on his discourses of Faith, which gave a fair occasion to our Apostle to speak, who driving on his Discourse with vigour, did so enlarge himself on the subject of Justice, of Chastity, and of universal Judgment, that *Felix* was much afraid, and interrupted his Discourse, fearing that he should leave some scruples on the conscience of his Wife concerning their Marriage. It is easie to conjecture that this poor Princess was much shaken at it, although the chains of Love and of Ambition did so link her to the world, that we do not read that she was absolutely converted to the Faith and number of the Christians. *Felix* stopping his ears to Judgment, did open his eys to money, and having learned that S. *Paul* had brought great summs of Charity unto *Jerusalem*, he oftentimes spoke with him, and seemed to make much of him, hoping to gain something from him; but when he perceived that there was nothing to be had, and that the time of his Commission was expired, he left S. *Paul* to the discretion of *Festus* his Successour, desiring in that to gratifie the *Jews*, and to divert the accusation which they intended at *Rome* against him.

Drusilla comes to hear him.

Festus being arrived at *Jerusalem* was environed by the chief of the *Jews*, who with importunity did demand that *Paul* might be sent to *Rome* to be judged there, having a design to kill him by the way. But the President did deny them, and did command them to come to *Cesarea*, where he would continue in the expectation of them. Thither they did transport themselves violently to follow their Accusations, which were all effectually answered, and confuted by S. *Paul*, who did demonstrate that he had offended neither their Law, nor the Temple, nor *Cæsar*. *Festus* to content the importunity of the *Jews*, did demand of him if he would go to *Jerusalem* to decide the controversie there; but he refused the Jurisdiction of those perverse people, and said, That he stood at the Tribunal of *Cæsar*, and would have no other Judge, and that he appealed to the Emperour. The Judge had some debate thereupon, and it was resolved that he should be sent to *Rome*.

Festus renues the Process: S. *Paul* appealeth to *Rome*.

In the mean time, the young King *Agrippa* the son of that *Agrippa* before specified, came to *Cesarea* with his sister *Bernice*, to complement the new Governour, who received them with great courtesie, and amongst other things he made a relation to them of his prisoner, which possessed them both with a great curiosity to see him. *Festus* did invite them to the Audience, at which on the next morning they appeared with great pomp. This was a great Theater which God had prepared for the publishing of the the Gospel, where were present, a King, a Queen, the Governour of the *Romans*, the principal of Nation of the *Jews*, and an infinite number of people who did attend the success of that action.

The young *Agrippa* King of *Judea*, with his sister *Bernice*, assist at the judgment of *Paul*.

S. *Paul* having received commandment to speak, made a long discourse couched in the *Acts of the Apostles*, where he rendred a reason of his Faith, and spake most worthily of the Resurrection of the dead, of his Conversion to Christianity, of the Apparition of Jesus, of the Publication of the Gospel, and of the Prophecies that did forego it. He declared himself with so much ardency, that *Festus* the President, who was a Heathen, and found his *Pagan* Conscience wounded by his truths, was constrained to interrupt him, and to tell him, That *much learning had made him mad*; but

Festus touched with the words of S. *Paul*.

S. *Paul*

Saint *Paul* replyed to him, *That he spoke the words of Truth and Sobriety*; and turning from him to King *Agrippa*, he took him to witnesse it, as being one who was not ignorant of the Prophets.

This young King was so ravished at it, that he professed publickly to the Apostle, that he had felt him in his heart, and that he had almost perswaded him to be a Christian; whereupon S. *Paul* made a great acclamation of joy, wishing him that happiness to be like him in all things, his Bonds excepted, not judging that this Prince was yet an object capable of the Cross. He was of a sweet condition, but he had then great obstacles which hindred him from embracing the saving Truth. *Bernice*, who assisted at that Audience, was a most lovely Princess, the sister of this *Agrippa* and *Drusilla*, but not so happy in the reputation of her Honour as of her Beauty. She was married first unto her Uncle; and it is affirmed that she was taken with the love of this her brother *Agrippa*; and that most passionately she did affect him, nevertheless to divert the fame and suspicion of the world, finding herself courted by *Polemon* King of *Cilicia*, she consented to espouse him, on that condition that he should be circumcised; to which the Prince was presently resolved, being overcome by the temptation of her Beauties and the excess of Love to which she had inflamed him. She remained a certain time with him, but her high and wanton spirit did distaste him, and she returned into her own country to the Embraces of her brother, who lived with her, and entertained her in his Palace without regarding of the scandal.

I leave you to judge, my Readers, how the matter was disposed to receive the fire which proceeded from the mouth of S. *Paul*. All that he could do was to imprint in the soul of the Prince and Princesse a good opinion of the Christian Religion, and a good respect for his own person; for at the rising of this Session they told the President, that there was nothing in that man, that deserved either imprisonment or death; but because he had appealed to *Cæsar*, it was necessary that he should be sent to *Rome*.

S. *Paul* embarked for *Rome*.

After this, S. *Paul* was embarked under the conduct of the Centurion *Julius*, who did use him with great humanity, and in the end, after a laborious voyage and shipwrack, they arrived at *Rome*. He made his coming known to the chiefest of his Nation, who then resided in the capital City of the world, and did inform them of his good Intentions, protesting to them that he was not come to accuse his Nation, but having done nothing against their Law or their Religion, they had delivered him over to the Infidels, who having found his cause good, were ready to clear him, had not the clamours and the oppositions of some of the *Jews* obliged him to that voyage; and as concerning the rest, he was in chains (he said) for the hope of the salvation of *Israel*. They made answer to him, that they had understood nothing of him in particular, but knew very well that the Sect of the Christians which he had embraced was contrary to all the world, and that they should be glad to understand by what Arguments he could pretend to justifie them.

He arriveth there, and treateth with the *Jews*.

To which S. *Paul* consented, and there were great Disputations amongst them concerning the mysteries of our Faith. S. *Luke* doth conclude his History on these conferences, and speaketh nothing of the Trial of S. *Paul* before the Magistrates of *Rome*; but we may learn it from the Epistle which the Apostle did write to his Disciple *Timothy*, and from that which he addressed to the *Philippians*, where he declareth, that on the first action of that Trial he was forsaken of all the world, but singularly assisted by God; and that the carrying on this affair did much improve it self to the advancement of the Gospel, his chains being known in *Jesus Christ* to all the *Prætorium's* in *Rome*, and to all the world; as also, that at last he was delivered from the mouth of the Lion, by whom he understood the Emperour *Nero*.

2 *Tim* 4. *Phil.* 1.

From this, and from that which the holy Fathers and Interpreters have delivered, we may collect that Saint *Paul* came to *Rome* in the third year of the Emperour *Nero*, when as yet he was not depraved, and when *Seneca* was in the heigth of his reputation and the management of the publick Affairs. We ought not to doubt that what is reported by the Pope S. *Linus*, concerning the knowledge which *Seneca* had with S. *Paul*, is true; seeing that great Minister of State who had his eye over all, and who was extremely curious to understand the diversity of Sects and Religions, and to be informed of extraordinary Causes to make report thereof unto the Emperour, could no wayes be ignorant of so famous a thing which was made known in *Rome* both to the great and small. Besides, it is very probable that *Seneca* assisted at the Trial, and heard the Reasons of S. *Paul*. We may also easily conjecture the Discourse which he made before the Priests and the Senatours of *Rome* by the Apologies and Defences which he used before *Felix*, *Festus*, King *Agrippa*, *Bernice*, and all the Assembly of the *Jews*; and by what he spake to the Senate of the City of *Athens*. He then declared himself to them much after this manner.

S. *Paul* undoubtedly known to *Seneca*.

S. *Paul's* Oration to the Senate of *Rome*.

I think my self this day happy that God hath granted me the favour to justifie my self in your presence on all those Articles with which they of my Nation have accused me, being throughly possessed of the great sufficiency and integrity of this Senate to decide all differences in the Empire. For this, I do begin to breathe again after my long and heavy voyage, and after a thousand troubles, beholding my self now at the Tribunal of Cæsar *which I have implored; and I beseech you to attend me with that Patience and Equity which you never refuse to those who are oppressed.*

My accusers know very well what hath been my life from my youth, and how by the pleasure of God being born at Tarsus *a City in* Cilicia, *which is honoured by the priviledge of Burgesses to this Capital City of the world, I have followed the Religion of my Fathers, conversing with a good and an upright conscience before God and before men, without offending any.*

I do avow, that according to the most perfect Sect amongst us, I have alwayes conceived assured hopes of our Immortality, and of the universal Resurrection of men, which is established by the inviolable promise of the living God to whom nothing is impossible; and that I have been most curious to observe all the Ceremonies of our Law. The zeal which did inflame me for it, did make me conceive that I had reason to persecute the Christians; and having received a Commission from the chiefest of the Priests, I made an exact search to surprize, imprison, and torment those who made profession of it.

The fury did so far transport me, that not content to prosecute a violent warr against them in Judea, *I passed into strange Cities into which they were fled to relieve themselves from punishment; it came to passe, that going to* Damascus (*a city famous enough*) *as I did breathe forth nothing but fire, and threatnings I saw my self suddenly environed with a light so glorious, that it did surpass the brightest rayes of the Sun, and from that Splendour there did proceed the voice of a man, who called me by my name, and demanded of me where-*

wherefore I did persecute him. I speak (Sirs), before God and before you with all sincerity, that I felt my self strongly surprised, and I demanded of him that spake unto me, Who he was? to which he made answer, That he was called Jesus, *and that it was difficult for me to strike my heels against the sharps of the spur. And immediately, as I lay in amazement prostrate on the ground with those that were with me, he commanded me to rise, and said unto me, That he would make choice of me for his people, and for the Nations of the earth, to give a testimony of him, and to draw them from the power of wicked Spirits to come unto the Light, that they may obtain remission of sins and the inheritance of Saints by the means of Faith, which subsisteth in* Jesus Christ.

Sirs, For this I was not rebellious to the heavenly Vision, but incontinently I set my self to preach the word of God, & to exhort all the world to convert themselves unto him by the works of Penitence. Behold all my fault having done not any thing against the Law, the Temple, or against Cæsar; *having always counselled all the Subjects that ever heard me in the Empire, to render unto him perfect obedience. Nevertheless, certain of the* Jews *caused me to be apprehended in the Temple, and excited the people against me, who had torn me in pieces, if I had not been succoured by the Armies, and the Legions of the Empire. God hath preserved my life until this present, to discharge the ministery and the Commission that he hath given me, which is, to deliver to the Nations the news of eternal Salvation.*

Sirs, I do observe you to be great observers of the Religion of the Gentiles; *you have Idols, and Temples most magnificent, but we ought not to imagine that God who is a most pure Spirit, the Creatour of heaven and earth, is inclosed in Temples built by the hands of men, or that he stands on need of their works for the accomplishment of his Glory. It is he that giveth life, breath, wealth, honour, profit, & all that we can hope for in this world. It is he who from one man hath derived the vast multitude of the people, who by a continual succession do inhabite the roundness of the earth. It is he who giveth measures unto Times, and bounds unto Empires, and who inhabiteth a Light unapproachable. It is he who inspires us all with a generous curiosity to seek him, and to do our endeavours to find him, and to touch him with fingers if his condition render him palpable. But he is not far from every one of us,* For in him we live, we move, and have our being: *and to speak according to your own Poet,* We are of the generation of God.

It is not then permitted to vilifie the Divine nature beneath us, and to make it like unto things insensible; as, to gold, silver, precious stones, and other materials, elaborate by art, and by the invention of men. And certainly, God from on high hath with compassion beheld this ignorance of men, and hath given them, his Son the substantial Image of his Beauties, and the Character of his Glory; true God, and true man, who is dead for our sins, to wash us and regenerate us in his Blood; whose Words are Truth, & whose Life a miracle, even to the triumphing over Death by his Resurrection. It is by him that the eternal Father will judge at the last both the quick and the dead; and we all shall be represented before the Throne of his Majesty, to receive the salary of the Good or Evil which in our bodies we have done.

This sovereign Monarch of Angels and of Men suffers not himself to be taken by the flesh or the blood of bullocks, or by the perfumes of incense, but by the exercise of Justice, and by the purity of our bodies in all sanctification. Therefore (Sirs) as he hath advanced you in Dignity above other men, so he hath more particularly obliged you to acknowledge and serve him, and to adore him in Spirit & Truth, & to render Justice according to the Comission which you have received from Cæsar; *which is, to deliver the innocent from the persecution of the insolent, that so being true imitatours of his Justice and mercy, you may be one day partakers of his Glory.*

This discourse was wel received by divers of them, and a day was appointed for another Appearance, where he so much explained and enlarged himself, that he was sent back and pronounced guiltless; and permitted to preach the Gospel in *Rome* with all liberty, which gave much encouragement to all the faithful, & even those who had before forsaken him, did now re-assemble themselves, preaching in the Name of *Jesus*, and exhorting all the world to Repentance. *Cornelius* reports the opinion of some men who affirm that S. *Paul* was expressly delivered by the advice and the authority of *Seneca*, who at that time began miraculously to delight in his conversation. And although they could not see one another as often as they would by reason of the considerations of State, yet they mutually did write to one another, wch hath given occasion to some weak men who have not their spirits to counterfeit their letters ill imitated, & wch all knowing men are assured to be not of the strain either of S. *Paul* or *Seneca*. Howsoever the fiction of the style doth no way hinder the truth of the antient deed, seeing that S. *Hierom* doth cite the true letters which were in his time, and doth alledge the Texts wch are not now to be found in the Libraries of the Fathers. S. *Paul* continued at *Rome* two years after his first voyage, where he gained many *Christians* to the faith, and some of the Court of *Nero*, as is declared in his Epistles. *Seneca* was amazed at the Authority which he had, and desired that he might enjoy amongst his the like opinion of Belief as S. *Paul* had amongst the *Christians*; but there was a difference in their spirits, and there proceedings were from divers Methods. *Seneca* was a man, and S. *Paul* a demy-God. The one studied with *Attalus* and *Secion*, the other had the Word for his Doctour, and the Angels for his Disciples. The one sought after nature, the other found out the God of Nature. The one laboured after Eloquence, the other studied silence, which is the father of Conceptions. The one pleaded the Causes of parties, the other pleaded the Cause of God. The one governed the Republick of men, the other laid open before us the Hierarchy of Angels. The one was in the porch of *Zenon*, the other in the school of *Jesus*. The one laid the world low at his feet with his golden words and when he pleased did carry it on his head, the other subdued it with mortification, and the arms of the Cross. The one was ful of good Desires, the other of great Effects. The one sought for himself in himself, the other found himself altogether in God. The one was a Minister of State, the other of Heaven The one promised much and performed little, the other promised nothing of himself & gave all things. The one lived in the Court of *Nero*, the other in the Courts of *Jesus Christ*. The one defied Persecutions in his Discourse, the other did bear them engraven in his body. The one had a considerable estate the other had nothing, yet possessed all things. The life of the one was exposed to Honours and the Delights of the world, the Life of the other was altogether composed of the Cross.

Phil. 1. 13.

The effect of his Oration.

The parallel betwixt S. *Paul* and *Seneca*.

The evil opinion of the *Stoicks* to trust altogether to themselves without acknowledging the Grace and the assistance of God.

To conclude all in few words, *Seneca* had excellent Precepts of Virtue, but he derived them from an evil Principle, which was to hold fast to himself, and to conceive that by his own power he was sufficient of himself without any need of assistance from above in as much that we may imagine that we hear him speak, That a Wiseman may pass by God and take no

no great notice of him, and live without him as contentedly as himself. From this great Illusion proceeded Arrogance; from Arrogance, Ignorance of the Truth; from Ignorance, Feebleneſſe; from Feebleneſſe, a Confuſion both in the life and in all the wiſdom of the Stoicks.

From hence it came to paſſe, that having braved it on the paper, they found themſelves too ſhort for great actions, and had their pens far longer then their hands. They made a flight but without one wing to virtue, contenting themſelves to have brought ſome weak lenitives to their Malady, and not endeavouring to root it out.

Wherefore *Seneca* prevailed ſo little for the reformation of Manners of the Court.

And although that *Seneca* did live uprightly according to the Moral Virtues, yet being forcibly tyed to the world by his Honours, Dignities, Riches, the Cares of this life, and his endeavours to preſerve himſelf at Court, he could not diſpenſe any ſtrong influence on the body of the Eſtate, by reaſon of the defect both of Example and Practice. The Sun and the Moon may both make a Rainbow in the front of heaven, but that of the Moon will be feeble and obſcure in compariſon of that of the Sun, which will be all luminous and immailed with Emeraulds and with Rubies. *Seneca* did make at *Rome* a Rain-bow of the Moon which had in it much imperfection, and clouds, and darkneſſe. But Saint *Paul* made the Rain-bow of the Sun viſibly, producing the brightneſs and the beauties of the eternal Wiſdom.

The Grace of *Jeſus* and the Croſs, are the two Principles of S. *Paul.*

As the Principles therefore of the Philoſophy of *Seneca* were to reduce all to himſelf, and to ſtudy his own particular content; ſo the Principles of Saint *Paul* were quite contrary to attribute all to the Grace of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and in the imitation of him, to love, deſire, and ſeek after the Croſſe, and the Perſecutions attending on it. In thoſe two Maxims, he doth eſtabliſh all the Greatneſſe and the Glory of the City of God, which he doth prove, deduce, and preſſe with inſtant importance in all his Epiſtles. As for that which pertains to the Grace of Redemption, never man before him ſpake more clearly or more divinely then he hath done in his Epiſtles to the *Romans*, to the *Galathians*, and to the *Hebrews*. He is the thundering and the lightning Cherubin on the Chariot of the God of Hoſts, who ceaſeth not to ſhoot forth his inevitable and his flaming Arrows againſt the head of the pompous Wiſdom of this World.

He makes it apparent how all the antient Philoſophers who were thought to be the Gods of Sciences and Letters, do vaniſh away in their proud imaginations, and how they are faln into a Reprobate ſenſe: blind and ignorant, who have transformed the Divinity into hideous forms of Serpents and Monſters: feeble and caytiffe, who having filled their books with Precepts, have abandoned themſelves to baſe and ſhameſull actions, and have overthrown all the order of Nature. From hence alſo he makes another Battel againſt the *Jews*, who tyed their happineſſe and ſalvation to a dying Law, to feeble Elements, to Shadows flying before the firſt Rayes of the Law of the Goſpel. He prized nothing but the Incarnate Word, he breathed forth nothing but his *Jeſus*, who is the deſire of the eternal Mountains, the Splendour of the Glory of the celeſtial Father, the Character of his Subſtance, who by the virtue of his Word doth ſupport the Univerſe, who is our Wiſdom, our Juſtice, our Sanctification, and our Redemption; there being no Name either in heaven or earth, or on or under the waters by which we may be ſaved, but the Name of *Jeſus*.

His ſecond Principle is the love of the Croſſe, and he doth publickly and loudly proteſt both to the great and to the ſmall, to the proud and to the humble, that there is no Knowledge but in the crucified *Jeſus*; and that he is not come to preach him to them with painted Words according to the Wiſdom and the Eloquence of men (fearing by that means to make void the myſtery of the Croſſe) but with the virtue, and the force of the God of the afflicted. He eſteems of Scepters, of Empires, of Nobility, of Beauty, of Strength, of Valour, of Wiſdom, of Induſtry, of Eloquence, of all things in this world from Heaven unto the Deeps, but as dung, in compariſon of the Croſſe of his beloved *Jeſus*, on which by love he had aſcended, and there did reſt as on a Throne, from whence he condemned whatſoever this world did honour.

By theſe two Principles, he arrived into a moſt great Perfection which did fill him as well in the Intellectuall part as the Affective. As for that which concerns the former, he was enlightned with a moſt high and a moſt excellent Wiſdom, with the knowledge of all Nature, with all the Myſteries of our Faith, with whatſoever is in Man, with whatſoever the World locks from him in her Treaſuries, with Grace in all her Virtues, and with Time in all the Turns and the Revolutions of his Being. S. *Paul* his perfection.

According to the heigth that the river *Nilus* riſeth, the other rivers do decreaſe; and accordingly as Saint *Paul* did increaſe in the Wiſdom of God, all humane Science fell down before him even into the Abyſme. It is he who with all humility can ſpeak that which *Lucifer* did uſurp by pride, *I ſit in the Chair of God, I have been in the heart of the Deeps.* He was in the Chair of God when he ſpake as if he had been encloſed in the Word, as the Vicar of his Powers; the Diſpenſer of his Myſteries; the Oracle of his Thoughts; and the Interpreter of his Will. He was in the heart of the Deeps when he was abyſmed in the profound knowledge of the Beauties and the Perfections of the Incarnate Word, of whom he never did loſe the ſight. His high knowledg. *Ezech.* 28.

What an Abyſme of Patience was he? What a Trumpet of the Goſpel ſaith S. *Denys*? What a roaring of the Lion ſaith S. *Hierome*? What a Flow of Learning, what a Torrent of Eloquence? who makes us to underſtand the Myſteries, unknown in all Ages; and that as much by his Admiration as his Words. He wrote his Epiſtles with his Ear in Heaven, and with a Style in the Schole of Paradiſe. The feebleneſs of humane Words could not ſuſtain the force of his Spirit. pion. *de Divin. Nom.* S. Hierom. *Epiſt.* 6. *ad* Pammach.

In the Affective part, he was filled with a Seraphick Love, with a fire drawn from the moſt pure flames of Heaven, which was ſhut up within his heart and within his bones, and did unceſſantly burn him without conſuming him. On his mortified fleſh he did bear the Characters of a ſuffering God, which were his deareſt Delights. He was no more himſelf; he was all and altogether transfigured into that amiable Word by a Deifick tranſammation. He lived on his Bloud; he breathed not but by his Spirit; he ſpake not but by his Words; he thought not but by his Meditations: yet nevertheleſs, in ſome manner he did leave God and the delicious Schole of Paradiſe, to run unto his Neighbour to ſave his Soul; and in this exerciſe of Charity, he defied Tribulation, Anguiſh, Hunger, Nakedneſs, Dangers, Perſecutions, and bloudy Swords, and burning Fagots, and boiling Caldrons. If Hell it ſelf were portable, he would adventure to have carried it on his back for the love of his Neighbour. His Love.

He looked upon the world as if every mothers ſon were of his begetting; he carried in his heart *Europe*, and *Aſia*, and *Africk*, and all the Provinces of the Earth, to communicate the Light of the Goſpel either by himſelf, or by his children whom already he had begotten in *Jeſus Chriſt*. Nothing rebated him, nothing hindred, nothing ſtopped him. He gave no bounds to his Love ſince God had given no limits to his Spirit. With theſe fair and extraordinary qualities, God gave him Succeſs in the preaching of the Goſpel, which did draw upon him the admiration of all the Apoſtles.

He marched in triumph through all Provinces, and God was on his heart. He was like unto that Ark of the Teſtament which is ſpoken of in the Revelations, which at the ſame time that it was perceived did cauſe a Lightning to be ſeen, a Voice to be heard, the Hail to rattle, and the Earthquakes to roar; ſo, whereſoever S. *Paul* did paſs, there were the Light of Learning, the Oracles of Wiſdom, the impetuous Tempeſt of words of fire, which made the Philoſophers and Kings to tremble, and even removed Nature it ſelf. Behold here the difference which was between S. *Paul* and *Seneca*, which being well conſidered we ſhall forbear to admire, wherefore one was ſo fruitleſs in the Court of *Nero*, and the other had ſo great ſucceſs in *Rome*, and amongſt ſo many Nations.

Apoc. 21.

After that *Paul* was for a ſeaſon retired from *Rome*, leaving unto *Seneca* a ſtrong tincture of the *Chriſtian Faith*, *Nero* did every day grow worſe and worſe, inſomuch, that having killed his brother, his wife, his mother, this ſcourge of mankind in the wicked jollity of his heart had a plot in his head to ſet the City of *Rome* on fire, which was almoſt wholly conſumed with it, whiles he from a high tower did behold it, and laughing at the calamity, did ſing the burning of *Troy the Great*; which did ſo exaſperate the ſpirits of his Subjects, that on the year following, the chief of the Empire did enter into a conſpiracy againſt him, in which were compriſed, Senatours, Captains, Colonels, Citizens, Ladies, and all the choiceſt perſonages in *Rome*: but misfortune ſo would have it, that the ſecret being diſperſed amongſt ſo many people, it did not anſwer the event to which it was deſigned, but being diſcovered, it occaſioned a bloody butchery in *Rome*, *Nero* like an enraged Tygre deſiring nothing more then to bathe himſelf in blood.

Saint *Paul* leaves *Rome*. *Nero* grows worſe and worſe.

Anno Neron. 10 *Chriſt.* 66

The Conſpiracy againſt him deteſted.

Seneca's name was entred at the laſt in the liſt of the Conſpiratours, whether his Scholar had conceived a jealouſie againſt him, miſtruſting his high Virtue, and fearing leſt he ſhould tear the Diadem from his head, or whether the inſolence of his deportments had put him into that condition as not to indure the very ſhadow of a Tutor. It was now a long time ſince this great perſonage overcom with grief at ſo many tragical accidents, did lead a retired life in his Country-houſe not far from *Rome*. There was not againſt him any manifeſt conviction to rank him amongſt the Conſpiratours; as *Tacitus* hath obſerved. It is onely ſaid that one of that number named *Natalis* did depoſe before *Nero* that he was ſent to *Seneca* by *Piſo*, who was the chief of the Conſpiratours, to complain that he would not ſuffer him to give him a viſit, and to meditate an enterview to which *Seneca* made anſwer, that ſuch a meeting in ſo dangerous and ſo fatal a time, could be profitable neither to the one nor to the other; and as for the reſt, that his life ſubſiſted not but in the ſafety of the life of *Piſo*.

The conſtant and the famous death of *Seneca*.

On this the Tribune of the Emperour's Guard was diſpatched to *Seneca*, to underſtand what anſwer he could make to the Depoſition of *Natalis*. On the evening he arrived at *Seneca's* houſe, which he ſuddenly environed with a troop of ſouldiers. He was no ſooner entred, but he found him at ſupper with his wife and two friends, he preſently acquainted him what he had in Commiſſion from the Emperour; on which, *Seneca* confeſſed that *Natalis* indeed was ſent unto him by *Piſo*, to intreat him to receive a viſit from him, but he excuſed himſelf by reaſon of indiſpoſition and retiredneſs, without ſpeaking one word more unto him; adding, that he had never ſo high an eſteem of *Piſo*, as to judge that the ſafety of his life did depend upon him, that ſuch flattery was not ſuitable to his diſpoſition, and that *Nero* knew it very well, who by experience had always found in *Seneca* more of Liberty then of Servitude.

The Tribune made a faithful report of *Seneca's* anſwer in the preſence of *Poppea* that impudent woman, and *Tigillinus* that execrable villain, who in thoſe cruel deſigns were the onely two that were now of his Majeſties ſacred Counſel. This barbarous Prince who had promiſed his Tutour that he would rather die then permit that any offence ſhould be done unto him, did bare that reſpect unto him as not to queſtion him on that Conſpiracy amongſt ſo many other Senatours; peradventure he had not a brow of braſs enough to out-face the reproaches of ſo eloquent a mouth. He demanded of the Tribune if he did not prepare himſelf to a voluntary death, who made anſwer, That he obſerved not the leſt ſign of it, either in his countenance or diſcourſe; whereupon he was commanded to return to *Seneca*, and to ſignifie unto him that he muſt die. The Tribune, whether in reverence to the man, or for fear to precipitate the death of ſuch a Miniſter of the State by too haſty an execution, demanded counſel of *Fannius* his Captain what in this caſe he ought to do, who did adviſe him to execute the command of the Emperour; and this was don by a ſloth fatal to all of the Conſpiracy, ſome Ladies onely excepted, who ſhewed themſelves more courageous then the Senatours and the Cavaliers.

Howſoever, he having not the heart to carry theſe heavy tidings did deliver his Commiſſion to a Centurion, who informed him with the laſt of all neceſſities. *Seneca*, without troubling himſelf deſired ſo much liberty as to make his Will, which was refuſed him: On which, he turned to his friends and ſaid, That ſince it was not permitted to him to acknowledg their merit, that he would leave unto them the very beſt of all he had, which was the Image of his Life; in which, if they would pleaſe to call to mind how he had paſſed it in ſo many commendable Exerciſes, they ſhould enjoy for their recompence the reputation of a faithful and a conſtant friendſhip. And this he ſpake not out of arrogance, but as it were by the authority of a Father when he bids his laſt Farewell unto his Children, recommending to them to imitate him in what he had done well; and ſo ſaid S. *Paul* to his Diſciples, *Be you imitatours of me as I am of* Jeſus Chriſt.

This made their hearts to melt, and they began all to weep, but he did endeavour to wipe away their tears, mingling ſweetneſs with reproaches. What do you mean, he ſaid? where are the Precepts of Philoſophy? where is that Reaſon ſo long prepared againſt all the chances of humane Life? who is he that can be ignorant of the cruelty of *Nero*? and who did not ſee that after the death of his mother and his brother, there nothing remained but to add unto it the murther of his Maſter and Governour.

After

After this Discourse which served for them all, he embraced his wife, gave her his last farewell; and having fortified her against the terrours of the present dangers, he did intreat and conjure her to moderate her grief, and to sweeten the sorrows of her dear husband by the consideration of his life which was without reproach. He loved most tenderly that virtuous Lady, and did not cherish his own life but for her sake, saying sometimes, That he would spare himself a little the more, because in an old man there lived a young woman, who deserved that he should take care for her, and being not able to obtain from his dear *Paulina* that she should love him more fervently, her love being in the highest degree of perfection, she should obtain from him that he should use himself for her sake with the more indulgence.

This fair Lady observing all that had passed, said, That there was no longer life for her after the death of him whom she loved above all things in the world; and that she would keep him Company in the other world. On that word he stood a little in a pause, and would not contradict her, as well for the glory of the action, as for the love which he did bear her, and for the fear he had to leave so dear a person to the affronts of an enemy; he therefore said unto her, My dear Love, I have shewed you the sweetnesse and the allurements of life, but I see you preferr unto it the honour of a generous death. I will not envy the example of your Virtue; and although the constancy in our death shall be equall in us both: yet yours shall be alwayes more glorious then mine, for you contribute unto it a courage which is above your sex. Having said this, they caused their veins to be opened by one hand in the presence one of the other; and because the body of her husband was attenuated by great abstinence, and the bloud did issue but slowly from him, he gave order that there should be a new incision made in the veins of his legs and of his feet. The poor old man did endeavour to put himself all into bloud, and endured cruel dolours but more in the body of his dear wife then in his own, which was the reason that he caused her to be conveyed into another chamber to mitigate a little the sorrows which one had for the other in beholding themselves to dye with so much violence.

It is a wonderfull thing, that this great man had so untroubled and so ready a spirit in so fatal an Act. He called his Secretary to whom he did dictate his last Thoughts, which were full of a generous constancy. In the mean time, *Nero* having no particular hatred against *Paulina*, and considering that the death of so innocent a Lady would but render himself and his cruelty more abhorred, did command that her veins should be stopped, and the bloud stanched, which it appeared, that she suffered to her greater grief, both by the short time that she out-lived her husband, and by the inviolable faith which she did bear unto his ashes; and she looked ever after as she were some prodigy, such abundance of bloud and so much spirits she had lost.

Seneca was yet remaining in the tedious pangs of death, when upon advice he demanded poyson of his Physicians, which had no operation at all, his Members being already cold, and his body shut up against all the forces of the poyson. He caused himself therefore to be carried to a Bath, and taking some of the warm water, he sprinkled his servants with it that stood about him saying (according to *Cornelius Tacitus*) That he offered that water to *Jove* the deliverer; after which words he entred into the stove, and was stifled with the vapour that did arise from it.

Many grave Personages have conceived that he dyed a Christian; and though it is no easie matter to perswade those to this opinion who are possessed with another, and who speak but with little consideration on this subject, yet there are not wanting grounds to prove the truth thereof.

Flavius Dexter a most ancient Historian, who hath composed a small Chronicle from the Nativity of our Saviour unto the fourth Age, affirmeth in expresse terms, that in the sixty fourth year, *Seneca* entertained good thoughts of Christianity; and that he dyed a Christian; although not declared one.

S. *Hierome* in the Book of Ecclesiastical Authours doth put him in the number of Saints, that is to say, of those who acknowledge and confesse *Jesus Christ*.

Tertullian, a most grave Authour saith, that he was one although not openly. S. *Augustine* in the City of God, alledgeth many excellent passages of a Book which *Seneca* undoubtedly did write against the Superstition of the *Payens*, in which, he overthrows all the heathenish religion of *Rome*, although he doth not vigorously perswade them to change it, for fear of troubling the Estate. This Book was afterwards condemned and burned by the Enemies of our Religion. The holy Doctour doth observe, that he never spake ill of the Christians, although he hath violently inveighed against the *Jews*, which testifieth that he was endued with some good thoughts in the favour of it. His brother *Gallio* being Proconsul in *Achaiah*, would never judge S. *Paul* for any fact of Religion, although the *Jews* did presse him to it with much importunity.

Add to this, that our *Seneca* two years before his death did live a retired life, under the colour of indisposition of body, and would no more frequent the Temples of the Heathen; as also that he would not procure his own death before the Emperour expressly had commanded it, as being then of the opinion of the Christians, who did forbid self-murder; and also that at last, that he did forbid the vain pomp and the vain ceremonies at his Funerals.

These reasons being weighed do draw unto this Conclusion, That it is more beseeming our Religion to conceive well of the Salvation of *Seneca*, then to condemn him. The strongest Objection which can be made against this Opinion, is, That at his death *Cornelius Tacitus* doth make him to invoke on *Jove* the Liberatour. But no esteem ought to be given to this Argument; for *Tacitus* could not understand that which was altogether out of his knowledge, seeing that *Seneca* did never make open profession of Christianity, but kept that thought totally concealed from *Nero* and all the Heathen. And we ought not to be amazed that he was not comprized in that search which was made for Christians, it being sufficiently manifest, that many illustrious Christians have lived in the Courts of the Heathen Emperours, and dissembled their Religion, they being not bound in conscience to declare it at all times, to run willfully into Martyrdom. Moreover, this Historian above named, hath written diverse things very lightly, especially when he maketh mention of the Religion of the *Jews* and *Christians*, which he describes richer according to his own idea then any way according to the truth; insomuch, that when *Seneca* at his death implored *Jesus* the Deliverer, he did not forbear to translate *Jesus* into *Jove*. As rashly as this, he leaves recorded to posterity, that the *Jews* are descended from the Hill *Ida*, the name of which he saith the *Jews* do bear; and that they worship the head of an Asse, as also, that the Christians

ſtians confeſſed that they were Incendiaries, and that they burned the City of *Rome* under *Nero*.

But we finde by S. *Paul* himſelf in his Epiſtle written from *Rome* unto the *Philippians*, that he had many *Chriſtians* in the houſe of *Nero*; and *Linus* theſucceſſour of S. *P* who was there preſent at that time, doth rank *Seneca* amongſt them with an high title of commendation. And though his Hiſtory hath been corrupted by the *Heretick*s and the Ignorant, it is nevertheleſs received in thoſe Points, which are conformable to the other Fathers of the Church, ſo that *Tacitus* in this ought not be conſidered.

This Name then of redeemer or deliverer whereof *Tacitus* maketh mention, and this ſprinkling of the water wᵗʰ the faithful were accuſtomed to preſent to God in the manner of Libation, doth emply ſome ſecret of which he never heard. And as for that Objection, that there are ſome opinions in *Seneca*'s books which are not conformable to the *Chriſtian* Religion, it is of no value, ſeeing thoſe works were compoſed before his *Chriſtianity*.

And to that which others do alledge, that he himſelf was the author of his own death, it is moſt manifeſtly falſe, ſeeing he did not ſuffer a vein to be opened before the expreſs commandment of the Emperour, who had pronounced againſt him the ſentence of Death, as I have ſaid already, which was afterwards executed according to the faſhion of thoſe times, in which, by the permiſſion of Magiſtrates, the houſhold-ſervants of the party condemned performed that office which belonged to the publick executioner of Juſtice. Beſides this, in the beginning of *Chriſtianity*, *Seneca* who had but a light tincture of it, could not yet know that it was not allowable for him to aſſiſt his at his death, ſeeing that many *Chriſtian* Virgins have killed themſelves to divert the violations by their deſigned raviſhers, and yet have not been condemned for it.

S. *Paul* returning to *Rome*, according to the Calculation of *Baronius*, did find that *Seneca* was dead, and that he was deprived of a great help in the propagation of the Goſpel. Howſoever he deſiſted not with all his endeavour to advance with S. *Peter* the *Chriſtian* Religion, which by and by they ſhall both bedew with their bloud.

For *Nero*, to fill up the horrour of his crimes, did begin the firſt Perſecuti on againſt the *Chriſtians*. And it is our glory, ſaith *Tertullian*, that he was in the head of our Perſecutours. The wicked Prince perceiving that he could not wipe away the evil reputation with which he was defamed for the burning of *Rome*, did cauſe the *Chriſtians* to be accuſed; and did torment them with outrageous and inhumane puniſhments. Some were nailed to Croſſes, diſtilling their bloud drop by drop in extremity of pain. Other by cruel inventions were covered with the skins of ſavage beaſts and expoſed to bandogs, who would fly upon them with a moſt violent rage and tear thē in pieces. Others being faſtned to blocks, were burned by degrees by fire, with diabolical art and ſport; inſomuch, that in the evening, when the Sun made haſte to bed, to be no longer polluted with ſuch horrible ſpectacles, the bodies of the Faithful being all on fire did ſerve as torches for the reprobate joyes of the Heathen. *Nero* would be then in his gardens to glut his barbarous eys with the torments of thoſe innocent Souls. Happy ye Stars, who in the combats of that laborious night did behold ſo many victorious ſouls aſcend from the midſt of the flames to take poſſeſſion of the Temple of eternal lights. The infidels themſelves had compaſſion on them; knowing that it was an artifice of *Nero*'s to ſacrifice thoſe poor Victims to his brutiſh cruelty.

Not long after, S. *Peter* and S. *Paul* did find themſelves to be involved in the ſame Perſecution; for as they endeavoured themſelves to perſwade Chaſtity to ſome *Chriſtian* Ladies againſt the allurements & ſurpriſals of the Emperour, he grew enraged at it, & commanded them to be locked up in cloſe priſon, from whence ſome few days after, they were taken forth to go to their Execution, where S. *Peter* was crucified with his head downwards, and S. *Paul* was beheaded, after they had converted many ſouls, and even the Executioners themſelves. They kiſſed one another with tears of joy, and with an aſſured pace they marched to their place of torment as to a garden inamelled with the moſt delightful beauties of Nature. At every minute their ſacred mouths did call upon the name of their moſt beloved Maſter; & the pleaſures they reſented to communicate with him in his ſufferings, did not permit them to have the leaſt fear of that which of all fears is the moſt horrible in Nature. The *Chriſtians* followed them melting into tears, calling them their Fathers and their Paſtours, and beſought them not to abandon their Flock. But they with countenances as clear as are the ſmiles of the faireſt morning, did comfort them, and did promiſe not to forget them in the other life. They did exhort them to ſhew themſelves courageous in Perſecutions, aſſuring them that they were the places of pleaſure, where even the Thorns ſhould grow into Crownes. They both looked back upon *Rome*, and beheld it as the field of their deareſt Conqueſt. And God did diſcover to them the effect of their Bloud; how that Infidelity was ſubdued; the Church was eſtabliſhed in the capital City of the Univerſe; the Croſs was planted on the root of the Capitol, where they dyed as amongſt palms, and the odours of their ſacrifice did aſcend to heaven.

As long as there ſhall be Intelligences and Stars above, as long as there ſhall be ages and men below, theſe two Apoſtles ſhall be beheld as the two Eyes of the *Chriſtian* world. The Fathers & the Doctours of Mankind; the Gates of heaven, and Triumphers over unbelieving *Rome*, which they have now converted into *Rome* the Holy. At their Palms all the Laurels of the Conquerours ſhall fade, and the inſtruments of their Puniſhments ſhall obſcure their Trophyes. The Tongues of men can pronounce nothing more pleaſing then their Name. The Church hath nothing more precious then their Virtues; nor more powerful then their Examples; nor more honourable then the Veneration of them. The deteſtable *Nero* the year after theſe Martyrs ſuffered, finding himſelf tormented with furies, inveſted with infernal ſhades, torn in his conſcience by Vultures, and wounded with ſharp Razors, being abandoned both by God and men, underſtanding that *Vindex* from *France*, and *Galba* was marching againſt him from *Spain*, to revenge his Sacriledges, he did fly away and killed himſelf; it being impoſſible for him to dy by a more polluted, or a more execrable hand

QUEEN

MARY STUART.

The true Portraiture of Princesse Mary Queene of Scotland and Dowager of France.

IN the last place, I will produce the History of the incomparable Queen, *Mary Stuart*, where in the height of its lustre, I will represent unto you Innocence persecuted, as much by the jealousies of love, as State; and that by a general combat of all passions, on which she hath raised a Trophey, by the invincible constancy at her death.

I have taken delight to peruse many Authours on this Subject, and to draw out the truth from a confused Chaos, where the malice of many passionate Historians had extremely perplexed the Story; and I have done it the more willingly, because it is a service which I render to the first Truth which I adore: to *France*, which nourished and advanced that great Spirit; to the King of *Great Britain*, who is honoured for his Blood and Royal Virtues; to *Scotland*, who brought her forth; and to *England* it self, the founder part whereof have always detested the attempt which was committed on her person.

I must intreat the Reader to believe, that there was never History more disguised by a knot of Heriticks, never wickedness did carry more artifice, nor calumny more fables, or fables more colours, or impiety more strength, to cry down a poor Princess. And this hath made so bold a noise, that some *Catholicks*, either too ignorant or too negligent, not taking the pains to read and examine the reasons alledged, were betrayed themselves to an indifferent belief of the defaming Libels of the Enemies of our Religion, as if they would believe the History of *Jesus Christ*, compiled on the reports of the Scribes and Pharisees. A *Calvinist* of late, the Authour of a *Spanish* History, hath thrust into his Book many outrageous reports against the Memory of *Mary*, Queen of *Scotland*, by a Digression stale enough which doth eclipse the light of the History, and the Day of her passion. If that man had any modesty, he would have acknowledged his small abilities to be seen in print. If he had any reverence, he would have spared the person of a Queen. If his heart had been touched with any piety, he would have pardoned the Dead. If he had in his soul any sence of honour, being in the service of the King of *England*, he would never have printed such insolent things, to the disadvantage of his Majesty, he would never have barked at the ashes of so great a Lady.

Reader, to make you the better to understand with what equity I will proceed in this Narration, I will not alledge unto you either *Sanders*, or *Bosy*, or *Florimond* of *Raymen*, or Father *Hilarius* of the Order of the Right Reverend Fathers of the *Minims*, who have all wrote very worthily concerning this Subject. I will derive the principal truths I shall produce from *Cambden* an Huguenot, Historiographer of the Queen of *England*, who hath wrote this Story, not in Pamphlets running without authority, but in authentick Memorials. It hath pleased God that this person, having a generous ambition to speak the truth, should search into the Records, & produce papers that had been buried, which sufficiently do make appear the artifices of *Elizabeth*, and the innocence of the Queen of *Scotland*. Reader, behold whither the abundance and the force of Right and Truth doth carry us, that we take even our enemies for our Judges and Witnesses in this cause.

MARY STUART, the onely Daughter of *James* the Fifth, King of *Scotland*, and *Mary de Lorain*, Grand-child to the thrice-vertuous *Antonietta* of *Bourbon*, was a Queen, who in my judgement hath equalled the excess of her disasters, with the height of her glory, and it seems her whole life was no other then a Theatre, hung round with blacks, and covered with blood, where the revolution of humane affairs did act unheard-of Tragedies. Never did Nature produce more beauties, nor Grace more wonders in a personage of that high condition. Never did Fortune deal more rigorously with a head, which heaven had made to support three great Crowns. The Birth and Education of this Queen *Mary Stuart*.

She

In the year 1542. on the 13. of *December*, on S. Lucy's Day.

She was born in *Scotland*, she lost her Father eight dayes after her birth, she was brought into *France* at the age of five years, and was nourished in the Court of *Henry the Second*, and *Katharine de Medicis*, who did love her most entirely. She was yet but as the Bud of a Rose, which within her first infancy did preserve her Graces undisclosed. But as she began to lay them more open by the increase of age, we might then behold a Princesse, descended from the bloud of an hundred Kings, who had a body formed and fashioned by the hand of Beauty, a fine and a clear spirit, a deep and a sound judgement, a high Virtue and an incomparable Grace in her expressions. All which, made *Henry the Second* resolve to give her in marriage to his Son *Francis*, to whom she was espoused about the fifteenth year of her age, being himself not much more indebted unto years then she was. All things laughed at the beams of this bright Morning; and it seemed, that Felicity her self had with full hands poured down her favours upon a Marriage which had been made in Heaven, to carry along with it the approbation of all the earth.

Her Matriage and widowhood.

The inconstancy of humane affairs.

But who can dive into the secrets which Providence hath in her own breast concealed from us? Or who is he that hath tears enough to deplore the condition of great Fortunes, when they are abandoned to the pillage and plunder of Destruction? This young *French* King, having in his way but saluted Royalty, after his Reign but of six Moneths was taken out of the World by an Impostume in his ear. All *France* did groan under this losse, by reason of the excellent inclination of that Prince, but she was more touched with the impressions, which in her heart her most dear Spouse received, who desired to sacrifice the rest of her dayes unto the ashes of her husband. Nevertheless, as the tenderness of the King's age who was troubled besides with diverse indispositions of body, and the short time they were married together, did not permit that any issue should be left behind him, there did arise upon it a Report, that the young Queen should return into her own Countrey, where two Crowns did attend her, the one in *England*, the other in *Scotland*, she being the true Inheritresse of them both, of one of which she took possession, and was deprived of her rights in the other, by the Injustice of Usurpation.

Her return into *Scotland*.

The first fire of the jealousie of Estate.

3. *Elizabeth of England* now began to torment her self with a furious jealousie against her, and had already laid the Design to stop her in her return to *Scotland*; but God was pleased that she was gallantly accompanied with a great part of the most generous of the Nobility of *France*, and did passe the seas very fortunately, and arrived so suddenly in *Scotland*, as if she did fly in the Air: there she was received of all the good Catholicks, with wonderfull entertainments of applause and joy. *Elizabeth* who did swell with despight, that she failed in her design, covering her Artifice with the veil of friendship, did send a solemn Embassage with Presents, to congratulate her Arrival, and to give her the assurances of an eternal Alliance. The good Princesse, who had a heart as credulous as generous, was passionately taken with this friendship, and disputed with her self how she should overcome her in honour and in courtesie. She took from her Treasury a Diamond, of which she made a Present to her. It was cut in the manner of a heart, and enriched with a verse of *Buchanan's*, who had not as yet his spirit infected with Treason. In the mean time *Elizabeth*, not unlike those Sorcerers, which from the fairest Mornings do produce the foulest weather, did not cease under-hand to sow troubles and divisions in the Realm of *Scotland*, endeavouring to destroy her Cousin by the fines of policy, whom she durst not attach by the force of Arms.

On the first Arrival of Queen *Mary* into *Scotland*, she found the Kingdom overspread with the Factions of the Calvinists, which at that time troubled all the Estates in Christendom. And seeing that the youth and experience of her widowhood was not compatible with the great underminings, which her Enemies did dayly form against her State, she began, after the space of five years, to think of a second Marriage. The small successe in her first Marriage, made her suspect an Alliance with strangers; and those who were most near unto her, did diswade her from it. She did cast her eyes on her Cousin *Henry Stuart*, the young Earl of *Lenox*, who for the comelynesse of his person, was one of the most remarkable in the Kingdom of *Scotland*; and having procured a Dispensation from the Pope, she married him. This affection although most innocent in it self, being not managed with all the considerations of State, did bring upon her the jealousie of other Princes, and was in the end attended with great disasters.

Her second Marriage.

The seed of the jealousie of love.

But to speak the truth, the Earl of *Murray*, natural brother to the Queen, a pernicious and luxurious man, who under-hand was the Instrument of *Elizabeth* of *England*, did sow the first seeds of all these Tragedies. In the beginning of these troubles he was called, *The Prior of S. Andrew*, as being ordained by *James the Fifth*, to Ecclesiastical dignity; but having drunk the air of a turbulent and furious Ambition, which *Knox* the Patriarch of the Hereticks in *Scotland* had inspired in him, he did not cease to affect the Quality of Regent, and of King, nor sparing any wickednesses to arrive to the butt of his desires.

As he observed that the Queen his sister, being yet very young, and very beautifull, was sought for in Marriage by the King of *Spain*, to be married to his Son, and by the Emperour, to be married to his Brother, he used the utmost of his power to divert that Design, politickly fore-seeing, that such Alliances would tend to the diminution of his power, and he failed not with most violent perswasions, to represent unto her, that she should enjoy neither peace nor honour in her Kingdom, if she were espoused to a forein Prince; and the better to divert her from it, he ceased not to advance the perfections of young *Lenox*, which he did rather to amuse her, and to possess her with thoughts of love, then in earnest to bring the Marriage to accomplishment

Ambition, the beginning of all evils.

The generous Princess, who understood not yet what Dissimulation meant, gave ear unto him; and overcome by his counsel, she proceeded to the effects of the Marriage with the Earl of *Lenox*, who was indeed accomplished with all excellent endowments both of body and of minde, but being very young, had not the qualities requisite to serve him to secure himself. This *Murray*, who thought he should reign in him, and by him; and that having advanced him to the Royal Dignity, the King should be but as the instrument of his will, did finde himself much deceived, when he observed the King to grow cold in his behalf, and to reign with an Autho-

Authority more absolute then he intended. His fury did proceed to that height, that he drew into the Field to make war against the King; but having bad success therein, he was constrained to retire himself into *England*, where he began his designs to destroy his Sister. He had in the *Scotch*-Court the Earl of *Morton*, who was unto him as his other self, to whom he gave Commission to throw the Apple of Discord on this Marriage of the King and Queen. This he performed with incredible cunning, and finding some disposition by the cooling of his affection, he perswaded *Lenox*, That he was a King in Name only, and that the Queen signed first in all the Declarations, and did not permit that any Effigies should be stamped on the monies, but her own. That of necessity he must discharge himself from the tutelage of that imperious woman, and teach her to submit to the Law of Nature, which allows not that Sex to command their husbands. On the other side, this Forger of Iniquity heating two Furnaces with one Fagot, ceased not by his complaints to set on fire the heart of the Queen, telling her, That she must chastise the rash young man, and retain the Sovereignty entire on her own side, otherwise his unruly passions attempting to part the Crown betwixt them, would take it away from them both, and put all things into a confusion. This was the occasion that *Mary*, arming her heart with a manly courage, would enjoy the Rights and Prerogatives of her birth, and did afterwards reign in full Authority.

The effects of Envy and Ambition.

The pernicious language of an Incendiary.

4. This young Husband, who of a Subject was become a Master, could not with moderation endure his change of fortune, but daily endeavoured to hold more of command then of compliance. The Queen also, who desired to be known the sole efficient cause of his preferment, being unwilling to lose the name of Mistris in taking that of Wife, did distast his importunity, deferred his Coronation, and did allow him but a little part in the Affairs of the Kingdom. She ordinarily did confer much with *David Riccius* her Secretary, an old and discreet man, who with great honour possessed her ear and her good opinion; for she cherished him rather for the necessity of her Affairs, then for any attractive qualities that were in him, for he was but of a deformed body as they who have seen him, do affirm. But the calumny of the Puritans, who know of every wood how to make an Arrow, did not forbear in their bold discourses, to reflect upon the honour of Queen *Mary* concerning that subject, although it was the most incredible, and the most ridiculous thing in the world.

The jealousie of King Henry Stuart Darley.

The book of the death of the Queen of Scots, printed in the year 1587.

Cambden also, the most sincere of all Historians of the pretended Religion, and *Monsieur de Castelnau*, have disdained to speak of it, as being an outrage, which had no foundation at all of truth, although the Earls of *Morton* and *Lindsey*, two execrable Incendiaries, who had undertaken the divorce of the Royal House, following the spirit of Heresie most impudently to breath forth the greatest lies, did work a great alteration on the King, in the cooling of his affections to his Wife.

A spirit tormented with two great Devils.

The spirit of *Henry* now became furious, and did perceive it self to be possessed on by two Fiends, the one, the Jealousie of Love, the other, of Estate, which both at one time did commit a prodigious Ravishment on his heart. They made him believe that he passed for a King in fancy only, and that his Throne was no more then a meer Picture, whilest another was made a Partner in his Bed. In effect the excellent Beauties of the Queen which had given him such heats of Love, did now raise his jealousie to the heighth of those flames. He was all on fire perpetually night and day, and being tormented with shadows, suspicions, and rages, with choler, frenzies, and with terrours, he lived as on the Wheel, not knowing which way to turn himself.

His Passion did suggest unto him a bloudy remedy, which was to draw the Secretary from the Cabinet of the Queen at the hour of Supper, and under colour of communicating some Affair unto him, to stab him with a Poniard in the Presence-Chamber. The body being all bloudy by threescore wounds which it received, fell down just at the door of his Mistris, imploring Heaven and Earth against those, who by so black a treason had ravished his life from him in the flower of his hopes. The Queen being frighted at the noise, did run to the door, and with his bloud, received the last breathings of his Soul, some drops of the bloud falling on her outward Garment. She startled at the horrour of the sight, and believed that some sprinklings of the bloud had painted on her face the opprobriousness of the Act.

A tragick remedy by the death of the Secretary of the Queen.

But as she made her complaint, the Murtherers presented a Pistol to her, without any regard to the brightness of her Majesty, or the bigness of her Womb, desiring nothing more, then at one blow to destroy both the Tree and the Fruit. They locked her up in a Chamber of the Palace, taking from her all her ordinary servants, and putting a Guard on her of fourscore Souldiers.

The passion of devlish fury.

On this the Estates met, and the pestilent Council were assembled, where, with mouthes full of fire, the Hereticks ceased not to breath forth Rebellion, Bloud, and Butcheries. They gave it out aloud, that they ought not by halfs to do a Work of so great Importance, and since the Queen, who was a Pillar of the Papists Religion in *Scotland*, was already shaken, they ought to lay her low as the earth, and utterly destroy her, in giving allowance to the Libels and the Calumnies which were published against her. They had attempted to have seduced the spirit of the young King, promising him to put the Crown in peace upon his head, if he would maintain and support their Design, to which, as he shewed an inclination, they began to weave an horrible Conspiracy, to take from him all the most eminent persons of the State, and imbarque the innocence of the Queen in the common shipwrack.

The horrible attempt of Heresie.

The Earl of *Murray* who fled into *England* for having raised Armes against their Majesties, returned back and came into *Scotland*, rather as a Triumpher, then a guilty person. They made him an Overture of their pernicious counsels, which he entertained with horrour: for as yet he was unwilling that the Affairs should be carried on with such an extremity of violence, wherefore in private he repaired to the Queen, demanding pardon for his Offences past, and promising all obedience for the time to come. He counselled her to recollect and rouze up her spirits, and pardon the injuries passed, and to take away from the Conspiratours all the apprehensions of despair. The Queen bending her spirit to the necessity of the time, and her present Affairs,

did receive him with all courteſie, and told him that ſhe was ready to perform all as he pleaſed. She aſſured him, that he was not ignorant that her heart was without gall, having always pardoned offences even to her own deſtruction, by her too much clemency. And though ſhe had been uſed by him with too much rigour for a Brother, that ſhe would not ceaſe to cheriſh him, and to gratifie him above all other, to give him the beſt teſtimony of full ſatisfaction.

Love and Piety.

As he departed, the King came in, and then it appeared how Grace and Nature wrought their effects; for the innocent Queen faſhioning her countenance and her words to the moſt ſenſible paſſion, ſpake thus unto him:

Alas, and wherefore thus, SIR, *Is this that I have deſerved for loving you above all the men in the world? Muſt I be forced from your friendſhip, to adhere to my moſt cruel Enemies? If I have deſerved death for doing you all the good that lay in the poſſibility of my power, what hath this little Innocent in my womb committed, whom I do not preſerve, but only to increaſe your power. The Exceſs of theſe violent proceedings will tear away the life both from the Mother and the child, and then I am afraid you will too late diſcover the violence and rage of thoſe, who perſwade you to deſtroy that which you ſhould hold moſt dear, and to bury your ſelf in my ruins.*

The King reconciled with the Queen.

As ſhe ſpake theſe words, and mixed them with her tears, the King's heart was ſoftned into compaſſion; Upon his knees he demanded pardon, breathing forth many ſighs, accompanied with groans and tears of love. And having declared to her the conſpiracy that was plotted for her ruine, he told her, that he now came either to live or to dy with her: This confidence did greatly rejoyce her, and having exhorted him above all things, to appeaſe the anger of God, and particularly to have recourſe unto his mercy, ſhe gave him inſtructions neceſſary for him, ſhe counſelled him to diſſemble this their love, and make not the leaſt diſcovery of it to the Conſpiratours, but only to repreſent unto them, that he had found the Queen very ill, and that the violence of her malady might be as ſtrong as poiſon or ſteel, to take her out of the world; That there was now no more need of keeping any Guard upon her, for in paſſing affairs according to their advice, he would anſwer for her, if God ſhould not otherwiſe diſpoſe of her.

This counſel was followed; and after the King had perſwaded the Rebels, to what he had deſired, he returned to his dear wife, and about midnight both of them ſaved themſelves, nine or ten thouſand armed men being drawn together by the diligence of the Earl of *Bothuel*, who in one morning made the whole Rebellion to vaniſh with the Rebels.

Choler and Vengeance prejudicial.

Now the Earl of *Murray* had re-poſſeſt himſelf of the favour and good opinion of the Queen; but the King, who well underſtood the pernicious counſels, of which he was the Author, and that he made him ſerve to be his inſtrument at the death of the Secretary, could by no means endure him, and though the good Queen, who would have nothing done violently, had expreſly charged the contrary, he was reſolved to ſeize upon him. But *Murray* apprehending the ill intent of the King towards him, did by a moſt deteſtable crime prevent it, by drawing to him the Earl of *Bothuel*, a man bold of ſpirit and of hand, and prevailing on him to maſſacre the King, aſſuring him that he ſhould marry the Queen, if ever he arrived to the end of his fatal Enterpriſe. This miſerable King, whom Jealouſie had tranſported to the cruel murder of the Secretary, was now again fully reconciled to his wife, and loved her moſt tenderly, and conceived an extreme pity, to ſee her youth entangled among ſuch pernitious counſels of her enemies. He was then at *Glaſco* ſick of the ſmall-pox, which the Queen underſtanding, ſhe immediately repaired thither to bring him unto *Edenborough*, where were better accommodations for him. At the ſame time the Conſpiratours aſſembled themſelves to accompliſh their Deſign, and moreover they had a deſire to involve the Queen and her Son in the ſame ruine, but they feared that it would be too apparent, and it would be more expedient for them, to bring all the Envy of the death of the husband, upon the head of his wife, whom they conceived to be ſtill highly offended for his ill demeanour towards her. To which purpoſe they undertook to torment her ſpirit, and prompt her to thoughts of vengeance, which they never could effect, ſo ſtrong was the new knot of their reconciled love. They deliberated amongſt themſelves to put this miſerable Prince to death by fire, and becauſe it was inconvenient to perform it in the Palace, they entred into counſel amongſt themſelves, to remove him into a fair houſe, which was at the upper end of the City, where they had prepared a fatal Myne for his deſtruction. His ſickneſs being ſuch, the Queen accorded to his removal, and very innocently did take her husband by the hand, and did conduct him to the Entry of his Lodging, where, with a ſingular prudence, ſhe diſpoſed of every thing which concern'd the recovery of his health. And not contented with that, ſhe ſtayed with him without the appehenſion of any danger of infection, which put the Plotters of this delicate conſpiracy into fear, but ſhe ſeemed to be nothing troubled at it, and ſtaying with him until midnight, ſhe entertained him with all the ſatisfaction that he could expect from ſo bountiful a Nature.

Horrible inventions of Envy and Vengeance.

As ſoon as ſhe was retired; behold by the ſecret artifice of the powder, to which fire was given, under the Lodging of the King, the Chamber was blown into the Air, and the bed all on fire. He found himſelf to be deſperately inwrapped in this calamity; and the Authours of the Miſchief, conſpiring with the Elements, did diſpatch him outright, having found him half dead in a Garden, into which place the violence of the fire had thrown him. The Queen hearing of it, was poſſeſſed with a wonderful amazement, and loſt in the depth of ſorrow, ſhe feared every thing, and knew not what to do, or what to hope, every hour attending to ſee the end of that Tragedy, to be the beginning of another on her own life.

The death of *Henry Stuart.*

The malicious Earl of *Murray*, who now had given the blow by the inſtrument of his wickedneſs, as he had ſpoken a little before to thoſe that were neareſt to him, that the King ſhould dy the ſame night, did cunningly retire himſelf. The people murmured, and knew not what to take to; but the cleareſt ſighted amongſt them perceived, that it was a work of this pernicious Brother, who had a deſire utterly to deſtroy the Royal Family, to mount himſelf upon the Throne.

Cambden in the firſt part of his Hiſtory in the year 1567.

And this is that which *Cambden* aſſureth us in the firſt part of his Hiſtory, who, though by Religion he was a *Calviniſt*, and by profeſſion the Hiſtiographer to the Queen of *England*, yet he hath not diſſembled the truth; in confirmation whereof, he produceth proofs as clear as the day, with the atteſtations of the Earls of *Huntley* and *Argathel*, two principal

principal Lords of *Scotland*, who by a writing signed under their own hands, have authentically protested to the Queen of *England*, that the Earls of *Murray*, *Morton* and *Lidington*, were the Counsellers and Authours of the horrible Parricide committed against the King; the good Queen alwayes professing, that she did forbid them to do any thing whatsoever, that might any way reflect upon her honour, or offend her conscience. Also this unfortunate Earl of *Morton*, who was afterward convicted and executed for this murder, did totally discharge the Queen from having any hand in the King's death, and named the Conspiratours, who by writing had obliged themselves one to another, to defend the murder of his Royall Majesty. *John Hebron*, *Paris*, and *Daglis*, who prepared the Myne, being put to the Rack, to accuse the Innocent Queen, did absolutely discharge her, protesting before God and his Angels, that she was free from all fault, and that *Murray* and *Morton* did give them commandment to perform it. *Buchanan*, a Pensionar of *Murray's*, who cried down this Queen by his venomous pen, being touched at last with the remorse of conscience, with tears demanded pardon of her Son, King *James*. And being sick to death, desired that his life might be prolonged, either to clear the integrity of Queen *Mary* by the light of Truth, or by his own bloud to wash away the stains of his reproaches. Some Protestants being amazed to hear him speak in this manner in the apprehension he had of Gods judgments to fall upon him, did give forth, that his old age had made him to doat. This which I now write, was afterwards acknowledged, as we shall see anon by a publick and solemn sentence of the principall Nobility of *England*, who although Lutherans and Enemies, being chosen to examine the business, did highly publish the Innocence of this Queen.

Camden part 5 pag. 336.

Camden pag. 121. an. 1567.

Camden pag. 105.

And now Detractours, what have you to say? Do you not behold wherewith to make your shame to blush, and the despite of so many infamous Historians to increase, who have made black her whitenes? Nay, some of the Catholicks themselves, being but little versed in the discerning of History, having suffered themselves to be surprized concerning this subject, not considering that all this calumny is derived from the Book of *Buchanan*, being corrupted to it by the bastard *Murray*, who promised to make him Patriarch of *Scotland*, if ever he should come unto the Crown. And this is it which made this Apostate to write a detestable Libel against the honour of this Queen which was condemned afterwards by the Estates of *Scotland*, and retracted by the Authour himself. But some Huguenots of the Consistory, who are the most pestilent slanderers that ever the earth brought forth, have not ceased to give some countenance to this fable and illusion of mankind, although it was legally condemned of false-hood by the most apparent of all their party. It is an unhappiness of most men, that they are wilfully given to believe the worst, whether by an inclination they have unto it, or whether by a difficulty to forsake and to put off that, which first they entertained in their belief. The most virtuous Queen *Dido* doth pass perpetually through the world for a woman lost in love, although indeed she died in the defence of her chastity, chusing rather to be devoured by the flames of fire, then to be given in marriage, as *Tertullian* doth affirm.

The rash love of the Earl of Bothuel.

6. But to take into my hand again the thread of my discourse. Some time after the King's death, *Bothuel*, who was one of the most powerfull Earls of *Scotland*, did prevent to court this Queen in the way of marriage, and the rather, because the Earl of *Murray* had promised her unto him for the recompence of this treason. This motion came directly cross to her heart, although as yet she did not know that this pernicious man had imbrued his hands in her Husbands bloud, having always found him most faithfull in his service. But as the report thereof increased, she grew very angry with all those who offered to renew the motion to her, alledging, that there was no apparance that he should be propounded for a husband to her, who is suspected for so detestable an act, no, although he indeed were innocent. Besides that, she urged that he was already tied in marriage to another woman. *Murray* the Bastard, and other of the conspiratours, who with an obstinate resolution had undertaken this business, did justifie this Crime by the Judges of their faction, and gave the Queen to understand, that his first wife was not lawfully contracted to him, and therefore she was removed from him.

All this was not able to perswade her, who was wonderfully troubled with the dismalness of these late events, which was the occasion that *Bothuel* being transported with love, and assured of the high reputation which he had in the Kingdom, did draw forth into the fields with five hundred horse, where corvetting before them, a wild presumption did invade him to take away the Queen as she returned from *Sterlin*, to which place she was gone to see her Son, and to bring him with her to her Castle at *Dunbar*, At which place having with strange submissions demanded pardon for his boldness, He represented to her the contract of his marriage signed by the Earl of *Murray*, and the principal of the Nobility of the Kingdom, who thought very well of it, by that means to remedy the publick calamities of the Kingdom. Moreover he protested to her that he would never over-value himself for the Honour he should receive from her Majesty, nor for the greatness of his unexpected fortune, with which the greatest Monarch on the earth might proudly content himself; but that he would alwayes continue her most humble and most obedient servant. In this manner did this Philistine adore the Ark in its captivity.

But she moderating her passion, did represent unto him, that to proceed in this nature was to overthrow the whole business before it was established, that she would be absolutely brought to *Edinborough*, the chiefest City of her Kingdom, where she would take a resolution to do that which should seem good unto Her.

On this occasion it came about, that the Earl of *Murray*, who had removed himself a little, to be the less suspected of the murder, did return to Court, and brought with him the Suite of the Assassinate, rewarding him for it with the obtainment of the bravest Lady in the world, as the recompence of his murder. He ceased not to importune her to take *Bothuel* for her husband, declaring his innocence, publickly avouched the splendour of his house, the exploits of his courage, the proofs of his fidelity, which did render him most worthy of her love. He added, that being alone and without assistance, she was no way capable to appease the troubles, prevent the ambuscadoes, or sustain the great charges of the Realm. Therefore she ought to receive him for her husband, and the Companion of her Fortunes and designs, having both

Camden part 1. pag. 8. doth shew that this marriage was brought about by the fraud and the pressing solicitations of the Earl of Murray

power, will, and courage to defend her in all conditions, and that he would never suffer her to be in quiet, but only by the consummation of this Marriage. This wicked man by this counsel did promise to himself, either to reign with him being his familiar Friend, or by this action, to cry down the Queen, and over-throw her Authority, as afterwards it came to pass.

The Marriage is now to be accomplished, and the Importunities of the Earl prevailed on *Mary*'s heart, who married him in the face of the Church with all the Ceremonies requisite to it. Some have written, that this virtuous Lady by reason of her beauties, was strongly persecuted by divers with dishonest motions concerning Marriage. And that the easiness of her nature (which could not resist the great importunities and continual battels, which love stirred up against her) did bring upon her a deluge of misfortunes: likewise her neighbour Princes, who knew not the Artifice of her Enemies, did in the beginning blame her for having so easily adhered to a man, who was so dangerously suspected concerning that she ought to clear her reputation from the least shadows of suspicion, wherewith Envy began to cloud it. But who shall well consider a young Widow of seventeen years of age, placed in the furthest part of all the World, where Heresie had over-turned all order, and let loose the blackest Furies of Hell for the dissolution of the State. Who shall contemplate her alone, as the Morning-star in the midst of so many Clouds, without assistance, without forces, without counsel; persecuted by her brother, outraged by the Hereticks, betrayed by the Queen of *England* under the colour of good will, sought for in Marriage by force of Arms by the Princes of her own Realm; he shall find, that she hath done nothing improvidently in choosing those by friendship, which necessity did give her by force; and whether that there are times and revolutions of affairs so dangerous and remedilesse, in which we have no other power left us, but only to destroy our selves.

The persecution of the Queen of *Scots* by the Protestants.

7. In the mean time, the *Lutherans* and the *Calvinists* did not cease to cry out, and to bray against their Princess, and having begun by infamous Libels, they prevailed so much by their Trumpets of Sedition, that they kindled a War under the pretence of revenging the King's death, whom they had caused to be pourtrayed dead in a bloudy Standard, with his little Son at his feet who demanded vengeance. *Bothwel*, who as yet was drunk with the sweetnesses of affection which he received from his new Spouse, was altogether amazed when he saw an Army marching in the Field against him. And that the clamour of the people did charge him aloud with the death of the King. The Queen was struck into such a horrour at the report of the Crime, that forthwith she commanded him to withdraw himself, and never to see her more; and although she was ignorant, that his Courage and Valour were able to secure her from the Tempest which was falling on her, yet she chose rather to abandon her self as a prey to all the fury of her Enemies, then to keep but one hour that person near her, which she then only knew to have had some ill designs on the person of the King. He fled from *Scotland* into *Denmark*, where after ten years tedious imprisonment, he living and dying did protest that Queen *Mary* did never know of the conspiracy against her Husband, and that those who gave the blow, having demanded some Warrant from the Queen for their discharge, she made answer, That it was Sacriledge to think of it, so innocent a Soul she had. This Protestation which he made at his death, before the Bishop and other Lords of the Realm, was afterwards sent to divers Princes of *Europe*, and to *Elizabeth* her self who did dissemble it. In the mean time, the Rage of the Infidels did seize on *Mary*, and did constrain her with execrable violence and treasons plotted under-hand by the Agents of the Queen of *England*, to resign the Kingdom to her Son, whom these seditious people caused to be Crowned at one year of age, to put all the Authority into the hands of *Murray* in the quality of Regent. Not content with this, they surpriz'd her in a morning as she was putting on her cloaths, and taking from her all Ornaments worthy of her quality, they cloathed her in a sordid habit, and having mounted her upon a horse, which by chance passed through a Meadow, they brought her into a place out of the way, and confined her to a Castle, situated on the Lake of *Lonox*, under the Guard of the Earl of *Douglas*, Brother by the Mother's side to the *Vice-Roy*, using her as a lost creature, and with horrible boldness accusing her for the death of her husband, and a design to invade his Kingdom.

The fury and infidelity of Ambition.

In this Captivity she was charged with Contumacies by the Concubine of her Father, a most insolent woman, to whom the keeping of her was committed, and by a disrobed Prior who did visit her, and tendred her some Remonstrances to assist her as her Father Confessour. And at that time some black and butcherly spirits did take a resolution to strangle her, and to publish to the world, that she had done it of her self, being overcome by despair.

What an indignity was this, and what a confusion in Nature and the Laws of the world, to behold that excellent Lady, to whom Grace and Nature had given chains to captivate the hearts of the most barbarous. That great Princess, whom the Sun did see almost as soon to be a Queen, as a living Creature. She that was born to Empires, as all Empires seemed to be made for her, to be deprived of her sweet liberty, to see her self severed from all commerce with mankind, to be banished in a Desart, where nothing but Rocks were the witnesses of her sufferings. Nay, which is more, she is now become the Captive of her own Subjects, and a Servant to her Slaves. The poor Turtle ceased not to groan, and often through the Grate would look on the Lake, where in every Wave she conceived she beheld the waving image of her change of Fortunes.

Not long after she entred into a deep melancholy, when the evil Spirit that fisheth in troubled waters, did tempt her into thoughts of despair, representing to her, that since the air, and the earth were shut from her, she should make choice of the water into the which she should throw her self, and end the languishment of her Captivity, by burying her self in a moment with her afflictions.

But as her pious Soul was fastned unto God by chains not to be dissolv'd, she fervently besought the Divine Bounty, that he would vouchsafe to comfort her, and confirm her spirit, which was descended into the bottom of the Abyss of the miseries of this world. Her prayer being ended, she was inspired with infusions of love towards her Creatour, and armed with a noble confidence, she in this manner did express her self.

Wherefore

Wherefore art thou so sad my soul? if GOD *permits this for thy sins, shouldest thou not kiss the Rod that strikes thee, and adore that infinite mercy who doth chastise thee by temporary punishments, not willing to make thee an object of that choler, which is kindled by an eternity of flames? and if this comes unto thee to approve thy virtues, dost thou fear to enter into the furnace, where that great Workman will consume the straw only that burns thee, and will make thee to shine as gold? wherefore art thou so sad my heart? To be deprived of liberty and the delights of the Court, take unto thee the wings of contemplation and of love, and fly thou beyond these Waters, fly thou beyond the seas which environ these Islands, and understand, that there is no prison for a Soul which* GOD *doth set at liberty, and that all the world doth belong to him, who knows how to misprise it.*

1. Hope against all hope.

In these considerations she took incomparable delight, and as well as she could did charm the afflictions of her imprisonment, when behold a blind felicity which made her to see unexpected events. GOD stirred up a little *Daniel* to deliver this poor *Susanna*, a little Infant, the Son of the Earl of *Douglas* did feel his little heart touched with the miseries of this brave Queen, and had the hardiness to speak thus unto her. Madam, if your Majesty will understand a way to your deliverance, I can give it you. We have here below a Gate, at which we sometimes do go forth to delight our selves upon the water, I will bring you the key, and have the Boat ready, in which, fearing my fathers anger, I must save my self with you. The Queen, extremely amazed at the discourse of the child, made answer. My little friend, your counsel is very good, do as you speak, and acquaint no man with it, otherwise you will ruine us; if you will oblige me for so great a favour, I will make you a great man, and you shall have content all your dayes. In the mean time for want of pen and paper she wrote on her hand-kerchief with a coal, and found a means to advertise the Viscount of *Selon* touching that design, assigning both the day and the place where he should attend her, to which he disposed himself with so much activity, as if he had rather wings to fly, then paces by foot to measure. The child failed not to put in execution what he promised. The Queen took the key in her hand, opened the Gate, and nimbly leaped into the Boat with this little Companion of her fortune, she took her self the pole into her hand, seeing the young child had not force to steer the boat, she began to guid it, and to save her life by the favour of her arms. One of her Maids, named *Queneda*, seeing her Mistris in this difficulty, did leap into the water out of a window of the Castle, and abandoned her self to the mercy of the waves, to joyn her self unto the fortunes of her Mistris.

Her departure.

O good GOD, how may the stars in the greater silence of this world, with admiration behold so great a Queen, to sit at the stern of a boat, with oars in her hand, and practising a trade of life, which necessity doth teach her, and felicity doth govern. The waters stroaked into a calm, did perceive the effects of her fair hand, and gently opened themselves to make a passage for her. At last, she arrived at the bank on the other side, and found there the Viscount, who received her with all reverence and joy. She retired her self into a place of safety, and thought on the means to re-establish her self, to which she found her good Subjects well disposed, and in a short time, raised an Army of about seven thousand men. At which the Enemies being inraged, drew up against them in great bodies, and giving them battel, they over-powred them in number, and obtained the victory. The encounter was bloudy, to which one part did contribute courage, and the other fury. Seven and fifty personages of Honour of the House of *Hamilton*, which is next unto the King, did with their dead bodies cover the field where the battel was fought. The Queen, who with horrour entertained the apprehension of so many massacres, did prefer an innocent Retreat before an uncertain Victory. Her bastard brother, the chief of the Rebellion, of an imaginary King, did now make himself an absolute Tyrant, and as much as in him lay, he endeavoured to root out the rest of the true Religion in *Scotland*, by the perswasion of *Knox* and *Buchanan*, he robbed the Churches naked to cover himself, he oppressed all honest men, and let himself loose unto all manner of insolence.

8. The deplorable Queen is constrained to depart out of her Kingdom, to fall no more into such cruel hands. She took shipping, having a desire at first to sail into *France*, where her Memory was still preserved in singular Reputation; but having a lofty heart, though excellently well tempered, she was ashamed to transport her self, and to be seen in the condition of a banished woman, in a place where all the graces and virtues had given her so many Trophies. She conceived that concealed Misery was the more supportable, and that it was more expedient for her to live in an Island, which was an out-corner of the World, then in the splendour of *France*. Besides, she conceived that she ought to continue within the Neighbour-hood of her own Kingdom, the better to facilitate her Return unto it. The Arch-bishop *Hamilton*, a most wise old man, did dissuade her from that resolution, understanding very well the Deportments of *Murray* with the Queen of *England*, and because she made apparence to give but little heed unto his counsels, he threw himself at her feet with tears in his eyes, and besought her not to follow the greatness of her mind, as to make choice of that place, which would be her certain destruction. On the other side, *Elizabeth* did solicite her again and again, and did importune her by a thousand courtesies to repair into *England*, to which at last she condescended, as if Necessity had prepared links of Diamonds to chain her to her misfortunes.

Her Retreat into *England*, where her enemies accused her.

A civil shame doth hinder good designs.

The innocent Dove, in endeavouring to eschew the nets of the Fowler, did fall into the talons of the Hawk. She came into a Kingdom, from whence Justice and Religion were banished by the horrible factions of the Hereticks. She put her self into her hands, who had usurped her Scepter, and who made use of all Interests to procure her death. In stead of coming to the Court to be received there according to her birth and merit, she found her self to be confined into a corner of a desart Island, where in a new captivity, she most unworthily was detained. Her disloyal Brother, the Vice-Roy, seeing her escaped from his bloudy hands, did promise to himself to oppress with much ease, by the circumventions of the Protestant Judges. He laid anew for her the nets of his old Accusations, and made use of all the falsities which had been invented to eclipse her honour.

Queen *Elizabeth*, in stead of suppressing the unnatural insolence of her Subjects, gave them Commissions and an Order, that a Process should be made against her. The Puritans and the Lutherans the mortal Enemies of Queen *Mary*, are now her

her Accusers, her Judges, and her Witnesses. The number of honest men was here very few, and the apprehension of the danger did stop the mouths of those men which understood the truth, but had not the courage to defend it. Nevertheless, amongst others, there was a Scotch Gentleman, the Viscount *Herrin*, worthy of eternal Memory, who presented himself to *Elizabeth* for the defence of his own Queen, and said unto her,

MADAM,

A generous compassion.

THe *Queen my Mistris, who is nothing subject to you, but by misfortune, doth desire you to consider it is a work of an evil Example, and most dangerous Consequence, to give way that her rebellious subjects should be heard against her, who being not able to destroy her by arms, do promise themselves to assassinate her, even in your own breast, under the colour of Justice.* Madam, *Consider the estate of worldly affairs, and bear some compassion to the calamities of your poor Suppliant. After the most horrid attempt on the King her husband, the murder of her servants, the cruel Designs on her sacred Person: After so many prisons and chains, the subjects are heard against their Queen, the Rebels against their lawfull Mistris, the guilty against the Innocent, and the felons against their Judge. Where are we, or what do we do? Though Nature hath planted us in the further parts, and the extremities of all the earth; yet she hath not taken the sense of humanity from us. Consider she is your own bloud, your neerest kinswoman, she is one of the best Queens in the world for whom your Majesty is preparing bloudy Scaffolds, in a place where she was promised and expected greatest favours. I want words to express so barbarous a deed, but I am ready to come to the Effects, and to justifie the innocence of my Queen, by witnesses unreproveable, and by papers written and subscribed by the hands of the Accusers. If this will not suffice, I offer my self (by your Majesties permission) to fight hand to hand for the honour of my Queen, against the most hardy and most resolute of those, who are her Accusers. In this I do assure my self of your Equity, that you will not deny that favour unto her, who will acknowledge her self obliged to your bounty.*

Elizabeth, who found her advantages in the misfortunes of *Mary*, made no account of these remonstrances, and commanded the Commissioners, who were the Dukes of *Norfolk* and *Sussex*, to proceed unto the Charge. But there is a God, who rules the Assemblies of men, and oftentimes doth turn their Advice against their own consciences. The greatest part of this Court were so transported, that they had a Resolution to destroy Queen *Mary*: *Murray*, *Morton*, the infamous Bishop of *Orcades*, and the pernicious *Buchanan*, with divers other Enemies of the Queen were now come, and brought with them the most execrable inventions, and blackest calumnies that ever were fetcht from hell, to charge the Queen with the death of the King her husband; may, Letters of love were produced, which had been invented by some Puritans, who with an insupportable impudence affirmed, that they found them in a silver coffer of the Queens.

The inhumane cruelty of ambition.

The Earl of *Murray*, who in the beginning pretended to wish better to no man then to *Bothuel*, doth now declare himself the chief of this Accusation, outrageously pursuing the death of his Sister; alleadging, That she was the occasion of her husbands death, in revenge of the murder of her Secretary, that she never loved him afterwards, that she never lamented his loss, nor repented of her own sin. That she altogether abandoned her self to the love of the Earl of *Bothuel*, whom afterwards she married, although he was the murderer of her husband. *Lesley* the Bishop of *Ross*, *Gordon*, *Ganvin*, *Baron*, and others, who were there on the behalf of the Queen (for she was present her self in person) knowing the whole truth of the business, and being incensed at the heart, to see the foul treasons of this *Judas*, did handle him according to his desert, and did answer him by a very strong Apology, which was afterward presented to the Judges, to consider of it at their leisure. I will in this place insert the substance of it, having some years since found it amongst the Acts of the Queen of *Scotland*.

My LORDS,

IT *is a great favour of Heaven to us, that the Earl of* Murray *is an Accuser in this Cause since his name is able to justifie the greatest crimes, much more to accuse the Innocent, before persons so approved for their justice and their wisdom. It is sufficiently known, that by the ignominie of his mother, he was the son of a Crime, as soon as a son of Nature, that he hath ever since lived by wickedness, and is grown great by insolence. The Queen his Sister hath but one fault, which is, that she hath advanced him against the intentions of the King her father; who designed to him no Crown, but what (when he was to take Religious Orders) the Barber should give him, and now he hath usurped the Crown of the Realm. His desire and endeavours are, that the Diadem should be taken from the head of* Mary, *in recompense to him, for having cried her down by his calumnies, dishonoured her by his outrages, imprisoned her by his fury, and dispossessed her by his tyranny.*

Murray *doth accuse the innocent for having contrived her husbands death, and he doth accuse her in a Court, where there are witnesses unreproveable, that will presently be deposed upon Oath, that having plotted this horrible murder, he being in a Boat, did say, That the King should that night be cured of all his maladies. And surely it was easie for him to presage it, when he and his Accomplices had before decreed it, and he had assigned them the place, the time, and the manner of the execution.* Murray *hath made himself an Accuser, to ravish the Kingdom, and sway the Scepter, imbrued with the blond of the Queen his sister. And we are not so much amazed at this, for he hath sold his soul to work wickedness at a far cheaper rate.*

Who had a deeper interest in the death of the King, then a Monk; for so was his condition of life assigned him from his nativity: but by this most detestable murder, he is now become the Regent of a great Kingdom. Who had a more labouring desire to see the King out of the world, then he, who daily expected from the hand of death, the just reward of his disloyalty?

We are here ready to represent unto him a paper signed with his own hand, and the hands of his Adherents, where amongst them all, they are obliged against all, to defend that person, who should attempt upon the person of the King. That execrable writing was intrusted in the hands of Bolfou, *Captain of the Castle of* Edinborough, *whom at the first they had drawn unto their side, and being since insensed against some of the Conspiratours, hath discovered all the business. This is that which we now manifest with reasons, more clear then the day, and with assurances as strong as truth it self.*

My

My Lords, *We demand what is that which the Rebels oppose against all these proofs, nothing at all but frivolous conjectures which are not sufficient to condemn the vilest creature in the world, although they are made use of, to overthrow the person and Majesty of a Queen. Ten thousand tongues such as* Murrays *are, and his Accomplices, ought not to serve to make half a proof against the honour of* Mary, *and yet you have the patience to hear them, rather then chastise them.*

Her poor servants have been examined again and again, they have been torn to pieces, and flead alive, to accuse the Queen, and could ever so much as one effectual word be racked from them, to stain her innocence? Have they not in the middle of their torments declared aloud, and before all the people, that she was ignorant of whatsoever was done, and that they never heard the least word proceed from her, which tended to the murder of the King.

All their Reasons are reduced into two Conjectures. The first whereof is, That the Queen committed the said Act, in revenge of the death of her Secretary. The second is, Her Love and Marriage with the Earl of Bothuel, *the murderer of her husband, these two are the incvitable charges against her. But to answer to the first: I demand, if the Queen had any desires of revenge, on whom should she exercise that vengeance? Upon her husband, whom she loved with incomparable affection, whom in all companies she defended, as a young man, seduced by evil counsels, to whom she had given a full forgetfulness, and abolition of the murder of* David Riccio, *for fear that one day he should be called to an account for it, whom she very lately had received into favour, and the strictest friendship, to whom she had given the testimonies of a fervent love unto the last hour of his death. Is it on him that she would discharge her choler, or on those who were the Authours and Executioners of the act? If she hath pardoned the Earls of* Murray, *and* Morton, *her sworn Enemies, whom on a thousand occasions she could cut off: here is it to be believed, that a Lady, who had ever a most tender conscience, would destroy a husband so agreeable to her, and whom she knew to have never offended, but through the malice onely of these desperate spirits.*

But why then hath she married him, who made this attempt against the King her husband. This is their second Objection, and to speak the truth, the onely one, which they so much cry up. For this it is that they have taken away her Rings and Jewels, and put in the place of them infamous letters, invented by Buchanan, *or some like unto him, who treat of love, not as in the person of a Princess, but of a loose licentious woman. And these Letters, when they were produced did appear to be never made up, or sealed; but exposed to all the world, as if so chaste and so wise a spirit as this Queen, could be so stupid, or so wicked, as to publish her own infamy to the face of all the world.*

But in the end, they say, the Marriage was accomplished. And who did do it but these onely, who now do make it a capitall Crime. These are they who did give advice to this match by reasons, did sollicit it by pursuits, did constrain it by force, and did sign it by continuance. Behold, we are here ready in your presence, to represent unto you the Contract, which doth bear their names and seals of Arms, which they cannot disprove. The Queen hath protested before God and men, that she had rather die ten thousand deaths, then to have married Bothuel, *if she had thought he had been stained but with one drop of her husbands bloud, and if he had not been proclaimed to be innocent.*

And now judge (My Lords) with what impudence they dare appear before you, and do believe, that the Queen of England *hath sent you hither to serve their passions, and sacrifice so great a Princess to their vengeance. We do hope all the contrary, and do firmly perswade our selves, that the great God, the undoubted Judge of the living and the dead, will inspire you with such counsels, as shall give the Day to Truth, for the glory of your own consciences, and the comfort of the most afflicted of Queens, who desireth not to breath out the rest of her life that is left her, but under the favour of your Goodness.*

This in this manner being spoken, the Agents and Deputies for the Queen having aloud pr[illegible]ed, that they here assembled not to acknowle[illegible] any power Superiour to the Crown of *Scotla[illegible]*, but onely to declare in the behalf of their Queen, being unwilling to lose time in words, they came to the proofs, and did defend them with incredible vigour, making in the first place the falsifications, which were very ordinary with the Earl of *Murray*, to appear in full Council. In the second place, representing the Contract of the Marriage with *Bothuel*, which he condemned, to be signed by him and his Adherents. Moreover, producing the instrument of the Conspiracy against the King, subscribed by their own hands, and signed by their own Seals. And lastly, reporting the Depositions of *John Hebron*, *Paris*, and *Daglis*, who being executed for this Act, did fully discharge the Queen at the instant of their death before all the people.

Her justification.

After that the Commissioners had judged the Queen of *Scots* to be innocent of all the Cases and Crimes, which falsely had been imposed on her by her traiterous and disloyal Accusers; and that the proceedings which they made, were for no other purpose, but to exempt themselves from the crimes which they had committed, and to cover the tyranny which they had exercised in the Kingdom of *Scotland*. The Earl of *Murray* did flie away, filled with fear and with confusion, seeing that his life was in great danger, if he had not been secretly protected by the Queen of *England*.

The confusion of her Accusers.

In the pursuit of this Sentence, the most honest of the Council did propose three Remedies to take away the differences, and to re-establish the true Queen in her Kingdom. The first was, That she should give assurances to the Queen *Elizabeth*, no ways to disquiet her in the Succession of the Crown of *England*. The Second was, That she should grant an Act of Pardon and Forgetfulness to her rebellious Subjects, for fear the punishment should otherwise extend to a number that was infinite. The third was, That the Marriage with *Bothuel* being condemned to be unlawfull, she should consent to be espoused to some illustrious Person in *England*, who should be answerable in all conditions, and maintain both Kingdoms in a perpetual friendship, to which Queen *Mary* shewed a singular inclination.

The labyrinths of the hypocrisie of *Elizabeth*.

9. But the Queen of *England* was wonderfully amazed at this Sentence and proceedings, and although in publick she seemed to be much contented at the justification of her Cousin, yet in secret she much raged at it, and encouraged the Accusers to prosecute their complaints in full Parliament, telling them, they were both lazy and impertinent to begin their Suit, and not to accomplish it.

The

The Proceſs upon this, was brought again to the Council of *England*, where the Baſtard *Murray*, armed with the outrageous pen of *Buchanan*, uſed all his power, even to the affrighting of the Agents of Queen *Mary*, by the Authority of *Elizabeth*. But the beſt ſort of people began to murmure, ſaying, that it was neceſſary that the Traitours ſhould be taken off, and the innocent Queen reeſtabliſhed in her Kingdom. On the one ſide, *Elizabeth* ceaſed not to make delays, and on the other, ſhe pretended that ſhe would underſtand what ſhould be the conditions of her enlargement, whether it were to appear civil and humane, or whether ſhe would ſound the minds of thoſe further whom ſhe thought did talk with too much liberty, concerning that affair.

In the mean time, the Spirits which could not clearly enough diſcover the labyrinths of her dark heart, conceived, that Truth had now prevailed to Deceitful hopes. publiſh the innocence of the Queen of *Scotland*, that the Storm was grown into a Calm, and that ſhe now began to arrive at her deſired haven, ſhe now was looked on by every one with another eye, and the greateſt perſonages in *England*, did paſſionately deſire an Alliance with her.

The Earl of *Leiceſter*, an intimate favourite of *Elizabeths*, obſerving that his Queen had no intention to be married, and that the the Scepter of *England* did look upon this Priſoner, did entertain a delicate Ambition, to court her in the way of Marriage; but the Tranſalpine humour of his moſt jealous Miſtriſs did ſo perplex him, that he durſt not tell to his own heart, what his own thoughts were. He moſt paſſionately deſired, that the Queen would make ſome overture to him of it, to ſubmit all things to her diſcretion, and to make her underſtand, that this would be a happy means to take away all doubts, and miſapprehenſions that ſhould ariſe from *Scotland*. But ſo it was, that he durſt not proceed in it, ſo well he underſtood the ſpirit of *Elizabeth*, who was as apt to receive an evil impreſſion, as ſhe was cruel to revenge it.

Treaſon againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, and his ruin. The Duke of *Norfolk*, who was Preſident at the Trial of Queen *Mary*, was advanced above all others in Dignity, and remarkable over all the Realm for his great and gallant qualities. The baſtard *Murray* did flatter him with the hope of his Siſters marriage. The Earl of *Leiceſter* began to dive into his heart concerning that ſuit, and gave him ſome touches of it, whether it were that by that means he would know the pleaſure of *Elizabeth*, or whether he were reſolved to deſtroy the Duke, who only was able to caſt a ſhadow on his light. *Throgmorton*, who was a friend unto them both, did firſt carry the meſſage, and acquainted *Norfolk*, that *Leiceſter* had a deſire to ſpeak with him on a buſineſs of high importance, which was concerning his marriage with the Queen of *Scotland*, he told him, that he ſpoke this unto him as of himſelf, but counſelled him as a friend, to refer the further proceedings on that Marriage to the Earl of *Leiceſter*, who, though it was thought did pretend himſelf to it, yet he deſired that his modeſty would give way that the Earl might adviſe him, becauſe there was no great apparance of any thriving in that motion without his direction. He believed this counſel, and as ſoon as the Earl began to open his mouth concerning it, he did comply unto him with all honour and ſubmiſſion, and did expreſs himſelf to be indifferent and cold enough concerning that Marriage; although, to ſpeak the truth, her Innocence ſo much perſecuted, had kindled already the firſt fire of love within his heart. *Leiceſter*, touched with this courteſie, did increaſe his flame, and did remonſtrate to him, that this Marriage would highly conduce to the benefit of the State, becauſe it would prove a happy means to divert all ſtrange Alliances, which might carry the Queen of *Scotland* to purſue her pretenſions to the Crown of *England*, and ſerve abſolutely to confirm her in the good opinion of Queen *Elizabeth*. The Duke, who was indued with a natural freedom of diſpoſition, and knew not how to diſſemble, beholding himſelf at one time betwixt two violent fires of Love and Honour, did entertain the heat, which too ſoon he did evaporate, and beſought the Earl, ſince he pretended no more to that affair, and that he himſelf would not proceed in it without his aſſurance, that he would do him a courteſie worthy of the place which he had near the Queen, for which he never would be ingrateful. This the Earl did promiſe him, and if men may judge by apparence, very heartily; which did ſo blow up the heart of the Lover, that in thinking of it, he did adore his own thoughts. It was indeed a ſtrange temptation, to propoſe unto himſelf ſo accompliſhed a Beauty, and ſo eminent a Virtue, on whoſe train two Kingdoms did attend. The world is not capable to be governed by two Suns, and the heart of man ſuffers more then mortal Agonies, when it ſuſtains the ſhock of two violent paſſions, who unite their forces and deſigns, to make a war upon him.

Great paſſions of Love and Ambition. The Duke beholding himſelf flattered with theſe loves, by divers other Agents, did write unto the Queen of *Scotland*, with magnifick complements, and offers of unparallel'd ſervice, with the greater pomp and ſweetneſs to enter into the ſecrets of her thoughts. The Priſoner, who laboured for nothing more then to break her chains aſunder, did deſire rather to ſee the end of the affair, then to underſtand the beginning of it; but the experience which ſhe had of the diſſimulation and jealouſies of *Elizabeth*, did make her to go upon theſe conſiderations, as on a fire covered with aſhes. Wherefore, without being much moved at it, ſhe made anſwer, that ſhe muſt commit the whole Negotiation to the Queen, and truſt to none to whom ſhe had not ſpoken, and openly teſtified her deſires.

In the mean time, the Earl of *Leiceſter*, who had promiſed to ſpeak unto her, and who only could give a fair colour to the eſtate of that Marriage, to perſwade *Elizabeth* to incline unto it, did defer to ſpeak unto her from day to day; and being importuned to it, by the violent ſolicitations of the Duke, he counterfeited himſelf ſick, and continued in a malignant ſilence.

The fury of *Elizabeth*. He knew very well that to ruin a good buſineſs, we muſt make uſe of an indiſcreet tongue, he therefore permitted that ſome Ladies, who for the moſt part with curioſity enough do deliver the ſecrets of Lovers, ſhould report the firſt news of it unto the Queen.

This was to put her ſpirit upon the Rack, and to torment her in the moſt ſenſible part. She, who was extremely jealous on any motions that were made unto her concerning the Queen of *Scotland*, and would grow into a fury upon the leaſt diſcourſe that did reflect upon her right unto the Crown, finding her ſelf aſſaulted at one time by two ſtrong paſſions, did enter into a rage that cannot be repreſented. Her ſpirit, which naturally was formed for diſſimulation, could not now conceal

conceal it self, but she did let fall some words unto the Duke of *Norfolk*, telling him; *That although he slept softly upon a Cushion, he should take care it was not taken from him.* And immediately upon it, leaving off these Riddles, she sharply reproved him for presuming on the marriage with the Queen of *Scotland*, without first acquainting her with it. The Duke made answer, That he never attempted any thing of himself, without attending her pleasure and commandment, and that he gave an express charge to the Earl of *Leicester*, to acquaint her with it, and to desire her condescent unto it: but perceiving her Majesty was averse unto it, he would willingly forbear any further suit, having no other aim, but to rule his life and fortunes according unto her intentions. On this promise, she departed from him, and went to look out the Earl of *Leicester*, who was the Master of the Guard of the Chamber, who understanding that she was advertised that the secret of the marriage was disposed in his breast, he was suddenly possessed with a great fear, which made him look pale and tremble in the presence of the Queen, whom he prevented; and with tears in his eys besought her to excuse him, that he had not acquainted her with it, because, he said, he waited an opportunity to find her in a good humour, to give the less trouble to her mind, which he found before to be too much disquieted. His counterfeit sickness, his pale colour, but above all, the inordinate affection which *Elizabeth* did bear unto him, did at that time save him from the thunder of her Choler. But poor *Norfolk* did presently behold himself abandoned by his Friends, discountenanced by the Queen, followed, spied, persecuted, and at last confined to the Tower of *London*.

The horrible Catastrophe of the Duke of *Norfolk*.

Not long after, there were Scaffolds made in the great Palace, a Tribunal was planted, and seats were made on both sides of it, for the Commissioners to sit, who were to be his Judges. He was brought to the Bar by two Knights, before whom an Axe was carried, the back whereof was turned towards the accused. The Earl *Talbot*, was made President of the Court, and sate on the Judgment seat, and on both sides of him there were ranked a considerable number of Judges and Counsellours. After that their Commission was read, the Duke was cited, and accused to have endeavoured to dispossess Queen *Elizabeth*, and to set the Queen of *Scotland* on her Throne; To hold great intelligence with the Pope, and forreign Princes, Enemies to the Crown of *England*; and with his possession to have assisted the Enemies of the State, with many more particulars. The poor Duke was much amazed to see himself so suddenly invested with so dangerous an accusation, and charged with so many Articles. He desired that he might be allowed Counsel to draw up his justification, but it was refused; and being demanded to answer readily to the Crimes of which he was accused, he replied very innocently.

"I commend my self to God and to my Peers. "The Atrocity of the Crimes do amaze me, but "the Royal Clemency of her Majesty, which hath "conferred Favours on me beyond my hope, doth "again encourage me: I beseech you my Lord "President, that I may have right done unto me, "and that my memory may not be too much op- "pressed with the variety of confused complaints. "I acknowledge my self happy to have you my "Peers to be my Judges, and most willingly do "commit my life to the integrity of the greatest "part of you, assuring you on my innocence, that "I will not faulter with you; and though I do "ingeniously acknowledge, that I have not alto- "gether directed my actions according to an ex- "act rule of Justice; yet so it is, that I have not of- "fended her Majesty.

At that time there was one *Barret*, Advocate General to the Queen, a violent man, bold against those who were fearful, and fearful of those who were bold, who to shew his abilities, and the zeal which he did bear to the service of his Mistris, did vigorously proceed against the Duke, and did perplex him with multitudes of words. The good Duke, who knew better how to handle his Sword then his Tongue, and had withal but an uncertain memory, did defend his Honour and his Life as well as he could; but his party was no way equal, so much Authority, perfidiousness, and malice did pour down upon him, that he was not able to wade through it. At the last, he was commanded to withdraw, that they might advise upon his sentence, and on his return they shewed the edge of the Axe towards him, to carry him before hand the sad news of the sentence of his death, which condemned him to be drawn upon a Sledge unto the Gibbet, to be there hanged, drawn, and quartered. This Sentence did startle him at the horrour of it, and produced from him these expressions:

"Sentence is here pronounced against me as a "Traytour, but I do trust in God and the Queen; "and I hope, though I am deprived of your com- "pany, I shall rejoyce in that which is in Heaven: "in that assurance I will prepare my self for death. "I desire nothing of the Queen, but only that she "will be favourable to my Children and my Ser- "vants; and that there may be care taken for the "discharge of my Debts.

Some Months afterwards the Sentence of Death being a little moderated, he was brought to the place of execution, where he died like a Divine rather then a Souldier, preaching to the people and accusing himself, that he treated on the Marriage with the Queen of *Scotland*, without acquainting his own Queen with it. He also accused himself of having sent Letters written from the Pope, to which he said, he never condescended; and withall, that he had maintained Servants affectioned to the Religion of the Church of *Rome*, in which, if he had offended God, the true Church, and the Protestants, he demanded pardon. A new Dean, a Heretick, who had taken a wild possession of his afflicted Soul, being present at his Death (according to the Order he had received) did perswade him to speak any thing in the favour of his own party; after which he prostrated himself on the earth, and having pronounced a prayer or two, he laid his head upon the Block, which the Executioner with one blow divided from his body.

God's judgment on wicked *Murray*.

The Earl of *Murray*, who was the Creature of Queen *Elizabeth*, for the ruining at once of this Commander's life, and his Sister's hopes, being returned into *Scotland*, where after so much perfidiousness, he resolved to triumph in the bloudy spoyls of his neerest kinswoman, was killed by a Pistol-bullet, shot by the hand of one *Hamilton*, who was one of the chiefest of the Nobility of that Kingdom; and now at last that uncontrouled Ambition, which did blow up so many storms, is extinguished in its own blood, he not witnessing at his death any Act of Christianity. His good Sister did much lament his despoiled body, but above all his Soul, which being snatched away by

sudden death, had not the leisure to repent the actual Crimes of his life, nor the blasphemies of his mouth.

The Queen's languishments in prison.

10. Nevertheless, she found her self fast bound with the chains, which this malicious contriver had linked for her destruction; and under the shadow of this pretended marriage with the Duke of *Norfolk*, although she deported her self in it with all discretion, yet she was persecuted again, so absolutely were *mischief* and *misfortune* to pursue her to her graye; and at the same time, when she thought to have seen the beams of her dear liberty, she had double Guards set upon her, to afflict her with all the rigour that was possible.

Of the four and fourty years of her life, which God had dispensed to her, she suffered almost the half of them under the cruelty of a tedious imprisonment, where she had a thousand times been overcome with melancholy, were it not for the consolations which she did draw from the fountain of true piety. Pope *Pius* the fifth, understanding that she was denied the assistance of Priests, did permit her to communicate her self unto him, which oftentimes she did, and oftentimes the consecrated Host was privately sent unto her by those whom he intrusted. Besides this, she being a most knowing Princess, who had her education in *France* from five years of age, and always loved good Letters, and understood and spoke six Languages, did improve her understanding and her time, by the assiduity of reading, which did much sweeten the afflictions of her captivity.

During the time of those persecutions, she received the comfort of benediction from divers Popes, who secretly did send some Fathers to her, who being as industrious as courageous, did find out a way to see her, and to fortifie her in the true Religion, and to discourse with her on heavenly things, which was the sweetest Manna which she tasted in that Wilderness. She always protested, in the singular confidence which she had in God, that no violence should separate her from the Ancient Religion; and that it should be unto her a peculiar gift from heaven, to seal her confession with her bloud.

Henry the Third of *France*, honouring her Dignity and Alliance, forgot not to send divers Embassadours to comfort her, although for certain reasons of State he did never act effectually for her deliverance. We have yet living in *Paris*, a venerable man of fourscore years of age, full of Virtue, Honour and Merit, who did visit her in her captivity by the commandment of the said *Henry*, and who oftentimes hath assured me, that no man could see that excellent Queen without raptures of celestial joy. She loved the *French* naturally, and was magnificent in her gifts; and finding her self at that time unprovided of those things, which she desired not to enjoy, but only to distribute amongst her friends, she did take a Ring of Diamonds, which was left her, and her own Table-book, which she gave to this good Gentleman, who shewed them to me for the rareness of the Work. It is true indeed, the Book was very rich, being covered with crimson Velvet, and garnished with clasps, and on the corners with plates of Gold, but she did guild it far more with her royal words, telling him, that it was one of the misfortunes of her imprisonment, that she was not able to present a gift unto him, that was worthy of his merit: Howsoever she would tender to him that small gift, which would be the more observable for the profit it should bring him, having written in it some few, but remarkable observations, which should conduce much to his advantage, and, but little to her own.

In the mean time this great soul passed many years weeping on the banks of this cruel *Babylon*, where she heard nothing spoken, but what carried the sounds with it of chains and prisons, and the massacres of Catholicks. She was perpetually sick in body, and overwhelmed with the bitterness of mind; but amongst all the cares of her cruel and tedious imprisonment, nothing came more near her heart, then the danger of her son, a young Prince in the hands of Hereticks, and abandoned to their Doctrine, receiving his first principles from their errours, and exposed as a prey to their conspiracies. This was the occasion that some years before her death, she wrote a long Letter to the Queen of *England*, in which behold some notable expressions.

A pithy and courageous letter to the Queen of England.

MADAM,

CONcerning what is brought to my knowledge, touching the late conspiracies executed in Scotland *against my poor Son, finding by my own example, that I have a just occasion to fear the sad consequence, it is most necessary, that before I depart this world, I should imploy all the strength and life that is left me, to discharge my heart plainly to you, by my complaints, which are as just as they are lamentable.*

I desire that after my death, this Letter may serve you as a perpetual remembrance, which in the deepest characters I would imprint in your conscience, as well for my discharge unto posterity, as to the shame and confusion of all those, who under your Warrant have so unworthily, and so cruelly used me: And because their designs, their practises and proceedings (though never so detestable) have always prevailed on your side, against my most just Remonstrances, and all the sincerity of my deportment, and the force which you have in your hands warp and byas the common capacities of men, I will therefore have my recourse to the living God, our only Judge, who under him hath equally and immediately established us, for the Government of his people; I will invoke him in this extremity of my afflictions, to render both to you and my self what is due, either to our Merits or Demerits. Remember, Madam, *that he is the only Judge, a Judge whom the painting and policy of this world can no way disguise, although men for a time may obscure the truth, by the subtlety of their inventions.*

In his name, and being, as it were, both of us before him, I must remember you of the secret practises you have used to trouble my Kingdom, to corrupt my Subjects, to forsake their Allegiance, and to attempt my person. I shall represent unto you the unjust dismission, which by your Counsel I was overcome to sign, when my enemies held their poniards at my throat, in the prison of Locklevin; *you assured me that the Dismission should be of no force, although since, you have made it as effectual and powerful as you could, assisting those by your forces, who were the first Authours of it. You have transmitted my Authority to my Son, when he was but in his Cradle, and was not able to help himself; and since I have by law confirmed the Crown on him, you have intrusted him in the hands of my most capital enemies, who having forced from him the effect, will also take away the title of a King, if God doth not preserve him.*

I will

I will profess unto you, before the most impartial Judge, that beholding my self pursued to death by my Rebels, I sent unto you expresly by a Gentleman the Diamond Ring which I received from you, with an assurance to be protected by your Authority, succoured by your Arms, and received into your Realm with all courtesie. This promise, so often repeated by your month, did oblige me to come to throw my self into your Arms, if I could be so happy to approach them. But indeavouring where to find you, behold I was stopped in the way, environed with guards, detained in strong holds, confined to a lamentable captivity, in which I do at this day die, without numbering a thousand deaths, which already I have suffered.

After that the Truth hath laid open all the impostures which were contrived against me, that the chiefest of the Nobility of your Kingdom have acknowledged in publick, and declared my innocence. After that it hath been made apparent, that what passed betwixt the late Duke of Norfolk *and my self, was treated, approved, and signed by those who held the first place in your Councels. After so long a time that I have always submitted to the Orders which were prescribed for my captivity, I do behold my self to be dayly persecuted in my own person, and in the persons of my servants, and totally hinders, not onely from releiving the pressing necessities of my Son, but from receiving the least knowledge of his condition.*

This is that, MADAM, *which makes me once more to beseech you, by the dolorous Passion of our Saviour and Redeemer* Jesus Christ, *that I may have permission to depart your Kingdome, to assist my dear Son, and to find some comfort for my poor body, travelled with continual sorrows; and, with all liberty of conscience, to prepare my soul for God, who hourly doth call for it.*

Your Prisons have destroyed my body, there is no more left for my Enemies to satiate their vengeance. My soul is still entire, which you neither can, nor ought to captivate. Allow it some place to breath more freely after its own safety, which a thousand times I do more desire, then all the greatness in the world. What Honour can you receive to see me stifled in your presence, and to fall at the feet of my Enemies? Do you not consider, that in this extremity, if by your means (although late) I shall be rescued from their hands, that you shall oblige me, and all mine, and especially my Son, whom most of all you may assure your own.

I must beseech you, that I may understand your intentions concerning this, and that you will not remit me to the discretion of any other, but your own. In the mean time, I shall demand two things; the one, That being ready to depart this World, I may be suffered to have with me some man of honour of the Church, to instruct and perfect me in my Religion, in which I am resolved to live and die. The other, That I may have two maids in my Chamber, to attend me in my sickness, protesting before God, they are most necessary for me, to keep me from the shame of the simple people. Grant me then these Petitions, for the honour of God, and let it appear that my Enemies have not so much credit with you, as to exercise their vengeance and cruelty in a thing of so small a consequence.

Reassume the marks of your ancient good nature, Oblige your own to your self. Grant me that contentment before I die, as to see all things remitted betwixt you and my self, to the end that my soul, being inlarged from my body, it be not constrained to lay open her groans before God, for the injuries which you have suffered to be done unto me upon earth; But on the contrary, that departing from this captivity in peace and concord, it may with all content repair to him, whom I most humbly beseech to inspire You, to condescend to my most just Requests.

Sheffield: November 22. 1581.

Your most desolate, most near, and
most affectionate Kinswoman,
QUEEN MARY.

11. May we not affirm that these Remonstrances, and that these words were of power to soften the heart of a Tyger, and yet they made no impression on her barbarous soul, who being born by a crime, could not afterwards live but by iniquity.

A parallel on both Queens.

Dear Reader, it is true, that we are possessed with an amazement on the consideration of the particulars of this History; And it may be you have the curiosity to draw open the curtain of the Sanctuary, and enter into the secrets of the Divine Providence, and in the travers of so much shade and darkness, to discover, why two Queens of so different qualities, were so indifferently handled, as it were, by the blind conduct of Chance. How came it about, that nothing but calamity did follow the good Queen, and all good fortune seemed not to be, but onely for the bad one? I will parallel the one with the other, and although Queen *Elizabeth* be dead, out of the communion of the true Church, and in many considerations had extremely undervalued and offended *France*, yet I will not so rudely speak of her, as she hath been charactered by the eloquent pens of *Monsieur*, the Cardinal of *Peron*, and *Monsieur du Vair*, but content my self to speak of that onely, which may be collected from the History written by *Cambden*, her own Historiographer.

Queen *Mary* was high and glorious in her birth, both by the Father and the Mother. Queen *Elizabeth* did come into the world by a crime and a scandal, who made all Christendome to groan. It is true indeed, she was the daughter of a King, but of a licentious King, and of a wanton mother, whose head the King did cause to be cut off, for her unchastness. The one from five years of age was brought up in *France*, with so much piety, gravity, and honour, that nothing more could be added or desired. The other had a licentious Education under the bad Example of her licentious parents. The one had an excellent, an active, and a clear spirit, resembling the quality of the Sun. The other was of a crafty, malignant, and a sullen Nature, resembling the condition of a Corner. The one was experienced in the knowledge of tongues and sciences, as much as was necessary for an honest Lady, who ought not to appear too learned. The other gave her self to such a vanity of study, that oftentimes she committed some extravagances; as when she undertook to translate the five Books of the Consolation of *Boëtius*, to comfort her self on the Conversion of *Henry* the Fourth. The one did speak and write with an extraordinary clearness, and an accurate smoothness. The other in her expressions was harsh, and did much perplex her thoughts, as may appear in a subscription of a Letter, written with her own hand, and directed to *Henry* the Fourth, after his Conversion. *Vostre sœur, si ce soit a la virille, avec nouvelle, Je n'ay que faire, Elizabeth R.* which is in English, Your Sister, if it be after the old fashion, with the new, I have nothing but to do, *Elizabeth R.* I leave to the most liberal Interpreter, to divine what she meaneth by it. The one had a generous, free, and

a credulous heart. The other was malicious, obſtinate, and deceitful. The one loved honour, to which her condition had obliged her. The other had a furious and bloody Ambition, and ſpared none, to improve the intereſt of her Greatneſs. The one retained an admirable conſtancy in her ancient Religion, by reaſon whereof, though ſhe was outrageouſly perſecuted, yet ſhe omitted nothing in her Devotion. The other did put on Religion as ſhe did her maſk, making her ſelf a Heretick amongſt Hereticks, and a Catholick amongſt Catholicks; for when in the reign of her Siſter *Mary*, ſhe made a high and ſolemn profeſſion of the *Roman* Faith, ſhe afterwards counterfeited her belief, and betrayed that character to authorize Hereſie and Rebellion againſt the Church. The one feared God, and finding her ſelf the Relict of *Francis* the Second, at 17 years of age, ſhe had rather ſtoop to the marriage yoke, to give life unto a King, then to live inordinately, and under the veil of Widowhood, to conceal her ſecret wantonneſs. The other, who had not ſo ſtrict a conſcience, did find a way to reconcile Ambition and Love, and lived not married, and not a Maid, and though I am unwilling to believe, that ſhe lived ſo ſalt and melting a life, as ſome have affirmed, yet I cannot deny but that ſhe had her Favourites and her Minions, which *Cambden* her own Hiſtoriographer doth not conceal. The one ſtudied for the advancement of Virtue; the other for the advancement only of vain reputation. The one held forth a generous liberty in all her actions; the other painted her life, and covered her vices, with great pretences, ſhe extremely feared the cenſure of Poſterity, which made her with ſo much artifice to indear unto her the ableſt men of forreign Countries, and entertained mercenary Quils to encreaſe her glory, thinking by that means to conceal her defects, and blind the eys of mankind. Wherefore we ought not to give too much belief to ſome Hiſtorians, though otherwiſe men of eſteem, who deliver many and great praiſes, having received many and great Preſents. Men of that quality are always credulous enough, and are not accuſtomed to bark at thoſe who do feed them with bread. The one was very religious in her promiſes, the other was captious and inconſtant; and this moſt viſibly ſhe made apparent to the Duke of *Alenson*, brother to *Henry* the Third of *France*, who was come into *England* to eſpouſe her; and though the Contract of the Marriage was confirmed, both on the one ſide, and the other, and though the marriage Ring was given, yet ſhe broke all for the Capriciouſneſs of one night, and to obey the crys of ſome Maids of Honour, who beſought her that ſhe would not marry. The one was full of bounty to her poor Subjects, to whom ſhe could not do all the good ſhe deſired, by reaſon of the Rebellions that were ſtirred up in her Kingdom; the other was careful enough, not to tax her Subjects with Impoſts or with Subſidies, which cauſed her to be beloved of her people, who in all the virtues of a Prince, do cheriſh nothing more then a moderation in their Subſidies: the one was indued with an extreme ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, which ſometimes did ſeem to lie too open and defenceleſs, as when without ſeeing juſtice done, ſhe pardoned great Crimes, which tended to the diminution of her Authority. The other was naturally cruel, a lover of blood, and one who horribly tormented the Catholicks, and too eaſily would bring the heads of her Greatones upon the Scaffold, to obtain the honour and title of being juſt among popular Spirits. To conclude, one reigned like a Dove, and the other like a Bird of prey. It is a horrible thing to read the Hiſtory of her Reign, written by her Admirers, where inſtead of the Contemplation of Virtues, and of Beauties, you ſhall obſerve in every page the Rages of Accuſers, bloudy Judgments, Proſcriptions, Maſſacres, which I alledge not in any diſparagement to the Nation, which I love with a true Chriſtian Charity, but to the ignominy and the ſhame of Hereſie. It ſeems to me when I read the Life of *Elizabeth*, that I enter into the Country of the *Anthropophagi*, where I behold nothing but men drawn upon ſledges, Hang-men tearing out of bowels, and dividing carkaſes into quarters, which are ſtill dropping bloud, and hanging in the moſt remarkable places of the City, as the Tapiſtry of the antient cruelty of the Puritans. I aſſure my ſelf that thoſe who are now in Authority under ſo gracious a Prince, do reflect upon it with as much horrour as my ſelf, and by their moderation will endeavour to wipe away the ſtains of ſo bloody a Time.

Who is he then that is not amazed to ſee Virtue ſo forſaken, and the beſt Queen in the world to lead ſo tempeſtuous a life, perſecuted in her Eſtate, in her body, in her honour, in her own perſon, in the perſon of her friends, diſpoiled, outraged, diſhonoured, torn by bloody calumnies, drawn to unjuſt Tribunals, locked up in ſo many Priſons, abandoned by thoſe moſt near unto her, and ſacrificed by her kindred, to the vengeance of her Enemies, and that in ſo Tragical a manner, and by ſo barbarous a hand? And how comes it to paſs, that the other, being laden with Crimes, did mount on the Throne by ways unexpected, and did continue there by uncontrouled power, and reigned, as if ſhe had all good Fortune at her own commandment? Wealth and Honour were always on her ſide. Delight and Joy ſeemed only to be ordained for her. Whatſoever ſhe undertook, did thrive, all her thoughts were proſperous, the Earth and the Sea did obey her, the Winds and the Tempeſts did follow her Standards. Some would affirm, that this is no marvel at all, but only the effect of a cunning and politick Council, compoſed of the ſons of darkneſs, who are more proper to inherit the felicities of this World, then the Children of the light. But we muſt conſider, that this is the common condition both of the good and the evil, to find out the cauſe in which the Underſtanding of man doth loſe it ſelf. *David* curiouſly endeavouring to diſcover the reaſon, in the beginning did conceive himſelf to be a Philoſopher; but in the end acknowledged, that the conſideration thereof did make him to become a Beaſt. The Aſtrologers do affirm, that *Elizabeth* came into the World under the Sign of *Virgo*, which doth promiſe Empires and Honours; and that the Queen of *Scotland* was born under *Sagitarius*, which doth threaten women with affliction and a bloody Death. The Machivilians do maintain, that ſhe ſhould accommodate her ſelf to the Religion of her Country, and that in the oppoſing of that Torrent, ſhe ruined her Affairs. The Politicians do impute it to the eaſineſs of her gentle Nature. Others do blame the counſel which ſhe entertained, to marry her own Subjects. And ſome have looked upon her, as *Job*'s falſe Friends did look on him, and reported him to lie on the Dung-hil for his ſinnes. But having throughly conſidered on it, I do obſerve that in theſe two Queens God would repreſent the two Cities of *Sion* and *Babylon*,

bylon, the two wayes of the juſt, and the unjuſt, and the eſtate of this preſent world, and of the world to come. He hath given to *Elizabeth* the bread of Dogs, to reſerve for *Mary* the Manna of Angels. In one he hath recompenſed ſome moral virtues with temporal bleſſings, to make the other to enter into the poſſeſſion of eternal happineſs. *Elizabeth* did reign, why ſo did *Athalia*. *Elizabeth* did perſecute the Prophets, why ſo did *Jezabel*. *Elizabeth* hath obtained Victories, why ſo did *Tomyris* the Queen of the *Scythians*. She hath lived in honour and delight, and ſo did *Semiramis*. She died a natural death, being full of years, ſo died the *Herods* and *Tiberius*, but following the track that ſhe did walk in; what ſhall we collect of her end, but as of that which *Job* ſpeaketh, concerning the Tomb of the wicked? *They paſs away their life in delights, and deſcend in a moment unto hell.*

Now God being pleaſed to raiſe *Mary* above all the greatneſs of this earth, and to renew in her the fruits of his Croſs, did permit that in the Age wherein ſhe lived, there ſhould be the moſt outrageous and bloudy perſecution, that was ever raiſed againſt the Church. He was pleaſed by the ſecret counſel of his Providence, that there ſhould be perſons of all ſorts which ſhould extol the Effects of his Paſſion. And there being already entred ſo many Prelates, Doctours, Confeſſours, Judges, Merchants, Labourers, and Artizans, he would now have Kings and Queens to enter alſo. Her Husband, *Francis* the Second, although a moſt juſt and innocent Prince, had already took part in this conflict of ſuffering Souls. His life being ſhortned (as it is thought) by the fury of the *Huguenots*, who did not ceaſe to perſecute him. It was now requiſite that his dear Spouſe ſhould undertake the myſtery of the Croſs alſo. And as ſhe had a moſt courageous ſoul, ſo God did put her in the front of the moſt violent perſecutions to ſuffer the greateſt torments and to obtain the richeſt Crowns.

The great ſecret of the Divine Providence.

Elizabeth's hatred to the Queen of Scotland.

The Prophet ſaith, *That man is made as a piece of Imbroidery, which doth not manifeſt it ſelf in the lives of the juſt*: for God doth uſe them as the Imbroiderer doth his ſtuffs of Velvet and of Satin, he takes them in pieces to make habilements for the beautifying of his Temple.

12. *Elizabeth* being now tranſported into Vengeance, and carried away by violent Counſels, is reſolved to put *Mary* to death. It is moſt certain that ſhe paſſionately deſired the death of this Queen, well underſtanding, that her Life was moſt appoſite to her moſt delicate Intereſts. She could not be ignorant that *Mary Stuart* had right to the Crown of *England*, and that ſhe uſurped it; ſhe could not be ignorant, that in a General Aſſembly of the States of *England*, ſhe was declared to be a Baſtard, as being derived from a Marriage made and conſummated againſt all Laws, both Divine and humane. She obſerved that her Throne did not ſubſiſt but by the Faction of Hereſie; and as her Crown was firſt eſtabliſhed by diſorder, ſo according to her Policy it muſt be cemented by bloud. She could not deny, but that the Queen of *Scotland* had a Title to the Crown, which inſenſibly might fall on the head of the Priſoner; and then that in a moment ſhe might change the whole face of the State. She obſerved her to be a Queen of a vaſt ſpirit, of an unſhaken Faith, and of an excellent Virtue, who had received the Unction of the Realm of *Scotland*, and who was Queen *Dowager* of the Kingdom of *France*, ſupported by the Pope, reverenced throughout all Chriſtendom, and regarded by the Catholicks as a ſacred ſtock, from which new branches of Religion ſhould ſpring, which no Ax of perſecution could cut down.

The Hereticks in *England*, who feared her as one that would puniſh their offences, and deſtroy their Fortunes, which they had builded on the ruins of Religion, had not a more earneſt deſire then to ſee her out of the world. All things conſpired to overthrow this poor Princeſs, and nothing remained but to give a colour to ſo bold a murder.

It ſo fell out, that in the laſt years of her afflicting impriſonment, a conſpiracy was plotted againſt the Eſtate, and the life of *Elizabeth*, as *Cambden* doth recite it.

Ballard an Engliſh Prieſt, who had more zeal to his Religion, then diſcretion to manage his enterprize, conſidered with himſelf how this woman had uſurped a Scepter, which did not appertain unto her. How ſhe had overthrown all the principles of the ancient Religion, how ſhe had kept in priſon an innocent Queen, for the ſpace of twenty years, uſing her with all manner of indignity, how ſhe continually practiſed new butcheries by the effuſion of the bloud of the Catholicks, he conceived it would be a work of Juſtice, to procure her death who held our purſes in her hand, and our liberty in a chain. But I will not approve of thoſe bloudy Counſels, which do provide a Remedy far worſe then the diſeaſe, and infinitely do trouble the Eſtate of Chriſtendom.

Nevertheleſs, he drew unto him many that were of his opinion, who did offer and devote themſelves to give this fatal blow. The chiefeſt amongſt them, was one *Babington*, who was deſcended of an Honourable Family, of a great ſpirit, and of a knowledge above his age, and very zealous on the Catholick Religion. His example made many others to imbark themſelves in that ſame dangerous deſign. Some propounded to themſelves the hopes of a great reward, others were carried on by glory, and ſome were tranſported to it by a hate to evil doers. It is no way to be believed (as I ſhall make it appear) that the Queen of *Scotland*, had any hand in the deſign. For, beſides the tenderneſs of her conſcience, ſhe had a wiſdom exerciſed by long experience, which made her eaſily to apprehend the weakneſs of that party, who were young men, heady, and inconſiderable, who had not learned to conceal a ſecret, which is the firſt knot that confirmeth great affairs. They carried their hearts on their lips, and being not content to make a noiſe of their deſign in Taverns, they cauſed it to be painted in a Table, with devices to it, as the Authours of liberty, and in fooliſh vanity did ſhow it to one another. *Babington* could not contain it ſelf from writing to the Queen in priſon, and the Letter being brought to the hands of her Secretaries, *Nau* and *Curles*, they did not communicate it to their Miſtriſs, well knowing, that the witneſs of her unblemiſhed ſpirit, would never ſympathize with ſuch violent Counſels, but when they perceived that *Babington* in the ſaid letter had given information of the conference he had with *Ballard*, and that ſix Gentlemen were choſen to put the Tragical deſign in Execution, and that one hundred more were to releaſe the Queen from her impriſonment, they thought they would not neglect the occaſion, and therefore they wrote an anſwer to the Letter, making uſe of the Queens name, ſhe having no knowledge of it: In this Letter they praiſed *Babington* for his zeal

zeal to the Catholick religion, and to the sacred person of their *Lady*, who was the supportress of it. They did advertise him to take consideration with him in this enterprise, and to make a strong association amongst them, who were to be the Actours and the Authours, and to attempt nothing before they had assurance of aid from forreign parts, and withall to stir up some new troubles in *Ireland*, before they gave this blow in *England*. They advised him to draw unto his party the Earl of *Arundel*, and his Brothers, and others named in the letter, they did also prescribe a means for the deliverance of the Queen, either by overturning one of her Caroaches at the gate, or by setting on fire some Rooms belonging to her Querries in the Castle, or to take her away, when shee took horse to refresh her self; in the conclusion, they did exhort him to promise great rewards to the six Gentlemen, and to all the rest.

Babington, presuming it was the Queen, who by this letter treated with him, became most vainly glorious, he incouraged his Companions, shewing the letter to the most apparent of them, and was inflamed with a desire to execute the design. They were so transported with the vanity of it, that though they did shut their eyes against the danger, yet they did open their mouths to discover the secret, which was communicated to so many of their accomplices, that the multitude of the conspiratours did make abortive the conspiracy. They declared it to one *Gifford*, a pernicious and a luxurious man, who being charged with a Commission to keep safe their letters, did carry them all to *Walsingham*, the Secretary to the Queen of *England*, who opened them, and sounding the whole progress of their designs, did with much dexterity make them fast again. The last written by *Babington*, with the answer of the Secretaries, in the name of Queen *Mary*, was carried to *Elizabeth*, and to her Counsel who shewed an exceeding joy for the discovery. She caused the conspiratours to be apprehended, and *Babington* among the foremost, who being demanded the Question, did immediately confess that he had treated with the Queen of *Scotland* on that subject, in which he spoke truly as he thought, though he did not speak the truth.

After they were all examined and condemned, they were executed with most cruel punishments, the extremity whereof did strike a horrour into those who did condemn them.

The Proceſs against the Queen of *Scotland*.

13. It was so decreed, that a passage must be made through the entrails of many bodies, to come unto Queen *Maries* bloud. Shee that knew of nothing what was done, did continue very quiet in the languishment of her captivity, when behold, she suddenly found her self confined to a close imprisonment, her Guards doubled, her Secretaries apprehended, her papers taken away, and her Coyn confiscated, with a labouring expectation she did attend to know the reason of it, when behold a letter from the Queen of *England*, which imparted that she had given a Commission to her Counsellers of Estate, to hear her in judgment upon Fact, with which she was accused. Having read it, with a Majestick countenance, and a spirit full of the height of understanding, she spake to those that gave it her.

I Am much afflicted that my most dear Sister the Queen, hath been so ill informed of me, and that having been so many years most strictly guarded, and withall nummed in my limbs, the many fair conditions which I have offered for my liberty, have been always neglected, and my self abandoned. I have sufficiently advertised her of divers dangers, and yet she never would believe me, but hath always undervalued me, although I am most near unto her in bloud. I have too truly foreseen that any accident that did arrive, either within or without this Kingdome, would be interpreted to proceed from me, and that I should be made guilty enough, because I am so miserable. As for his letter, I do look upon it as a strange thing, that any Queen should command me, as her Subject, to appear in judgment. I am of my self an absolute Queen, and will do nothing to the prejudice of Royal Majesty, my courage is not yet abated, nor will I ever stoop unworthily under my calamity.

Her answer was drawn up in writing, which in these terms she had pronounced, and the same day the Chancellour, and the Treasurer came to her, and declared what power they had given them in their Commission, and desired her gently to hear the Facts with which she was charged, otherwise they both could, and would proceed against her for contempt. To which she made answer, That she was no Subject, and that she had rather die a thousand times, then by such an acknowledgment to bring a prejudice to Royal Majesty. She admonished them, if after having condemned her before hand, they came now unto her to make a semblance of observing some formality in Justice, to consult with their own consciences, and to remember, that the Theatre of the world is of a larger extent then *England*. The Commissioners did not cease to insist, and represent unto her the Tenour of their Commission, with their own Names. On which she demanded by what Law they would proceed against her, the Canon Law, or the Civil Law, and because she knew very well that they were no great Lawyers, she conceived it would be requisite that some should be sent for from the Universities in *Europe*. They replied, That she should be tried by the Civil Law of *England*, in which they were sufficiently experienced. But she, who well observed, that they would intangle her with a new Law on purpose against her, made answer; you are gallant Gentlemen, and can make what Laws you please, but I am not bound to submit unto them, since you your selves in another case refuse to be subjected to the Salick Law of *France*. Your Law hath no more of Example, then your proceeding hath of Justice.

On this, *Hatton*, Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen of *England*, advanced himself, and said unto her: You are accused for conspiring the ruine of our Mistris, who is an anointed Queen. Your degree is not exempted to answer for such a Crime, neither by the Law of Nations nor of nature. If you are innocent, you are unjust to your Reputation to indeavour to evade the judgment. The Queen will be very glad that you can justifie your self, for she hath assured me, that she never in the world received more disconent, then to find you charged with this accusation. Forbear this vain consideration of Royalty, which at this present serves for nothing. Cause the suspitions to cease, and wipe away the stain, which otherwise will cleave for ever to your reputation. She replied, I refuse not to answer before the States of the Realm being lawfully called, because I have been acknowledged to be a presumed Heir of the Kingdom. Then will I speak, not as a subject, but in another nature, without submitting my self to the new Ordinance of your Commission, which is known to be nothing else but a

Malicious

Malicious Net, made to inwrap my innocence. The Treasurer on this, did interrupt her, and said: We will then proceed to the contempt, to which she made answer; Examine your own consciences, and provide for your Honours, and so God render to you, and your Children, as you shall do, in the judgment.

The next morning, she called one of the Commissioners, and demanded if her Protestation were committed to writing. And if it were, she would justifie her self without any prejudice to the Royal Dignity. Whereupon the Commissioners did presently assemble themselves in the Chamber of presence, where they prepared a Scaffold, on the upper end whereof, was the Seat-Royal under a Cloath of State, to represent the Majesty of Queen *Elizabeth*, and on the one side of it a Chair of Crimson-Velvet prepared for her. The courageous Queen did enter with a modest and an assured countenance amongst the stern Lords, thirsting after her bloud, and took her place. *Bromley* the Chancellour, turning towards her, did speak in these words:

The most illustrious Queen of *England*, being assured, not without an extreme anguish of spirit, that you have conspired the destruction of her, of the Realm of *England*, and of Religion, to quit her self of her duty, and not to be found wanting to God, her self, and her people, hath without any malice of heart established those Commissioners to hear the things of which you are accused, how you will resolve them, and shew your innocency.

This man who had spoken ill enough, had the discretion to speak but little: And immediately as he had given the signal, the perverse Officers, who were more then fourty in number, did throw themselves upon her like so many Mastives on a prey, propounding a thousand captious questions to surprize her, but the generous *AMAZON* did shake them off with an incredible vivacity. In the end, all things were reduced to the Letter of *Babington*, in which he gave her notice of the conspiracy, and to the answer which she made to it, exhorting him to pursue his Design, but most of all to the dispositions of her own Secretaries, who gave assurances that she did dictate the said Letter, as also other Letters to forreign Princes, to invade *England* with Arms. They did press her on these falsities, which seemed to carry some probability with them, but she did answer invincibly to them, as most clearly may appear by those terms, which I have drawn from her several answers, and tied them together to give more light to her Apology, wherein the clearness of her understanding and her judgment is most remarkable.

The invincible Apology of the Queen.

IF the Queen, my Sister, hath given you a Commission to see Justice done, it is reasonable that you should begin it, rather by the easing of my sufferings, then by the oppressing of my innocence. I came into *England*, to implore succour against the Rebellion of my Subjects. My Bloud, Alliance, Sex, Neighbourhood, and the Title which I bear of a Queen, did promise me all satisfaction, and here I have met with my greatest affliction. This is the twentieth year that I have been detained Prisoner, without cause, without reason, without mercy (and which is more) without hope. I am no Subject of your Mistrisses, but a free and an absolute Queen, and ought not to make answer but to God alone, the Sovereign Judge of my Actions, or bring any prejudice to the character of Royal Majesty, either in my Son, the King of *Scotland*, or his Successours, nor other Sovereign Princes of the earth. This is the Protestation which I have made, and which I repeat again in your presence, before I make any answer to the Crimes which are imposed on me.

The blackest of all the Calumnies, do charge me for having conspired the Death of my most dear Cosin; and after many circumventions, all the proofs are reduced to the Letter of *Babington*, the Deposition of my Secretaries, and my Sollicitations made to forreign Princes to invade *England* with Arms. I will answer effectually to all these Articles, and make the justice of my Cause most clearly appear to those, who shall without passion look upon it. And in the first place, I swear and protest, that I never saw this *Babington*, who is made the principal in this Charge, I never received any Letter from him, neither had he any Letter from me. I have always abhorred these violent and black counsels, which tended to the ruine of Queen *Elizabeth*, and I am ready to produce Letters from those, who having had some evil enterprize, have excused themselves, that they have discovered nothing to me, because they were assured that my spirit was opposite to such Designs. I could not know what *Babington* or his Accomplices have done, being a Prisoner, he might write what he pleased, but I am certain that I never saw nor heard of any Letter to me. And if there be found any Answer written by me to those things, which never so much as came into my imagination, it is an abominable forgery. We live not in an Age, nor a Realm, that is to learn the trade to deceive. I am informed that *Walsingham*, one amongst you, who hath conspired my death, and the death of my Son, doth make use of such Artifices, and hath counterfeited a Letter from me, in answer to that of *Babington's*, which he intercepted. The other innocently believed it, and took his oath that it came from me, but all this is no more then one simple conjecture. There should be a million of witnesses, more clear then the rays of the Sun, to impeach a Sovereign Queen, who comprehends within her Authority so many millions of lives. And a man unknown, a man half dead, is believed against me, who spake all that he knew, and that he knew not, to deliver himself from the horrible cruelties of his Examiners. Let them produce but one Letter of my hand, one shadow of the crime, and I will yield my self convinced. I speak it in the sincerity of my heart, and of the tears of my eys, I would not conquer a Kingdom with the bloud of the vilest person picked out of the scum of the people, much less with the bloud of a Queen. I will never make a shipwrack of my Soul, in conspiring the ruin of a person, to whom I have vowed so much honour and friendship.

For my Secretaries, I did always take them for honest men: if they do charge me, and accuse me in their Depositions, to have dictated an Answer to *Babington's* Letter, they have committed two great faults, the first in violating the Oath which they have made to be secret and faithful to their Mistris. The second, in inventing so detestable a Calumny against her, to whom they ow all Reverence and Fidelity. In a manner all the belief that you draw from them, doth amount to no more, then that it comes from perfidious men. O good God, In what a desperate condition is the Majesty and the safety of Princes, if they depend upon the Writings and the Witnesses of their

their Secretaries, in affairs of so high a consequence. How many are of them, who prostitute themselves to the uncertainty of riches? How many of them for fear onely, do comply with the menaces of the great-ones. They are men of Fortune, who follow the ebb and flow of Inconstancy. If those poor men have taken their Oaths, as you say, it was onely to deliver themselves from the horrour of your torments, and put all upon the crowned head of a Queen, which they thought was inaccessible to your Commissions.

But what Lawyers are you, to put *Babington* to death without bringing him before me face to face? To open his mouth by torments to tell a lie, and then to shut it up for ever against the Truth? If my Secretaries are yet alive, let them come into my presence, and I assure my self that they will not persist in that Deposition, which you object against me. Doth it not easily appear, that you proceed here on a bad Rule, and that you borrow these poor Formalities, to give some slight tincture to your pre-judgings?

I never did dictate any thing to my servants, but what Nature did suggest unto me, for the recovering of my liberty. This is the third Objection of your Process. And I demand of you, if I have not committed a great crime, to desire a benefit which every common voice doth teach us, which the laws do approve, which all men do practise, which Nature prompts the Nightingales, and every little Bird unto, that are imprisoned in their Cages: what can he do less that sees himself in irons, but implore the assistance of his friends, and desire, that some strong hand of mercy might open the prison for him. I confess I have had the desire of liberty, but I deny that I sought the effect thereof by that means which you alledge. It is a strange thing that a Prisoner, all whose actions are spied into, and every step she treads is counted, should do the affair which great Sovereigns, though of a free and most absolute power, could not remove. So many years are now passed, since I have been, as it were, in the chains of miserable captivity; yet neither the offers which I have made, nor the assurances which I have given, nor the increase of my sickness, nor the declining of my age, could move my Sister to my inlargement. Have I not offered to contract a strict Friendship with her, to cherish her, to respect her above all the Princes in Christendom, to forget all offences, to acknowledge her the true and legitimate Queen of *England*, submitting all my Rights to the benefit of her peace, neither to pretend to, nor take any part of the Crown during her life, and to remove both the Title and the Arms of the Kingdom of *England*, which I did attribute to my self by the commandment of *Henry* the Second, King of *France*. And yet all these submissions have prevailed nothing for my Deliverance. Am I so much to be blamed, if I have desired forreign Princes, my Friends, and my Allies, to draw me out from the depth of these miseries? And yet neither have, nor was ever willing to confirm into the hands of the King of *Spain*, the Right which he pretended to the Crown of *England*, although he hath been angry with me concerning it; but I have given respect unto my Sister so far, that I have neglected both my life and liberty, to satisfie her interests, and have delighted my self with the prayers of *Esther*, and not with the sword of *Judith*. But I now speak and declare, that since *England* is inequitable and so unkind unto me, that I neither ought, nor will misprise the aid of other Kings.

I have here sincerely declared my thoughts and my counsels to you on this Accusation; and if Right and Equity must give way to Power, and Force must oppress the Truth amongst men, I do appeal to the living God, who hath an absolute Empire of command over *Elizabeth* and my self. I swear unto you by God, and protest unto you on my honour, that for this long time, I have had my thoughts on no Kingdome, but onely that of Heaven, which I look on as the haven after my long sufferings. I believe I have now satisfied all your Objections: and you know indeed in your own conscience, that nothing doth charge me, but my birth, nor render me guilty but my Religion. But I will not deny, that to which by Gods goodness I am born, nor remove the character which I received in the day of my Baptism. I have lived, and I will die a Catholick. It is the crime alone, for which I need no Advocate to defend me, in which I desire all the world to be my witnesse, and fear not the severest Judges.

The poor Princess did mingle these words with her tears, foreseeing the persecution of her friends, and considering how barbarously her Royal Dignity was exposed to the Advocates of the Palace, who did all seem to have sworn her death. However in their consciences they were touched to the quick, because that what she represented, was most true, even by the report of the Hereticks themselves, as it appeareth in the Book of *Cambden*, who hath wrote the Life of *Elizabeth*, and who doth not deny, but that *Walsingham* did open and make up the letters again, which *Gifford* brought him, counterfeiting in them what he thought good. And he himself confesseth, that it was the judgment of the most rational men, that the Secretaries of the Queen of *Scotland*, were seduced and corrupted with mony. And it is certain, that they demanded a Recompence of *Walsingham*, who told them, that they ought to content themselves with their lives: And added, that in condemning their Mistriss without producing the Witnesses, they had not proceeded according to the Rules of Justice. Observe here the judgment of the Huguenots themselves, her most cruel Enemies: I speak of those who have some sparks of a good conscience, and not of those Incendiaries, who write Rapsodies full of ignorance and folly. All this may serve for an invincible proof of her innocence; but her evil Judges, who had sold themselves to iniquity, did not cease to proceed further, even to the Sentence of Condemnation, which they carried to the Queen of *England*, and was presented to the Parliament for the publication of it.

Camden pag. 493.

Amazum-sium absen-sium, qui pretio cor-rupti vide-bantur, te-stimonia op-pressa est.

The unjust judgment.

Thither *Elizabeth* did come in person, with a studied Speech, where she gave thanks to God for the Deliverance from this danger, and thanks to her Subjects for the affection to their Queen. Afterwards, coming to the work in hand, she shewed her self to be extremely afflicted for the Queen of *Scotland*, that a Person of her Sex, Estate, and Bloud, should be convicted to have conspired against her: Adding, that she was most willing to pardon her, and to abandon her own life, if it would render the affairs of *England* more flourishing; but in this effect she would neither prejudice her self, nor the good of her Kingdom.

In this action she came with a heart full of vengeance, however she would put upon it the reputation of Sweetness and of Clemency, imitating the *Herods* and *Tiberius Cæsar*, who never did worse, then when they spake best and laughed in their hearts,

hearts, when they diſtilled the tears of Crocodiles from their eyes. With joyned hands ſhe deſired that her Parliament would but demand that thing of her, which moſt willingly ſhe would not grant. Sometimes ſhe would flatter them with the Reſpect and cordial Affections they did bear her, on purpoſe to incite them to purſue this buſineſs. Sometimes ſhe ſeemed to be weary of their too much zeal: Sometimes ſhe ſaid, ſhe would preſerve her ſelf: And ſometimes ſhe ſaid, ſhe would abandon her own preſervation, to exerciſe her clemency. Her ſpirit, which was greatly given to diſſimulation, made never more leaps, nor danced more Rounds then in this buſineſs. And to ſpeak the truth, ſhe perplexed her ſelf in her own labyrinth, and endeavouring too much to hide her ſelf, ſhe laid her ſelf more open, ſaying, unto thoſe who demanded the death of the Queen of *Scotland*:

I pray and conjure you to content your ſelf with an Anſwer without an Anſwer, I approve your judgment and comprehend the reaſons, but I pray you excuſe the fearful and the doubtful thought which doth torment me, and take in good part the gracious affection which I bear you; and this Anſwer, if it be of that worth as you eſteem it for an anſwer, If I ſay I will not do what you demand, peradventure I ſhall ſay more then I think: If that I will do it, I ſhall precipitate my ſelf to my ruine, whom you are willing to preſerve

In the end the ſentence of Death was confirmed by the Authority of Parliament, and *Beal* was ſent to the Queen of *Scotland*, to carry her the news of her mournful Condemnation, and to acquaint her, that the Eſtates demanded the Execution to be diſpatched for Juſtice, Security, and Neceſſity.

Her great heart was no way dejected at this ſo violent a Rigour, and damnable Injuſtice, but lifting up her eyes and her hands to Heaven, ſhe gave thanks to God, demanding immediately a Prieſt to adminiſter to her the Sacrament, and to diſpoſe her to dy. *Paulet*, who had the guard of her, did uſe her after this, moſt barbarouſly, commanding the Officers of her houſe to beat down the cloth of State that was in her chamber, but when he obſerved that no man would touch it, and that they onely anſwered him by tears and lamentations, which would have ſoftened the heart of any man, he performed the Execution by the Guard, and took from the poor Priſoner all the marks of Royalty, to make her behold her Funeral alive, and to make her heart to bleed with a mortal wound, before the bloud were drawn from the veins of her body by the hands of the Hang-man. But *Elizabeth* did yet defer the Execution, whether it were for the fear of forreign Princes being not able to ſee clear enough into their power and protection, or whether it were to gain the imaginary Reputation of Mercy, or whether by degrees ſhe would conſume this poor ſacrifice by a ſmall fire, prolonging the languors of her impriſonment. The other was reſolved to write unto her, not in a baſe and begging ſtile to crave her life, but to demand an honeſt Burial. Behold her letters to that effect.

Executable indignity.

MADAM

I Give thanks to God with all my heart, who by the Sentence of Death, hath been pleaſed to put an end to the tedious pilgrimage of my life. I deſire not that it may be prolonged, having had too long a time to try the bitterneſs of it. I onely beſeech your Majeſty, that ſince I am to expect no favour from ſome zealous Miniſters of State, who hold the firſt place in your Councils, I may receive from You onely, and from no other, theſe following favours.

In the firſt place I deſire, that ſince it is allowed me to hope for a Burial in England, *according to the Solemnities of the* Roman *Church, practiſed by the ancient Kings, your Anceſtours and mine; and that in* Scotland *they have forced & violated the Aſhes of my Grand-fathers, that my Body (when my Adverſaries ſhall be ſatiated with my innocent bloud) may be carried by my own ſervants, into ſome holy Land; and above all, if it may be, into* France, *to be there interred where the Bones of the Queen, my moſt honoured Mother, are lodged, to the end my poor body, which knew no reſt, whiles joyned to my ſoul, might now find reſt, being ſeparated from it.*

Secondly, I beſeech Your Majeſty (in the apprehenſion which I have of the tyranny of thoſe, to Whoſe power You abandon me) that I may not ſuffer in any private place, but in the view of my ſervants and other people, who may give a teſtimony of my faith, and of my obedience to the true Church, and defend the remnant of my life, and my laſt ſighs, againſt the falſe Reports which my Adverſaries may contrive againſt me.

In the third place, I require that my ſervants, who have attended on me with great fidelity, during ſo many afflictions, may have free leave to retire where they pleaſe and enjoy thoſe ſmall legacies, which in my laſt will my poverty hath bequeathed to them.

I conjure You, Madam, *by the Bloud of Jeſus Chriſt, by the nearneſs of our conſanguinity, by the Memory of* Henry *the ſeventh, our common Father, and by the title of a Queen, which I carry to my Grave; not to deny me theſe reaſonable Demands, but by one word under Your hand, to grant me an aſſurance of them, and I ſhall dy, as I have lived,*

Your moſt affectionate Siſter

and Priſoner,

QUEEN MARY

It is uncertain whether this Letter came to the hands of *Elizabeth*, becauſe no Anſwer can be found unto it, whether it were that thoſe next unto her did conceal it from her, or whether through the hardneſs of her heart ſhe did diſſemble it.

The vain endeavour to delay the death.

In the mean time King *James* employed himſelf for the Deliverance of his Mother, the Ambaſſadours from *France*, *Monſieur de la Mote Aigron*, and *Monſieur del Aubiſpine*, were commanded thither upon that and other occaſions, and *Monſieur de Belieurs* did there alſo carry himſelf with great Wiſdom, Courage and Fidelity, as may appear by his grave Remonſtrance, which is to be read in the Hiſtory of *France*. Howſoever, the Arreſt of Death was ſuſpended for three months, until ſuch time that the clamours of the *Lutherans* and *Puritans*, did cauſe the Thunder to fall down upon that hand, which deſired nothing more, then to ſtrike home the blow.

The more adviſed did remonſtrate unto her, That it was without example, to commit a Lady, the Queen of *France* and *Scotland*, and the neareſt Kinſwoman ſhe had in the world, into the hands of a Hang-man: A Queen, which was not a priſoner of War, but her Gueſt, whom ſhe had called and invited into her Kingdom, and ſent unto her aſſurances of her fidelity. That ſhe ought to conſider, that what was done, proceeded from her Secretaries, and not from her. That if that after twenty years impriſonment, ſhe ſhould have conſented to be taken from it by force, it did not deſerve

to be punished with Death. That if she should cause her to dy, it would open a wound, fromwhence there would issue such abundance of bloud, that many Ages could not stanch it. That *Italy*, *France*, and *Spain*, and all the *Christian* Kingdoms of the world would be offended at it, and that she should bring upon her Kingdom the Arms of *Christendom*, who would be glad of that pretence, to invade her Kingdom. That it would be a most remarkable affront to her Son *James*, and all his Race, who could not but be mindful of it. That it would incense the spirits of her Kingdom, and render them unreconcileable to her. And in the end, that it was to be feared that Heaven would arm it self against so bloudy a Design. That she should use the miserable (and especially a Queen who came into her Countrey for protection) with more Reverence. That she should hazard much in her death, but could lose nothing by her life, seeing she had so many Guards, Prisons, Bars, and Walls to secure her if she had an intent to enterprise against the State.

But the insolent Ministers did incessantly cry out, That she must put an end to her Imprisonment, by putting an end unto her Life. That the Queen ought to remember, that she had usurped her Titles and her Name, and sometimes caused her self to be proclamed Queen of *England* and of *Scotland*, and that Sovereigns never pardoned those, who did so far intrench upon their Authority. That the life of *Elizabeth* and *Mary* were incompatible. That the onely means to take away all pretences from the *Catholicks*, was to cut off this root, which would make all her hopes to perish. That King *James* was instructed in their Religion, and would rather look after the advancement of his own State, then take vengeance for the Death of his Mother. That forreign Princes were too much perplexed with the difficulties of their own affairs, and took care, rather to defend their own, then to invade her Kingdom. That her Cousin, the Duke of *Guise*, was in a bad condition in *France*; and that *Henry* the Third would be very careful how he did espouse her quarrels. And if other Princes were so hardy to undertake it, they were to understand, that *England* had a deep ditch about it. That Queen *Elizabeth* was mortal, and if she should dy, there was not that calamity to be conceived, which both Religion & the State would not suffer under the reign of *Mary*, in the revenge of her Imprisonment, and other injuries she had received. That she could not but remember, that great personages did write things well done on the sand; but did engrave their Discontents in Brass. The Preachers made it to be a work of Religion, with their absurd Allegations out of the Bible, which they did corrupt to their bloudy meaning. And the Lawyers, as ignorant as the Ministers, were absurd, did produce some Histories for the punishment of Kings, which were altogether impertinent.

But there needed not so much labour to perswade a Woman, who had in her so much vanity, as once in her life, to make a Princess head to fly upon a Scaffold, and who did not remember, that in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, being her self accused of offending the Estate, and expecting her sentence of death, she did so much fear the Axes of the Hang-men in *England*, that she was resolved to petition to her Sister to send for an Executioner to *France*, to cut off her head. Now was the Commandment given for her death, and it was signified to the poor Victim, who for a long time, was prepared for this Sacrifice.

Some passionate writers, do endeavour to divert this Crime from the reputation of *Elizabeth*, taking their ground on a Letter which she wrote to the Queen of *Scotland*, in which by a shameful perfidiousness, she doth write, *That her spirit was tormented with an incomparable sorrow, by reason of the lamentable event, which was arrived against her will; and that she had not a soul so base, as either by terrour to fear to do what was just, or by cowardize to deny it, after it was done.*

But who doth not see that this is to mock, and to traduce the story, and the belief of mankind; *Davison*, her Secretary, who managed this sad affair, as the true instrument of her malice, doth express in his Attestation, reported in the most faithful Memorials of *England* by *Cambden*; that after the departure of the *French Ambassadour*, sent to prevent the Execution, she commanded him to shew the Instrument for putting the Queen of *Scotland* to death, which being done, she most readily signed it with her own hand, and commanded him to see it sealed with the Great Seal; and smiling, she added some few words, that she blamed *Paulet* and *Drury*, who guarded the Prisoner, for not delivering her from that pain. *Elizabeth entirely culpable of the death of Queen Mary.*

It is true, that in the morning she sent one named *Killigrew*, to *Davison*, to forbid to put that command in Execution, whether it were that her Remorse of Conscience had put her into some frights, her sleeps being ordinarily disturbed with horrible Dreams, which did represent unto her the images of her Crimes, or whether it were an artifice to procure her the reputation of being merciful, in killing with so much treachery. The Secretary came to her in the field, and declared to her, that the Order for the Queen of *Scotland*'s death, was now finished and sealed, on which she put on the countenance of displeasure, and told him, that by the Counsel of wise men, one might find out other expedients, by which it is believed, that she intended poison. Nevertheless, she now was commanded that the Execution should be delayed, And as *Davison* presented himself to her three dayes afterward, demanding of her if her Majesty had changed her advice, she answered, No, and was angry with *Paulet* for not enterprising boldly enough the last of the Crimes; And said moreover, That she would find others who would do it, for the love they did bear unto her. On which, the other did remonstrate, that she must think well of him, for otherwise she would ruine Men of great Merit with their posterity. She still persisted and on the very same day of the Execution, she did chide the Secretary for being so slow in advancing her Commands, who as soon as he had discovered the affair, the evil Counsellours did pursue the expedition with incredible heat; for they sent *Beal*, a Capital Enemy of the *Catholicks*, with letters directed to certain Lords, in which, power was given them to proceed unto the Massacre; who immediately repairing to the Castle of *Fotheringhey*, where the Queen was prisoner, they caused her to rise from her bed, where the indisposition of her body had laid her, and having read unto her their Commission, they did advertise her, that she must dy on the morning following.

16. She received this without changing of her countenance, and said:

That

Her death and miraculous constancy.

That she did not think that the Queen, her Sister, would have brought it to that extremity; But since such was her pleasure, death was most agreeable to her, and that a Soul was not worthy of celestial and eternal joyes, whose body could not endure the stroke of the Hang-man. For the rest, she appealed to Heaven and Earth, who were the witnesses of her Innocence; adding, that the onely Consolation which she received in a spectacle so ignominious, was, that she died for the Religion of her Fathers, she beseeched God to increase her constancy to the measure of her afflictions, and to welcome the death she was to suffer for the expiation of her sins.

After she spake these words, she besought the Commissioners to permit her to confer with her Confessour, which by a barbarous cruelty was refused, a cruelty which is not exercised on the worst of all offenders; and in the place, for a Directour of her conscience, they gave her for her comforters the Bishop and the Dean of *Peterborough* whom with horrour she rejected, saying, That God should be her Comforter. The Earl of *Kent*, who was one of the Commissioners, and most hot in the persecution of her, told her: *Your life will be the death, and your death will be the life of our Religion.* Declaring in that sufficiently the cause of her death; whereupon she gave thanks to God, that she was judged by her Enemies themselves, to be judged an instrument capable to restore the antient Religion in *England*. In this particular she desired, that the *Protestants* had rather blamed her effects, then her designs.

After the Lords were retired, she began to provide for her last day, as if she had deliberated on some voyage; and this she did with so much devotion, prudence and courage, that a Religious man, who hath had all his Meditations on death for thirty years together, could not have performed it with greater Justice. And in the first place, she commanded that supper should be dispatched, to advise of her affairs; and according to her custom, supping very soberly, she entertained herself on a good discourse, with a marvellous tranquillity of mind. And amongst other things, turning herself to *Burgon*, her Physitian, she demanded of him, if he did not observe how great was the power of the Truth, seeing the sentence of her death did import, that she was condemned for having conspired against *Elizabeth*; and the Earl of *Kent* did signify that she died for the apprehension which they had, that she should be the death of the false Religion, which would be rather her glory, then a punishment.

At the end of supper, she drank to all Servants with a grave and modest chearfulness on which they all kneeled down, and mingled so many tears with their wine, that it was lamentable to behold. As soon as their sobs had given liberty to their words, they asked her pardon for not performing those services, which her Majesty did merit; and she (although she was the best Mistris that ever was under heaven) desired all the world to pardon her defects. She comforted them with an invincible courage, and commanded them to wipe away their tears, & to rejoyce, because she should now depart from an abyss of misery; and assured them, that she never would forget them, neither before God, nor men.

After supper, she worte three Letters, one to the King of *France*, one to the Duke of *Guise*, and the third, unto her Confessor. Behold, the Letter in its own terms, which she wrote unto King *Henry* the Third.

SIR,

A Letter unto Henry the Third.

GOD, as with all humility I am bound to believe, having permitted, that for the expiation of my sins, I should cast my self into the Arms of this Queen, my Cousin, having endured for above twenty years the afflictions of imprisonment, I am in the end, by her, and her Estates condemned unto death. I have demanded that they should restore the papers which they have taken from me, the better to perfect my last Will and Testament; and that according to my desire, my body should be transported into your Kingdom, where I have had the Honour to be a Queen, your Sister, and ancient Allie; but as my sufferings are without comfort, so my requests are without answer. This day after dinner they signified unto me the sentence to be executed the next day about seven of the clock in the morning, as the most guilty offender in the world. I cannot give you the discourse at large of what is passed, It shall please your Majesty to believe my Physitian, and my servants, whome I conceive to be worthy of credence. I am wholly disposed unto death, which in this Innocence I shall receive with as much mispriſion, as I have attended it with patience. The Right, which my birth doth give me to the realm of England, *and the Catholick Religion, are the causes of my Condemnation, although they disguise them, as much as they are able, by their Calumnies. They have taken from me my Almoner, and deprived me of the consolation of the Sacrament, which I intended at my death, pressing me with all violence of importunity, to receive the assistance and the Doctrine of their Ministers, but I will never do any thing that shall be unworthy of my Birth, or my Religion. These, who shall conveigh unto you the last sighs of my life, shall assure you of my constancy. It remains that I beseech you (since you have always protested to have loved me) to render to me the proofs of your charity, to pray to God for a most Christian Queen, who dieth a Catholick, as she hath lived, and to command, that some reward may be given to my dear Servants, for I depart this world, deprived of all worldly goods. As for my Son, I recommend him to you as far as he shall deserve, for I cannot answer for him. I have assumed the boldness to send you two stones, which are very rare for health, which I wish you may finde perfect and happy in a long life; you shall receive them from your most affectionate Sister-in-Law, who dieth in giving you the last testimonies of her heart. I recommend again my desolate Servants to you, and If your majesty shall bestow on me, wherewith to found a little Covent, and alms requisite to it for some who shall pray for me, you shall send my Soul unto God, enriched with more merits. This I, beseech you for the honour of Jesus Christ, whom near unto my death I pray unto for you, in the quality*

SIR,

Your most affectionate

Sister-in-Law

QUEEN MARY.

I am of opinion, that the Letter, which made its addres to the Duke of *Guise*, was of the same substance. The Letter to her Confessour did import the Combats she had suffered for Religion, and the Zeal, which did transport her to die in the Catholick Faith, and that most cruelly she had been denied to make her last will, or to have her body transported, or to have permission to confess her

ſelf. In defect whereof ſhe doth confeſs her ſins in General, as ſhe had intended to rehearſe them to him in particular. She deſired him to pray and to watch that night in ſpirit with her, and to ſend her his abſolution, and to preſcribe unto her the prayers which he thought moſt proper for her for that Night, and for the Morning following, adding, that if ſhe could ſee him at the hour of her ſuffering, ſhe would kneel down and take her leave of him, with a deſire of his Benediction. This being done, ſhe took a Re-view of her Teſtament, and cauſed the Inventory of her Goods to be read, and wrote down the Names of thoſe, to whom ſhe had beſtowed her Wardrope; ſhe alſo diſtributed mony to ſome with her own hand, afterwards being retired, ſhe ſpent the reſt of the Night in Watching and prayer. Others affirm, that having ſaid her Prayers, ſhe threw herſelf upon the Bed, and ſlept ſome hours very quietly, to make herſelf more ſtrong for the next days conflict. Afterwards awaking, ſhe began to enter into an Agony; and her naked Knees being humbled on the Ground, ſhe did read that Paſſion, to encourage herſelf to her laſt combat, mingling almoſt already her Tears and her Blood, with the Tears and Blood of her beſt Beloved: She paſſed many hours in Meditations, until ſhe had wearied two of her ſervants, whom ſhe commanded to take their reſt.

Her laſt day, which was on the twenty eighth of *February*, in the Year 1587. and on the eighteenth of *February* according to the *Engliſh* account, the Sun beginning to riſe, ſhe did put on thoſe habiliments, which ſhe did uſuall wear on Feſtival days, and having again aſſembled her Servants, ſhe cauſed her Teſtament to be read unto them, and deſired them to take in good part the ſmall Legacies which ſhe had given them, becauſe the condition of her Eſtate did not permit her to bequeath them greater. She gave them, all her laſt Farewell, exhorting them to the fear and love of their Creatour, to the preſervation of their Religion, and of concord amongſt themſelves, and deſired them to pray for the ſafety of her poor Soul. In the end ſhe kiſſed all the women, and permitted all the men to kiſs her hand. The Hall was filled with Cries, and Lamentations, and Sighs, and Sobs, and followed almoſt with an inundation of Tears, which they could not wipe away. But as ſhe had all her thought advanced to Heaven, ſhe retired herſelf again into her Oratory, where ſhe continued a long time, imploring the Grace of God with Sighs, and with the Groanings of a Dove, until that *Thomas Andrews* Lieutenant of that County, did ſignifie unto her that it was time to come forth.

She ſuddenly obeyed him, and came forth in a poſture full of Majeſty, and with a joyful Countenance. Her habit was moſt modeſt, her head was covered with a veyl, which hung down beneath her ſhoulders; She had a Chaplet at her Girdle, and an Ivory Crucifix in her hand. The Commiſſioners received her in the Gallery, where they did attend her. And Melvin *her Steward did preſent himſelf before her, and weeping fell on his knees to underſtand her laſt commands.*

Weep not, ſhe ſaid, but rather rejoyce, for this day you ſhall ſee Mary Stuart *delivered from all her ſorrows. I conjure you to acquaint my Son, that I have always lived, and do die in the Catholick Religion, and that I do exhort him with all my heart to preſerve the Faith of his Anceſtours, to love Juſtice and to maintain his people in peace, and to enterpriſe nothing againſt the Queen of* England. *I have committed nothing againſt the Realm of* Scotland, *and I have alwayes loved the Kingdom of* France. *God pardon thoſe that do thirſt after my bloud, as the Hart panteth after the fountain of waters. Thou, O Lord, who art truth it ſelf, and ſoundeſt the deepeſt ſecrets of my heart, thou doſt know how much I have deſired peace, and the Union of the two Realms of* England *and* Scotland.

Her Royal heart growing tender on her Son, on the conſideration of the cruelties and the perſecutions of the Catholick Church, and on the Indignities which moſt innocently ſhe ſuffered, her eyes poured down ſome tears of compaſſion, which ſhe ſuddenly wiped away. Then turning to the Lords, ſhe deſired that her poor Servants might, after her death, be uſed with humanity, that they might be ſuffered to enjoy thoſe poor Legacies which ſhe had given them in her Teſtament, that they might be ſuffered to aſſiſt her at her death, and afterwards be ſent ſafe into their Countryes upon the publick faith. The Inhumanity of the Earl of *Kent* would not permit that her own Servants ſhould aſſiſt her, and ſaid, They would but ſerve to increaſe Superſtition, but ſhe replyed; Fear it not, theſe poor miſerable creatures deſire nothing more then to give me my laſt Farewel, and I am confident that my ſiſter *Elizabeth* would not have refuſed me ſo ſmal a courteſie, ſeeing the Honour of my ſex demandeth that my ſervants ſhould be preſent. I am her near kinſwoman, Grand-child to *Henry* the eight, and Queen *Dowager* of *France*, beſides I have received the Unction of Queen of *Scotland*, if you will not grant this courteſie to one of my quality, let me have it at leaſt for the tenderneſs of the heart of men. On this conſideration five or ſix of her ordinary Servants, were permitted to accompany her to the place of Execution, to which ſhe now was going.

This divine Queen, whom *France* had ſeen to walk in ſuch ſtate and Triumph at the pomp of her marriage, when ſhe was followed with all the glory of that Kingdom, doth now alas go with this poor train to render her neck unto the Hangman. She came into the Hall hung round about with blacks, and aſcended the Scaffold, which was covered with the ſame livery, to accompliſh this laſt Act of her long Tragedy. What eyes of furies were not ſtruck blind at the aſpect of this face, in which the dying Graces did ſhoot for the laſt light of their ſhining Glories.

As ſoon as ſhe was ſate in a chair prepared for that purpoſe, one *Beal* did read the Command, and the outrageous Sentence of her death, which ſhe heard very peaceably, ſuppreſſing all the ſtrugglings of Nature, to abandon her ſelf to Grace in the imitation of her Saviour. At laſt *Fletcher*, the Dean of *Peterborough*, one of her evil Counſellours did preſent himſelf before her, and made a Pedantical Diſcourſe, on the life paſſed, the life preſent, and the life to come, undertaking, according to his power, to pervert her in this her laſt conflict. This was the moſt ſenſible to her of all her afflictions, at the laſt minute of her life to hear the ſtudied ſpeech of an impertinent and audacious Miniſter, wherefore ſhe oftentimes interrupted him, and beſought him not to importune her, aſſuring him, that ſhe was confirmed in the faith of the ancient Catholick and *Roman* Church, and was ready to ſhed her laſt bloud for it. Nevertheleſs this

this infamous Doctour did not ceaſe to perſecute her with his Remonſtrances unto the ſhades of Death.

She looked round about the Hall, if ſhe could diſcover her Confeſſor, to demand of him the abſolution of her ſins, but he was ſo buſie that he could not be found. A poor Maid belonging to her, having thruſt her ſelf with all her force into the Croud, as ſoon as ſhe was got through them, and beheld her Miſtriſs between two Hang-men, did break forth into a loud cry, which troubled thoſe who were about the Queen to aſſiſt her. But the Queen, who had a ſpirit preſent on all occaſions, made a ſign unto her with her hand, that ſhe ſhould hold her peace, if ſhe had not a mind to be forced thence. The Lords then made a ſemblance as if they would pray for her, but ſhe thanked them heartily for their good will, ſaying, that it would be taken as a crime to communicate in prayers with them. Then turning to the multitude, who were about three hundred perſons, ſhe thus expreſſed her ſelf.

It is a new ſpectacle, to behold a Queen brought to dy upon a Scaffold. I have not learned to undreſs, to unveil my ſelf, and to put off the Royal Ornaments in ſo great a Company, and to have two Hang-men in the place of the Grooms of my Chamber. But we muſt ſubmit to what heaven is pleaſed to have done, and obey the Decrees of the Divine Providence.

I proteſt before the face of the living God, that I never attempted againſt the Life or Eſtate of my Couſin, neither have I committed any thing worthy of this uſage. If it be imputed to my Religion, I eſteem my ſelf moſt happy to ſhed even the laſt drop of my life for it. I put all my confidence in him, whom I ſee repreſented on this Croſs, which I hold in my hand, and I promiſe and aſſure my ſelf, that this temporal Death ſuffered for his Name, ſhall be a beginning to me of Eternal life, with the Angels and moſt happy Souls, who ſhall receive my bloud, and repreſent it before the face of God, in the remiſſion of all my Offences.

There was now a floud in every ey, and amongſt all her Enemies, there were not above four who were able to contain their tears. The Hang-man clothed in black velvet, fell down on his knees, and did demand her pardon, which ſhe moſt willingly granted, and not to him onely, but to all her perſecutours.

After theſe words, ſhe kneeled down her ſelf, praying aloud in *Latin*, and invoked the moſt holy Mother of God, and the triumphant Company of Saints to aſſiſt her. She repeated her moſt fervent prayers for the Church, for her Kingdom, for *France*, for her ſon, for her cruel murtherers, for *England*, for her Judges, and for her Executioner, recommending into the hands of the Saviour of the world her ſpirit, purified as well by love, as by affliction. The laſt words of her Prayers were theſe, *As thy arms, Lord Jeſus, were ſtretched forth on the Croſs, ſo receive me into the ſtretched forth arms of thy mercy.*

She unceſſantly kiſſed a Crucifix which ſhe had in her hand, whereat, one that ſtood by, being offended at the honour which ſhe gave unto the Croſs, told her, That ſhe ſhould carry it in her heart, to whom ſhe ſuddenly made anſwer; *Both in my heart, and in my hand.* After this ſhe diſpoſed her ſelf to the Block. The Executioner would have taken off her Gown, but ſhe repelled him, and deſired, that that office might be performed for her by her own maids who approched to her, to prepare her for the ſtroke of death. And ſhe her ſelf did accommodate them in it, as diligently as ſhe could, and laid open her neck and throat, more white then Alabaſter, & too much alas diſcovered for ſo lamentable a Subject. This being done, ſhe ſigned her own Attendants with the ſign of Croſs, kiſſing them, & with a ſhort ſmile, did bid them farewel, to ſhew, that ſhe died as comfortably as conſtantly, making no more reſiſtance, then the flower doth againſt the hand that doth gather it.

Thoſe poor creatures did weep moſt bitterly, & with their ſighs and ſobs could have cleaved the rocks, when the Queen reproved them, ſaying: *Nay, what do you mean? Have I anſwered for your conſtancy, & that your grief ſhould not be importunate, and do you ſuffer your ſelves to be thus tranſported with lamentation, when I am going to exchange a temporal Kingdom, full of miſery, for an everlaſting Empire, filled with felicity?*

It was diſcovered that ſhe had a Croſs about her of great value, which ſhe intended to have beſtowed on one of her neereſt friends, promiſing the Executioner to recompenſe him ſome other way; but this enemy of the Croſs did force it from her, to ſatisfy his avarice. And as ſhe had her eyes blinded, and was applying her ſelf to the block, ſhe began the Pſalm *In te Domine ſperavi.* In thee, Lord, have I hoped: and amongſt thoſe ſacred words, *In manus tuas*, into thy hands; which ſhe again and again, and divers times repeated: the Executioner trembling, and indiſpoſed, made one ſtroke with his Ax, and inſtead of her neck, the Ax fell higher, and cutting off ſome part of her Coyf, it made a grievous wound on the hinder part of her head, whereupon readily diſpatching two ſtrokes more, the Executioner took up the head from the body, and ſhewed it openly, all pale, and bloudy, as it was, yet ſtill carrying in her eclipſed eyes the attractives of that brave Soul, which now did ceaſe to animate her body, and with a horrible voice he pronounced, *Long live Queen* Elizabeth, *and ſo let the enemies of the Goſpel periſh*, which words the Dean repeated, and the Earl of *Kent* applauded, when all the world beſides them were in tears.

The bloud was collected in ſilver Baſons, and the Corps was laid forth on the Scaffold. Her poor Maids drew near unto her, deſiring that they might be permitted to diveſt her, and to bury her with their own hands. But the furious Earl did drive them out of the Hall, and cauſed the ſacred body to be carryed into a Chamber of the Caſtle, where it was locked up. He alſo ordered, that the Cloath and Boards ſhould be burnt, that were purpled with the bloud of this Martyr, as if there were any element in the world that was able to take away ſo celeſtial a tincture. Theſe two Virgins did not ceaſe to follow with their eyes the body of their Miſtriſs, looking upon her as well as they could, through the clefts of the door, as ſhe ſtill lay bloudy, and but half covered. They waited there like two *Magdalens* at the Sepulcher, until ſuch time as ſhe was interred in the Cathedral Church of *Peterborough*, where all the beſt ſort of men, as long as it was allowed, did repair to let fall their tears, and lay forth their ſighs, upon her Tomb. The news being brought to *London*, all the bells did ring for joy, to convey the tidings of it to cruel *Elizabeth*, who did conceal her ſelf, rather for ſhame then grief, although ſhe counterfeited to be extremely touched for the Death of her kinswoman. And in effects ſhe often felt the remorſe of Conſcience, and had horrible Dreams; which did make her to cry out in the night, and to wake her Maids of Honour with her affrights.

17. As

17. As long as Truth, or Virtue, or Men ſhall continue upon the Earth, that Wound ſhall bleed; as long as there ſhall be Eyes or Tears in this Vale of miſerie, there ſhall be Tears Diſtilled on theſe Royal Aſhes; and the Piety of the living, ſhall never ceaſe with full hands to ſtrew Lilies and Violets and Roſes on her Tomb. *Mary*, whom Heaven abſolveſt, doth now commence an eternal Proceſs againſt *Elizabeth*, ſhe ſhall be brought before as many Tribunals, as there are reaſonable Spirits, and ſhall daily be condemned; without ending of her miſery, becauſe ſhe put no end to her injuſtice.

It ſeemeth that God did expreſly give her a long Life, as to *Cain*, to *Herod*, to *Tiberius*, and other Tyrants, to fill up the meaſure of her Iniquity, to poſſeſs a Bloody Scepter amongſt Jealouſies, Affrights, and Defiances, and to ſee her Hell alive, when at laſt, ſtooping to the impotency of Age, and ſlighted by her own creatures, ſhe would often complain, that all the world did abandon her, and that ſhe had not one left, in whom ſhe might repoſe her confidence.

God hath dried up her Root on Earth, and made her die childleſs: He hath placed on her Throne the blood of *Mary*, who at this day doth hold the Crown of *England* and of *Scotland*.

Great GOD, if it be permitted to enter into the Cloud of thy great Myſteries, and the Secrets which thou haſt concealed from our Eyes, Is it not from this blood we ſhall ſee one day a Flower to ariſe, the moſt Illuſtrious of the Poſterity, who between his Hands ſhall bring forth the Golden Age, who ſhall make the Antient Piety to triumph, and on his Royal Shoulders ſhall carry it even into the Throne of Glory, who ſhall render Divine Honour to the Aſhes of his Mother, and about her Tomb ſhall make the Cypreſs Trees to grow, that ſhall advance unto the Stars her Honoured Name, which they ſhall wear Engraved on their Leaves?

Elizabeth ſhall then be but a Spectre of Horrour, and her Pernicious Counſellers ſhall appear round about her, as the pale Shades in the center of Darkneſs.

England ſhall awake from her long Lethargie, and with veneration ſhall look on her whom ſhe hath diſhonoured with ſo much fury.

Incomparable *Mary*, we ſay no more that Providence hath been a Step-mother, and that ſhe hath uſed you with too much rigour and violence. She hath cauſed you to enter in a Garden, covered with Palms and Laurels, which you have bedewed with your Tears, manured with your afflictions, enobled with your Combats, and honoured with your Blood. She hath mounted you on a Scaffold, where you have acted the laſt and moſt Glorious Tragedy, that was ever repreſented in the world by your Sex, or in your condition. The Angels (O Divine Princeſs) from the portals of Heaven did with admiration contemplate your Combat, they encouraged your Conſtancy, they ſang your Praiſes, and with emulation they prepared for you your everlaſting Crowns.

The heart of a Woman againſt an hundred Leopards: The heart of a Diamond againſt a thouſand Hammers, which never turned for all their violence, which never could be tempted with the glitterings of Honour, which always did temper with Gall the moſt delicious contentments of this life, to follow her Jesus, her wounded Jesus, her Jesus crucified for her.

The moſt *Catholick* Queen in the world, who honoured nothing more then Churches and Prieſts and Altars, to live twenty years, as it were, without a Church, without a Prieſt, and without an Altar; to make in her ſelf a Temple of her Body, an Altar of her Heart, and a Sacrifice of her Blood; nay, what ſhall I ſay, in a Death ſo abandoned, to be her ſelf the Altar, to be her ſelf the Prieſt, and her ſelf the Sacrifice? What Virgin hath ſeen the twentieth year of her Captivity? What Martyr hath ſanctified ſo many priſons? Who hath ever made experience of ſo many Deaths in one? Who hath ever ſeen Death to come with a more willing foot? And who hath indeer'd it with a greater joy? Who hath managed it with wiſdom? And who hath accompliſhed it with greater glory? Your fair Name, O *Mary*, borne on the Wings of Triumph and Renown, doth paſs through Sea and Land, is an object of Veneration to the people, and of Ornament unto Heaven, where your Soul with advantage doth rejoyce in the pleaſures of eternal happineſs.

Look down fair Soul, and behold your Iſlands and your Realms, with thoſe Eys enlightned with the Beams of the Face of God. Conſider the waves of the Ocean, which ceaſe not to carry the Memory of your Deeds to the ends of the Earth, pardon your Subjects, and waſh away the ſtain, which the effuſion of that generous blood hath made, ſince you had rather be a Meſſenger of Reconciliation, then to be the bearer of Vengeance.

O Great and Illuſtrious *Britany*, Is it poſſible that this blood hath yet wrought nothing on the hardneſs of thy heart, and that thou doſt ſtill delight, by force of Arms, to fight againſt heaven, to oppoſe thy own ſafety, and to ſhut the gate againſt thy own happineſs? Where is that glory of thy Chriſtianiſm, which heretofore did make thee to be lookt upon, as on a land of Benediction, which opened her liberal breaſts, to give ſo many Doctours to *Europe*, ſo many Lights of Learning to the Church, ſo many Examples of Piety to all *Chriſtendom*, and ſo many Confeſſours unto Paradiſe? Thy Kings, by a Pious violence, have forced their way to Heaven, and their people have followed their foot-ſteps. There was nothing ſpoken of thee, but obedience to the Church of *Rome*, of Saints, of Reliques, of Piety, of Combats, of Virtue, and of Crowns. And ſince the Devil of Luſt and Rebellion, raiſed from the moſt black Abyſs, hath ſeized on the ſoul of a miſerable King, thou haſt ſullied thy perfection, thou haſt deſtroyed thy Sanctuary, the lamentable Reliques whereof, are now ſpread over all the world, and the ſacred Stones of thy Temples, groaning amongſt the Nations, do attend the day of the Juſtice of God, and the Re-union of the hearts of thy people, in the performance of his ſervice. What haſt thou done with the Cradle of *Conſtantine*, and of Saint *Helena*, who were born with thee, to give Laws unto all Chriſtendom? What haſt thou done with thoſe precious Stones which compoſed that Diadem, the Beams whereof did ſparkle with admiration in the Eyes of all the people in the world? Return, O *Shunamite*, return: Return, fair Iſland, to thy firſt beginning, the hand of God is not ſhortned, his Arms all day are ſtretched forth to receive thee. If the inſolent hands of Hereſie have made them bars, which have been planted

for

for so many years, do not think but the hands of true piety will tear away the disorders, which protect themselves in the night of so corrupted an Age. Feign not to thy self imaginary horrours, and overthrowings of Estates by the Inquisitions and Thunders of *Rome*. The beams of the Sun will make the Manna to melt, which no power can destroy. The blood of this immortal Queen, shall break the Diamond in pieces, & one day work those great effects, which we our selves cannot believe, nor our posterity sufficiently admire.

It is in your veins, most mighty Monarch of *Great Britain*, where still her blood doth run. That cruel Axe which made three Crowns to fall with one head, hath not yet poured it all out, it doth preserve it self in your body, and in the body of your Posterity, animated with the Spirt of *Mary*, and imprinted with the image of her goodness. It is she who hath given you so temperate a Spirit, such attractive inclinations, such royal Virtues, and so triumphant a Majesty, It is she who uniteth you with the Queen, your dear Spouse, with a will so cordial and with a love so perfect, and makes your marriage as a continual Sacrifice of the Antients, whose offerings that were presented, had no gall at all in them. The Queen of *Scotland*, your Grand-mother who was given unto *France*, and *France* hath rendred you a Princess according to the heart of God and according to your own heart, a Blossom of our Lilies, the Daughter of a King, the Sister of a King, the Wife of a King, Royal in her blood, Royal in her Religion, Royal in her Piety, in her Prudence, and Royal in her Courage. She enters into your cares, she partakes of your troubles. She conspires with your Designs, her spirit turneth unto yours, and yours continually is ready to meet with hers. They are two clockes excellently ordered, which at every hour of the Day do answer one another.

Great Majesties of *Britaine*, carry the same yoak in the service of God, and the piety of your Ancestours, and as you have but one heart, maintain also but one Religion. Establish that which your Grand-mother of everlasting memory, hath practised by her Virtues, demonstrated by her Examples, honoured by her Constancy, and sealed with her Blood.

CARDINAL POOL.

NExt unto *Boetius*, I will insert *Cardinal Pool*, one of the most excellent Men of the Age before us, who being chief of the Council in the Realm of *England*, under Queen *Mary*, did know so well to marry the Interests of State, to the Interests of God; that rendring himself the Restorer of Religion, he repaired the Ruins of the Kingdom, which were fallen into a horrible desolation.

His birth and Education.

His Birth most high and illustrious, made him a near Kinsman to the King of *Great Britain* as well by the Father's side, as by the Mother's. His spirit did equal his Nobility, but his Virtue did exceed them both, and proved him to be the wisest and the most moderate person in all the Clergy. The care of his good Mother, did with great advantage improve his more innocent and tender years, and omitted nothing that might either enlighten his understanding in the knowledg of learning, or inflame his heart with a generous heat after gallant actions.

His love of solitude

In his most tender age, he testified a Divine Attraction, which made him to eschew all commerce of company, and secretly did inspire him with the love of Solitude. He did delight in the Country life, where the pureness of the Air, the aspect of the Stars, the ennammel of the Meadows, the covert of the Woods, the veins of the Waters, and other objects, did prepare him as many Degrees to mount up to God, as he did there behold Beauties in the discovered breasts of Nature.

It was for this, that he made his first studies near unto the House of the reverend Fathers of the Charthers, whose conversation he loved more then all the pleasures in the world, which occasioned a certain tincture of Devotion, and of probitie to pass into his manners, which continued with him all his life. From thence he removed to the Universities in *England*, where he gave most admirable proofes of his Capacity.

His Vertue yels.

On the approach of the twentieth year of his age,

he travelled into *Italy*, where he beheld the wonders of *Rome*, and had a taste of the rarest spirits in that Age, some whereof did afterwards live with him, and did much conduce to fill his spirit with the height of learning, which made him to be admired by all, and the rather, because it no way diminished the holy heats of his Devotion.

Having travelled into forein Countryes, for the space of five years, he returned into *England*, where he was looked upon as a man slid down from Heaven, whose excellent Qualities did promise him the fullness of glory.

His return to England

But he suddenly observed the Affairs of the Kingdom to be greatly perplexed, by reason of the horrible Divorce, which *Henry the Eight* resolved on, who endeavoured at once to separate himself from his wife, and from the Church of God. He much desired, that *Pool* who was famous for knowledge and integrity, should approve his intention, to the end that finding no assistance from Truth, he might beg some apparence from the opinions of men.

The Combat in his spirit.

This was no small temptation to this young Prelate, who was not altogether so austere as to distast all honour of preferment, nor so little versed in Court, as not to look on the King, as the Original from whence it flowed. He a long time consulted with himself to finde a mean, which might make his conscience to accord with the will of the King. His integrity which was to him as another Birth, did dispute in his heart with the Interest of his Fortune, and he sought after the means to temper them into one. One day he thought he had found it, and addressed himself to the Court, to expose his advice unto the King, which was an advice more pleasing then just; and he had then a care that the liberty of his words, should not hinder the pretences to his dignity.

O who is he that is able to counsel a King in his passion: If you alledge unto him too much of Justice, you hazard your Fortune. If you comply unto him with too much Gentleness, you do betray your heart. The words of a Prince are the furnace which doth prove you, where you may behold some to burn and to consume away like straw, and others to come forth purified like Gold.

The spirit of God did seize on the heart and the tongue of this wise Counsellour, he forgot all the worldly and flattering reasons he had prepared, to open onely his eyes unto the Truth.

He took part with God.

How Sir, (said he unto the King) to labour a divorce from Queen Katharine, *after so many years of your Marriage, who hath brought you issue to succeed you in the Crown. It is true, that she was given a Spouse to your elder Brother, but he dyed in his youth before his Marriage was consummated. And you have espoused the Queen in the face of the Church, with a Dispensation as authentical as the Pope could give, and which he granted, with your consent, at the request of the King your Father of glorious Memory; And since your Majesty hath had a secret Repugnance, caused by a respect to him, to whom you owe your Birth, that can bring no prejudice to the publick Faith, nor to the consummation of a Marriage followed by such fruits and Benedictions, as ordinarily do attend that mutual commerce.*

Alas Sir, Your Majesty hath consecrated its Reign by so many Royal Virtues, and Excellent Examples, which have acquired you the Love and Admiration of Christendom, will it now eclipse so pure a Life, and so Triumphant a Reputation, by a stain which cannot be washed away, but by the effusion of the blood of all your Realm. Your Majesty hath sacrificed both its Scepter and its Pen, by the obedience which it hath rendred to the holy See, and by the Book which it hath made in the Defence of the Church. Cannot it honestly cast off those Lawes, which it hath authorized by a publick Testimony? What will your people say, who have so just an apprehension of Religion? What will forein Princes say, who have conceived so high an Opinion of your Merit? Those who do counsel you to that Divorce, are the most Capital Enemies of your glory, who do draw upon you the indignation of God, the censure of the Soveraign Priest, the Arms of a great Estate, Who being offended at this affront, will conjure your ruine.

That which hath driven you to it, is onely a passion of youth, which ought to be moderated, it is bad Counsel, from which you should retire your self, it is a mischief, which you should labour to avoid. In this case, the Advice which doth least please you, will be the best. The precipitation of so hazardous an Act, can bring nothing but repentance. This I speak unto your Majesty, being driven to it by the fervent zeal which I have unto the safety of its Soul, and by the tender respect which I have alwayes borne to your Royal Person. I must beseech it, that I may not be surprized in so important an affair, as this Marriage is, which had his Ordinance in heaven, and its happinesse on earth.

This was boldly spoken by a Man, who saw that in accomodating his humour to the King, he incontinently entred into the possession of the richest benefits of the Kingdom, and that crossing his design, he exposed his Liberty, his Estate, his life to most apparent danger. Nevertheless, he had the constancy to make him this grave Remonstrance, without following the Example of those, which flatter all evil actions, and make Divinity to speak that, which the interest of their Fortunes doth suggest unto them.

Henry the Eight was no way softned at this so grave an Oration; but on the contrary, he had a most earnest desire to arrest his Cousin *Pool*, and to put him to death, which had been put in Execution, if the hand of God had not withheld the blow.

Henry the Eight grown more hardened.

He very well observed, that the heart of the King was empoysoned with lust and choler, even to the Despair of all Remedy. Wherefore not long after, finding his opportunity he asked leave of the King under some pretence to go out of the Kingdom, and did abandon himself to a willing banishment, because he would not offend his conscience. He came into *France*, and stayed sometime in *Avignon*, from thence he travelled to *Padua*, and from *Padua* to *Venice*, where he was acknowledged and esteemed for one of the chiefest men of Christendom, and renowned for excellent qualities.

Pool banished himself.

In the end, God being pleased to demonstrate that there is nothing lost in serving him, and that honours are not onely for them who by a politick suppleness do accommodate themselves unto the times and the lusts of great men, stirred up the spirit of *Paul the Third*, a great lover of learned men, who made him Cardinal, with approbation of all the world. So that forsaking a Bishoprick in *England*, for the satisfying of his conscience, and the defence of the truth, he obtained by his merit so high a place of Eminence in the Church, which all the Crimes of a conscience prostituted to evils, could never procure unto them.

Pool made Cardinal.

Henry

Henry, who had already declared war against God and all his Saints by his divorce, was inflamed with choler by reason of the retreat and the promotion of this holy man, causing him to be proscribed over all *England*, and promising fifty thousand Crowns to him who should bring him to him; and having understood that the Pope had made him his Delegate into *France* and *Flanders*, he did importune the *French* King, by all manner of solicitation to deliver him into his hands. But the brave Prince, although it was directly against his Interest, would do nothing that was against his generous mind, and received the Cardinal with all courtesie and fidelity, because he would not offend the Pope; howsoever he would not suffer him to continue long in *France*, because he would not exasperate the King of *England*, for he had great use of his assistance in the war which he made against the Emperour.

Pool was then constrained to repair to *Flanders*, where he was charitably received by Cardinal *Everard*, Bishop of *Cambray*, and he continued there sometimes, attending the disposition of the Pope. But *Henry* understanding that he was retired into that Province, did again kindle his coals, and that in so violent a heat, that he promised the *Flemings* to entertain four thousand men in pay for ten Months in favour of the Emperour against the *French*, if they would abandon the Cardinal to his discretion. Howsoever, he found none that would favour his violence, which did so incense him, that he caused the Countess of *Salisbury* to be arrested. She was Mother to the Cardinal, and Daughter to the Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to *Edward* the Fourth. She was accused for having received a Letter from her Son, and for having worn about her neck the figure of the five wounds of our Saviour, on which he commanded that a Process should proceed against her, which was performed accordingly; and the perverse and abominable Judges, who made all their proceedings to comply with the mercilesse fury of their Prince, did condemn her to death and caused her head to be cut off upon a Scaffold, where she gave incomparable demonstrations of her piety and constancy. Her dear Son, who did love and respect her with all the tenderness of affection, was extremely afflicted at it, and could find no comfort but in the order of God's providence, and in the glory of her death which was pretious before God.

After this the Legate was called back to *Rome*, and after he had informed *Paul* the Third of the misery of the people of *Christendom*, who incessantly groaned under the calamity of war, kindled betwixt the two principal Crowns, he did contribute the uttermost of his endeavour to provide a remedy for it.

This good *Pope* was courteous, liberal, magnificent, well versed in Letters, and above all, a great lover of Astrology. It seemeth that the Harmony of Celestial bodies, with which his spirit was so delicately transported, did touch his Soul with a desire to make a like harmony on earth. He was passionate for the peace of Christian Princes, and as he well understood the great capacity of Cardinal *Pool*, joyned with the Royal-bloud, which gave him a more ful authority, he did not delay to send him with a most Authentical Commission to mediate an Accord betwixt the two Kings.

The holy Prelate undertook this business with great courage, being carried to it as well by his own inclination as by election. He failed not to represent unto their puissances all reasons both Divine and Humane, which might move them to an Accord for the Glory of God, for the glory of their own Monarchies, and for the safety of their people. But as he found in the ear of *Henry* the Eighth a Devil of lust, which obstructed all the force of reason which was presented to him to divert his passion; so he found in the spirit of these two Monarchs a horrible jealousie of Estate, which stopped all entrance to his saving Counsels. The time was not yet come, and it was to row against the wind and tide, to press that business any further. He was constrained to return to *Rome* where the Pope gave him Commission to go to *Wittenburgh*, where he continued certain years, delighting in the fruits of a sweet tranquillity.

In the end, the Council of *Trent* being already assembled to extirpate Heresies, and remedy the disorders, with which its venomous *Contagion* had infected the brest of *Christendom*, he was chosen to be President thereof, which place for some time he executed, to the admiration of his knowledge, and the universal approbation of his zeal.

He is considered on to be Pope

But when *Paul* the Third, having exceeded the age of fourscore years, did pay the tribute common to the condition of the living, he was obliged to return to *Rome*, where all the world did cast their eys on him to make him the head of the Church. All things seemed to conspire to his election, his age, his bloud, his virtue, his knowledge, his great experience in Affairs, the general affection of all, which did pass almost to veneration. It was only himself that resisted his own Fortune, because he would not assist himself, and permitted nothing of a submiss softness, to over-act his generosity; neither in that nature would he be a Suppliant, although it were for the chiefest Miter in the world. The Nephews of *Paul* the Third, who as yet possessed the most high Authority of Affairs, considering the faithfulness of the great services which he had rendred their Uncle, did perswade him with importunity to this chief Bishoprick of the world. And as the *Conclave* was assembled, and the Decision of the great business did approach unto maturity; they came at night into his Chamber to speak with him concerning his promotion, and to offer themselves to his service to prefer unto him that Sovereign Dignity: But he shewed so little complacence to their discourse, that in stead of making endearments and submissions, of which they who pretend to honour, are always excessively prodigal, he made answer to them: *That God was the God of light, and that the affair which they came about, ought not to be treated on in darkness.*

That one word did rebate the edge of their spirits, and on the morning following, the good Fortune, which for two Months together did look directly on Cardinal *Pool*, did slack its foot at the dismission of the Nephew Cardinals, and *Julius* the Third was chosen Pope, a person of much renown, and a great Lawyer.

He retireth again into solitude.

Pool his Competitour, well understanding that it was not expedient to reside under the eys of a Potentate, to whom the power over *Christendom* was secretly preferred, retired to *Mentz* into a Monastery of Saint *Benets*, where he enjoyed the delights of rest, to which his inclinations carried him, exercising his Devotion to the heighth, and recreating himself with good Letters which he always loved.

But God, who by his means was pleased to bring about the greatest revolution of Estate, as *Europe* ever saw, did cause occasions to arise to draw

him from that ſolitude to return again to his great imployments.

It is neceſſary in this place, to make mention of the condition of the affairs in *England*, to behold virtue in the day of its own brightneſs; and to conſider how Providence, guarding her dear *Pool*, as the apple of her eye, did reſerve him for a time, which made him the true Peace-maker of that Nation.

The Eſtate of England

For this effect it came to paſs, that *Henry* the Eighth having reigned eighteen years in Schiſm, leading a life profuſe in luxury, ravenous in avarice, impious in Sacriledge, cruel in maſſacres, covered over with ordures, blood, and infamy, did fall ſick of a languiſhing diſeaſe, which gave him the leiſure to have ſome thoughts on the other world.

The death of *Henry* the Eighth

It is true, that the affrighting Images of his Crimes, and the ſhades of the dead, which ſeemed to beſiege his bed, and perpetually to trouble his repoſe, did bring many pangs and remorſes to him. Inſomuch, that having called ſome Biſhops to his aſſiſtance, he teſtified a deſire to reconcile himſelf unto the Church, and ſought after the means thereof. But they, who before were terrified with the fury of his actions, which were more then barbarous, fearing that he ſpoke not that, but only to ſound them, and that he would not ſeal to their Counſels, which they ſhould ſuggeſt unto him, peradventure with the effuſion of their bloud, did gently adviſe him, without ſhewing him the endeavours and the effects of true repentance, and without declaring to him the ſatisfactions which he ought to God, and to his Neighbours for the enormities of ſo many Crimes. He was content to erect the Church of the *Cordeliers*, and commanded that Maſs ſhould there be publickly celebrated, which was performed to the great joy of the Catholicks, which yet remained in that horrible Havock. To this Church he annexed an Hoſpital and ſome other appurtenances, and left for all a thouſand Crowns of yearly Revenue.

As he perceived that his life began to abandon him, he demanded the Communion, which he received, making a ſhow as if he would riſe himſelf; but the Biſhop told him that his weakneſs did excuſe him from that Ceremony: he made anſwer, that if he ſhould proſtrate himſelf on the Earth, to receive ſo Divine a Majeſty, he ſhould not humble himſelf according to his duty. He by his will ordained that his Son *Edward*, who was born of *Jane Seimor*, ſhould ſucceed him; and in the caſe of death, that *Mary* the Daughter of Queen *Katharine*, ſhould be the Inheritreſs of the Crown; and if that ſhe ſhould fail, that his Daughter *Elizabeth* (although a Baſtard) ſhould fill her place, and poſſeſs the Kingdom. On the approaches of death he called for wine; and thoſe who were next unto his bed, did conceive that he oftentimes did repeat the word *Monks*, and that he ſaid, as in deſpair, *I have loſt all.*

This is that which moſt truly can be affirmed of him; for it is a very bad ſign to behold a man to dy in the Honour of his Royal Dignity and by a peaceable death, who had torn in pieces JESUS CHRIST, who had divided the Church into Schiſms, who of the ſix Queens that he eſpouſed, had killed four of them, who had maſſacred two Cardinals, three Arch-Biſhops, eighteen Biſhops, twelve great Earls, Prieſts, and Religious Men without number, and of his people without end; who had robbed all the Churches of his Kingdom, deſtroyed the Divine Worſhip, oppreſſed a million of Innocents, and in one word, who had aſſaſſinated mercy it ſelf.

Howſoever he wanted not Flatterers, who preſumed to ſay and write, that his wiſdom had given a good order to his affairs, and that he happily departed this world, not conſidering what S. *Auguſtine* doth affirm, that all the penitencies of thoſe who have lived in great diſorders, and who only do convert themſelves at the end of their life, being preſſed to it by the extremity of their diſeaſe, ought to be extremely ſuſpected, becauſe they do not forſake their ſins, but their ſins do forſake them.

It was obſerved indeed, that at his Death this King did teſtifie a repentance of his ſavage and inordinate life; but we cannot obſerve the great and exemplary ſatisfactions which were due to the expiation of ſo many abominable ſins. King *Antiochus* made ſubmiſſions of another nature, and ordered notable reſtitutions, to recompenſe the dammages which he had cauſed to the people of the *Jews*, nevertheleſs he was rejected of God, by reaſon of his bloudy life, and the Gates of the Temple of mercy were ſhut againſt him for all eternity. The foundation of a ſmall Hoſpital which *Henry* cauſed at his Death, was not ſufficient to recompenſe the injuries of ſo many Churches which he had pillag'd, nor of ſo much goods of his Subjects as he had forced from them, ſeeing we know by the words of the wiſe man. *That to make a benefit of the ſubſtance of the poor, is to ſacrifice a Son before the eyes of his Father.* Eccleſ. 34.

The Reign of *Edward*. His Uncle *Seimor* ſpoileth all.

He had by his Teſtament ordained many Tutors to his Son, who were able to have made as many Tyrants; but *Seimor*, Uncle by the Mothers ſide to the deceaſed King, gaining the favour of the principal of the Lords of the Realm, whom he had corrupted with mony and great preſents, did cauſe himſelf to be proclaimed Protectour and Regent. He took a great poſſeſſion on little *Edward* the Son of *Henry*, Heir to the Crown, whom he brought up in Schiſm and Hereſie, againſt the intentions of the Father. This furious man immediately began his Regency with ſo much inſolence, that he almoſt made the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth to be forgotten, he fomented the poiſon, which he had conceived under him, he did uſe the Catholicks moſt unworthily, and did cut off the head of his own Brother by a jealouſie of women. But as he had made himſelf inſupportable; ſo it came to paſs, that the affairs of War, which he had enterprized againſt the *French*, did fall out unfortunately for him. *Dudley*, one of the chieſeſt of the Lords, drawing a party to him, did accuſe him of Treaſon, and cauſed his head to be cut off on the ſame Scaffold, where before he had taken off the head of his own Brother. This death was followed with great fears, and horrible commotions for the Regency, which preſently after was extinguiſhed by the death of the young King *Edward*.

The Qualities and death of King *Edward*.

This poor Prince was rather plucked with pincers from his mothers womb, then born, and he could not come into the world without giving death to her, who conceived him. He was ſaid to have none of the comelieſt bodies; He ſpake ſeven languages at fifteen years of age, and in his diſcourſe did teſtifie a rare knowledge of all thoſe ſciences, which were moſt worthy of a King. It ſeemeth that death did advance it ſelf to raviſh his ſpirit from his body, which did awake too early, and was too forward for his age; for he died in his ſixteen year, having not had the time throughly to underſtand himſelf, and to ſee by what courſe he ſhould ſway his Scepter or his life.

Cardan

Cardan, who was employed no less then one hundred hours to make his Horoscope, did easily observe in the stars, the incommodities of his body, and disasters of his person; but he could no way attain to the period of his life, which is of the secrets reserved in the knowledge, and in the method of God.

All *England* was extremely corrupted in her faith under the Regency of this *Seymour*, & the Ladies of the Court were inveloped in the errours of the time. He found none but the Lady *Mary*, daughter to *Henry* the Eight, and *Katharine*, which continued in the Religion of their Grand-fathers; and though she was tempted and sollicited on all sides: yet she would not suffer her self to be surprized with a new Faith, but with a vigorous force, did roar against all the the torrents of Opinions, and the overflowing disorders which reigned in that age.

It was for this, that God did cause her to mount on the Throne of his own Tower, and gave her the grace to be both the restorer of Religion and the State, by the assistance of this Cardinal.

Mary the lawfull heir is troubled, and *Jane* is chosen Queen by Faction.

As soon as *Edward* was dead, not without suspition of poison, *Dudley*, Duke of *Northumberland*, who was then most mighty in power, and had newly married his Son to the Lady *Jane*, issued from the bloud Royall, conceived himself strong enough to begin the Regency of *England*, the better afterwards to usurp the Crown. He caused his Daughter-in-Law to be proclaimed Queen of *England*, and seized on the Tower of *London*, and gave order for the apprehending of Queen *Mary*. But the generous Princess, being advertised of the attempt, did take horse in the time of night, and secured her self in a place of strength, and conjured all her good Servants to assemble themselves, to defend her person and her right.

It is to be admired, that persevering in the true Religion, contrary to that of the great ones of the Kingdom, at the same time when she conceived her self abandoned, and her cause most deplorable, that she should behold the principal of the Nobility, and Gentry, and Commonalty, to fall down before her, and to offer her their obedience and their Arms, to take the possession of the Crown.

She marched immediately to *London*, in the middle of her Army apparelled in a Gown of Velvet of a violet colour, and mounted on a white horse. She entred into the City with great applauses of her Subjects, and surprised the Duke, and caused him to deliver his Daughter-in-Law into her hands.

It was a spectacle worthy observation, to consider the Inconstancy of these worldly affairs, and to look on that person, who but yesterday promised to himself to force the whole Kingdom under the power of his Laws, to tremble now at the fear of death pronounced by his Judges, who condemned him to be drawn upon a Hurdle, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The Queen sent him Catholick Divines to convert him, to whom he gave ear, and abjuring Heresie, he embraced the Catholick Religion, which was the occasion, that the Queen did moderate the Sentence of the Execution, and was contented, that his head onely should be cut off with his sons, who was the husband of *Jane*. This miserable Lady from a high Tower, where she was prisoner, beheld the body of her dear husband without a head, at the sight whereof she fell down into a swoun, and being a little recovered, she melted into tears, and did fetch from her heart so many, and so deep sighs, that they seemed to be able, not onely to mollifie the hearts of men, but to cleave the Rocks asunder.

The Execution of the Lady *Jane*.

There was a long deliberation concerning her Fact, because the Queen had an inclination to pardon her, observing her to be both young, fair, knowing, and of a delicate temper, and one who had not offended, but by the violent suggestions of her Father-in-law, and of her husband, who had put the Crown upon her head. But the Judges did remonstrate, that it was of a most dangerous consequence, to suffer that person to continue alive, who had carried the Title of a Sovereign, and that one day it might give a new fire to the enterprizes of the Remainder of her Faction. On these considerations the Sentence of death was pronounced, which she received with a Constancy, admirable in her Sex and age. A Doctour was sent unto her, to reduce her to the Catholick Religion, which at the first she refused, alledging, That she had too little time to think on an Affair of that importance. Which being reported to the Queen, she deferred the execution for certain dayes, to instruct her at more leisure, so that she was gained to God, and continued to the last hour of her life in such tranquillity of mind, that a little before she came out of prison, to go to her Execution, she wrote divers Sentences in Greek, Latine, and English, on the contempt of Death, and when on the Scaffold it was represented to her, that she should die by the sword, which (according to the custom of that Country) is accounted a nobler kind of Execution, then to die by the Axe: she said, *That she would die by that Axe which was yet discoloured with her husbands bloud*, and courageously she tendered her neck to the Hang-man, drawing tears from her self, and the hearts from all those that did behold her. O most unfortunate Ambition, that hast made so young a Princess a sacrifice of Death, who for the excellency of her spirit, might have been another *Minerva*, or at least the tenth of the Muses.

Behold the strange Revolutions, which did prepare the way to Cardinal *Pool*, for the performance of those high Designs, which God had committed to his Conduct. Queen *Mary* did incontinently make void all the Sentences which had been pronounced against him, and called him back into *England*, to which place in a short time he came, as if he had been carried on the shoulders of all honest men. The Pope made him his Legate, and gave him full power to ordain and execute all things, which he should conceive necessary for the glory of God, and the establishment of the true Religion.

Pool travels to the Reducement of *England* to the ancient Faith.

He travelled to this Work with incomparable wisdome, and with a zeal invincible. He well perceived, that to restore Religion by arms, was to undertake a most laborious, if not an infinite work, which would open all the veins in *England*, and draw drie as well their purses, as their bloud, and cover the Kingdome with the calamities of civils wars, which would continue for many Ages. He resolved to put his good Counsels in execution with gentleness, which others propounded to perform with all violence.

The course he held.

And in the first place he had recourse to Prayers, to Mortifications, to Vows, and to Devotions, which he performed in secret, and which he particularly recommended to all holy minds, who breathed after the restoring of the ancient Religion.

In the second place, he entred into the heart, and possessed himself with the inclinations of Queen *Mary*, whom he found throughly disposed, and animated by a generous spur, for the glory of God,

and the felicity of her Kingdom, which kept her always exercised on that high thought, and comprehended in it the safety of all that Nation.

In the last, he more and more encouraged all the Catholicks, by the desires of their repose of conscience, and by the liberty of their Functions, in the exercise of spiritual things.

In the third place, he treated with those who were in an errour, with the Spirit of Compassion, of Sweetness and Bounty, complying with them in what he could in Civil Affairs, and endeavouring to take from them the apprehension which they had conceived to themselves, that the Change of Religion would ruine their Fortunes, and the establishment of their Houses. He caused a report to be spread by many remarkable and grave Personages, that he came not to take away their temporal Goods, but to give them spiritual blessings. And as concerning the goods of the Church, which many Great men had usurped in that general Confusion of Affairs, he said, he would compose it in the best way that Love and Candour could prescribe him.

Fourthly, He did wisely foresee, that with sweetness he should also bring in Authority, which might ruine the resistences of those men, if any should appear to oppose so saving a work. On which he had recourse to the greatest Potentates in *Europe*, whom he secretly affected to this Enterprize. He had been before employed on the Peace between *Francis* the First, and *Charles* the Fifth. He did apprehend, and attract the spirits of them both with wonderful dexterity; for having dived into the heart of the Emperour, and finding the seeds of the Design, which afterwards did discover themselves, having been dismissed of the Empire, and embraced a solitary life, he wrought upon him with the recital of his great actions, and the Conquests he had obtained, and told him, That all those strong agitations of his spirit were but as so many lines which ought to tend to the center of Rest, that he ought not to weary and torment his good Fortune. That it was a great gift of God, to confine his thoughts on true glory, without attending the tide of the Affairs of the World. That it was the duty of an Emperour, to endeavour the Peace of Christendom, and an incomparable honour to accomplish it. He touched his heart so directly with these Demonstrations, that he opened it, and the Emperour declared to him, *That he had a great desire to that Divine Peace, and would embrace all reasonable Conditions that should conduce unto it.*

After that he had effected this, he made no delay to address himself to the most Christian King, and knowing that he was puissantly generous, he wrought upon him by the glory of the great Wars he had sustained, and the immortal Actions of Valour, which he produced, that by his invincible courage he had at the last wearied the most puissant Potentate in *Europe*, who had him in admiration, and desired nothing more then to hold a fair correspondence with him. That a fair peace should be an inestimable benefit to them both, which should give rest unto their Consciences, and pull down a blessing from on high upon their persons, and be a great comfort to their Subjects, who were overcharged with the continuation of the War. In the end, he did demonstrate to him how extraordinarily he was beloved of his people, who did attend this Effect of his goodness, by which he should crown his Valour with all happiness and abundance in his Kingdom. The King took fire at this Discourse, and the Cardinal most vigorously did blow it up, and did remonstrate, That two so great Monarchs, who were made for Heaven, ought not so greedily to hold unto their interests on earth; and that they had nothing now to wish, but to part their Affairs, and to save their honour. And this indeed they afterwards performed, restoring willingly on both sides, all that they had conquered since the Ordinance of Reconciliation made by *Paul* the Third, who some years before did transport himself to *Marseilles* (although he was of a very great age) to pacifie the Affairs of Christendom.

This Accord being so happily atchieved by Cardinal *Pool*, he gained by it the approbation and applause of all Princes, who favoured the Catholick cause. He observed that the Emperour had his Son *Philip* to marry; and that there was nothing more expedient for the advancement of Religion, then to ally him to Queen *Mary*. He carried this Affair with such secrecy and dexterity, that the King of *Spain* was in *England*, and the Marriage published, before the Plot was discovered. By the counsel of *Charles*, Cardinal *Pool* did defer his entry into the Realm, until the Marriage was concluded, and then he entred with all assurances. The King himself came to meet him, and Queen *Mary* with all her people, received him with extasies of joy.

He incontinently did draw unto him the affection of all the principal Lords; and not long after, he counselled the King and Queen, to call an Assembly of the most remarkable persons in the Kingdom, to whom he spake thus in presence of their Majestics.

His speech to the States.

MADAM,

SInce it hath pleased God, after the Confusions of the late times, to shine upon us with his eys of Mercy, and at last to place upon the Throne, the true and faithful Inheritress of the Crown, who is so worthily espoused to one of the greatest Princes in all Christendom, we have a great Subject to satisfie our Discontents, and advance our hopes.

This Realm at this day doth imitate the Creation of the World, coming forth from its Chaos, and dark Abyss, to receive the favourable influences of the light. The day which by all good men hath been so passionately desired, so suspected by the wicked, so unlook'd for by the incredulous, and so attended by the afflicted, is at length arrived to destroy our death, and to make us new born in the life of the Children of God.

Behold the true Religion, which entreth with triumph into all the Cities of this Kingdom, from which Impiety and Fury had dispossessed her, she holds out her arms unto you, adorned with the Palms and the Crowns, with which your Ancestours have honoured her, she demands again the place, which from the first conversion, until the fury of these later times, she held with so much honour and satisfaction.

Will you yet banish her? Will you yet continue to persecute her? Can you endure that she should present before God her torn and her bloudy Robe, and complain again of the outrages of her Children?

My brethren, *There is neither life nor salvation, but in this Faith, which shineth and speaketh in S. Peter's Chair; It is that which God hath given us by our glorious Father, S.* Gregory the Great; *it is that which our Fathers have embraced; it is that which they have defended by their Words, their Arms,*

and

and their Blond, which they have ſhed for the Honour of it. Nothing is left for thoſe to hope for, who are ſeparated from it, but the tempeſts of darkneſs, and the everlaſting chains of hell.

It is well known that the change of Faith proceeds from an infectious paſſion, which having poſſeſſed the heart of a poor Prince, hath cauſed theſe reproachable furies, and the inundations of blond, which hath covered the face of England. *He hath at his death condemned that which before he approved. He by his laſt Teſtament deſtroyed that which before he had choſen; wherefore thoſe who have followed him in his Errour, may alſo follow him in his Repentance. The Peace, the Safety, the Abundance, the Felicity of the Kingdom, are ready to re-enter with the true Faith; which if you refuſe, I ſee the choler of God, and a thouſand calamities, that do threaten you. Return therefore, O* Shunamite: *Return, O fair Iſland, to thy firſt beginning; feign not to thy ſelf imaginary penalties, terrours and puniſhments, which are not prepared but for the obſtinate. The Sovereign Father of Chriſtendom, doth continually ſtretch forth his arms to thy obedience, and hath delegated me, as the Dove out of the Ark, to bring unto thee the Olive Bough, to pronounce Peace and Reconciliation to thee. This is the acceptable Hour, this is the Day of thy ſalvation. The Night, which hitherto hath covered thee, is at the end of her Courſe, and the Sun of Juſtice is riſen, to bring light unto thee. It is time to lay down the works of darkneſs, and to take up the Armour of Light, to the end that all the earth inhabited may take notice, that thou abhorreſt what is paſt, embraceſt what is preſent, and doſt totally put thy ſelf into the hands of God, for the time to come.*

This Oration was attended with a wonderful approbation of all the Aſſembly, and the Cardinal being departed from the Council, the King and Queen commanded that they ſhould debate on this Propoſition, which was preſently taken into conſideration, and it was reſolved, that the Ancient Religion ſhould be eſtabliſhed. The Chancellour made this reſolution known unto the people, and did powerfully exhort them to follow the examples, which were conformable to the advice of the King and Queen, and the moſt eminent Perſonages in the Kingdom. This diſcourſe was revived with a general applauſe for the advancement of the Catholick Faith. In the end, he demanded that they would teſtifie their reſolution in a Petition to the King and Queen & mediate for a reconciliation to the Cardinal, Legate of the holy See, which incontinently was done, the Paper was preſented, and openly read, their Majeſties did confirm it, both by their Authorities and their Prayers, and humbled themſelves on their knees with their Grandees, and all the people, demanding mercy; whereupon an authentick abſolution was given by the Legate, the Bels did ring in all the Churches, *Te Deum* was ſung. All places were filled with the cries of joys, as people infranchiſed, and comming out of the gates of hell. After this, King *Philip* was obliged to go into *Flanders*, by reaſon of the retreat of the Emperour his Father. *Pool* was left chief of the Counſellours with Queen *Mary*, who did wonders for the good of Religion, and of the State. It is true that *Cranmer*, and other turbulent and ſeditious ſpirits, were puniſhed; but ſo great a moderation was uſed, that the Benefices, and the Revenues of the Church, did continue in the hands of thoſe who did hold them of the King, without diſturbing them on that innovation: all things were continued that might any way be ſuffered, not ſo much as changing any thing in Marriages, becauſe they would not enſnare their ſpirits. The heart of the Queen and of her Miniſters did think on nothing more, then to eſtabliſh Religion, to entertain the holy See, to render juſtice, to comfort the people, to procure peace and reſt, to multiply the abundance of the Kingdom.

They did begin again the Golden Age, when after the reign of five years and odd months, they were both in one day taken out of the world by ſickneſs, which did oppreſs with grief all honeſt men, and did bury with them in one Tomb, the happineſs and ſafety of that Kingdom.

O Providence! not to be dived into by humane reaſon, what vail haſt thou caſt on our Counſels, and our Works? What might we have not hoped from ſuch beginnings? What wiſdom would not have concluded, that felicity had crowned for ever the enterprizes of this Cardinal? An affair ſo well conducted, a negotiation ſo happy, a buſineſs of State, and the greateſt that was ever in any Kingdom whatſoever, ought it not to carry his progreſs unto eternity? Where are the fine plots of policy? Where are the Arms that in ſo ſmall a time have ever wrought ſo great an effect? The Chariots of the *Romans*, which covered with Lawrels, did march on the heads of Kings, did not make their ways remarkable, but by ſtormings of Towns, by Flames and Maſſacres But behold here many millions of men ſtruck down, and raiſed again, with one only ſpeech, ſo many legions of ſouls converted with a ſoft ſweetneſs, the face of a Kingdom totally changed in one moment, and made the happieſt that any Ages have ſeen. And after all this, to find the inexorable Trenchant of Death, to ſap in one day the two great pillars of Eſtate, and ruinate the houſe of God, which ſhould have reached to the imperial heaven.

O how true is it, that there are the ſtrokes of Fate! that is to ſay, an Order of the ſecret purpoſe of God, which is as concealed as inevitable, nothing can divert, nothing can delay it. The counſels of the wiſe are here blinded, their addreſſes are loſt, their activity troubled, their patience tried, and all their reaſons confounded.

Poor *Britain*, God gave thee theſe two Great Lights, not to enjoy them, but as they paſſed by, to behold them. Thou art ſoiled with ſacriledges and impieties, thou art red with the bloud of the Martyrs. The ſins of *Henry* are not yet expiated, and the ignominious paſſions of his life, are puniſhed by the permiſſion of the Errour. The Powers of darkneſs have their times determined by God, they will abate nothing of their periods, if the invincible hand of the Sovereign Judge doth not ſtop their courſes by his abſolute Authority. It pertaineth to God only, to know and appoint the times of Puniſhment and mercy; and there is nothing more expedient for man, then to ſubmit to his Laws, to obey his Decrees, to reverence his Chaſtiſements, and to adore the Hand that ſtrikes him.

THE

THE ANGEL OF PEACE TO ALL CHRISTIAN PRINCES.

Written in FRENCH by *NICHOLAS CAUSSIN* S. J. And now Tranſlated into Engliſh.

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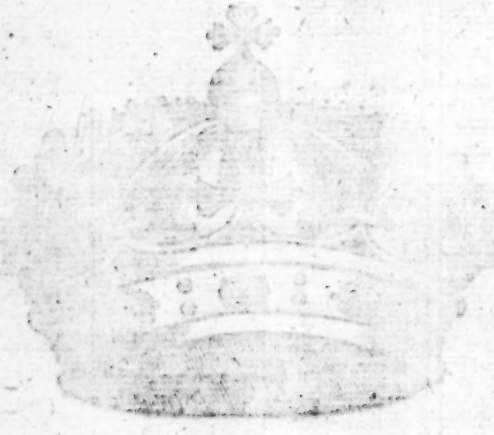

THE ANGEL OF PEACE TO ALL CHRISTIAN PRINCES.

IF it be lawful (greateſt Princes) to interrupt your Highneſſes, I will appear for the Cauſe of God, the Angel of Peace, the Miniſter of Concord and Union, the Interpreter of Truth, the Mean and Solicitour of Salvation. I am not that terrible and dreadful meſſenger who injected terrours and ſcourges into *David*, aſtoniſhed with Divine Prodigies. I am not liſted in that number which utterly overwhelmed the City of Pentapolis, almoſt drowned before in the inundation of their Impieties. I rain not Sulphure, I do not brandiſh Flames, I dart no Thunderbolts; but with a mild, temperate, and gentle amenity, I exhibit thoſe Olive-branches which the direful contagion of Warrs hath not yet blaſted. I come from the converſation of thoſe who at the Nativity of our Jeſus, Sang Anthems of Peace to Good-willing men. Deſpiſe not the Augur of Glad-tydings, contemne not the Hyperaſpiſt of Truth, who ſpeaketh unto you before God in Chriſt.

It is the concernment of the whole *Chriſtian* World, moſt pious Princes, which I addreſs unto you; it is your intereſt which I urge and inculcate both by wiſhes and writings; it is the Profeſſion of God which I require; and indeed

of great importance, as having diverſe times ſummoned, yea enforced the Prieſts from the Altars, the Virgins from the Monaſteries, and the Anachorets from the Woods, that of the mute it might make Oratours and Agitatours of the retired. God the Arbitratour and Accompliſher of all things, who calleth thoſe things which are not as if they were; he formeth and prepareth the mouths of infants, giveth Wiſdome to the imprudent; to yeild to him is victory; to conteſt with him is ſucceſſleſs oppoſition. Appetite infuſeth Eloquence, and neceſſity not ſeldome makes a ſouldier. To be ſilent amidſt the articulated movings of the oppreſſed is unlawful, and to ſit ſtill amidſt the wounds of Military men as unconcerned, is highly and juſtly reproveable That hand that is not officious to the ſuffering world deſerves an amputation.

I ſhall not diſoblige the ſupplicated engagment of your patience (excellent Princes) with unimporting reaſons. I ſhall not abuſe your ſenſes with unappertaining figments, but by a pleaſant proſpect I ſhall ſhew you that Glory which you aim at through fields flowing with bloud, through the flames of collucent Cities, and through many doubtful circulations and diverticles. Condeſcend therefore to give me an allowance of diſcourſe concerning the nature of War and Peace, and of the Right of Chriſtian Princes in each of them. For upon this foundation I conceive I can build firm and ſatisfactory Arguments whereby to ſecure your Dignity, and to ſettle the Peoples ſafety.

It was a ſpeech well becoming the Wiſdome of the Ancients, that this world, in whoſe circumference all things are contained, is as it were a great Volume of the Deity, wherein life and death are as the beginning and the end: but the middle Pages are perpetually turned over backwards and forwards. That which life and Death bring to paſs in the nature of things, the ſame doth Peace and War in the Nation of all Kingdomes and Empires. And indeed Life is a certain portion of the Divine Eternity, which being firſt diffuſed in the Divine Nature, and afterwards ſtreaming into the ſea, and penetrating into the earth and our World, doth contemperate by an eſpouſal and connexion of bodies and ſouls wonderful and almoſt Divine Agreements. But when there is a ſolution of this undervalued continuity, when this harmony is diſturbed and broken, it ſuddenly vaniſheth by the irreſiſtable neceſſity of death, greedily depopulating all things under his dominion.

In like manner Peace, the greateſt and moſt excellent gift of the Divine Indulgence, reconciles and apportions a kinde of temperature in the wills of men, from whence floweth the moſt active vigour of all functions in the Body Politick; as, the alacrity of minds, the rewarded ſedulity of Provinces, the faithful plenty of the Countrey, the ſecurity of travelling, the opulency of Kingdoms, and the accumulation of all temporal bleſſings. But when Concord is diſſipated, and the alarms of War beſieged men's ears, preſently there inſueth a convulſion and direful decay of all the members, and Audacity finding it ſelf diſengaged from the mulcts and penalties of the Laws, runneth headlong into all variety of miſchief; the moſt Sacred things are violenced, and the moſt Profane are licenced, the nocent and the the innocent are involved in the expectation of a ſad and promiſcuous cataſtrophe, and bonefires are made of Cities not to be quenched but with the bloud of miſerable Chriſtians

He that will tax his own leiſure but with the cheap expence of conſidering our mortality, will ſo much ſcruple theſe effects to be the actions of men, that he may be eaſily ſeduced to believe that Hell hath loſt ſome priſoners, or that ſome troops of furies have broken the chains of darkneſs, and in a humane ſhape deluded men with ſuch enormous villanies.

My higheſt obedience (moſt excellent Princes) is due to truth, and that obligation prompts me to proclaim this judgement, That contentions and War have not had any ingreſs into the Church of God; but by clandeſtine and undermining Policies, Diſcipline reſiſting, and Conſcience ſtanding agaſt at the monſtrous object. And indeed *Paul* exclaimeth againſt contentions; *Brother* (ſaith he) *goeth to law with brother, and that under Infidels: Now therefore there is altogether an infirmity in you, in that you go to law one with another. Why rather ſuffer you not wrong? Why rather ſuſtain you not fraud? But ye your ſelves do wrong and exerciſe fraud and that to your brethren.*

What do we hear? an Edict publiſhed by an Apoſtle inveſted with thunder and lightning. I beſeech the reviſitation of your thoughts, what would he imagine were he lent again unto the world by providence, that then wanted patience to ſee a controverſie about a field perhaps, or a houſe, and ſhould now behold, among thoſe that claim the title of the Faithful, Enſign againſt Enſign, Nation againſt Nation, and not a Houſe, not a City, not a Province, but the whole Chriſtian world precipitated into ſlaughters, rapes, and priviledged plunders; would he countenance ſuch an inhumane ſpectacle with a Declaration of allowance? or would he perſwade men to the violations of the Law of Nature, and dictate encouragements to ruine and rapine?

But *Tertullian* alſo is very ſtrict in this point, and peradventure too rigid, whilſt he ſaith that our Lord, by that injunction to *Peter* to ſheath his ſword diſarmed all Chriſtian Souldiers. This in my judgement deſerves a cenſure of extreme ſeverity, if he conclude all warfare to be criminal: this were to deſtroy the innocent in a deteſtation of the guilty, ſhould we perpetrate corrupt actions upon the order of the cruel, and the petulancy of luxuriant villains. What would *Chriſtianity* then be, but a prey to the inſatiable, and a laughing-ſtock to the inſolent? if it were not lawful to revenge unfaithful injuries with a juſt retaliation? If it were not lawful to defend Churches from Sacrilege, Widows and Orphans from oppreſſions, and diſintereſſed perſons from ruine? 'Tis a raſh determination that bloweth off the victorious Laurels of ſo many *Chriſtian* Kings with ſuch a blind and precipitate Whirlewind of words. Juſtly therefore are the *Manichees* obnoxious to a ſpiritual Outlawry from the Church, whilſt I know not whether they more impudently aſſert innocence, or more blameably diſarm it.

All Ages concur in the juſtification of Warr againſt Infidels, but the intermingled contentions of the Faithful have been always reprehended, and never impartially tolerated. Be pleaſed to take a review of an old inſtrument; There were many and bitter diſcords among the *Jews*, many tumults

mults, many wars, but ever against those that had abandoned the true Religion, and collapsed into foul Idolatry and the worship of the *Gentiles*. The *Israelites* indeed upon the division of the Tribes fought against the *Benjamites* with a fierce war and an infinite destruction, but this was rather the fury of grief, rushing into arms for the revenge of a woman violated with prodigious lust, then any destinated opposition, or just controversie for the enlargement of their territories. The magnanimity of *David* could scarce be induced to a just resistance of his son *Absolon*, forcing his way unto his Fathers Throne through the bloud and carcasses of many Citizens, till *Joab* had obstinately dissipated that languidness of his gentle mind, so detestable an undertaking was it for those who were brethren by the bonds of Nature and Religion, to forfeit all civil respects to the rage of War.

If you please to consult the first times of the *Christian* Emperours, you shall find *Constantine* opposing his forces against *Julian*; but not till he became the desertour of *Christ*, and the Standard-bearer of Impiety. You shall also find *Theodosius* the Great, levying his utmost strength against *Maximus*, *Eugenius* and *Argobastus*: but his quarrel was with most perfidious Tyrants, who under the veil of Religion laboured to hide flagitious and damnable excesses. You shall scarce meet with any Prince in the more innocent times, who took up armes to be embrewed in *Christian* bloud, but upon the most deliberate and important causes. And indeed *Baronius* doth excellently observe, that the Crosse was opposed to the Crosse in Arms in the War which *Constantius* raised against *Magnentius*. A horrible wickedness (saith he) and not to be attempted but by a *Christian* Tyrant, a dissembler of Religion, and an Heretical Emperour.

I am not ignorant that *Augustine* hath handled this subject and question against *Faustus*, and that he hath established the equity of *Christian* arms upon the foundation of the Gospel, because *John* in so exemplary a rigour of life perswaded not the souldiers, inquiring after the means of their salvation, to cast away their weapons, but to be contented with their pay, and to strike no man. Because also the Apostle not without cause saith, *That Princes bear not the sword in vain*. But if it be lawful to yield our assent to the approbation of his judgement, we shall find that all those darts were ejaculated against the mad phrensies of the *Manichees*, who would have *Christians* to abstain from the sword, and to bear the most cruel injuries of treacherous Infidels unrepelled, unrevenged. He would not therefore either cherish the severity, or irritate the power of *Christian* Princes in an unlawful war against their brethren: for in the same place he exclaimeth, a desire of doing violence, a cruel preparation of mind to revenge, an implacable mind, a barbarous lust to rebel, a secret speculation of Lordly dominion, and other such as these, are the causes which are justly culpable in the Warrs.

Now who are they according to the opinion of S. *Augustine*, that consociate themselves and their adherents in an unjust War? First, they that are hurried into Arms by a blinde violence of spirit, not so much for love of Justice, as a greedines of revenge. Who being provoked by some injury, inhumanely and unmeasurably rave and rage, abborring all attonement, and refusing by the authority of an incensed reason to chide out their Passions, those petulant and contentious inmates: In the second place, they who endeavour a Rebellion against their lawful Sovereign, and casting off the yoke of their Allegiance, precipitate themselves into all licentious enormities. Finally, they who out of a sole desire of Ruling involve and mingle the Kingdoms of their neighbours in commotions and intestine discords, and that they may extend their Empire, open a passage to their ambitious expectations by all designs either violent or fraudulent.

Consider now (best Princes) what a proclivity there is in such, to boil with indignation and displeasure, to burn with paroxysms of envy and exacerbations of revenge; yea, and to be tickled with an apprehension of purchasing or amplifying a Kingdom. How obvious it is the reins being let loose to transcend the just limits, how easie a matter to counterfeit Justice, to pretend necessity, and now to trample upon those Laws which before were so much outwardly reverenced; you will undoubtedly find it true, that it is more easie to take up, then to moderate and temper Arms.

But that I may not detain you long, *Aquinas* requireth three things to the justification or legitimation of a Warr: the Authority of the Prince, a just Cause, and a right Intention, whereunto other Divines have added warrantable Reasons to obtain the end; it is absolutely unlawful therefore for private men to appear in Arms for the prosecution of their own right though in judgement. This God hath delegated unto Princes, that that might happen seldome which must needs be violent. To the Lords of the earth we may say with *Seneca*, I am he that God hath chosen out of so many men that I might be his Vicegerent upon earth. I am the supreme Arbiter of life and death unto the Nations. It is in the hand of my power to dispose the lot of their conditions to all my people. These millions of swords that guard my peace, shall at the least intimation of my pleasure be all unsheathed. What Cities shall perish, and which shall flourish, is my jurisdiction.

To be able to put all these things in execution is indeed a great matter, but to forbear the pursuance of them, unless necessity require it, is far more divine. It is a lawful wish, that he to whom all things are lawful, would confine his will to the practice onely of lawful things. The right of the Sword is not extended when it devolveth into the Protection of one, but is rather restrained. One hand is stretched forth, that all may be bound; affairs are managed by the wisdom of a paucity, lest the temerity of the whole multitude should precitate them into a promiscuous destruction. The parsimony even of the meanest bloud is to be praised. No man is more unjustly invested with a superiority over others, then he that is prodigal of their lives though in a just emergence. Those thunderbolts must be slowly shot, which the wounded persons can reverence. Let Kings therefore beware lest they glorifie themselves by that faculty wherewith God hath entrusted them, and abuse it to outward pomp, rather then exercise it to the advantage of good men. Let the fear of misdemeanours and obliquities banish all fierceness from them; and let them esteem it the greatest impotence to boast a Priviledge of Injustice, or a power to hurt.

The cause of the war must first be balanced by an accurate examination, lest the affections obtain precedence over Equity and Reason, lest iniquity be predominant in the better part, and force and fury comply to cheat the world under the specious title of Injustice. I am both sad and ashamed to consider with my self what frivolous occasions have prevailed with many whereon to ground a war. The *Trojan* war, that common Sepulchre of *Asia* and *Europe*, flamed out from the impetuous flagrancies of a noble Whore. By a thousand ships she was redemanded, and for her that had lost all modesty, vast numbers of gallant *Heroes* lost their neglected lives. So many chast lay open to the lust of the enemies, that an unchaste might be restored. *Alexander* being yet a child, was reprehended by his Tutour for his profusion of Frankincense in his Sacrifices to the Gods, but being arrived to mans estate, that he might wash away this admonition of his Master, he invadeth *Arabia*, and there the second time offereth up Sacrifice for the conquest of the Countrey. The *Egyptians* for a slain Cat rose up in arms again the *Romans*, and fourty destroyed many thousand men. *Caligula* with a mighty noise of armed men, and a great preparation of all Military ornaments hasteneth to the Ocean, there to gather cockles. The *Romans* being contumeliously upbraided with this ridiculous Expedition, conspired, and almost effected the utter ruine of the scoffing *Tarentians*. The people of *Alexandria* rebelled against *Gallienus* because of a sottish contention between the Master and the servant concerning the elegancy & neatness of a pair of shoes. And to omit many examples which I could commemorate, *William* of *England* sirnamed the Conquerour, who was victorious over all men but himself, revenged a pleasant conceit of *Maximus* the Prince with innumerable destructions. The Conquerour was of a corpulent habit, & his belly was somewhat prominent thorow a plenty of Hydropick humours, wherefore when *Philip* the King of *France* heard of the nature of his disease, We will allow him time (saith he) to provide for his lying in, which by the busk of his belly appeareth to be near at hand. The Conquerour being mad with fury replyed, that he would rise up after his delivery and kindle five hundred fires in *France* to adorn his up-sitting. Nor was he unmindful of his resolution, for presently upon his recovery he entred *France* with a stupendious army, wholly addicting himself by fire, famine, and horrible slaughters, to the satisfaction of his revenge. Shall we suppose that he playes and trifles with the bloud of men, who upon such slight provocations can enterprise such mournful Tragedies? May we suppose those people miserable with whom the scoffs of furious men must be expiated with such a direful destruction?

No man ought to believe himself or another concerning the cause of a war, but let him weigh it with the exquisite prudence of the principal men, whose advices are the more fruitful of truth, the less they are espoused to affection. A right intention must necessarily be coveted to a just Cause, and all these things are estimated by a sober and moderate conclusion, or a justifiable end. Be such a thought eternally banished frō the head and heart of a *Christian* Prince, that he should array himself in a Military posture to oblige some light affections of a luxuriant mind; that he should run on slaughters, command the burning of towns, prosecute and seem to rejoyce in devastations, that he should destroy, he should extinguish and bury his own glory in the overthrow of others. This is the indelible ignominy of Centaures and the *Lapithe*, who in warring seek nothing but War. The wisest Kings through tumults and intestine jarrs have made a progress unto Justice, Equity, and Concord, & being themselves in Arms have sacrificed undesigning vows to Peace. They think of an Enemy as a Physician sometimes of his patient that he must be recovered by corrosives and sharp remedies. Oh that he would have been cured with a diet, or asswaged with fomentations! But when against the Law and Right of Nations he hath persisted in his obstinacy, and contemned the reiterated offers of composing the present differences, then you must bind, then you must cut, then you must burn him, yet all this to restore, not to exterminate him.

And all things composed, behold like the scourge of a deadly and destructive War, a *Northern* tempest rageth in the miseries of *Germany*, there they wallow in bloud, and in their night-marches they are conducted by the hideous light of burning Cities, some few making a resistance, and all men being astonished at the feral prodigy. The Altars are polluted with sacrifice, Virgins with rapes, the chains of Church men are heard louder and further then the drums of their persecutours; holy things are prophaned, and the abomination of desolation is consummated, their very King who had appointed them thither, being either ignorant of those outrages, or unconsenting.

Now can any man conceive that this was devised by a *Christian* mind? Can it be imagined that he who hath any reverence unto, or sense of Religion can give such directions? It is not credible: such a monster could not have been brought forth had not hell conceived, the bottomeless pit exhaling the fuliginous vapours, and the devils themselves torturing mens minds into such uncouth diversities. All things cannot properly have a reflected reference unto men. The Privado's and Ministers of Princes are not at all times to be accused, as though they had cast off all humanity, and covered themselves with brutish cruelty. There are certein vagabond and deceitful spirits destinated to revenge, who being themselves lost in misery, cease not to comfort their malice by driving others into a participation of those miseries, which reason (greatest Princes) ought so much the more to invite, yea to admonish you to leagues of Peace, because our Omnipotent God in his secret counsel hath determined to subdue Satan by your hands, and to cast him under your feet.

The highest circumspection and vigilancy are therefore requisite, least matter be suppeditated to the Devil who altogether watcheth for destruction from the affections and vices of men. Jealousie, that tinder of Kingdomes and Nations easily taketh fire, if it be fomented onely with an animal wisdome, and be not mixed with the prudence of the Saints. They who are addicted to one part, say, that the *Spaniards* do too much expose their power to Envy, that it is hateful unto Equalls, terrible to inferiours, and if not prevented, destructive unto all. There is amongst them (say they) such an epidemical itch after Domination, such intentive and indefatigable cares of their ambition, such a luxurious wit to enlarge their Empire, so vast a Catalogue of Kingdoms and Titles as provokes the emulous, terrifieth their neighbours, and pricketh even those that are removed from them by intervalls of distance. They apprehend the Dignity of

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one to presage the danger of all. They conjecture that the extent of his jurisdiction bodeth an unattempted servitude to all Kingdoms; they fear whatsoever the Land provideth, and whatsoever Monsters the sea nourisheth. Greedy Domination that could never yet overcome it self, when it hath once been cherished by Fortune, it unlearneth nature, and forgetteth moderation. Moreover, the temperature of the Nations, as they report, is fiery, hot and dry, swelling with pride, patient of hunger, and well enduring labour, thirsty after glory, prone to admire it self, and apt to continue the virtue and valour of other Nations. I produce not these things as the emanations of my own judgement, which for the present is addicted to no Nation but comprehendeth all in *Christ*, but I commemorate the vulgar reports, and such things as are openly bruted by many, which if they were suppresst by a removal of their causes, it could cut off the occasions of many controversies.

The *French* on the other side, as they write who have had knowledge of them, although they are forward to dart reproaches against others, unable to endure them, and most impatient of contempt, yet they know they are of that Nation whereof it was said,

——— *Animóque superſunt*
Jam propè poſt animam.

They boast that they filled the world with the fame of their Arms, before the *Spaniards* could redeem themselves from the diuturnal servitude of the *Goths* and *Vandals*. That they have managed the Empire of the East and West, that they have vanquished *Constantinople* by assault, restored *Jerusalem* to *Christ*, and *Rome* to the *Pope* seven times deprived of it by his enemies. They affirm that the Gospel was first preached unto them, that the primigenial adoption of the Sons of God was given to them, that they have advanced Learning in all Christian Kingdoms, the whole world almost becoming Students of our Academy at their *Paris*; in a word, they think they have nothing to be contemned; they are more apt to desire Admirers, then able to dispence with Contemners. From hence it comes to passe, that both the Nations being prodigal in the accumulations of their own, and envious of the others glory; such flames have of late been kindled, as will, it may be feared, become unquenchable. Would to God that that Charity which is diffused in us by the spirit, would suffocate these superseminated tares of Contentions; Oh that it would cut off the occasions of these inhumane strivings! then should we have fewer anxieties, and more supportable labours of heart, knowing by what remedies we might resist so pestilent an evil.

This is frequently augmented by the servants and favourites of Princes, whilst with a familiar, but a direfull glory to the greatest Empires; they desire to boast the power of their Lords; they display all their offensive strength and ability to hurt; they presse a secret beneficence, and whilst they proceed in these ambitious circulations, nay, whilst they bewray a fear, and discover in themselves a caution, by that very sedulity and caution they provoke things not to be feared, and act things not to be tolerated.

Here I appeal to you great Masters of Policy and Participatours of hidden Counsels. I speak more willingly to you then to your Fortunes. Consider how much God hath given you, and how much he requireth of you. You sit as Gods among men the Arbiters of mankind, what shall be each mans lot is the verdict of your Dispensations. What good things Felicity intendeth to each individual person, she pronounceth by your mouths, what Navies must be prepared, what Warrs must be prosecuted, what Cities destroyed, what Nations depopulated, are the ambiguous effects of your opinions. You are judges of the fortunes and bloud of men, and of your behaviours and existimation men are Judges. God the discerner of all things judgeth of your head at the terrible and inevitable audite. Every one beholdeth many things by the deception of his own sense, uttereth many things from the dictates of affection. I cannot believe what is reported, that so eminent persons blest with such admirable wits, adorned with the glorious gift of prudence, and conscious of this frailty of humane affairs, can think themselves seated in that heigth, to measure all things by the circle of their own advantage, that publick plenty should quit the preheminence to their private profit, that all things should be serviceable to their amplitude, that they should dispose their trust according to the level coyl of love, hatred, and ambition, and that they should sacrifice the bloud of the people to their Fortunes: that they therefore love Warrs, and are affected with Divisions and Confusions, hoping thereby to purchase to themselves more beneficial or honourable commands, to close with an opportunity of treasuring up large summs of money, and by the necessity of their Ministration to wed themselves to a more faithfull office, or to leap into an authority of a more hopefull permanency; but goodness forbid that such sordid, earthly, and narrow cares should be the dishonourable employment of such capacious souls.

I rather believe that you are incited by emulous anhelations after your Master's glory, whereof you have ever been most zealous; ever prepared to retaliate his injuries, to assert his Majesty, and to dilate his Empire, but I beseech you by the immortal God, and by so many beloved pledges of your Kingdoms, to take heed and diligently to beware, least a supervehement appetite of Glory make them averse from the right pursuit of Glory. You follow Glory by a muddy search, but now all mortal men desire it by a clear acquist. Consider where there is the greatest splendour of celestial virtues, either in the loud cracks of thunder possessing all men with sudden fear, and when fires and thunderbolts are promiscuously hurl'd about; or in a fair day the air being defecated and serene, and the pleasure of the light dispelling sadnesse from mens hearts? hitherto you have made the power of your Lords sufficiently fearfull, now render it sweet and make it amiable, for therein onely it is invincible. This is not the greatness of Princes to be alwayes encompassed with the terrours of his armed men, and buried in warlike preparations, with a fiery mouth to be alwayes denouncing the cruelties of torments and tortures, to condemn these men to fetters, those to the sword, perpetually to carry about him fire and darts, to make his progress through smoaking Cities, over the trampled bodies of half dead men, and to exhaust all things least they should be exhausted. How much more glorious is it like a fortunate Comet to prevent and exceed the hopes of all men with causes of rejoycing? To repair things ruinous and disordered, to convey glad tidings of consolation to the pensive soul, to recollect things scattered, and

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to re-unite things divided. By this heavenly solicitude many Kings lending their succour, not sending their terrour unto the labouring world, have attained unto solid and unshaken honour. What forbiddeth you to follow? what retardeth your emulation? There is one rock which is often to be feared, unto which the cares and cogitations of some Politick men, who differ much from your Piety, do cleave. They think if the administrations of the Publick should be regulated by the Law of God, and the judgement of pious men, they would become base, low, and unesteemed, they would be exposed to prey and direption; and is he penitent? I insult not; doth he crave audience? I grant access; doth he submit his neck? my mercy shall meet his submission. At the destruction of *Canna*, *Hannibal* was heard to say, *Miles, parce ferro*: *Marcellus* wished he could quench the flames of burning *Syracusa* with his tears: *Titus* with erected hands and eyes to heaven, wept over the prostrate carcasses of the *Jews*. What should be then the most decent and laudable behaviour of a Christian King towards a subdued and almost suppliant Enemy? Should he strut with pride? Should he inebriate himself with passion? Or should he strengthen his fury to an utter desolation? The more generous beasts abhorre this practice. Vast and inexorable wraths should not cohabit with royal minds; many things are to be pardoned to humane frailty, many things to ignorance, something truly to affection, but all things to repentance. It behoves him to preserve many, even to the prejudice of their obstinate or erroneous wit, neither are all those to be heard that are resolved to perish. Errour illaqueates some men, and Opinion sets the complection upon the procedures of most men; others are ensnared by the counsels of a treacherous vigilancy; and some there are who have no fault but their fortune. His pardon he will extend and communicate to many, whosoever can really desire to obtain from God his own pardon.

Further I add, that those reasons which are produced as subservient to the attainment of a just end, ought themselves also to be legitimate, otherwise the foundations may be firm, yet the superstructures may totter. That is not good which is not well done, the means we use must be as innocent and unreprovable as our meaning. That which knoweth no mediocrity, I know not how to term a virtue. A depraved intention by a kind of contagious force ever infected the most austere and sacred conduct of affairs; subdolous inventions also and crafty Artificers shade and eclipse the beauty of sincere intentions. Grosse and scandalous is their errour, who having proposed to themselves some laudable mark, are little solicitous of the arrows they shoot. They who have trusted to this footing have (many of them) slipt, and dasht themselves against such a rock of absurdities as hath endangered their brains. I shall instance in those who have thought that health might be innocently purchased from the Devils themselves by the virtue of Magical forms, and that this is the safety which the Divine Oracles pronounce we may acquire from our enemies. But *Paul* is peremptory in the confutation hereof, saying, That evil must not be done that good may come thereof. No man is mercifull by theefts, nor charitable by surreptious gains; no innocent person seeketh convalescence by wicked accommodations. To go to warr is lawfull, to kill is lawfull when you are backt with the Authority of your Prince, and seconded with a just Cause; but on the contrary, to do injustice is never not unlawfull. We may incline and bow the ears of the Deity to a condescendence, but we may not solicite hell for Auxiliaries: we may not contemerate things sacred, nor violate the divine Charters of the Church; we may not subvert Religion nor contaminate chastity; we must not attempt facinorous art, nor invade the lives of Princes with poniards or venomous potions; we ought not to destroy Military Discipline by transgressing the Rights of Warfare, nor adventure upon certain villains to promote a desperate ambition. That warr ceaseth to be just (however pretended to have a just beginning) when the future events are intermixed with palpable injustice; and being well begun if they degenerate into evil progressions, they ought speedily to have an end.

We are faln by degrees (greatest Princes) upon the matter intended, of which it is your part to judge, and from sound deliberations to provide for the felicity of Christians both temporal and eternal. Your Authority is, or ought to be unquestioned, and your dispositions of minde and intentions, what can they be in good Princes, but unsuspected: but the cause is perplexed and involved, yet the Reasons that seem to conspire the end are violent. A fierce and cruel warr is carried on among you, exercised in the besieging of Cities, acquainted with destructions, terrible for its monstrous spreadings, under which the Church laboureth, the wishes of the oppressed evaporate into sighs, and the convulsed world mourneth; it hath not proceeded in an ordinary way, nor is it continued after a humane manner. Sift out (if you please) the causes, and weigh diligently with your selves the occasions of such an amazing tumult.

If at any time we behold things natural acting within the limits of their prescriptions, this doth not elevate our considerations to a wonder: but when we see them irritated by some vehement impetuosity, or the determined confinements of Nature's Law to be perverted, we suspect some hidden force within, which suddenly bursteth forth and is circumfused, from whence such various motions do arise. As often as we see the windes to be ordinarily stirred, we either judge it to be some breath or exhalation; or we conjecture, that the air hath a natural faculty to move its self, lest it should become dull and torpid in an inagitable Globe: but as often as we behold boisterous tempests to arise by the sharp and violent conflicts of the winds, which compell vast trees from their roots, and level strong built houses with the ground, which devour whole navies, and shake the foundations of the world, we ascribe these to the airy Principalities dissipated through the regions of the Earth. In like manner, when warrs are managed among men in their accustomed forms, we attribute these to the ambitious designs of men, to cholerick temperaments, and to the easie impatience of an objected contumely: but if they exceed proportion and example also, we suspect that there is some undiscovered origin of evils transcending our understandings and astonishing our senses.

He that will duely and sadly weigh the matter, will confesse this of such a cruel warr; for it is not actuated with a civil minde, neither hath it those decencies and Military Ornaments which are wont to accompany great mindes, but it is tainted with a virulent malignity which devoureth both parts, and creeping as it were with a slow contabescence,

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it eats up all things; the Countryes are in a mourning estate, the Cities are dejected, the Bloud of gallant men is prodigally wasted, the choicest flowers of the Nobility are destinated to butchery and the shambles of prevailing Rebels, private Gentlemen are despoiled of almost all their goods, complaints are universal and dayly multiplied against Taxes and Exactions, which are the aliment that pampers this prodigious pastime. But no force of treasure is comparable to the greedinesse of the exactours themselves, those gluttons of oppression. The riches of a few men causeth a penury amongst all men; the odious rejoycings of the unjust are saginated with the tears of the miserable. Who is the Architect, the Contriver, the Artizan of all these evils? King *Lewis* (say they) is the Authour of the Warr. But can a Prince so pious, so chaste, so perpetually cloathed with the fear of God, raise such storms, cause such tempests? Whilst he lived, he dayly lifted up undefiled hands to Heaven, was frequently conversant in holy Mysteries, and a common Father of such an exemplary and chastised conscience, that he could not forgive himself the least contamination, till he had craved mercy from his God and wash'd away his pollution with the Sacramental Bloud: he fought by necessity, he overcame by valour; he was magnanimous in Resolution, famous in Warr, and forward in Peace. Who therefore can conceive that horrid and bloudy Counsels tending to the destruction of the whole Christian world, could have had either a conception in, or a welcome into that religious sacrary of his heart? Who can imagine that hatred and grudges, that displeasures and revenge could finde an entertainment in his breast. But perhaps the Emperour delights in dissentions, and nourisheth his fancy with the turbulency of Christian affairs. Judgement forbid that any man should believe this; for he is a Prince accomplished with the best endowments, and compounded of equity and ingenuity, vivacity of spirit and solidity of wisdome. What can be more agreeable to him then with the gentle hand of a Pacificatour to quiet his *Germany* shaken with such a dreadfull inundation of Warrs?

What? is the King of *Spain* then the disturber? No man can prove, that who hath the most intimate acquaintance with the sense and apprehensions of that great King. For (he if any other) hath a Christian minde, a pleasant wit, more prone to love and concord, then disposed to quarrels and controversies. There is nothing of fierceness or immoderation in him, nothing of malevolence and despight; he is carefull to enjoy his own greatnesse, careless to exercise an unjust domination.

From whence then floweth all this sea of bloud, if no anger lodgeth in celestial minds? Who seeth not, that it happens not by humane designment, but that it was hatch'd in Tophet; and the *Mali Genii* of the Nations have cherished it to this formidable growth, that they might blast our flourishing estate, abate our plenty, and undermine our happinesse. The affairs of Christendom were too potent, when the Factions of Hereticks were overthrown: it was their machination to turn our swords reaking with the bloud of our enemies, into our own bowels. They raised the commotions in *Italy* at *Mantua*, and they broached all the Warrs in *Germany*; they have engaged by a malignant enmity, the principal Crowns of Christian Fame in an implacable Warr, raging with ineffable destructions, the Church mourning, Infidels and carnal men rejoycing, and hell it self triumphing.

In the great vicissitudes of things there hath often intervened a bad minde, which vitiateth the counsels, or retardeth the good determinations of Princes, and diverteth them from taking a right aim at Glory. Scarce had they saluted the skirts of his Dominions; but, being exagitated by factious whirlwinds, the good King recrowned with triumphant Laurels is called into *Italy*; the *Alpes* must be penetrated in the depth of winter, a journey must be forced through rocks, concealed with snow and lined with armed men, the opposite forces must be intermingled, and battels fought upon all disadvantages; which difficulties being conquered by a wonderfull courage, and an equal felicity, and therefore they devise and trust to other arts of gubernation then God hath prescribed, as if he saw not enough or were careless of his people. They excogitate new, subtle, and crafty wayes of procedure, whereby to augment their own, and entangle the estates of others, and if they can, to intermingle and endanger all. They conceive it to be the part of a King to minde themselves alone, to guard and watch the safety of themselves alone, to referr all things to themselves, and to make their way to ample and royal profits, if any opposition come in their way, over the carcasses of their subjects. That truth and falshood know no distinction but with reference to our profit, unto which all the lives of all our actions must be concentrick, and that whatsoever is profitable is onely unlawfull among fools, that an humble and timorous Conscience is too importunate in the method of high Counsels. That subjects should be taught to exercise Religion with a scrupulous tenderness, that Princes must practise it, or upon it for advantage. That solid virtue is an hinderance if not lawfull, 'tis the shadow and resemblance of it that it is commodious; that honesty is praised, yet freezeth; that nothing is unlawful to Kings, that is magnificent for the Kingdoms.

This is not, that I may use the words of the Apostle, This is not that wisdom which descendeth from above, but earthly, carnal, diabolical, which imposeth upon minds bewitched, and involveth Kingdoms in a miserable destruction. Farr different (Excellent Princes) is your reiglement, and vastly opposite is your understanding to these infernal notions. For were it committed to your care to manage the Affairs not of a Christian Empire, but to govern the Kingdom of the *Saracens*; yet this Doctrine would occur from the very Books and Institutes of Heathenish Legislators, that craft is pernicious to those that turn the globe of Government: that this is humble, and base, and alwayes hatefull, seldom, and never long together advantageous. Whereupon *Thucidides*, the most scientifical Politician, saith, That a Common-wealth is better governed and more prosperously by moderate men, and such as have an indifferent wit, then by the acute and such as are superabundantly industrious. But yet should you act the parts of men exiled from God, and lawless in the world; yet according to humane sense and as is believed, no unprofitable craft, excuse were due to them who have the overseeing of many things, which concern all men. But now seeing that you perceive that your Empires are continued to you chiefly by those things by which they began, who seeth not that Christian Kingdoms are established in Faith, Justice, and Lenity, and that they are sub-

ſubverted by Impiety, Injuſtice and Cruelty? Who obſerves not that thoſe men who ſtray from the Canons of heavenly Wiſdom precipitate themſelves into devious enormities and caliginous obſervations?

Conſult if you pleaſe the whole body of Hiſtory, and conſider what have been the exits of *Tiberians* and *Herodians*, you ſhall finde this to be the pedigree of their everlaſting Reproach; firſt, a ſubdolous and wily minde, a life full of thorny cares and dawning jealouſies, brittle and fugitive hopes, certain fears, uncertain counſels, deaths full of calamity, long puniſhments, fleeting pleaſures, poſterity, either none, or of no continuance. But on the other ſide if you pleaſe to contemplate the Records of Chriſtian Princes, who have governed their Kingdoms with ſincerity of minde, with gentleneſſe of hand with a prudent moderation, and an invincible integrity, through ſo many croſſe accidents, temptations, and diſcouragements of humane affairs, you may behold *Hero*'s beloved of their own, feared by their Enemies, to have lived ſafe in felicity and accumulated glories, and to have left behind them acceptable pledges of their own virtues for many generations. Therefore caſting away the counſels of ſuch an impious and execrable Warr, overcoming the charges of ambition with the comforts of a valiant modeſty, and repreſſing irregular deſires by charity, let us make our Addreſſes to God the Founder of Safety, and the reconciler of Diviſions; for when we deſpair he can repair, our extremity is the criſis of his opportunity.

But what is it that hath diſobliged the deſires, fruſtrated the expectations of all men, and almoſt tired out the oppreſſive ſighs of the mourning Church with ſuch tedious diſappointments? Is it Honour? Is it Wealth? Truly if Honour, it is that which hath miniſtred not the weakeſt influence unto the vehement inducements of this Warr; an opinion of contempt ſhould now be caſhiered, when the fierce oppoſitions of two potent Kingdoms are engaged. What affluence can out-age the plenty which either of them may juſtly boaſt? What is more admirable then their Power? What more undaunted then their Valour? Fortitude, in a cauſe ſo miſerable, is indeed rather to be lamented then deſired; worthy the compelled praiſes of of an Enemy, or the doleſull experience of a *Saracen*; but being exerciſed in a mutual diſcord among Chriſtians, moſt undervalued when beſt extolled, a Spaniard hath no reaſon to contemne a French-man, nor a French-man to deſpiſe a Spaniard; yet either of them hath his advantages whereon to build a wiſh, that their united ſtrength might be exhibited in a more juſt conteſtation, and a better fate.

If the queſtion be concerning your Propriety, it is a buſineſſe ſo perplexed, that *Archeſilaus* hath long agone determined, that it can never be determined; ſo that if we contend about the Rights of Kingdoms, Cities, and Families we ſhall prove his words to be full of truth, who called it the confuſion of things and fortunes, neceſſarily teeming with eternal jarrs, and endleſſe diſagreements about the aſſertions. And if all things ſhould be tranſacted according to the rigour of Juſtice, we ſhould neither have a King, nor a rich man remaining. If any man therefore were poſſeſſed of whatſoever the ſagacity of his wit could ſuggeſt unto his wiſhes, whatſoever opinion could fancy, or appetite imagine, let him plead that immenſe and perplexed Charter of Kingdoms from *Nembrotus* who firſt impoſed the yoke upon free necks, let him derive it downward through the labyrinthed Succeſſions of ſo many Ages, or let him calculate upwards digging up his Grand-father, and Great-grand-father's Great-grand-father, till by the ſearch of ſo many Sepulchers he hath wearied the tenacious memory of the deſirous, and confounded the prudence of the skilfull: what will he meet with at length but a ſuppeditation of freſh diſcord, and fuel for new fires of tumult? Who can be the arbitratour, who the judge to compoſe ſuch great differences as will reſult from ſuch involved cauſes?

The Lord would not divide the inheritance between the Brethren: he that appointed meaſure to the Heavens, ſet bounds to the ſea, and preſcribed a proportion to all the Elements, even he refuſed to divide the Lamb between the kinſmen, being confirmed, that the avarice of men was contentious and implacable. Therefore if *Chriſt* himſelf ſhould now deſcend from Heaven, neither would he judge and determine your wealth, your intereſt, your propriety and fortunes; neither if he would, ſhould he by the umpirage of his impartial equity define all things according to your ſenſe and will.

What remaineth therefore, but that all Ages be worne out and waſted by infamous and degenerate Warr, the parts and factions being not unequally matched and both ſides moſt deſirous of their ends and intereſts? But is it ſo glorious and worthy an enterpriſe for ſuch great Princes, ſo pious, ſo majeſtical, and ſuch potent Lords of Sea and Land, to contend about one City, nay perhaps one Caſtle, and that too almoſt battered down by the Thunder-bolts of Warr? nay about the very duſt and rubbage, and all this with deadly enmity which can be profitable to none, but hurtfull to many?

I underſtand, O ye wiſe and intelligent Counſellours to Princes, what anſwer you will return to this, that your Intereſt is herein concerned, and your Honour engaged, leſt the propriety of your Maſters ſhould be diminiſhed by that League which the whole world expecteth. But I now leave that to be diſcuſſed by your prudence and equity, whether the whole Chriſtian world ſhould be endangered in their fortunes, lives, bloud, ſalvation, and deſtruction of all things, to give a Miniſter of State, a King's Servant an aſſurance of ſome featbery and airy fame and perhaps deepeſt rooted in his own opinion? What ſhould ſuch elevated ſouls as yours have for the object of their wiſhes, but that all things ſhould have a ſweet and peaceable compoſure to the advantage both of Kings and Kingdoms? But if you pleaſe, ponder this choice, whether it be not far better for the Prince's Honour, and the utility of his State, to remit ſomewhat of that tenacity of ſpirit, and indeclinable rigour of minde, then to ſubject and expoſe all things to the violence of fire, and to the advantage of plunderers and murthering thieves? But perhaps you imagine that it is better for Kingdoms to ſuffer direptions and devaſtations, then ruine: but what elſe is devaſtation then a direfull perdition? 'Tis a miſerable comfort to deſtroy, that you may not be deſtroyed, and to take the burning of Cities to be felicities compared with rapine; as if you ſhould ſuppoſe it to be ſome goodly thing to dy, to avoid death. That body is not loſt that may be preſerved by the ſparing of a ſingle nail. In a great and flouriſhing Kingdom, nothing

nothing doth perish if a small Town or a Castle be surrendred thereby to purchase a general peace and lasting tranquility. Ministers of State lose nothing of their Fame, if they be reputed the fortunate Peace-makers of the World, rather then the Fire-brands of a Kingdom, and State-barrettours. How many of this tenacious obstinacy and destructive circumspection have the unfortunate people blasted with execrations and defamed with reproaches, because by litigious juglings they had deluded the world into an universal equipage of sorrow and complaint, rather conniving at the destruction of all things, then that they, in the most speechless calamity, would part with a toy of Honour to revive a perishing State.

But if any among you shall lend an ear of favourable regard to the complaints of the whole Christian world, and shall stretch out a protecting hand, and shall immolate the resignation of a narrow interest to the Divinity of a general preservation, doubtless Heaven it self shall be besieged for an accumulation of blessings upon him. The present Age shall pay tributes of Benevolence to his Person, and Posterity shall refresh the memory of his Virtues with a reverential gratitude. The people will celebrate his praises, and look upon him as the Saviour of their Country, a beneficent Patriot, and will flock to behold him as the salutary and propitious Planet of their felicity.

This glorious burthen (Greatest Princes) lieth upon your shoulders, you must command, act, enact, and perfect; you must use your servants as the instruments of their publick good. Truly, If you are at leisure to hear that, which without an indelible stain of negligence you cannot refuse to hear, I shall make it evident that the substance of my perswasions, is but the Eccho of the voice of God, indeed, the Law and Commandment of God; that your preservation and propriety is comprehended in it, and that the Edicts of Heaven and the conflicts of all good men's hearts do wonderfully conspire and point to it. And first consider, whether you that have so long resisted Christ the Peace-maker, may not seem to war against God, rather then to contend with men. For he is our Peace, and hath made of both one; in him he was pleased that all the fulness of the Godhead should inhabit; and that all things should be reconciled to himself by him; and that through the Bloud of his Cross our peace should be purchased. Upon his ingress into the World he brought Peace. His flesh he suffered to be direfully and inhumanely rent and wounded, but his bones which by so many hidden and intricate connexions represent the Church, he would have untouched; intimating his most vehement desires thereby, that his Elect should be consociated in an indissoluble tye of concord. And indeed in the Old Testament the high Priest went not into the *Sanctum Sanctorum* but with Pomegranates fastned to the skirts of his Garments, which insinuateth unto us that strict Society and agreement of the Saints one among another.

When Christ had triumphed over Death he saluteth his Disciples with that sweet and amiable name of Peace; with this the Apostles beautifie the entrance into their Epistles: with this the Just are delighted, this lapsed men implore, and by this the Angels triumph. For (saith S. *Augustine*) Peace is the serenity of the Mind, the tranquility of the Soul, the glew of Concord, the cement of Affection, the fellowship of Charity: this is it which taketh away contentions, putteth an end to wars, trampleth down the proud, affecteth the humble, reconcileth the litigant, is delightsom unto all, full of benignity to all, cannot be extolled, cannot be puffed up, seeketh no unjust possession, vindicateth no propriety, teacheth to love that which it knoweth not how to heal. And saith *Nazianzen*, *Ubi non est pax, non est mundus.* It is not a world without peace. For according to *Simeon* it consisteth in three things, or to say better, subsisteth by three things, Verity, Justice, and Peace. *Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they shall be called the Sons of God*, saith the voice of Truth. Behold the Adoption and the Name of the Sons of God, whereof so many Kings and Emperours have been competitours in desire, is not promised to subdued Nations, not bequeathed to stormed and burnt Cities, not legacied to a desolate world, but to such as reverence Peace and compose the variances of Princes by leagues & treaties.

Are you not sometimes possessed (best Princes) with a trembling fear, when you reach out your hands at the Altar, when you appear at and participate those holy Mysteries, lest if you put not a period to these Wars, the Angels of Peace bitterly weeping should divert their eys from you; lest the voice of Christ should cry aloud to you from the Temple, and as often as you ask peace and pardon with the Church, so often he should answer, What hast thou to do with Peace? Thou kissest my Head and kickest my Members. You flatter me with prayers, and persecute me with swords. You have the voice of *Jacob*, but you have the hands of *Esau*. While you kindle Bonefires of outward congratulation and thankfulness to me, you make Bonefires of Cities, and exhibit sad emblems of your inflamed minds to the world. You smell of Incense, and by your means whole Towns are turned into smoak, and whilest you present your self a Suppliant before me, you play the Warriour before the world. Your weapons reak not with the bloud of *Turks* but Brethren. So many miserable men are slaughtered by thy command, and the bloud of those is shed by thee for whom I shed my bloud. Whilest you cry to me, thousands of VVidows and Orphans cry to behold those carkasses which now can no more answer to the names of Husband and Father. VVhilest you here erect Altars to me, you elsewhere offer your vows to your own lusts; you do not sacrifice but sin, whilest these things are acted by your command, or tolerated by your connivence. Bend your mind and not your knees, deceive not the world without a laborious hypocrisie, and make no false boastings of the portion of my spirit, but manacle your own passions, and tame your own deceitful spirits, and if you wil have pardon, pardon.

Many things (Great Princes) at the beginning are to be pardoned to errour, & many things to a mind agitated with a shew or a guess of injury. If some Wars be just, if some be necessary, yet whilest they are protracted, they cease to be what they were, they lose their innocence by the verydiuturnity and whilst they increase in fury, they decrease in cause & reputation. Take heed lest our most merciful Lord be offended with the long continuance and the lasting malignity of your undertakings. You are not gnorant with what security our Saviour enjoyned a removal of all scandals from his Kingdom, dooming the authours of them to have a Mill-stone tied about their necks and their bodies cast into the Sea. I shall not indeed be a rigid interpreter of Prince's actions, or pass a speedy condemnation upon them.

But yet we must beware lest so many calamities and funerals spread further by the very contagion of the hatred, lest the minds of all pious people be offended, and the scoffing tongues of the wicked be sharpned against our Religion. The *Gentiles* in time past were amazed at the Charity of the *Christians* to see how they loved one another, to see how they had a mutual contention of desires to die for one another. They who wanted the advantage of Faith were allured with the admiration of their virtues. They expected not any prophane mixtures nor base designs from him who had devoted himself to brotherly kindness. But now should the Heathen behold brother against brother, what else could be the sad harmony of their jubilations, but, see how they destroy one another; see how they butcher one another; see how they prosecute and persecute one another with endless hatred. Either they are without Christ, or Christ is without Peace. It is a hard saying, yet hath it more of truth then wonder. The cause of God suffereth diminution in these discords; The Church mourneth for many and horrid things, either the Religion we profess accuseth our errours, or we the Professours accuse our Religion. By us *Infidels* insult over the Elect, the Prophane over the godly, the *Jews* over Christ, and *Barbarians* over the Church. If our honour be cheap in our own valuation, why do we betray the Honour of God? why do we batter his Inheritance?

Moreover, to what short consideration is it not evident, that *Christian* Dissentions have been alwayes the occasion of Heathenish rejoycings? Whilst our own Armies are conflicting one with the other, the *Turks* have taken *Rhodes* from us, and usurped *Constantinople*. May we not think it a miraculous indulgence of our merciful God, to divert so potent and cruel an enemy from our destruction by engaging him in the *Persian* War? But this is much to be feared, lest if such whirlwinds of wrath continue amongst us, he should fly upon the torn and scattered remainder of our Kingdoms with fury and violence. It is also to be feared lest the Providence being so often provoked by our renewed injuries should cast us out as a prey to the roaring and the ravenous Lion. The greatest Empires have been often lost in ruine for the same causes, and the same offences, and the wicked Kings have been subjected to a Forreign Domination, their Posterity hath been cut off, and all their glories have vanished into a reproachful scoff. What constant glories have they possessed, what dry deaths hath the check of Providence allowed them, by whose means it hath come to pass, that the Kingdom of Christ hath devolved into the hands and power of the *Saracens*?

Add to these things (O you Princes!) the unregarded grievances of your Subjects, and the laborious servitude of your people. Necessity compels you to devour your own members, that you get into your grasp the members of another. Such a numerous people as the omnipotent God hath delegated to your care and piety, that they should be kneaded and compounded into one substantial felicity by Peace and Concord, by holy Laws and religious adoration of the Deity, are either exposed as unfortunate and succourless oblations to the fury of their enemies, or groan under the pressures of taxations, and are tilted in their fortunes by the unappeased and insatiable avarice of exactours. Those who have escaped the Sword, Famine depopulates by lingring deaths, or else they live oppressed under some tyrannous calamity. They are sequestred from light and conversation; they have neither Country nor habitation, neither rest, nor food. Fecundity, the most desired blessing of their former hopes, is now both hated and feared, because they cannot leave an inheritance of good things to their children; they would not propagate them to become heirs of misery. That life which they have been careful to preserve amidst so many dangers, they now detest, as unprofitable to you, uncomfortable to themselves. To be plundred of all things at once is their deliberate wish, lest every day they should be plundred. But in the mean time they are infested with a diversity of evils, the amission of all things, & the capitation of each particular thing: an Excise upon every thing, an undoubted property in nothing. They fall under the cruel command of necessity, where they are neither permitted to live with the honest, nor to die with the quiet: they are made gazing stocks to others, and are formidable to themselves; whilst their estates perish to themselves, their affections are lessened to you, which formerly adorned and confirmed your Crowns with loyal valour.

Consider (Greatest Princes) that next to the Honour and Worship of God, the most supreme Law that binds you, is the safety of the People. It was once the speech of a valiant Emperour, *Non mihi sed exercitui fitis*: You are not so much born for your selves as for your Subjects. Their cares if you be wise must be your crosses, their oppressions your burdens, their miseries your infelicities, and their discouragements your complaints. What doth it advantage disconsolate men to be defended from the expectations of a greedy enemy by being rifled & impoverish'd by those of his own Nation; He is a miserable Pastour from whom the tutelary Gods of the flock require more things then wolves can devour.

But this is the soul of misfortune, the estate being exhausted, the mind is dejected, and the virtues are disheartned; the Laws are silent among Swords, the Blasphemer and the Hypocrite have the uncontrolled liberty of speaking; Sword-men licentiously swagger, Robbers and Plunderers are the only Ranters; Murderers are the merry-men, and all variety of lust is predominant; the beauty of Churches is disgraced and sullied with Sacrilegious hands; Altars are overthrown; Justice is vilipended, and Injustice blusheth in Scarlet Robes; Religion fainteth; Piety languisheth, Charity is counted scandalous; and not only all things are perverted, but perverse things are neglected, as if it were expedient that things should be so, necessity that fruitful mother of impieties so commanding.

And if you will reflect upon your own affairs, I beseech you (Princes) among so many Funerals of War, what can be pleasant to you? You must stir the Earth, add disquiet to the Sea, and by many dangers you must arrive at greater danger. Death that is obvious to every person, must be sought for by hard labours; no erroneous or reproveable course indeed, if a happy Peace were unfeignedly pursued. Many things are unfaithful at home, infested abroad; great Armies are hard to raise, costly to maintain, easie to be destroyed, the fate of Battels is common, and the chance of War uncertain. Prosperity doth not satisfie, adversity striketh with a steep wounding dart, and pierceth the very heart. Many times victories themselves are the seeds of new contentions, the brooding of new sorrows. It is not lawful for

them

them that are up to keep their ſtation, nor for thoſe that were overcome to lie ſtill. Diſcords increaſe with a prodigious fertility being once begun, and many times the conquered draw the Conquerours, and an inconcocted exceſs of fortune obſtructeth all their glories, all things are intermixt with fear that depend upon expectation. Many times fallacious events delude well-grounded hopes, and horrid Cataſtrophe's befall the deſperate. The ingreſſes of War are troubleſome, the progreſſes doubtfull, the egreſſes commonly deplorable. Many is exhauſted to make good the baſſles of force by undermining fraud; loſt Commanders are lamented, to whom nothing was wanting but immortality. Cypreſs diſappoints the Laurel, and Funerals are diſtinguiſhed by Palms. The Conquerours ſtand over the ruines of the oppreſſed, being themſelves waſted by the expence of bloud and ſtrength, and nearer to their Tombs then Triumphs. You would believe that a Kingdom were deſtroyed, did you not believe that the enemies were deſtroyed. How much better were it for Peace-makers to make uſe of the indulgence of Fortune, rather then ſo often to provoke the departures of the Fates againſt your ſelves.

Certainly, if there be any conſideration of the value of a Chriſtian Title, if there be any commiſeration of humanity, the afflicted condition of all Nations that fight for Chriſt ought to move you. And it muſt needs be an object full of bitter anguiſh to ſee a Nation worried to ruine by fraternal diſcords, which Chriſt hath eſpouſed to himſelf by a peculiar Election. *Germany* that mother of fruitfulneſs, that advancer of Learning, and ſhop of War, is now full of mourning, the Country being unmanured, many gallant Cities being to be ſought where the Cities themſelves flouriſhed, ſo many men being ſlain, ſo much wealth conſumed, ſo many Churches demoliſhed, is now the miſerable mirth of Fortune dancing in her aſhes. *Lotharingia* overcame *Jeruſalem* with calamities, and brought upon her more then all barbarity could execute, or all miſery could undergo. The Low-Countries are alarm'd with an anniverſary contention, and is drawing on among the ſlow Funerals. A hidden poiſon hath invaded *England*, and engaged her in a blind and unexpected War. *Spain* ſo long victorious, ſo long free from jars and tumult, alwayes impatient of ſlavery, and a ſtranger to want, is aſſaulted to the very throat. Fear hath journied over the *Alps* and poſſeſſed *Rome*. Fury hath diſordered *Italy*, and unleſs the Princes by prudent Counſels and ſagacity of wit had re-compoſed the diſtractions, it was juſtly to be feared that when they had made a ſolitude they would have called that Peace. What is undiſturbed? what is not miſerable? *Si tu victrix provincia ploras:* If thou O *France* mourneſt which haſt ſo often triumphed over thine enemies, and in a deep ſenſe of miſery groaneſt to feel the darts pulled out of thine own bowels which muſt be thrown againſt others. What do barren Laurels profit ſuch as are ſick and languiſhing among the rapines of their goods and eſtates? To what purpoſe is it to hold flowers to the noſtrils when the body is waſted and parched with ſuch violent fevers? It is a malignant kind of ſolace for one man to compute his felicity by the increaſe of another's grief. Nothing is ſafe, nothing pleaſant amidſt ſuch calamities, where the worſt of evils is the rejoycing. The whole head is ſick, and the whole heart is heavy, from the ſole of the foot unto the crown of the head, there is nothing whole therein, but wounds, and ſwelling, and ſores full of corruption, they have not been wrapped, nor bound up, nor mollified with oil.

If the ſame man who is powerfull in the conduct of this worlds affairs, and can dive into the ſecret of theſe controverſies, could in a clear proſpective behold the Chriſtian world gaſping under ſo many direfull perplexities, doubtleſs it would pierce his ſoul, and he would condemne himſelf of cruelty did he not procure her reſtauration. Hard are thoſe ears that bow not at theſe conſiderations, harder are thoſe eyes that can behold them without ſome moiſt teſtimonies of ſorrow.

I ſhall tell you (Beſt Princes) that which chiefly concerneth your intereſt, I ſhall ſhew you that which comprehendeth both the augmentation and the glory of your Dignity. I wiſh your Kingdomes ſettled upon foundations as firm as rocks: I wiſh your Cities may continue obedient; all your Subjects obſequious; and all things calm and even in your domeſticall negotiations. Yet it is well worth a ſerious fear, leſt thoſe people who are apprehenſive of their hard condition under Kings, and ſee the neighbouring Common-wealths enjoy ſo much lenity and freedom, do begin to hate Monarchy, and (which is abſolutely unlawfull) conſpire to withdraw their Obedience, that they may acquire a redemption from their evils by the temptation of Liberty.

These things were written long ſince, which of late have been verified by many ſad events.

Certainly it is very unequal and unjuſt that at this day Common-wealths alone ſhould inherit peace and plenty, and Chriſtian Kingdomes ſhould labour under generall convulſions, and be waſted with unheard of lacerations. The rigorous ſtrictneſs of Empire, the tuning of the ſtrings too high in Government doth ſometimes crack them and diſſolve great Empires, a hard ſervitude hath not ſeldome inſtructed a Nation into Liberty. When the inquinated times of the Hebrew Kings were paſt, and the Jews were now returned from a long Captivity, there aroſe in them an averſation to Kingly Government; and almoſt for five hundred years no man durſt think of a Diadem before *Ariſtobulus*, who rather uſurped then received it; neither was it eſtabliſhed upon a firm baſis, for his unfortunate poſterity did not long enjoy it.

Cecrops reigned in *Athens* in the dayes of *Moſes*, whom ſeventeen Kings ſucceeded, ſome grew inſolent, ſome negligent, and theſe perpetuall Governours were dethroned: for when it was obſerved that the diuturnity of Regall Power flattered them into a ſecurity of their exceſſes, the Government was reduced to ten years continuance.

These were Magiſtrates in office like unto the Tribunes among the Romans, and the Spartans, and Lacedemonians uſed to appeal from the King to them, as did the Romans from the Conſuls to the Tribunes. At the firſt they were choſen like our Parliament men, to be adviſers about affairs and aſſiſtants to the King, but in a ſhort time their authority overtopped the King's power.

The Kings of *Sparta* alſo luxuriating in their glories, and made wanton by felicity, were ſoon diſmantled of them both. *Lycurgus* tempered the Scepter by a wiſe inſtitution of 28 men called Senatours. Afterwards to this number of the Senatours there was added the *Ephori* with too much priviledge againſt Kings, and hateſull to all men.

Rome from the beginning was governed by Kings, the laſt whereof (which were the two *Tarquins*) ruling that warlike Nation with pride and petulancy, by great force and perpetuall diſgrace they were expelled from their Magiſtracy, leaving almoſt an everlaſting odium againſt the Regiment of Kings.

It would be too impertinent to reckon up the Antient times, we our ſelves have ſeen in our dayes how many a rigid domination hath ſacrificed to the Peoples fury, who having endured all things, have

have learned from thence to dare to attempt all things, and those Kingdoms which for a long time they suffered under, they have at length usurped by cruel and lasting Wars. Far be it from your Subjects to entertain any such perversity of thought, and far from you also be contempt and rigour, lest the Divine hand bring to pass that which few fear, none dare attempt, and all abhor. Transmit therefore (O ye Princes!) comfort to the wearisom, and peace to the troubled, upon which all wishes are bent, in which all people are blessed.

Behold at length there is given unto us by the singular gift of God a good Pope, a man of blameless life, of consummated understanding, of a great mind, and extremely zealous; he is as the *Wiseman* said, *As the Rain-bow that is bright in the fair clouds.* This is he, whom after so many storms, so many tempests, and such a deluge of Christian blood, God seems to exhibit as a Restorer of things, a Peacemaker to the World, an Avenger of Evils, and a Bestower of Blessings. And indeed this is not done by humane counsel, but by the gubernative reason of God, which is his Providence, that he might demonstrate to the world by no vain auguries, that to this man as to the Patriarch *Noah*, the tops of the Mountains should appear, the waters of strife, and the clouds of contention being dried up. This I suppose is that Dove with silver wings, and whose hinder parts glittered as the purest Gold, whereof the Prophet spake.

Innocentius hath ever shined brighter then Silver by the candour and uprightness of his mind, but now the latter parts of his life promise a golden Age unto the World. He doth not sit idle amidst the complaints and mournings of the Church, he doth not revel in an uncircumspect and lazy greatness, but with unwearied pains, and a mind always vigilant, he is intent upon illustrious cares for Christ, and aimeth at the Consolation of mankind. The amiable name of *Pamphilius* is delightful unto all men, and delightful is the name of *Innocentius* so often consecrated to the salvation of men.

Innocentius the First, extinguished *Alaricus* boasting himself in the prey of the *Roman* Empire with his Prayers, and by his splendour re-beautified the face of the eternal City when it was infuscated with the sooty vapours of a brutish War.

Innocentius the Second, dissipated the Schism of the counterfeit *Anacletus*; and with the co-assistance of S. *Bernard*, composed the Christian World when it was dis united with great discords.

A pure white Dove fore-shewed the inauguration of *Innocent* the Third, by flying to his side: without doubt designing the solicitous endeavours whereby he laboured to consociate all Christian Princes by firm Leagues one with another, and to exasperate them against the common Enemy of Religion.

Innocentius the Fourth came to *Lyons*, that he might reconcile the irregular tumults in the Church, and that by his Authority he might remove *Frederick* the Emperour that fomented many things and disturbed all things.

Innocentius the Fifth, was no sooner crowned, but presently he addicteth his mind to pacifie the Cities of *Italy*, and being by such pious determinations immortal in glory, he spent his short Pontificate in a Fatherly care of his people.

Innocentius the Sixth, when the flame of a destructive War devoured *France* and *England*, stood stoutly for the House of God, and with a great spirit laboured for Peace with *John* and *Edward*, at that time the Kings of the Nations.

Innocentius the Seventh, mounted not otherwise to this pitch of supreme Dignity, but by a faithful endeavour constantly transacted to reconcile the Princes, and appease the Cities of *Italy*, which a malignant force of discord had precipitated into imminent destruction.

Innocentius the Eighth, was most desirous of Peace among Christian Princes, and could not without some motions of impatience see any go to War but upon the most important and importunate causes.

Innocentius the Ninth, when before his Pontificate he was the Apostolical Nuntio of *Gregory* the Fourteenth, staying six years among the *Venetians*, conjoyned them both in Arms and Armies with the Pope, and *Philip* the Second King of *Spain*, and irritated them against the *Turk*: whereupon that most famous Victory of *Nanpactus* broke the boldness of the *Saracens*, and after a wonderful manner improved the conduct of Christian Affairs.

O how is the name of the *Innocent* born and consecrated unto Peace! Oh joyful appellation unto Christians! The Tenth will accomplish what the Nine have attempted, so much the greater, as this number is the more noble.

Go on thou Dove of Innocence, display thy silver wings, fly over both Earth and Sea, view the World, shew forth in all places the Celestial Olive, give Peace so ambitiously desired, and by such constant expectations wished; giue Peace I say so often cill'd for, and to be implor'd of thee the Anointed of the Lord, or else at this time it must be despaired of.

What remaineth (Greatest Princes) but that you grant that to our Petitions which you have hitherto denied to our Reasons: Whatsoever restraineth passion, whatsoever can appease an armed man in fury, doth now run towards you in one troop, that so it may be honourable for you to be thus intreated, and shameful for you not to yield to these intreaties.

Behold the Pope the Pastour and Parent of the whole Church stretcheth out friendly hands unto you; and when he might command, intreats you; almost forgetting that he is the Pope, he becomes an humble Suppliant. A man dear to Heaven, and born for great Enterprises, Worthy in all places to bear the Felicities of the World about him, amidst all his exalted Prosperities is your Petitioner, that Divine wit equal to his heighth, feels a colluctation with these burthens, and in a vigorous and circumspect old Age is grieved by you. The bowels of a Father are urged, who is as often fruitful in the Generation of children, as he desires those Children to be reconciled to Peace. Be ashamed not to hear him, whose Predecessour, *Attila* would hear. He is full of days, honour his grey hairs; he is a Father, acknowledge his Charity: he is the Pope, be observant of his Dignity. God forbid that he like meek *Jacob* should be compelled to say, *Simeon* and *Levi* are brethren in iniquity. Let not my Soule participate of their counsels, and in their company let not my glory come. Cursed be their Fury, because it is obstinate, and their indignation because it is cruel.

The whole Church lamenteth with her Pope, in times past triumphing, now deformed, full of filth, now bedewed and almost drowned in tears, and tired under cares and sorrows. He beseecheth you, that

that you would not suffer the Amorites and the Moabites to insult in your destructions. Prevent the petulancy of such an Objection, that even *Barbarians* did reverence him, and yet he had Parricides to his sons. How often have we seen the Priests at Jubilees prostrate in the Sanctuary with Ejulations? How often have we beheld Religious Persons wearying the Altars with unwearied Prayers? How often have we seen the well-disposed Virgins imploring the aid of Heaven by frequent sighs? How often have we gladly beheld the Devout Multitude crouding the Church to pour forth their wishes? Of what quality and complexion is that rigour, that, which God avert, will not hear the whole World? How is the metal of their Souls compounded, that would make Heaven iron unto us, and almost noxious, whilst it either seemeth not to hear, or what it heareth to contemn.

To be never free from Wars they think is either for the Publick profit, or for their own: If for the Publick, let them hear Saint *Augustine* crying out, that Felicity acquired by Martial Exploits is alwayes a brittle perishable Beauty; and whether it receive the tincture and complexion from Civil or Hostil blood: yet it is the blood of man, which is alwayes mixt with a benighting paleness, or darksome fear, and a cruel desire. And again, that all humane Affairs are then seated in the best station of Felicity, when small Kingdomes are joyful in Concord, Piety, and Unity of Religion. And in a third place he hath this excellent saying, without doubt it is better to have the friendship of a good Neighbour, then to subdue a contentious bad Neighbour. They are evil wishes to desire to have whom you hate, or whom you fear, as he may prove whom you overcome. If they judge it profitable for themselves to prolong the War, truly they are most unjust, who place the tears of a torn and ragged World amongst their Felicities; most miserable of all men are they, who cannot be happy but by the miseries of other men.

He must needs be (saith *Homer*) without friend, without Affinity, without Law, and without God who is a Lover of War, rather by choice then chance, rather by will then necessity. He is the most poor also who is rich by the calamity of all men. How many who have alwayes been of a froward, contentious, and fighting wit, have themselves been tortured with those pains and furies which they raised against others? *Achitophel*, that busie Contriver of the *Jewish* War between the Father and the Son, paid himself the just wages of his traiterous Counsels with an infamous halter. The revenging hand of God fell upon *Alcimus* that traitour and fire-brand, and counterfeit Priest among the *Jews*. *Alexander* of *Macedon*, whilst he makes the end of one War the beginning of another, being impatient of rest, and ever greedy after new blood, whilst he thrusts his Souldiers into battels beyond the progress of the Sun, and the limits of the Sea, he perished by poison given by his Domesticks, to whom he began to grow odious for his excessive appetite to War. He was taken away (as they say) a green God, lest he should further vex the World with Arms, who should have obliged it by Benefits. *Hannibal* whilst he weaveth inextricable Webs of War, a dishonourable old age surpriseth him, solitude rejected him, society shunn'd him, therefore to shorten the date of these contempts, he ends his dayes by voluntary poison. The *Romans* that were Conquerours of the World, alwayes full, yet alwayes covetous, whilst they remove the Temple of Peace without their gates, they felt the hands of all men conspiring against them, and seven times was this Mistriss of Cities taken whereof *Sybil* had said, Ἴσχε ῥώμη ῥύμη, *Rome* shall be made a Village.

Cardinal *Baronius* cites a little Book written by *Carolus Crassus* the Emperour, of a Vision presented unto him three years before he reigned, wherein he declareth that he beheld in the infernal places many souls of Princes and Bishops, who had fomented Controversies and fed the rage of Wars, to be tormented with most dreadful pains. At the same time, as this most learned Cardinal writeth, *Italy* and *France* were agitated and afflicted with direful factions, but what was worse, and indeed monstrous, the Bishops and Abbats went forth armed to the battels, which execrable custome when it long prevailed in *France*, from thence it came to pass that the most flourishing Provinces were all laid waste with external and Civil Wars. But what was most detestable of all, these Churches-warriours are commended by the Writers of those times for this Ecclesiastical gallantry and Spiritual valour, when indeed they were rather to be abhorred as the violatours of the sacred Canons, despisers of their Order, and desertours of their Pastoral duty: thus *Baronius*.

Likewise *Julian* a Clergy-man was the Authour and Promotour of their *Varvensian* slaughter, which of all other was the most to be lamented by the Christian World, who when he had contributed his perswasions for a countenance of the War against the League, he exposed infinite Companies of our side to the insulting fury of the *Turks*, he himself being also slain with the young King of the *Saracens*. Thus *Nemesis* pursueth bloud-thirsty and contentious souls, not suffering those to be at rest, who solicited others into disorder who would have been at rest. A watchful eye abides in Heaven, ever active, never weary, who perpetually contemplates the deeds of men, and equally dispenseth to every one his deservings. They that were long happy receive their portion, and they who seem to be dismissed are only dilated. These things being put in so illustrious an example will they nothing move? will they effect nothing?

Will Brethren suffer themselves again to rush upon one anothers weapons? Or will you O Princes! and ye O Clergy-men! encourage Brethren to pull down tottering Kingdoms with more destructions? Wo and alas! Will Brethren, forgetful of their Covenant, forgetful of their Name, and unmindful of their Relations thus rage beyond the World, and kill those they cannot hate? But some will say, this reason of Bloud and Alliance is inconsiderable, and very unapt to procure a Peace: for Kings have Subjects, but Kinsmen and Consanguinity they have none. O cruel speech! O enemy of mankind! O parricide of nature! there must needs be a heap of gross impieties, where there is an oblivion of the greatest Charities. Where Christ is banished, and Love finds no habitation, there is either no Government, or such as borders upon ruine. The *Turkish* Empire that is established upon wickedness and cemented

mented with bloud, may for a time subsist with wickedness, God appointing them to be the rods of his fury for our chastisement. Christian Empires which were rooted in Faith and Piety, and wanting the sap of Religion and Justice to nourish them, have abandoned themselves to the infamous counsels of Machiavilians, must unavoidably perish, so prepostorous a mind lodgeth not in pious Princes; the voyce of nature sometime or other will be heard, Christ will have a resurrection in the minds of all men, Charity will revive, and at length some Peace-maker will arise and atone the labouring world.

Now there hath shined round about us a most fortunate King, and a most sweet Infant born for the Peace of Kingdomes, and the worlds advantage. By how many Prayers was he obtained? and with what vehemence of soul was he solicited? how often hath he provoked our desires? how often hath he raised our hopes, and wasted them with delay when they were raised, and renewed them when they were wasted? Great things move slowly: He had done less, had he made more haste. He lay concealed from the inhabitants of the earth, in the secret Majesty of the Fates; but now by the Dictates of Heaven he is known unto us. He was fore-shewed unto us long before he was, and not being yet conceived, he filled the world with Prophecies, and designed his approaches by a prevolant fame. At length the desired Infant came forth in that month which they call the month of the Valiant, by the prerogative of a great mind. He was born when the Sun obtained the middle part of *Virgo*, or *Astraa*; for he was to govern the world with the moderation of Laws. He ascended with *Lyra*, being to make a harmony and consort of publick tranquillity. And if *Scorpio* did at the same time shew forth his sting, he threatned the Saracens, and promised the Idumean Palms to him that should be born, so often dignified by the Valour of his Ancestours. The heavenly habitations rejoyced at his birth, and the whole World welcomed the new-born Babe with joy. Now no man thought himself miserable at this happy birth; now no man thought himself happy whom that birth did not make so. Upon that day *France* wiped away all the soot of War, and shined clearly with refulgent ensigns of Peace. We had that day as many prosperities as bone-fires, and as many bone-fires as there are stars.

O *Lewis*, beloved of God, whom he seemeth to have regenerated in his Son that very moneth wherein he was born! O *Ann*! late indeed the mother of a son; yet alwayes a fortunate mother, in bringing forth a son not onely to her self, nor so much to her self as to all *France*. He hath much of his Father, and much of his Mother, and by this very confusion he maketh the Image of them both more gratefull and more amiable.

This new *Isaac* will make thee laugh, O *France*! and whom thou canst scarce hear speaking, hereafter thou shalt see comforting. How many chains will those tender hands burst asunder? How many prisons will they open? How many obscurities will those little eyes enlighten? How many monsters will the feet of this Infant subdue and trample on? Be silent ye waves, be silent ye tempests and rages of the sea at the beck of such a gentle Prince, and restore unto the world that serenity whereof you have deprived it. Ye Heavenly Powers lend him long unto the earth; and whom you have made so healthfull to the Nation, make him also lasting. Ye Fates keep off your hands, and touch not this child but to assist him. Let him transcend the years and actions of his Ancestours, and being born mortall, may he apprehend nothing but what is immortall. May he love, and desire to be beloved, ever fearing to be feared. Let the oppressed find him a deliverer; may the unjust feel him an avenger; may his enemies know him to be of a warlike spirit, and may his Subjects attest him to be of a peaceable mind. This Nativity ravisheth all my senses which I foretell shall be the beginning of an eternall Peace unto us. Look down from above, O *Lewis* upon such a son! Look upon him all ye Christian Kings as your little Nephew; give rest to wearied things; let arms be silent at the command of so great a Prince, so potent an Oratour, nor let the tumults of Warr rock this royall cradle.

To you again, (Great Princes) I wholly turn my self, by whatsoever is dear, I ask, by whatsoever is holy, I beseech you, give peace to them that beg it, or must beg without it; give tranquillity to the world sighing under so many severish miseries. Make it appear unto us that you chose rather to be the Pacificatours of the world, then the Subverters of your own Kingdoms. There is a story how in that fatall War between the English and the French, continued with lasting contentions and horrible slaughters, a pious Anachoret instigated thereunto by God, came unto the Courts of the two Princes, that he might compose these feral discords between them. But being slighted in the English Court, and negligently repulsed, this despised but not despicable Augur, pronounced many direfull accidents that should befall that Nation. But travelling to *Charles* of *France*, and finding him to be a Prince of a gentle wit, and inclined to conditions of Peace, he foretold, that the Kingdom being recovered he should have the Dolphin to be his successour, who as he was the child of many hearty desires, so he should prove the instrument of many joyfull enterprises. The prophecy is in part fulfilled with a prosperous event, so tenderly God loves the sons of Peace accumulated with affluence of all good things.

Who e're he be, let him beware that shall resist and strive against the peaceable wishes of all men: some grievous hand will fall upon him and his from Heaven: he shall meet with unhappy events in all his undertakings, his life shall be certainly troublesome, his death doubtfull. Best and greatest Princes, consider and think with your selves that what loss soever can be pretended to happen by this league of Peace, whatsoever can detract from your Honour or your Empire, is recompensed unto you in the most fortunate advantages of the whole Christian world. This is rich indeed, this is magnificent, this truly Royal and to be propagated to the memory of all Ages.

Remember that you are Christians and govern Christians: be you propitious like Gods unto men, if you desire that God should be propitious unto you. Whatsoever you enjoy of life is slippery and uncertain, and your Dignities are full of frailty; it is your Justice that hath reference to your Felicity, and it is your Virtue that links you to Eternity. There is a great and conspicuous Tribunall that expects you, there sits a Judge cloathed with purest light to summon you, unto whom the most secret things are revealed, whom the most involved and disguised actions cannot

not

not deceive, nor can he be over-come by perversities. Before him must appear the Souls of Kings devested of Body, Fortunes, Empires; and be they just or unjust, they must be examined by a most clear light. There you shall hear the Edicts of the Supreme Deity, and the King of Kings thundering in your ears: the groans of the oppressed shall cry against you; the tears of the poor shall speak against you: the tutelary Gods will plead for their Altars which you have broken down, and all the Heavenly Militia will rise together against the contumacious. Endeavour ye Pious, and always invincible Princes, that those things which have been committed in prejudice of your wills by the uncontroulable licence of War, may be corrected by your Equity, that they may leave no aspersion upon your Reigns, no stain upon Reputations, no blot upon your Persons. Bring to pass that Justice and Peace may meet in mutual embracements, let them be carried with triumphal Pomp through your Kingdoms, and through your Cities; let them be borne upon the shoulders of the whole World unto a fixed and eternal Seat, that it perpetually may be lawful for us to worship and reverence them at the monuments of your Goodness, and the pledges of our Felicity.

Pax super Israel Dei.

FINIS.

AN

ALPHABETICAL TABLE,

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